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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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The Candid Footprint

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Drawings by J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THEY of Poictesme narrate that on the day Count Emmerick married the high Queen Radegonde was such a drinking of healths and toasts as never before was known at Bellegarde. They tell of a most notable banquet from which Sir Ninzian went homeward hiccoughing and even more than usually benevolent, and without any consciousness of that misstep which had imperilled his continued stay upon earth.

For Sir Ninzian of Yair and Upper Ardra had not wholly broken with the heroic elder ways of those years wherein Dom Manuel ruled Poictesme. Now Manuel was gone, the times were changing. These days seemed to Sir Ninzian to breed littler men, who, to be sure, lived far more decorously than had lived their fathers, now that St. Holmendis had come to them out of Philistia with his miracles: for this sacrosanct person would put up with no irregularity anywhere, and would hardly so much as tolerate the mildest forms of thaumaturgy by anybody else. You could go for days now without encountering a warlock or a fairy; the people of Audela but rarely came out of the fire to make sport for and with mankind; and while many persons furtively brewed spells at home, all traffic with spirits had to be conducted secretly. In fine, Poictesme was everywhere upon its very best behavior, because there was no telling when holy Holmendis might be dealing with you for your own good.

And while Sir Ninzian had become appropriately staid with age, and in theory approved of these reforms, and was in practice a stanch supporter of holy Holmendis in all the saint's crusades against moral laxity and free-thinking and in his hunting down and torturing and burning of heretics and in all other pious works, there is no disputing that the stalwart, frank old knight had kept a taint of the freer social customs of Count Manuel's time. So that Sir Ninzian, be it repeated, went home from Count Emmerick's wedding-feast with a pleasurable at-randomness for which, in a so liberal contributor to every deserving cause, appropriate allowances were made by St. Holmendis and everybody else except one person only. Ninzian was married.

The next evening Ninzian and his wife were walking in the garden. They

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were a handsome couple, and the high-hearted love that had been between them in their youth was a tale which many poets had embroidered. Now they who were in the mellow evening of life were lighted by a golden sunset as they went upon a flagged walkway made of white and blue stones; and to each side were the small glossy leaves and the crimson flowering of well tended rose-bushes. And Balthis (for that was the name of Ninzian's dearly beloved wife, the heiress of Upper Ardra) said:

"Look, my dear; and tell me, what is that?"

Ninzian inspected the flower-bed by the side of the walkway, and he replied:

"My darling, it appears to be the track of a bird."

"But surely there is no fowl in all Poictesme with a foot so huge!"

"No; but many migratory monsters pass by in the night, on their way north, at this time of year; and, clearly, one of some rare species has paused here to rest. However, as I was telling you, my pet, we have now in hand—"

"Why, but think of it, Ninzian! The print is as big as a man's foot!"

"Come, precious, you exaggerate. It is the track of a largish bird—an eagle, or perhaps a phœnix, or it may be the Zhar-Ptitza paused here—but it is nothing remarkable. Besides, as I was telling you, we have already in hand for the edifying of the faithful a bit of Mary Magdalene's haircloth, the left ring-finger of John the Baptist, and one of the smaller stones with which St. Stephen was martyred—"

But Balthis, he saw now, was determined not to go on in talk about the latest church that Sir Ninzian had builded and was stocking with very holy relics. Instead, she asserted with deliberation:

"Ninzian, I think it is fully as big as a man's foot."

"Well, be it as you like, my pet."

"No, but I will not be put off in that way. Do you tread beside it in the flower-bed there, and, by comparing the print of your foot with the bird-track, we shall easily see which is the larger."

Ninzian was not so ruddy as he had been, yet he said with dignity and lightly enough:

"Balthis, you are unreasonable. I do not intend to get my sandals all over mud to settle any such foolish point. The track is just the size of a man's foot, or it is much larger than a man's foot, or it is smaller than a man's foot—it is, in fine, of any size which you prefer. And we will let that be the end of it."

"So, Ninzian, you will not tread in that new-digged earth?" said Balthis, queerly.

"Of course I will not ruin my second-best sandals for any such foolish reason."

"You trod there yesterday in your very best sandals, Ninzian, for the reason that you were tipsy. I saw the print you made there, in broad daylight, Ninzian, when you had just come from drinking with a blessed saint himself, and were reeling all over the neat ways of my garden. Ninzian, it is a fearful thing to know that when your husband

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walks in mud he leaves tracks like a bird."

Now Ninzian, you may believe it, was truly penitent for yesterday's over-indulgence. And Ninzian said:

"So you have discovered this accomplishment of mine, after all my carefulness. That is a great pity."

Balthis replied, with the cold non-committalness of wives:

"Pity or no, you will now have to tell me the truth about it."

"Well, my darling, you must know that when I first came into Poictesme, I came rather unwillingly. Our friend St. Holmendis, I need not tell you, was even then setting such a very high moral tone hereabouts, the holy man is so impetuous with his miracles when anybody differs with him on religious matters, that the prospect was not alluring. But it was necessary that my prince should have some representative here, as in all other places. So I came from down yonder—"

"I know you came from the South, Ninzian. Everybody knows that. But that appears to me no excuse whatever for walking like a bird."

"As if, my dearest, it could give me any pleasure to walk like a bird or like a whole covey of birds! To the contrary, I have always found this small accomplishment in doubtful taste; it exposes one to continual comment. But, alas! it is the *geas* which in the old time was put upon all those who serve my prince, so that our adversaries in the great game might be detecting us."

Now Balthis fixed on him wide, scornful, terrible eyes.

"Ninzian, I understand. You are an evil spirit, and you came out of hell in the appearance of a man to work wickedness in Poictesme!"

And his Balthis, as he saw with a pang of wild regret, was horribly upset and grieved to know the thing which her husband had so long hid away from her; and Ninzian began to feel rather ashamed of not having trusted her with this secret, now it was discovered. At all events, he would try what being reasonable might do.

"Darling," said he, with patient rationality, "no sensible wife will ever pry into what her husband may have been or done before she married him. Her concern is merely with his misdemeanors after that ceremony; and, I think, you have had no heavy reason to complain. Nobody can for one moment assert that in Poictesme I have not led a scrupulously upright and immaculate existence."

She said indignantly:

"You had fear of Holmendis! You came all this long way to do your devil work, and then had not the pluck to face him!"

Ninzian found this just near enough the truth to be irritating. So he spoke now with airy condescension.

"Precious, it is true the lean man can work miracles, but, then, without desiring to appear boastful, I must tell you that I have mastery of a more venerable and blacker magic. Oh, I assure you, he could not have exorcised or excommunicated or tried any other of his sacerdotal trick-work upon me without sweating for it. Still, it

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seemed better to avoid such painful scenes; for when one has trouble with these saints, the supporters of both sides are apt to intervene: the skies are blackened, and the earth shakes, and whirlwinds and meteors and thunderbolts and seraphim upset things generally, and it all seems rather boisterous and old-fashioned. So it really did appear more sensible and in better taste to respect, at all events during his lifetime, the well-meaning creature's religious convictions, in which you share, I know, my pet, and—well," said Ninzian, with a shrug, "to temporize; to keep matters more comfortable all around, you understand, my darling, by evincing a suitable interest in church work and in whatever else appeared expected of the reputable in my surroundings."

But Balthis was not to be soothed. "O Ninzian, this is a terrible thing for me to be learning! There was never a husband who better knew his place, and holy church has not ever had a more loyal servitor—"

"No," Ninzian said quietly.

"But you have been a hideous demon in deep hell, and the man that I have loved is a false seeming, and the moment St. Holmendis ascends to bliss you mean to go on with your foul iniquities. That is foolish of you, because of course I would never permit it. But even so— O Ninzian, my faith and my happiness are buried now in the one grave, now that all ends between us!"

Ninzian asked, still very quietly:

"And do you think I will leave you, Balthis, because of some disarranged fresh earth? Could any handful of dirt have parted us when, because of my love of you, I fought the seven knights at Evre, and overthrew Duke Oribert and his bad custom of the cat and the serpent, and cast the Spotted Dun of Lorcha down from a high hill?"

She answered without pity:

"You will have no choice, for it is on this evening of the month that St. Holmendis hears my confession, and I must confess everything, and you know as well as I do of his devastating miracles."

"Balthis, my sweet, now, after all, what complaint have you against me? You cannot help feeling that the no doubt ill-advised rebellion in which I was concerned in youth—unarithmeticable eons before this earth was thought of—took place quite long enough ago to be forgotten. Besides, you know by experience that I am only too easily guided by others, that I have never learned, as you so eloquently phrase it, to have any backbone. And I do not quite see, either, how you can want to punish me to-day for iniquities which, you grant, I have not ever committed, but—so you assume, without any warrant known to me—have just vaguely thought of committing by and by, and, it may be, not for years to come, for this stringy Holmendis seems tough as whitleather—"

His stammered talking died away. He saw there was no moving her.

"No, Ninzian, I simply cannot stand having a husband who walks like a bird and is liable to be detected the next time it rains. It would be on my mind day and night, and people would say all sorts of things. No, Ninzian, it is quite out of the question, and you must go back to hell. I will get your things together at once, and I leave it to your conscience if, after the way I have worked and slaved for you, you had the right to play this wrong and treachery upon me."

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And Balthis said also: "For it is a great wrong and treachery which you have played upon me, Ninzian of Yair, getting from me such love as men will not find the equal of in any of the noble places of this world until the end of life and time. This is a deep wound that you have given me. Upon your lips were wisdom and pleasant talking; there was kindliness in the gray eyes of Ninzian of Yair; your hands were noble at sword-play. These things I delighted in, these things I regarded; I did not think of the low mire, I could not see what horrible markings your feet had left to this side and to that side. Let all women weep with me, for I now know that to every woman's loving is this end appointed. There is no woman that gives all to any man, but that woman is wasting her substance at bed and board with a greedy stranger, and there is no wife who escapes the bitter hour wherein that knowledge smites her. So now let us touch hands, and now let our lips, too, part friendlily, because our bodies have so long been friends, the while that we knew nothing of each other, Ninzian of Yair, on account of the great wrong and treachery which you have played upon me."

Thus speaking, Balthis kissed him. Then she went into the house that was no longer Ninzian's home.

Ninzian sat on a stone bench that was carved at each end with a crouching sphinx, and he waited there while the sunlight died away behind the poplars. The moment, he knew, was pregnant with all danger: Holmendis was coming, and you could never tell about these saints. But Ninzian loved his wife so greatly that prolonged existence without her did not tempt him. His wife, whoever she might be, had always seemed peculiarly dear to Ninzian. And now, as he looked back upon the exceeding love which he had borne his wife, in Nineveh and Thebes and Tyre and Babylon and Rome and Byzantium and in all other cities that bred fine women, and as he weighed the evanescence of this love, which was evading him after these few thousand years, it seemed to Ninzian indeed a pitiable thing that his season of earthly contentment should thus be cut off in its flower and withered untimelily.

And his conscience troubled him, too. For the fiend had not been entirely candid with his Balthis, and Poictesme was not by any means the stage of the poor easy-going fellow's primal failure. So he now forlornly thought of how utterly he had failed in his mission upon earth ever since he first came to Mount Kaf to work evil among men in the time of King Tchaghi, a great while before the Deluge; and he considered with dismay the appalling catalogue of virtuous actions into which these women had betrayed him. For always the cause of Ninzian's downfall had been the same: he would get to talking indiscretion to some lovely girl or another just through his desire to be agreeable to everybody, and the girl would invariably marry him and set about making her husband a well-thought-of citizen. Nor did it avail him to argue. Women nowhere appeared to have any sympathy with Ninzian's appointed labor upon earth: they seemed to have

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an instinctive bent toward heaven and the public profession of every virtue.

Then Ninzian, on a sudden, recollected the cause of the disturbance that had been put upon his living. He drew his dagger, and squatting on the paved walkway, he scratched out that incriminating footprint. It was none too soon, for Sir Ninzian rose from this erasement just in time to bump into none other than the emaciate flesh of holy Holmendis, bishop and saint of the calendar, who in the cool of the evening was coming up the walkway; and indeed, in rising, Ninzian jostled against the saint rather roughly. So Ninzian apologized for his clumsiness, and explained that he was going fishing the next day, and was digging for worms. And Ninzian was in a bad taking, for he could not know how much this dreadful saint from out of Philistia had seen or suspected.

But holy Holmendis said friendlily that no bones were broken, and he went on, with the soul-chilling joviality of the clergy, to make some depressing joke about fishers of men.

"And that is why I am here," said the saint, "for this evening Dame Balthis is to confess to me whatever matters may be on her conscience."

"Yes, yes," says Ninzian, fondly, "but we both know, my dear and honored friend, that Balthis has a particularly tender conscience—a conscience which is as sensitive to the missteps of others as a sore toe."

"That is how everybody's conscience ought to be," returned the saint, and he went on to speak of the virtuous woman who is a crown to her husband. And he made a contrast between the fine high worth of Balthis and the shamelessness of that bad beggar-woman upon whom, just outside the gate, the saint had put apoplexy for speaking lightly of the Government of Poictesme.

Ninzian fidgeted. He did not like the hard, pinched little mouth and the glittering, very pale blue eyes of this gaunt saint, and the nimbus about the white hair of holy Holmendis was beginning to shine brighter and brighter as the dusk of evening thickened. Ninzian found it uncomfortable to be alone with this worker of miracles; piety is in all things so unpredictable: and Ninzian was unfeignedly glad when Balthis came out of the loved house that was no longer Ninzian's home, and held open the door for Holmendis to enter, where Ninzian might not come any more.

As Holmendis went in, Dame Balthis tried for the last time to speak sensibly and kindly with her husband.

"Pig with the head of a mule," she said in a low tone, "do you stop looking at me like a sick calf and go away. For I must confess in what a state of sin I have been living as a devil's wife, and I have little faith in your black magic, and you know as well as I do that there is no telling what blasted tree-trunk or holy bottle or something of that sort he may not seal you up in until the day of judgment, precisely as he has done all those other evil spirits."

Ninzian replied:

"I shall not ever leave you of my free will."

"But, Ninzian, it is as if I were putting you into the bottle myself! For

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if I do not tell that spiteful old bag of bones,"—she crossed herself,—"I mean that beloved and blessed saint, why, he would never have the sense, or, rather, I intended to say that his faith in his fellow-creatures is too great and admirable for him ever to suspect you."

"Yes, yes, my darling," Ninzian said, "it is rather as if you yourself were thrusting me into a brazen bottle, and setting to it the unbreakable seal of Sulieman-ben-Daoud with your own dear hands. But, nevertheless—" He took her hand, and gallantly he kissed her finger-tips.

At that she boxed his jaws.

"You need not think to make a fool of me! No, not again, not after all these years! Oh, but I will show you!"

Then Balthis also went into the house, where the gaunt saint waited to hear her mensual confession. And poor easy-going Ninzian sat like an outcast on the stone bench, and thought forlornly about the ruthless miracles with which this Holmendis had harried the fairies and the fauns and all the other amiable iniquities of Poictesme, and about the saint's devastating crusades against moral laxity and free-thinking, and his torturing and burning of mere heretics. It seemed uncomfortably likely that in dealing with a devil the man would go to even greater lengths, would cast off all compunction, if somehow Ninzian could not get the better of him.

So Ninzian tried a bit of magic to see if his hand was in, and his magicking went so utterly awry that in place of the small basilisk he had intended to evoke, there came to him, from among the sweet-smelling rose-bushes, the appearance of a proud gentleman in gold and sable: and Ninzian bowed very low before his liege-lord.

Now, the new-comer paused for an instant as if he were reading what was in the troubled mind of Ninzian, and then he said:

"I see. Surkrag, whom mortals hereabouts call Ninzian! O unfaithful servant, now must you be punished for betraying the faith I put in you. Now is your requital coming swiftly from this ravening saint who will dispose of you without mercy. For you have forgotten long ago what magic you ever knew, and when Holmendis gets hold of you with one hand and exorcises you with the other, there will be hardly a cinder left."

So did Ninzian know himself to stand friendlessly between the wrath of evil and the malignity of holiness, both bent upon his ruin. He said:

"Have patience, my Prince!"

But Satan answered sternly: "My patience is outworn. No, Surkrag, there is no hope for you, and you become shameless in perfidy as steadily you go from good to better. Once you would have scorned the least deviation from the faith you owe me; but a little by a little you have made compromises with virtue through your weak desire to live comfortably with your wives, and this continuous indulgence of women's notions is draining from you the last drop of wickedness. Not fifty centuries ago you would have been shocked by a kindly thought. Twenty centuries back, and you at least retained a proper feeling toward the decalogue. Now you assist in all

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reforms, and build churches without a blush. For is there nowadays, my poor Surkrag, in candor, is there any virtue, however exalted, is there a single revolting decency or any form of godliness before which your gorge rises? No, my poor friend: you came hither to corrupt mankind, and instead they have made you little worse than human."

The Angel of Darkness paused. He had spoken, as became such a famous gentleman, very temperately, without rage, but also without any concealing of his sorrow and disappointment. And Ninzian answered contritely:

"My Prince, I have not wholly kept faith, I know. But always the woman tempted me, always I wanted to have happy faces about me, and so I have been now and then seduced into marriage. And my wife, no matter what eyes and hair and tint of flesh she might be wearing at the time, has always been bent upon having her husband looked up to by the neighbors; and in such circumstances a poor devil has no chance."

"So that these women have been your ruin, and even now the latest of them is betraying your secret to that implacable saint! Well, it serves you rightly, for since the time of Kaiumarth you have gained me not one follower in this place, and have lived openly in all manner of virtue when you should have been furthering my power upon earth."

Thus speaking, Satan took his seat upon the bench. Then Ninzian, too, sat down, and Ninzian leaned forward toward this other immortal in the ever-thickening dusk, and Ninzian's honest face was sad.

"My Prince, what does it matter? From the first I have let my fond wife have her will with me, because it pleased her and did no real harm. What do these human notions matter even in so dear a form? A little while, and Balthis will be dead. A little while, and there will be no Bellegarde yonder, and all Poictesme will be forgotten from the face of this earth. A little while, and this earth itself will be an ice-cold cinder. But you and I shall still be about our work, still playing for the universe, with stars and suns for counters. Does it really matter to you that, for the little while this tiny trundling earth exists and has women on it, I pause from playing at the great game to entertain myself with these happy accidents of nature?"

Satan replied: "It is not only your waste of time that troubles me. It is your shirking of every infernal duty, it is your cherubic lack of seriousness. Why, do you but think of how many thousand women have passed through your fingers!"

"Yes, like a string of pearls, my Prince," said Ninzian, fondly.

"Is that not childish sport for you that used to play so mightily at the great game?"

But Ninzian now was plucking up heart, as the saying is, hand over fist.

"Recall the old days, my Prince," he said, with feeling, "when we two were only cherubim, and played so lovingly together in the fields of heaven; and let the memory move you even to unmerited indulgence. I have contracted an odd fancy for this inconspicuous sphere of rock and mud, I like the women that walk glowingly about it.

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Oh, I concede my taste is disputable; and yet what does it matter what I do on earth? Frankly, I think you take the place too seriously. For centuries I have watched those who serve you going about earth in all manner of quaint guises, in curious masks, which are impenetrable by any one who does not know your servants are decreed to leave the tracks of a bird wherever they pass upon your errands. For ages I have seen your emissaries devote much time and cunning to the tempting of men to do evil, and to what end? Man rises from the dust; he struts and postures; he falls back into the dust. That is all. How can this midge work good or evil? His virtue passes in a thin scolding; the utmost reach of his wickedness is to indulge in the misdemeanor of supererogation, by destroying a man or two men, whom time will very soon destroy in any event. Meanwhile his sympathies incline—I know—by a hairbreadth or so toward heaven. Yes, but what does it matter? Is it even a compliment? Ah, Prince, had I the say, I would leave men to perish in their unimportant starveling virtues without raising all this pother over trifles."

Ninzian could see that he had made a certain impression, but still dark Satan shook his head.

"Surkrag, in abstract reason you may be right; but warfare is not conducted by reason, and to surrender anything to the Adversary, though it be only earth and its inhabitants, would be a dangerous example."

"Come, Prince, do you think how many fine stars there are to strive for—stars that are really worth the having; and do you let me have this earth to amuse me for a little while!"

Now, Satan did not answer at once. The bats were out by this time, zigzagging about the garden; the air was magical with the scent of dew-drenched roses; and somewhere in the dusk a nightingale now tentatively raised its thrilling, long-drawn, plaintive voicing of ineffable desire. All everywhere about the two fiends was most soothing. And the Angel of Darkness laughed without a trace of ill humor.

"No, no, old wheedler, one cannot neglect the tiniest chance in the great game. Besides, I have my pride, I confess it, and to behold earth given over entirely to good would vex me. Yet, after all, I can see no great hurt in your continuing to live virtuously here with your seraglio while the planet lasts. So, if you like, I will summon Sclaug and Baalzebub, or even old Phobetor, and they will dispose of this saint."

"My Prince, I am afraid that some of those officious archangels would be coming, too, and one thing might lead to another, and my wife would not at all like having any supernal battlings in her own garden among her favorite rose-bushes. No, as I always say, it is much better to avoid these painful scenes."

"Why," Satan said, in high astonishment—"why, but your wife has repudiated you, and has betrayed you to that flint-hearted old saint!"

Ninzian in the dusk made bold to smile. But Ninzian did not need to say anything, for at this moment Balthis came to the door, and not being able to see Satan in the twilight, called out that supper was getting stone-cold on the table, and that she really wished Ninzian would try to be a little more considerate, especially when they had company.

And Ninzian, rising, chuckled.

"My wife has been like that since

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Sidon was a village. Oh, if I could explain it, I would perhaps care less for her. In part, I think, it means that she loves me; in part, I fear, it means that no really capable woman is going to intrust the proper punishment of her husband to anybody else. Of course all that is merely theory. What is certain is that my wife's confession has been conducted tactfully, and that you and I are going in to talk solemn nonsense with St. Holmendis."

But Satan once more shook his head.

"No, Surkrag, no; I am not squeamish, but I have no use for saints."

"Well, Prince, I would not be overhasty to agree with you, for Holmendis has some invaluable points. He is perfectly sincere, for one thing, and for another, he is energetic, and for a third, he never pardons any one who differs with him. Of course he is all for having men better than they were intended to be, and he does frighten them into a great deal of public piety. Still, there are always corners and secluded places wherein one strikes a balance, as it were; so that, in the long run of affairs, I doubt if you have anywhere upon earth any more serviceable friends than are these saints who will put up with nothing short of perfection. For you will be remembering, Prince, that upon the mortal who has gained a hundred followers for you is set the *geas* of our race. And, well, sir, you may see here in the mud just where I jostled Holmendis from the walkway—"

Satan made luminous his finger-tips, and held them like five candles to the saint's footprint. The Angel of Darkness bowed, with real respect, toward heaven.

"Our Adversary, to do Him justice, keeps an honest score. Come, Surkrag, now this is affecting! This very touchingly recalls that the great game is being played by the dear fellow with candor and fine sportsmanship. Meanwhile"—here Satan laughed—"I make a fourth with the fanatic, the woman, and the hypocrite."

"Ah, Prince," said Ninzian, a little shocked, as they went in, "should you not say, more tactfully, with us three leaders of reform?"

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What Makes a Social System Good or Bad?

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, [*In collaboration with* DORA RUSSELL]

ANY man who desires, as I do, a fundamental change in the structure of society is forced sooner or later to ask himself the question, What is it that makes one social system seem to him good and another bad? The answer in most cases is undoubtedly very largely a matter of individual caprice. One does not wish to think that one's political opinions result from mere fanciful preferences of this sort, yet I believe that an enormous proportion of political opinion comes, finally, from some untested, unexamined, almost unconscious love for a certain type of society, actual or imagined.

The only way to make people's political judgments more conscious, more explicit, and therefore more scientific, is to bring to light the conception of an ideal society which underlies each man's opinion, and to discover, if we can, some method of comparing such ideals in their universality or, otherwise, in their appeal.

I purpose first of all to examine some ways of judging a social system which are common, but which I believe to be erroneous, and then to suggest the ways in which I think such judgments should be formed.

§ 2

Among most people, at most times, the commonest way of judging is simply by inherited prejudices. Any society which is not in a state of rapid transition has customs and beliefs which have been handed down from previous generations, which are unquestioned, and which it appears utterly monstrous to go against. Such are the customs connected with religion, the family, property, and so on. The peculiar merit of the Greeks was due largely to the fact that, being a commercial and seafaring people, they came across the customs and beliefs of innumerable and widely differing nations, and were thus led to a skeptical examination of the basis of all such customs, including their own.

In our age this weakening of tradition has been produced not only by travel and commerce, but also by the changes in social custom inevitably produced by the growth of industrialism. Wherever industry is well developed and not very new, one finds that religion and the family, which are the twin props of every merely traditional social structure, lose their hold over men's minds. Consequently, the force of tradition is less in the present age than it has ever been before. Nevertheless, it is probably even now as great as all other forces combined.

Take, for example, the belief in the sacredness of private property. It is clear that private property is an inher-

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itance from the pre-industrial era when an individual man or family could make an individual product. In an industrial system a man never makes the whole of anything, but makes the thousandth part of a million things. In these circumstances it is totally absurd to say that a man has the right to the produce of his own labor. Consider a brakeman on a railway whose business it is to shunt freight-trains: what proportion of the goods carried can be said to represent the produce of his labor? The question is wholly insoluble. Therefore it is impossible to secure social justice by saying that each man shall have what he himself produces. Early socialists in the days before Marx were apt to suggest this as a cure for the injustices of capitalism, but their suggestions were both utopian and retrograde, since they were incompatible with large scale industry.

[Yet the basis of many men's judgment of a social order is its relation to private property.]

§ 3

Another thing which affects people's instinctive judgment of a social system, whether actual or imagined, is whether it would provide a career for the sort of person they think they are. One cannot imagine that Napoleon, even in youth, could have been very enthusiastic about dreams of universal peace, or that captains of industry would be attracted by Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," where all machines were illegal. Similarly, the artist will not enjoy the thought of a society where no man is allowed to paint unless his pictures are pleasing to the town council. And on this ground many artists are opponents of socialism. Men of science struggled against the system which in the seventeenth century compelled them to teach nothing contradictory to revealed religion, and in like manner intellectuals in Russia object to having to teach their subjects from a Marxian point of view. People who find a pleasure in ordering others about, and this includes most of the energetic people in the world, will not like anarchism, where every man can do as he pleases. They will be in rebellion against existing authority unless they are part of it, but will wish to replace it by their own authority, not to abolish it, because in a world where every man could do as he pleases executive people would find no career.

On the other hand, easy-going people will hate strenuous systems. They will oppose the setting up of drill and severe educational methods. During the war they called such things "Prussianism." If they were better informed about Russia, they would now call them "Bolshevism." I confess to a temperamental sympathy with this point of view, and my sympathy is being daily confirmed by what I see of China, the most easy-going country left in the world. But this is not an easy-going age, or one in which such temperamental preferences can be allowed to weigh. It is an age in which we have to think less of the present than of the future, less of the lives of our own generation than of the lives they are preparing for the generations to come.

§ 4

Another thing which influences people more or less unconsciously in their judgment as to a suggested social system is the question whether the activities involved in the creating of it

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would be agreeable to them. I fear that revolutionaries are not always exempt from this motive. There are certainly some revolutionaries in whom hatred of the possessing classes is stronger than love for the dispossessed; there are some to whom mere benevolent feeling appears to be repulsive humbug and who derive the zeal of their revolutionary ardor mainly from the delight which they feel in the thought of punishing the bourgeoisie. Such men will, of course, always be found among the advocates of violent tactics, since without violence there is no satisfaction for their impulses. Patriotism and militarism have, in many men, a similar origin. The thought of fighting or, more probably, the thought of setting others to fight, is delightful to them, and patriotism recommends itself to them as a creed likely to produce fighting. I do not mean that men are aware of these impulsive sources of their beliefs, but I do mean that such impulses operate in the kind of way studied by psychoanalysis, and I believe that it is of great importance to drag the operation of these impulses into the light of day, to be aware of their operation in ourselves, and to do what we can to make others similarly aware; for an underground, unconscious force operates against reason, eludes discussion, and makes objectivity impossible while it remains undetected.

§ 5

Among writers of sociology and political theorists generally, a very common way of judging the social structure is by whether it constitutes a pleasant pattern to contemplate. Many social theorists forget that a community is composed of individual members, and that whatever of good or bad it may contain must be embodied in them. They think of the state as something having a good of its own, quite distinct from the good of the citizens; and what they call the good of the state is usually, unconsciously to themselves, what gives them a certain esthetic or moral satisfaction. We know that when God created the world he saw that it was good, obviously not from the point of view of the unfortunates who have to live in it, but from a higher point of view, presumably that of esthetic contemplation. In like manner, social theorists create worlds in their imagination which they also see to be good despite the fact that they would be intolerable to live in. Such worlds are neat and tidy; everybody does at each moment something which is in accordance with the central plan; they obey the will of the administrator as the universe obeys the will of God. The theorist, of course, is always in imagination himself the administrator.

Much of the belief in industrialism, particularly as applied to backward countries, is of this sort; it is intolerable to the industrially minded to think of lazy populations sitting under banana-trees, eating the fruit as it drops, and being happy in unproductive idleness. Some forms of socialism are not free from this defect: they aim rather at creating the kind of state which is pleasing to theoretical contemplation than the kind which will suit with the temperaments of its citizens. A very great deal of imperialism is also of this sort; it is pleasant to see a great deal of one's national color on the map, and it is unpleasant to see one's dominions jagged and scattered, owing to the intrusion of foreign

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territories. The habit of judging the state as it is to contemplate, not as it is to live in, arises from giving more importance to the faint and transient sentiments of an observer, when that observer happens to be oneself, than to the vivid and continual experiences of those who have to live under the government of the state. It is certainly a very potent source of bad social theory. Whoever wishes to be a social theorist should daily remind himself of the very simple, but important, maxim that a state is something in which people have to live, and not merely something to be read about in books, or contemplated as we contemplate the view from a mountain-top.

So far we have been concerned with ways of judging a society which we believe to be mistaken. It is time to turn to those to which we can assent.

There are two elements in a good society, namely: first, the present well-being of those who compose it, and, secondly, its capacity for developing into something better. These two do not, by any means, always go together. Sometimes a society in which there is little present well-being may contain within itself the seeds of something better than any previous system. Sometimes, on the other hand, a society in which there is much diffused well-being may be unprogressive, for a time static, and ultimately decadent. It is therefore necessary to take account of both elements as independent ingredients of the sort of society we should wish to see existing. If the science of social dynamics were more developed and the art of prophecy less insecure, progressiveness would be a much more important quality in a society than present well-being. But politics is so far from scientific and the social future so very uncertain, that a certain present well-being must be allowed as much weight as an uncertain future good, although this future good, if realized, will outweigh anything merely present because of its longer extension in time. "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush," and this is particularly true when we are not sure there are any birds in the bush at all. Let us therefore begin with what makes the present well-being of a community.

§ 6

In judging of the present well-being of a community, there are two opposite fallacies to be avoided. We may call these, respectively, the fallacy of the aristocrat and the fallacy of the outside observer. We considered a moment ago the fallacy of the outside observer. The fallacy of the aristocrat consists in judging a society by the kind of life it affords to a privileged minority. The ancient empires of Egypt and Babylonia afforded a thoroughly agreeable existence for kings and priests and nobles, but the rest of the community were mostly slaves or serfs, and must have had an existence composed of unremitting toil and hardship. Modern capitalism affords a delightful existence for the captains of industry; for them there are adventure and free initiative, luxury and the admiration of contemporaries, but for the great mass of the workers there is merely a certain place in the great machine. To that place they are confined by the need of a livelihood, and no effective choice is open to them except the collective stopping of the whole machine by

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strikes or revolutions, which involve imminent risk of starvation.

Defenders of the capitalist régime are apt to vaunt the liberty which it grants to men of enterprise, but this is an example of the aristocratic fallacy. In new countries, such as the United States used to be, and such as South America still is, there may be some truth in it, and therefore in such countries one sees capitalism at its best; but in older countries whose resources are developed and whose population is nearly as great as present methods of industry can support, the supposed freedom of enterprise exists only for a few. The early history of railways in the United States is full of bold piratical adventures; the railroad kings of that period remind one of Elizabethan bucaneers. But a railway in modern England is a very sober affair; its capital is held largely by innumerable maiden ladies and orphans whose funds are administered by trustees, its directors are sleepy peers, its policy is traditional, and it does nothing to encourage new men with bold schemes. This is not due, as superficial observers suppose, to a difference between the British and American temperaments, but to a difference in their geography and industrial antiquity. But even taking the capitalist case at its best, even considering America as it was forty years ago, it was only the men of unusual enterprise and push and unscrupulousness who came to the top. Such men are, by definition, the minority, and a society which suits only them cannot be considered satisfactory except by one who commits the aristocratic fallacy.

I am afraid there are many socialists who commit the same fallacy; they imagine industry developed under state control, and they visualize themselves in that future millennium as part of the state control, not as part of the ordinary workaday labor. In a system of centralized, bureaucratic state socialism those who direct the machine will have all the advantages at present enjoyed by the captains of industry, with the exception of enormous wealth, which to a vigorous, executive, and combative person is one of the smallest advantages of business success, being valued merely as a tangible proof of ability and power and as a means of acquiring the respect of the herd.

But it is not only the great captains of industry who will enjoy an exceptionally agreeable life under state socialism; it is also the whole army of officials. It is obvious that the man who sits in a government office and spends his time interfering with other people has a pleasanter life than the man who works in a mine or stokes a liner. Yet there are many forms of socialism which would do nothing to remedy this inequality. The industrial machine as it has been developed by capitalism is full of injustices other than the inequality of wealth.

Unless these other injustices are also remedied, a socialistic society may be scarcely pleasanter to the average manual worker than the existing system. This is concealed from labor politicians and from men with bureaucratic minds, because they envisage themselves in the new order as leaders or officials, not as ordinary workers. Their judgment of the society they aim at creating is, in fact, vitiated by the aristocratic fallacy.

It may be that the evils of the present world must be cured one by one, that inequality of wealth must be

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tackled first, leaving inequality of power for a later stage, and inequality in the pleasantness of labor for perhaps a still later stage. It may be that a bureaucratic, centralized state socialism is the necessary first step. It is not this that I am denying. What I am denying is that such a society is good in itself.

A society which is to bring diffused well-being not only to one class or to one type of character, but as far as possible to every member of the community, must not be too systematic or too orderly. It must not be the kind of society which a man of administrative temperament plans in his head and enforces by bayonets and the criminal law. Different persons have different needs, and it is important to suit all needs that can be suited without damage to others. It is, of course, necessary to restrain predatory impulses. The insufficient amount of such restraint is one of the greatest evils of the world as it is. But it is at least equally disastrous to restrain creative impulses. This is the danger of what one may call tight systems. A military machine or an industrial machine treats men as all alike, with the exception of the privileged few who direct it; it has no room for other exceptions, no desire for the kind of work that would not be ordered from above, no toleration for the kind of person to whom it is difficult to become a mere cog in the machinery.

§ 7

Perhaps the most important of all the qualities that a social system can possess is that it must be such as people can *believe* in. During the last five centuries Europe has advanced with quite extraordinary rapidity in all that makes what we call civilization, but step by step with this advance has gone a progressive disintegration of belief. I do not mean merely belief in religious dogma, though this also has played its part. I mean belief in all the assumptions on which the social order is based; all the sources of authority have become suspect and all inherited institutions have ceased to command assent. The war and the Russian Revolution gave the *coup de grâce* to such beliefs as remained. At the beginning of the war democracy was still a fighting creed, something for which men were willing to die. At the end poor President Wilson was left its one remaining votary, proclaiming his gospel in pathetic isolation to a world which shrugged its shoulders and went about its business as if he had not spoken.

It may be that some element of injustice is essential to the existence of a social order, at any rate for many ages to come. But in ages of faith men believe in the social order even when it makes them suffer, even when they are the victims of what to a later age appears unmerited misfortune. Nowadays this is not the case The only men nowadays who believe in injustice are those who profit by it, and even they in their hearts feel that their belief is not genuine, but merely an embodiment of self-interest. I except from this indictment the big capitalists of America, who are more naïve, more untouched by modern thought than any other set of men, with the exception possibly of a few Central African negroes. American business men still believe in the capitalistic system, but business men elsewhere merely hope it will last their lifetime, provided they can obtain sufficient machine-guns and

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ships to shoot down or starve those who advocate systems which, in their hearts, they know to be better.

Such half-hearted belief does not bring happiness. The capitalists try to persuade themselves that their war against Russia is a holy crusade, but in this attempt they are very unsuccessful throughout Europe. And everybody except the capitalists is unable to create in himself even a semblance of belief in the old order.

This old order is no longer capable of bringing happiness. It is not only its nominal victims who suffer, it is not only the defeated nations or the proletarians who find that life has lost its meaning. Even the well-to-do classes of western Europe have no longer the sense of anything to live for. Having no purpose in life, they have plunged into a frantic pursuit of pleasure. But with every added pleasure comes added unhappiness; while the senses are gratified, the soul remains hungry; there is no inward sense of well-being, but only futility and despair.

There is only one cure for this despair, and that is a faith that a man can believe. No man can be happy unless he feels his life in some way important; so long as his life remains a futile round of pleasures or pains leading to no end, realizing no purpose that he can believe to be of value, so long it is impossible to escape despair. In most men at the present time this despair is dumb and unconscious, and because it is unconscious, it cannot be avoided. It is like a specter always looking over a man's shoulder and whispering acid words into his ear, but never seen, never looked at face to face. Once acknowledged, once faced, this despair can be coped with, but it can be coped with only by a new belief, by something which supersedes the search for pleasure. Although it may sound old-fashioned to say so, I do not believe that a tolerable existence is possible for an individual man or a society without some sense of duty.

There is only one kind of duty that the modern man can acknowledge without superstition, and that is a duty to the community. There was a time when such ideals as God, country, family, could move men. This time is past. All such ideals were used by elderly rulers throughout the war to drive the young to slaughter one another in futile carnage. Most of the young at the time believed that the war was about something important, but now that it is nominally over, they see their mistake. No good has come out of it except revolt against the system which caused it; the vices of the vanquished have been acquired by the victors.

§ 8

And this brings me to the second of the two characteristics which a good society must have. It must be progressive; it must lead on to something still better. Now, fundamental progress seldom comes from those who fit comfortably and easily into the existing system. It is not, for example, from trust magnates that we expect the inauguration of the new era. New growth will come from the creative people, the men of science, the artists, the thinkers, many of whom very probably will be critics of the new order. Under the influence of commercialism, many men have come to think that the important progress is progress in the technical methods of production, better machinery, better means of communication, and so on. This has been true, since in the past

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labor was not sufficiently productive to provide a good life for all. But it is true no longer. When once men have enough of material commodities, there is no great importance in providing them with a superfluity. It is only commercialism, the competitive struggle for markets, as reinforced by the luxury of the very rich, that has made mere quantity of goods seem so important. We have reached the point where we could organize our material resources in a way that would leave sufficiency and leisure for all. Therefore the important progress now is not in industrial production, but in ideas. One might hope that the energy liberated from the production of luxuries and armaments would be employed in the pursuit of knowledge and in the beautifying of life, bringing back for the many that artistic excellence which existed in the pre-industrial era for the few. But if this is to happen, there must be freedom for the creative people, the men of science and the artists. They must not be controlled at every point by state officials, or obliged to do work at every moment which is pleasing to existing prejudices. Without freedom, the man who is ahead of his age is rendered impotent. All innovations are, to begin with, displeasing to the majority, yet without innovations no society can progress. Freedom for exceptional people, provided their work is creative and not predatory, is the most important condition of progress in any society. There is always a tendency for the administrator to think of himself as God Almighty and to imagine himself capable of judging the good or bad in every new idea.

This tendency is dangerous, and would be particularly dangerous in the earlier phases of communism, where the administrator may be expected to have more power than he has ever had before. The danger can be met only by acknowledging the importance of creative work and the fact that the best creative work often does not commend itself to contemporaries. It is not in the least necessary that the artists and men of science should be rewarded for their work, since the best of them are indifferent to rewards and do their work merely because they love it. But it is necessary that they should be free to do it and free to make it known; that, for example, a man of science should be able to print his work without having first to find favor in the eyes of officials.

It is a world full of hope and joy that we must seek to create, not a world mainly designed to restrain men's evil impulses. Evil impulses must be restrained, especially during the time of transition while they are still strong, but this is an incidental part of our task, not its main purpose or inspiration. The main purpose and inspiration of any reconstruction which is to make a better world must be the liberation of creative impulses, so that men may see that out of them a happier life can be built than out of the present frantic struggle to seize and hold what others desire. We must so regulate the material side of existence as to enable men to take it for granted and to leave their minds free to employ their leisure in those things which make the true glory of man.

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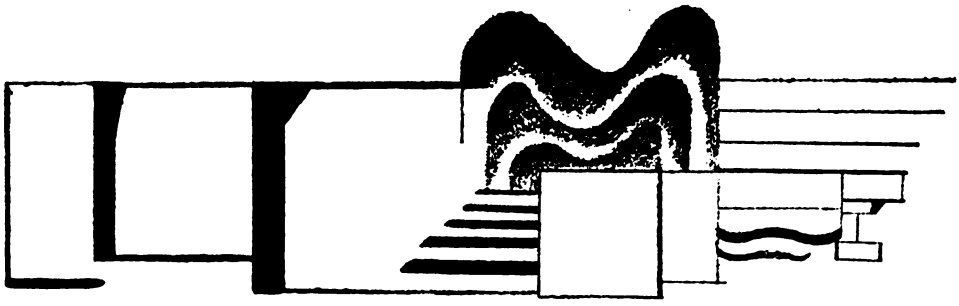

Why Dada?

An Inquiry into the Connection between the War's Ruins, Peace-Time Insanity, and the Latest Sensation in Art

By SHELDON CHENEY

IN writing about Dada I find myself embarrassed. I am enough of a Dadaist to wish to be loyal to Dada tenets, and the first of them is that Dada must not be talked or written about; but in being embarrassed about it I am also showing that I cling to certain minor moralities of my pre-Dada period, since to talk about what you should n't is of the very essence of Dadaism. It is perhaps that I am not yet that Dada.

I believe—one is never sure, since Dada has abolished logic—I believe that the conception of Dadaism might be traced back to people and events long antedating the late war, say to the *fin-de-siècle* generation of Beardsley and Wilde; but the war and its ruins were the immediate precipitating cause. Thus M. André Gide, editor of the "Nouvelle Revue Française," exclaims: "What! while our fields, our villages, our cathedrals have suffered so much, our language is to remain untouched! It is important that the mind should not lag behind matter; it has a right, it, too, to some ruins. Dada will see to it."

The war, then, fathered the child. Tristan Tzara is generally credited with doing the rest. The christening, if not the birth, took place in Zurich. M. Tzara, who shares with Francis Picabia the honor and the notoriety of chief place among the Dadaists, describes the event somewhat mystically as follows:

> In Switzerland I was in the company of friends and was hunting the dictionary for a word appropriate to the sonorities of all languages. Night was upon us when a green hand placed its ugliness on the page of Larousse, pointing very precisely to "dada." My choice was made.

In the light of subsequent events, which have probably outrun even M. Tzara's anticipations, the name does seem to have been chosen with superhuman canniness. The original meaning of "Dada" in the French is "hobby-horse"; but the associations the word has taken on through recurrence as the first spoken syllables of millions of generations of infants are rich beyond compare.

I can imagine some one asking at this point, "What *is* Dada?" The

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question is a fair one according to the standards of the days before Dadaism. The average reader can hardly be expected to gain more than a glimmer of meaning from the classic reply, "Dada is nothing." After all, I have little to lose in essaying a definition that can be understood by ordinary folks, for while my friends already think I am Dada, the real Dadaists still call me bourgeois. Dadaism, then, is primarily an artistic and literary *mouvement* which has, by the startling nature of its publications, exhibitions, and public (very public) actions, suddenly become the sensation of the cultural worlds that revolve about such centers as Paris, Rome, and Berlin. Among thinking persons (I claim Dada immunity) there seem to be three explanations of the phenomenon. The first is that all Dadaists are crazy; that their humor is either nonsensical or diabolical, their art accidental, their bits of accomplishment the chance stumblings of the madman. This is the most widely held opinion.

The second and opposite explanation is that behind a mask of irresponsibility and humor there stands a calculating and unlaughing monster; that beyond the apparent purposelessness there is a deadly, serious intelligence, with the ultimate aim of undermining civilization by destroying its props, art, culture, religion, and militarism. Thus Hi Simons, in the Chicago "Musterbook," calls Dadaism "a universally inclusive, desperately serious, supremely conscious hoax intended to undermine the whole fabric of decadent European society."

There is a third, and to me more plausible, explanation: that it is only human for a certain number of people to be crazy, some in the way that gets them into "retreats," others who only occasionally get "crazy with the heat," others only as crazy as the average artist is; and it is equally human for a lot of other folks to get awfully serious, to take culture seriously, to be patriotic, martyrs, college professors, etc. And there is a class that combines characteristics out of both the others. Then there comes a thing like the war, which upsets all the values, and a lot of these people get "het-up" to an extraordinary degree. And there emerges a Dada movement, of which nine tenths of the manifestations look crazy and probably are meant to look crazy; and irreverence is showing itself all over the place; and behind it are all the incompetents and near-thinkers and degenerates and cynics and roisterers who always tag on to the "latest" movement; and along with them a few creative geniuses; and a little group of disillusioned clear thinkers directing the center of the current because they really see that it is necessary to discredit bourgeois culture, academic seri-

Figure by M. Larionov

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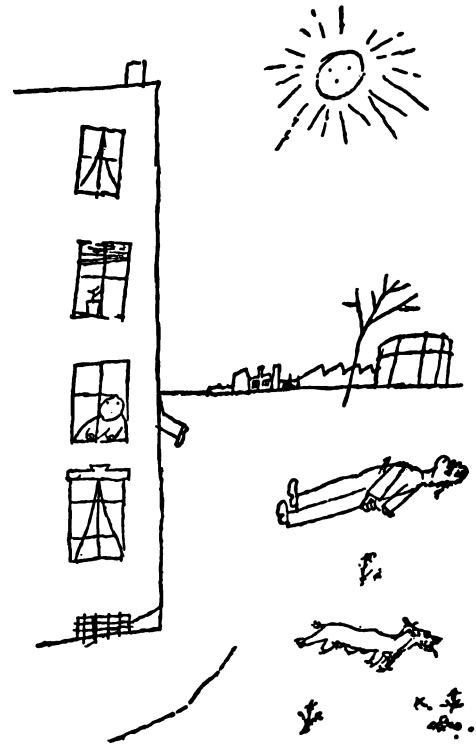
ousness, and decadent society, who are willing to assume the mask of insanity, with the really irresponsible, in order to cloak the laughing, but serious, purpose of reducing to absurdity the pretensions of the bourgeois elect.

Whether Dadaism was conceived as a huge joke or as a cultural reign of terror, and whatever its faults, it cannot be accused of working in the dark. It has had more publicity in Europe during the last year than Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, and Einstein combined. Since the first Dada group was arrested for whatever form of lese-majesty they practised first, Dada has been oftener suppressed by the police of Europe, civil and artistic, than any other movement in history. Dada meetings and Dada exhibitions are regularly held or broken up,—it makes no difference to the Dadaists,—and even the highest art authorities and social leaders have had to take cognizance of the movement. The Dadaists publish many reviews in various countries and varied languages, and most of them are so obscure in meaning that neither the obscene department of our post-office or its anti-Red bureau will be able to suppress them with any show of virtue.

In the world of painting Dada has picked a quarrel, of course, with the academies and with all official or traditional schools and movements, and is getting away with it very nicely. The academicians in Paris have gone to some trouble to explain in the public press that the reason why Dadaists are selling more pictures than the really good painters is that the true lovers of art, those who are cultivated enough to recognize fine painting, lost all their money in the war; and a new generation of millionaires without any standards of taste goes to the exhibitions today—and buys of the Dadaists simply because they are making the loudest noise! There is a naïve note in this complaint that makes one feel that these older painters never will understand that art progresses, until they are put to cleaning bricks after the communist overturn or some other revolution. Art has not moved so fast as Dada would have us think, nor has it with any certainty moved in Dada's direction; but that it has outgrown the old salons no one knows better than the Dadaists, and they are capitalizing that knowledge very profitably.



"Murder," by Georg Grosz

Even stranger is the company that the academicians are now forced to keep. For—would you believe it?—at

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last year's exhibitions the Futurists and Cubists joined the academicians in denouncing the Dadaists as fakers, charlatans, and ignoramuses who know nothing of the laws of art and only wish to shock the public into considering them a sensation! And the Dadaists get unlimited joy out of the situation, but hold to the center of the stage. The Cubists and Futurists are powerless to do more than rage, for have they not put their chief weapon within reach of the new enemy? The Dadaists merely laugh and rejoin that people like Cubists and Futurists are really too old-fashioned and academic to be able to appreciate the latest manifestations in art. But always they laugh.

There are those who will tell you that Dada actually grew out of the decay of Cubism and Futurism, and there is probably more than a shadow of truth in the statement. The Cubists took a long step forward when they abandoned representation as an end in itself, but in seeking to find a more expressive art they bound themselves up in a theory of geometrical planes and arbitrary symbols, which, if carried out logically, could only lead to what many of the Dadaists are painting or drawing to-day—geometrical diagram-pictures which escape all contact with emotional or esthetic experience. The Futurist painters, too, in their passion for representing action, turned away from art into illustration and came to a similar *impasse*. Both Cubism and Futurism helped in the long swing away from the stereotyped descriptive and romantic art of the pre-Impressionist era; but both came to sterility in themselves.

"Factories," by Georg Grosz

Dada portraits, says a Paris correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor," "resemble nothing so much as an old-fashioned plate of clam chowder, seen from above." That is perilously like the phrases that have been hurled at every innovation in painting these many centuries. But, unfortunately, it is true of most Dada work.

There is, however, that small, but important, fraction. The Dada journals show the work of Kandinsky, without doubt one of the great painters of to-day, although not likely to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum for twenty years yet; and in America Joseph Stella and Marsden Hartley have owned to being Dadaists, and they are of the best we have. Paul Klee, too, painter of exquisite color fantasies, who works "without regard to the trivial laws of Nature," is a Dadaist who deservedly has an inter-

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national following. And of the illustrations shown herewith, the two by Georg Grosz certainly have points of freshness not to be found in the general run of "accepted" art. The one called "Murder," an example of that "infantilism" which is taking us back, perhaps, to the roots of all art, achieves a *feeling* of murder that is extraordinary: in the loneliness and squalor of the setting, in the directness of expression exhibited in the "stuck" figure and the running leg, even in the merciless, murderous sun. And the one called "Factories," a typical Dadaist drawing if judged by academic standards, expresses the jumble of bad living and crowded industry so typical of our disordered metropolitanism as no academician could. There is direction and purpose here, I fear.

But, after all, it is the Francis Picabia sort of thing that is Dadaist at its most typical. When M. Picabia, once of the Cubists, became a Dadaist, he retained at least the geometrical bias of his earlier style. For instance, his portrait of Tristan Tzara consists chiefly of two straight lines and some compass-drawn circles.

Others of Picabia's drawings look like working-plans such as plumbers or furniture-makers might use, with the names of the parts carefully lettered on. They have an intellectual interest for the puzzle-minded, and I freely grant that they may have some esthetic purpose which I have not yet fathomed. I confess to a liking for some of the hieroglyphic designs, usually done on wood, that adorn the pages of several Dada publications. Occasionally, one turns up an abstract composition which begets such a novel reaction, such a fresh emotion, that, by contrast, one calls up the disgust, the sense of futility, which often comes with a pilgrimage through our official temples of art, with their miles and miles of descriptive canvases, examples of brilliant technic, and pale reflections of the glories of long ago.

A monograph on Dadaist verse by F. S. Flint appeared as an issue of the London "Chapbook." Although it shows evidences at times of Dada-writing, it is perhaps the most temperate expression in English on the subject, and Mr. Flint, as a poet and critic of marked progressive tendencies, has a better right than most of us to be heard. He writes:

> It has been suggested that the works of the Dadaists come within the domain of the psychiaters [meaning, in plain English, alienists]. But their authors know perfectly well what they are doing. They are amusing themselves at our expense, without, however, letting us share the joke, and with the ultimate object of discrediting all the works of the mind.

He attempts to be sympathetic, but concludes that, after making allowance for the "common, human, vulgar desire just simply to show off," it is only right to ask the Dadaist, and every other poet, to "accept the conventions by which he will make himself intelligible." He then quotes and translates Tristan Tzara's poem, beginning:

> a e ou o youyouyou i e ou o
> youyouyou
> drrrrdrrrrdrrrrgrrrrgrrrrgrrrrrrr
> bits of green duration flutter

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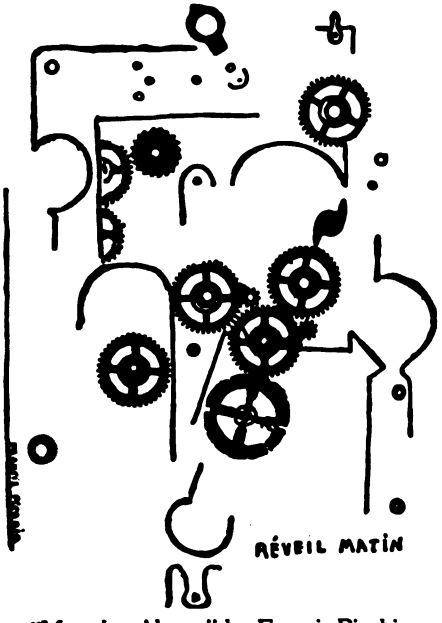
in my room
a e o i ii i e a ou ii ii belly
shows the center I want to take it
ambran bran bran and restore
center of the four
beng bong beng bang . . .

Mr. Flint comments on M. Tzara's verse thus:

It has a *cachet* of its own and its own species of unintelligibility. . . . His sincerity is such that he dumps his personality in front of the world without reserve or arrangement: he shoots it as a scavenger shoots rubbish; and his style is strictly adequate. . . . His verse, good or bad, never says anything. It merely makes a noise.

Considering both the poem and the comment by Mr. Flint, my Dada spirit rises for the moment, and I am impelled to wonder whether the latter does not, perhaps, underestimate the purpose and content of M. Tzara's lines, even though he is doubtless right about the overplus of noise and the underplus of reserve and arrangement. It is all quite strange to our ears, but need it be unintelligible? I am moved to this wavering partly by recollection of the chorus of ridicule that greeted certain of Alfred Kreymborg's plays a few years back. But when they were acted or chanted, as the poet intended, the words took on a beauty of rhythm and melody, and a meaning filled out by action, music, and silences that had been unsuspected by the average reader.



"Morning Alarm," by Francis Picabia

Restraining our suspicions and our risibilities for the moment, we might do well to inquire whether such a poem as the one quoted above is not similarly meant to be acted out for us, whether, filled out with an imagined accompaniment of action, setting, and music, it might not take on an aspect of purpose far beyond the seemingly recognizable Dada one of purposelessness.

There is to be a Dada invasion of America. In fact, it is here in little already. There has been published the first issue of "New York Dada," less clever than its European models, and only feebly nonsensical, but a beginning. Even before that, of course, there were publications tending that way; such were "TNT" and "291." But we are likely to witness a mushroom growth of Dada journals and Dada activities.

There are those who argue that the Dada invasion of America need never be taken seriously, that it can never go far, because there is no need for Dada here, the point being that we Americans have no art traditions worth destroying. It is true that we have no such active agent for evil as the British Royal Academy or the Beaux Arts

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School in Paris, and our exhibitions as a rule are less attended, our pretensions to everlasting glory (except in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, perhaps) less sanctimonious. But who will say that we have not an officialdom quite as powerful in its smaller sphere, and none the less vicious for having less art to deal with? Who will say that the sacred regard for "old masters," so astutely kept aflame by the art dealers and antiquarians, is not fair target for a little bomb-throwing?

If we do not have Dada, it will more likely be because it cannot flourish in a prohibition country. Or it may be that our ears have become so used to jazz that the noise made by the Dadaists won't sink in deep enough to register. But not *need* Dada? Don't let us fool ourselves. Which brings me to the answering of my title-question, "Why Dada?"

Because, poverty-stricken as we are for a robust art of our own, we are far too rich in imported works of art, foreign-absorbed knowledge of art, pale native reflections of decadent European culture. Our art life is tacitly a thing of museums and special pilgrimages, and our museums are less places where one goes to respond to the peculiar, penetrating ecstasy of living emotion than places for study of dead civilizations and cultural curiosities.

Over all of it is the smug sense of officialdom, of works chosen to a standard of what people ought to be allowed to see, as examples in the traditional, the sacred, the profound course of "culture." Ah, Dada, there is work for you here!

Outside the museums—for there are rare industrial art societies and arts and crafts associations, which avowedly want to bring art back into some sort of relationship to every-day life—outside the museums what? Well, our

"Babylonian Analysis," by Christian Schad

neckties are improving, a thousandth part of our pottery is well designed, not all our furniture comes from mass-production factories, and some of our bookmaking begins to take on something more than a reflectively historical interest. But the great mass of craftswork, where it might touch every man day in and day out, still ranges from the flashy "art-shop" sort of thing to the slick department-store imitation.

Outside our museums, what other art? Concerts. Yes, but for whom? Concerts, and in half a dozen communities out of several thousands

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opera—for whom? And the theaters, what of price there? To what caste must one belong to go there? And, yes, there is architecture, beautiful buildings to be enjoyed free by every one. Beautiful, yes, if one has been steeped in Greek and Roman tradition or Beaux Arts neo-imitation design. But architecture *creatively* beautiful, expressive of either the architect's immortal soul or the times and country we live in, what per cent. of our total building? Except where the engineer has for the moment triumphed, it is, in its perfectly polished achievement, the smuggest, most academic, most gentlemanly, most competent business art of them all. A few Dada ruins here, please, if only to show that there is something different from perfect rearrangements of Greek and Roman columns, Renaissance ornaments, and Beaux-Arts formulas.

But, after all, it is in no one of these directions that Dada, the destroyer of the gods of buncombe, will find most to do. It is rather in the whole organization of art in relation to society. For art is no longer an expression of life; it has become a theocracy and a priesthood, cultivated like a religion, the conformist glorified and the bearer of new truths crucified. The petty flatterer, the *pasticheur*, the manufacturer of magazine-cover girls, may catch on with the public; but in our society, as organized at present, the man who dares to seek out new forms of beauty and express them nakedly is made an example and an outcast.

No, it is not so much that we need Dada and its ruins in the field of art; it is rather that we need a Dada to destroy our whole mechanized system, which has blindly clamped the acquisitive supply-and-demand principles of business down over the realms of art and spiritual life, and— But, like those serious people I mentioned, I become too heated, I exaggerate, which is good enough Dada; but I do not care, like Dada, to be always laughing.

This is Dada's virtue, that it goes beyond all other iconoclasts. Destroying images is not enough; it is necessary to go on and destroy iconoclasm, for with our self-conscious culture that in itself has become an image. And when that is destroyed, Dada will destroy Dada, hell will be plumbed, and then the light again.

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The Enemy

By THOMAS BEER, *Author of* "THE HOUSE OF ATREUS," *etc.*

Drawing by HUGH FERRISS

"YOU must get awful' lonely up there," the girl said.

Blaine was staring at the motion of her dark braid on plaid cambric between her shoulders. He did not answer, then hopelessly wondered what she 'd said. He murmured, "Yes 'm," and wondered if that was right. She turned her eyes from the shelf of tinned meats and smiled at him.

"You ought to come down here more nights."

"But I could n't. Fact is, I ought n't to come away from the bridge at all; only, of course, I got to get things to eat."

"Is that all you come down here for?"

He hesitated. Some miners in gray shirts came in, stamping. The girl slung Blaine's purchases into a flour-sack and dropped this rattling on the counter. He walked out, pondering her last remark. He would have to think about it. He stared up at the sign of her father's store, "J. Coe, Provisions and United States Mail." Her mother, a New England woman, as familiar as wild carrot, was washing her hair at a window. She gave Blaine a sour nod. He blushed and tramped off to his tethered mule. The handsome brute was tired of sun, and stamped as Blaine loosed its head. It strolled promptly off up the valley. Blaine followed it, thinking.

He was a tall young man, white-skinned. His large and drowsy blue eyes moved to and fro, staring at the stretched rocks, the lusterless brush-wood, the inclosing cliffs. He fanned his bleached hair with a newspaper and stopped thinking of the girl to think, "This is hot for May." Then he brooded that last speech again. A girl with a lot of suitors should n't care whether a fellow came four miles down the valley at night. On the other hand, it was nice that she noticed. He paused to regard a rattlesnake coiling lazily on a flat rock. His conscience forced him to fling a pebble at its grim beauty. The snake shot off into a bush. Blaine said aloud, "Run, you son of a gun!" and laughed. The laughter returned to his ears in a spreading whisper from the cliffs. The mule jerked its head about. Blaine walked on, relieved of the sun by shadow as the path turned and the cliffs swelled in toward the creek. Now he saw the bridge as a blue web strung between green rocks. The brilliant water passed under its height in a violent wavering of silver.

The bridge had been finished in March, and already the raw cedar caught a polish from rain and heat. The brush below and on the edges of the gulf cast on it a blue shadow. At dawn the great pillars and cross-beams were gray and natural. They changed

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in fifty shades by day. At night, from Blaine's hut by the creek, his ward was a permanent black cloud against the stars. He had volunteered to guard the bridge on the day it was done, and had contracted to stay here all summer. They had given him a mule and the hut. He was paid a hundred dollars a month, an astonishing sum, as he wrote to his father, "for doing nothing."

Now, walking under the bridge, he dropped back his round head and stared up ninety feet at the trestles. It was a good job. It should last a long time, unless the company ran up an iron bridge to replace it. Blaine was a carpenter, son of a carpenter, and grandson of a shipwright. Iron annoyed him. Wood was the proper material for bridges and ships. He had helped to build the bridge. A train rolled over the beams he had planed; a definite thunder filled the gulf. He strode out into the sun and stood waving his hat at the pink freight-cars bound north to Denver. From the caboose a shirtless man waved down, and a magazine fell, fluttering twenty yards wide. It struck the gravel before the mule.

He went to pick up the magazine, while the offended mule paced off to drink at the creek. Blaine stood turning the glazed leaves, and beheld a girl in a plaid dress printed there. Suddenly, he was lonesome; his mouth dropped open. He sat on the sill of the hut and examined the picture. The girl was most unlike the storekeeper's daughter, more like a girl he knew in Gloucester. He crossed his legs and sat gazing up at the bridge until the water was vermilion in sunset.

His loneliness continued. Long after dark a passenger train crossed the gulf in a fleet shimmer of lighted windows. Blaine ran out of the hut and gazed after the cars. At each end of the bridge deep cuts in the rock swallowed trains; the guardian could see no distance north or south. He sighed and went back to bed, where he lay writing a letter to his mother. He wrote:

> The night sleeping-cars just went over, so I went out and looked at them. It looked like a pretty big train. I wish you would tell Cale he is a skunk not to write me. If he was pushed off somewheres taking care of a bridge, I would write him. I was at the settlement to-day and got some grub. Mr. Coe that keeps the store is from Newburyport. He has a girl and three boys.

These facts brought him to the bottom of his paper. He reached for another leaf, and found that he 'd come to the end of the pad. Immediately, it became important that he should get a fresh pad, for letters must be written. He jumped, whistling, from his cot and began to pull on his clothes.

§ 2

The girl was playing checkers with one of her young brothers when Blaine came into the store. She sat stooped over a table before the post-office window and raised her black brows together, frowning. She said:

"My! I thought the bridge could n't get along nights without you were there to look after it!"

"But I wanted some writin'-paper."

She drawled cruelly:

"Supposin' a wolf came and chewed the bridge down? I 'd think you 'd be scared to go off and leave it."

Her young brother said thoughtfully, swinging his brown feet:

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"A wolf ain't got a mouth big enough, Hattie."

Blaine had been wondering what her name was; Hattie was all right for a name. He said:

"One of those kind of pads with lines on it, please," and watched her walk about the counter. Then he was frightened because the small motion of her skirt receding thrilled him. It was safer to think about women at a distance. She handed him the red-covered pad across the counter. Blaine grinned vacantly, piling three dimes one on the other near her dark hand.

"Twenty cents is all."

"I thought it was thirty."

"Just twenty," she said and laughed.

The storekeeper's wife came ambling out of a shadow and bitterly nodded to Blaine. All her gestures were burdened and sorrowful, although the store must pay well, and Blaine knew she had a half-breed cook. She said:

"I been makin' some sarsparilly, Mr. Blaine, if you 'd like to set and have some."

"He 's got to run home and see the bridge is still standing, Mama," the girl jeered.

However, Blaine sat on the counter and drank a mug of sarsaparilla. He felt reckless. Some one made thin and precise music on the piano in the saloon over the way. The storekeeper's wife said:

"I take notice you never come dancin'."

"I dunno how."

"I thought Gloucester was a great place for dancin'," said the girl.

"My brother Cale 's an awful' good dancer," Blaine murmured.

"And one in the family 's enough?"

He could not think of an answer to this, and so tucked the pad inside his shirt. The smooth chill of the cover made him sneeze. The mother formally crossed her hands on her apron and sighed.

"Well, come again, Mr. Blaine," she said.

"Yes 'm."

He walked down the street between four saloons and dark houses, aware of moonlight, in which his shadow preceded him. The sky was a lavender space of glory. At the village boundary he saw boneset flowers in the glow on their sprawling bushes. He had been six months in Colorado without noticing a flower. Funny that boneset, which grew in swamps at home, should bloom in this high valley. Blaine saw a queer likeness to himself in the blooming brush. He belonged to the sea-shore, and here he was getting along well eight thousand feet in air. He smiled as he lit his pipe. Something rattled on the pebbles behind him, and, turning, he saw the girl, holding out his hat.

"You were in such a hurry to see the wolves had n't eaten the bridge up," she said.

"Thanks a lot," he replied.

"You 're gettin' real Western."

"How 's that?"

The girl laughed.

" 'Thanks a lot.' That 's the way folks talk out here."

"Well, we 're livin' out here, ain't we?"

"Not for long. Papa aims to sell the store and go home pretty quick."

Blaine ran his thumb about the full rim of the hat and said: "Well, the company 's got me on contrack until September first. Guess I 'll go home after then. This ain't—ain't—" His complaint finished in wonder at him-

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self. He looked up at the lop-sided moon. "My brother Cale 's too young for much help to father. You can't make a carpenter overnight, like he was a pair of shoes."

She said:

"My, the moon makes your hair look just green!"

"Does it? It 's kind of light brown, reely. Only the sun 's took the color out of it."

"You 're funny," said the girl. She whirled and ran off along the street.

Blaine ran after her a hundred yards, and then pulled his long legs to a halt. It was highly indecent to run after a nice girl like that. He blushed and tramped away up the valley. Cool wind blew after him and puffed his shirt. His slow thoughts went aimlessly. Sometimes he walked through side ventures of the murmurous creek and sometimes he found his thighs lashed by brushwood. He meandered, peacefully grinning. The cobweb of the bridge appeared, properly gray, like Gloucester shingle. The moonlight faded from it as Blaine advanced: the mountains had covered the moon. Blaine shook his head and put his hat on soberly. He said, "Gee!" softly and walked along, looking down at rocks that jarred his boots. Then the breast of his shirt turned pink.

A cone of flame rose out of the cloudy brush a few yards ahead. The young man gaped. Miners went up and down the valley, smoking, and some one had probably dropped a burning match. The cone twisted into a whip-lash that slashed at farther brush. The pillars and cross-beams of the bridge were visible, rose-colored, with sparkling dots of bright nails. Blaine's body became wet in terror. He rushed on the flame, yelling, and began to stamp it out. The charred brush hissed under his heels like a snake; the roasting boneset flowers smelled vilely. He danced up and down, panting, until no sparks shone; then he went to fill his hat with water at the creek, and flooded the spot in a dozen trips. The flame left a fire in his mind, for the wind could have blown that fury against the bridge. The bridge might have been burned. It was awful to think about. At dawn he was still thinking in every torment of conscience.

On the first of July a locomotive halted with a single car at the north end of the trestles. A man in a straw hat came down the ladder spiked to the cliff. He was fat, tall, and heavily whiskered. Blaine went to meet him, and the official held out the buff pay-envelop. This was n't the usual paymaster. He jingled masonic charms on his watch-chain and blinked at the twelve pillars of the bridge, nodding.

"What you got to look out for," he said, "is fires. This wood, here, it dries up, and there ain't been much rain this spring. You got to look out for fires, son."

"Yes, sir," said Blaine; "had two already. I been thinkin', if we put on a kind of tin coatin' about half-way up—"

The official stroked his whiskers and nodded.

"Ain't a bad idea. I 'll speak to the chief engineer. Yes, you could n't risk a fire round here. And they start up quick, specially when there 's a wind. You might walk down to town to mail a letter and come back and see the whole works burnin'."

Blaine cried:

"But I don't. There 's usu'ly three or four folks goes by a day, and I give

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'em my letters to mail. I ain't been to town since eighth of May."

"Oh, well, there 's no call to stick here as hard as all that." The official yawned. He plucked a white boneset flower and thrust it into his coat, then turned off, and mounted the slope to the ladder. Blaine walked after him, hoping the man would speak of something else, of Denver or politics or horses. But the official mounted the treads slowly, and at the top vanished with a last flicker of gold from his waistcoat. The whistle tooted; the rolling wheels sent down their petty thunder. Blaine sat on a rock and heard his breath go out in a sob.

The mule came up and looked placidly at Blaine, shaking its ears. The young man howled an oath at its contentment. He had come to hate the mule's nullity. It went silently away, rounded, and came back.

"Yeh," said Blaine, "that 's right. They got me here on a contrack, tied by my leg. What I 'd ought of done was ask that man to have somebody else sent here."

He wiped sweat off his face and walked down to the hut. On its walls he had written in a dozen places, "September 1, 1884." His contract would be filled that day. He would go down to the settlement and talk to people. He would have the barber cut his hair, which was thick and curly on his neck now. He ranged about the hut and stared at the picture of the plaided girl clipped neatly from the magazine. Wind came up the valley, and a float of dust passed over his sill. Blaine cursed, and went down to the creek to swim. No one had passed to-day. Yesterday one of the girl's brothers had come wandering up, kicking the dust high, and Blaine had kept him for an hour's talk. Now he sat in the failing creek and gazed down to where the water disappeared in the turning gorge. A freight-train went across. Blaine stood up to howl, but no head spotted the windows of the caboose. He shook his heavy arms after the pink cars and hated men. He said: "Tied! They got me tied!"

His meals had become irregular, interrupted by spurts of dust seen far off that might be smoke. He had a rag tacked to a wand before the hut so that he might judge the wind. At times, when the breeze was strong, he was filled with importance. The bridge depended on him. These four hundred tons of wood were n't safe without him. He would tramp down the valley, peering at plumes of dust in the brush. Fifty yards below the bridge a brook ran from the cliff to the creek and made the north side safer; but it was a narrow brook, a thread among pebbles. He sometimes tore the brush back from its margins and looked happily at the wider space between boughs; but at night, when there was not wind enough to cool the baked hut, the whole valley was unsafe. He dreamed of flame. Often he heard trains crashing through the brittle, burning trestles and women shriek. He would wake to know that the mule was kicking its shed. His simplicity was hurt by this thought of people killed through his fault. He had fights with passing miners who dropped matches on the trail. Sometimes in the heat of day he loathed the bridge. Its stolidity was inimical; it shut him off from talk and love. He would walk far up the valley, so that it dwindled to a blur in the gulf. But at night, when he was loneliest, he liked the thing, stood leaning on a

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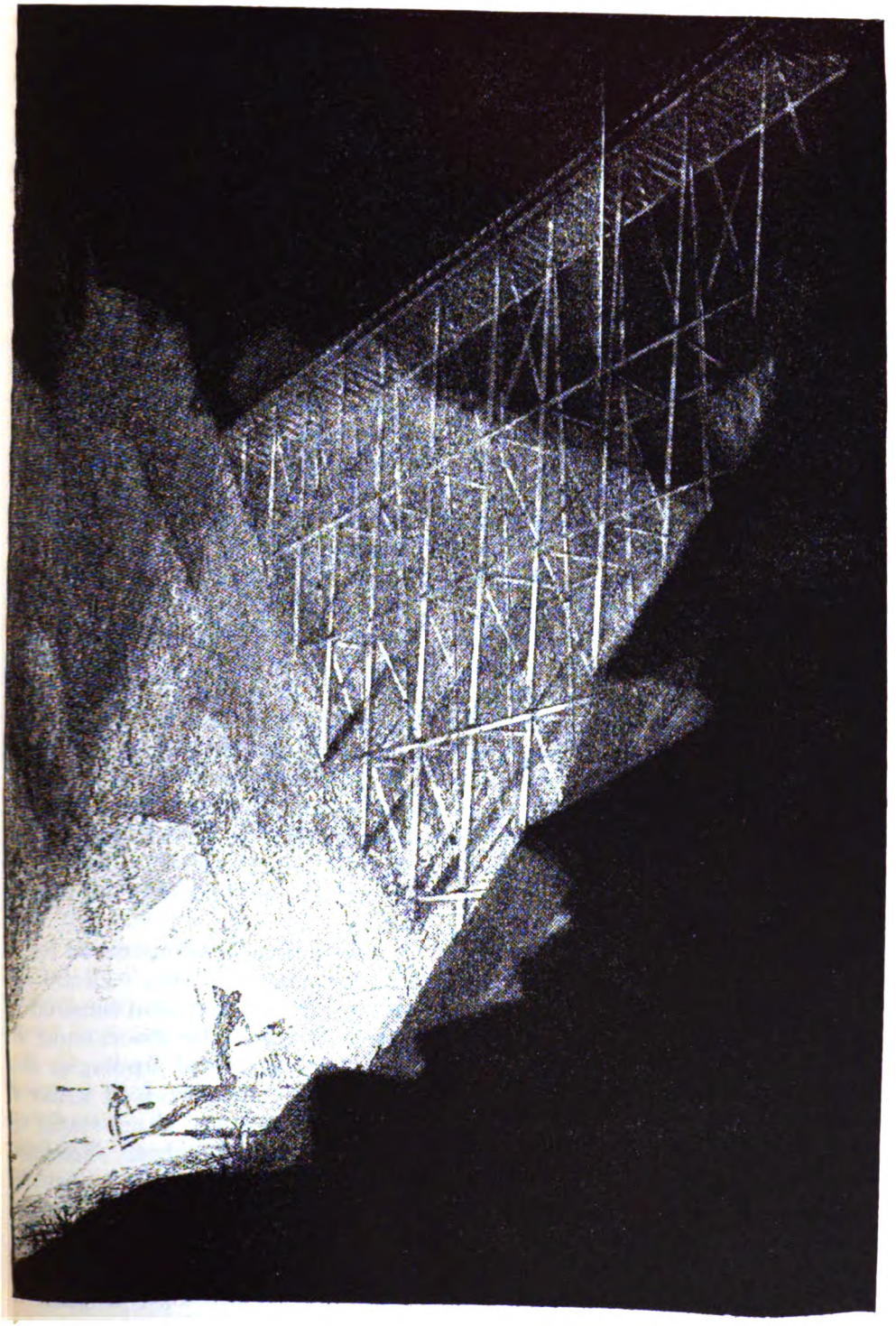

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warm bulk nearest the creek, and patted the wood. He was its master. He could climb the ladder and stroll along the beams, staring down at the moony creek. This climbing thrilled him. It was a sign of mastery. He felt immense and powerful, standing midway between the rocks. Once a miner left him half a flask of whisky, and Blaine drank this, sitting on the bridge, his boots dangling thirty yards above stream. He lit matches and dropped them. He told the bridge, "See what I could do to you?" But in the morning he was ashamed and wondered if his brain was failing. He wrote severely to his brother Caleb, "You let whisky alone until you are grown up."

On July 30 he saw a cloud down the valley, although the rag before the hut showed no wind. Blaine seized a spade to beat out fire and raced along the creek; but the cloud had a woman on a dun horse for its heart. The storekeeper's wife rode sidewise, her brown linen skirt tucked decently about her gaunt ankles. She reined in beside the young man and gave him the frown of a martyr.

"This is Hattie's birthday, so we 're givin' a kind of a party to-night. We wanted you to come."

Blaine licked his lips, and rubbed his chin with the handle of the spade. He said:

"I 'd like to, awful'." His struggle lasted a moment; then he wailed: "But I can't. They got me on a contrack until September first watchin' the bridge. It 's fires I 'm scared of. The timber 'd catch fire easy. That could happen."

"Hattie 'll be awful' sorry."

"So 'm I. Only I can't run off—leave off watchin'. I 'm tied."

She was immobile, perched on her horse. She lifted her patient eyes to the gray span of the bridge and sighed. She said angrily:

"Folks out here dunno how to raise children. They ain't responsible. I 'll be glad to go home." She turned the horse, then said over her hard shoulder, "You 're a real nice boy."

The horse carried her off. Blaine gulped. He wanted to send the girl a message, but the horse was again involved in smoky whirls of dust. The cloud ebbed among the white and purple flowers. He slashed the dry brush with his spade and walked back to the bridge. Striding across the brook, he saw its bed almost dry. The water made a width of pebbles slick. The whisper was so soft that it sank below the little noise of the creek. The creek itself might dry to nothing in the blaze of August. Blaine shook his head. Everything worked to hurt the bridge and himself. In the hut he stared at his face, shown by the tin mirror. His brows were bleached, and a mask of dusty bronze covered his skin. He had never thought himself handsome; now the bridge was making him old and ugly at twenty-two.

After dark a ridiculous mood fell on him: he wanted to cry. Desire and heat had fried all common sense out of him, he thought. He stood under the bridge and composed apologies in a whisper. "You know I 'd ruther of come to your party than stayed up lookin' at that old bridge. You know that." It even appeared that the wind blowing up from the village brought smells of cocoanut cake and coffee. He leaned against a pillar and wiped his mouth with a palm. A horse snorted, coming down behind

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Blaine. He saw a young miner ride by, his scarlet neckerchief apparent in the moonlight. Blaine had once seen this fellow idling at the counter and now abominated him. He was going to the birthday party. Blaine yelled:

"Don't you go droppin' any matches round here!"

"I don't smoke," the miner called back.

Blaine had wanted to fight him. He was left without an excuse. He hit the nearest pillar with his doubled fist and wished the bridge human. The slap of the blow echoed delicately among the beams; the noise became a sighing laugh.

"Yeh," Blaine cried, "you think you 're smart!" His ears were invaded by a terrible buzzing as the cliffs took up a retort. He ran to the hut and slammed the door.

§ 3

He dreamed that the bridge was falling in a collapse of pillars that smote one another in appalling thuds. Under the dream Blaine knew that this was the mule kicking its shed. He thought scornfully, "I sha'n't get up for that," but he woke. The moon shone through his window in a sickly way. As he blinked, he began to cough. There was a waver of smoke between him and the moon. Blaine sat up and seized his trousers. The mule went on kicking heavily. As the young man ran out of the hut he saw the fire as a bright red worm lounging on the north side of the creek. He shouldered the spade and ran down the valley without knowing that he shouted, and so thought the echoes a noise of crackling wood. There was a strong breeze. Some one between the bridge and the settlement had dropped a match. The fire burned from the cliff to the pebbles of the creek. Blaine went stamping up the slope to the rock and faced the flame there.

After an hour he knew it was useless to fight the flame itself. He beat down the blazing brush and the stiff grasses, but unseen sparks writhed forward when his back was turned. He would whirl and see a fresh advance lighting up the parched boneset flowers. Bushes went in great puffs of fleet gold. In the rear of the fire tall stumps of mountain-birch smouldered, and appeared as red fingers thrust up through the earth. The moon was gone. The turn of the gorge hid the terror from the settlement. Blaine sobbed, smiting down at a ring of fire by his boot. He must fall back to the drying brook and tear away brush, so that his enemy could not leap across. The bridge was completely pink with the illumination. He lurched back toward the brook, and smoke followed him. He reached the brook, then thought, and ran on fifty yards to the hut, where he found a pail. The mule steadily kicked its shed.

"Quit that," said Blaine, "I 'll see you don't get hurt."

At the place where the brook joined the creek he filled his pail and began to dampen the brush beyond. The flame was still a hundred yards away. He went stumbling up and down the brook. Once he slipped on the wet pebbles and lost a whole pailful. As he emptied water on the brush he heard a strange sucking sound: the baked earth was drinking. This made him furious. He groaned, "I ain't raisin' flowers!"

The fire gained. Near the cliff it

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reached the brook. Blaine raced up with his spade, and slapped the boughs frantically. Sparks rose and floated. The handle of the spade became hot, but the fire gave back. He whooped and chased it. The bridge was now scarlet. The iron bands joining cedar trunks in the pillars seemed red and molten. He had a fancy that the flame had heated them and that the timber would break into flame. He saw a train slide from the south, and he quivered, hoping the bridge would hold. He stood with his arms raised, his mouth open, glaring up through the smoke. Faces showed in the windows of the coaches; the glass sparkled brilliantly. Blaine waved his spade to hurry the train from its danger, and yelled in ecstasy as the tail light vanished. Then he swung, and saw the whole margin of the brook lurid: the flame had fully reached the barrier. He ran along, beating vainly at the brush. His chest hurt, facing the brightness. For a time the length of the brook was a furnace. Long boughs fell on the wet pebbles, and hissed as he stamped them out. Then the brightness ebbed slowly. Consuming its fuel, the flame dwindled. The seared space behind smoked dully. He stood upright and gazed. He had his second of glory before brush crackled on his side of the barrier, and he swung to fight down a lighted spire of dead birch.

It went on endlessly. Here and there separate little fires rose in the boneset and laurel. He stamped them out, and sometimes squatted to see if sparks lived below. When no fire showed for a moment, he would run to fill his pail and moisten patches. He was aware of chills on his back. His shirt had vanished except for sweated rags about his shoulders. His trousers were ripped by brush; the corduroy hung in snakes, its texture shredded to single strands. No fire showed at all now. He thought, "Layin' low, are you?" and with full pails dashed water up the bulks of the pillars. The sky became green; the bridge was as gray as shingle in the sunrise. Blaine patted his chest and found it cold. He crumpled down, with the pail under his arm, and fell asleep by a pillar.

§ 4

He woke in shouting, and sat up, naked, on his cot. A man pushed him down. Another burly man was standing in the door, shaking a red fist at something and bawling.

"Yeh, all you folks did was to go to bed and leave this here feller to put the fire out! S'posin' the wind had turned, and you an' your dam' settlement 'd went up? Yeh, you 're a fine lot!"

A voice thinly answered:

"What I wanted to tell you was we found a coal-oil can right where she started burnin'. Somebody must of put the bushes on fire. Y' see—"

"I care the hell of a lot if some one put the bushes on fire! The p'int is, they burned, and all you folks downtown stayed in your beds and let this feller get near roasted to death keepin' the fire off'n the bridge. Yeh, I 'm goin' to have it reported to the first fed'ral judge I can get at."

Blaine sat up and looked through the window. Men of the settlement were grouped near the creek, staring witlessly at the mad man in the door. Some had taken off their hats. A bare-legged boy was miserably shifting his feet. The orator slammed the door and spoke to Blaine:

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"You lay still! Rub some more of that ile on him, Murphy."

He lay still, and a hairy young Irishman rubbed olive-oil on his legs, where the white skin rose in painful streaks. The official walked about swearing wonderfully. The engineer and fireman of the locomotive came in and swore, staring at Blaine.

"The folks on Number Fourteen seen you workin'," the official explained, "and reported. I come down as fast as I could. What we got to do is get protection for this property. The comp'ny owes you somethin'; it kind of does, seein' this bridge cost eighty-nine thousand dollars and some. Murphy, you stay here with Mr. Blaine. I got to get back to Denver."

The official stamped out after hurting Blaine's hand. The engine backed from sight. The Irishman began to cook a meal on the oil-stove. He talked. His voice ran melodious; he called Blaine "general." Blaine beamed at him, and sat fingering his singed hair. It lay over his head in curls now that the fire had cut it.

"You ain't a married man?" the Irishman asked. "Now, I am." He pried open the back of his silver watch and showed Blaine the photograph of a dark woman, with a baby on each shoulder. "She 's gone home to Saint Jo to her folks right now."

Blaine said:

"I got to go down to the settlement."

The man protested. The pay engine arrived, and the paymaster protested. Blaine took a bath in the creek and pulled on fresh clothes when the Irishman had oiled his burns again. He rode the mule slowly down the valley, which bewildered him. It looked incredible in the afternoon light, with its brush shorn away and the rocks darkened by smoke. Outside the settlement boys were wandering in the unburned tract from the turn of the gorge to the houses. They looked at Blaine, with their mouths awed ovals. He timidly nodded to them, and one came to hold his mule before the store. Blaine limped up the steps.

He opened the door, covered with limp netting, and passed in. The girl looked up from the counter and then recoiled, her arms slack at her sides, down the length of the store to a doorway. Blaine grinned, and walked after her, fingering his hat. As he came up, tears rolled out of her black eyes. She sobbed, and laced her hands across her mouth. Blaine's heart began to thump; she must like him. He said:

"I 'm all right."

Her hands dropped, and struck the wall behind her as she stiffened and stared at Blaine. She said:

"I did it."

"What?"

"Took a can of coal-oil, after everybody 'd gone to bed, and I went out and put the bushes on fire."

His hat fell at his feet. He stood rigid, gaping at her. The girl turned and hid her face on the wall, her body writhing under its plaid. Her sobs made Blaine shiver. He asked:

"Why—what for?"

"I hated the bridge."

He stood exploring this. His conscience assured him that it was wrong, but a sense of the vast compliment made him blush. He began several speeches that never rose to words; he grinned at her shaking back. After a time he sighed heavily and leaned on the wall. When she turned, their cheeks met.

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"Who's the twister?"
Wayne Honeycutt; w

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The Payson Rodeo

By Ross Santee

Drawings by the author

A sorrel bronk was led into the middle of the street; a puncher chewed his ear while the saddle was eased on; the rider swung up and caught his stirrups.

"Turn him loose!" he yelled.

"Ain't much of a show this year," said a slit-eyed puncher standing beside me. A woman in an automobile shrieked. The sorrel bronk, his eyes bulging, was headed straight toward the car. Two punchers spurred their horses alongside and turned him down the street again.

"This country was about blowed up before the rain came," said the puncher. Still pitching and bawling, the sorrel bronk turned back again, while the rider raked him in the shoulders with the spurs and waved his hat at the crowd.

"Who 's the twister?" I asked.

"Wayne Honeycutt; works for the Bar T Bar's. Ya ought to have been here last year; they had some shore enough pitchin' horses. Ace Gardner 's the next man up in the ropin'."

At the head of the street a corral had been built. As a calf was cut out of the corral, the two punchers charged him across the line. The starter dropped his flag. On came the roper on the dead run, his "piggin" string between his teeth, his rope swinging. The fourth puncher tied his calf in twenty-two seconds.

"Looks like the money," I said.

"George Cline ain't roped yet," said the puncher.

Two more calves were cut out of the corral, but the time was slow.

"George Cline's up next," said my neighbor.

The calf came out of the corral on the run. As he crossed the line, the flag dropped. Down the middle of

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the street they came. Cline made his throw in front of the old saloon. He was off his horse before the rope tightened. As he raised his hands through the cloud of dust the crowd yelled.

"Twenty-one," bawled a man through a megaphone. The puncher beside me grinned.

A horse-race was starting at the head of the street when a man in a white apron came out of the eating-house. An iron bar, shaped like a triangle, hung on the porch. On this he pounded.

"Chuck," said the puncher, and we headed up-street with the crowd. On one side of the street was parked a long line of automobiles; on the opposite side, in front of the old saloon, stood some cow-ponies. Some Apache squaws were eating hamburger and ice-cream cones at a stand close by. The buck was drinking near. "Belly-wash," the puncher called it. The ice had been hauled from Globe, for Payson is a hundred miles from the railroad.

"We was n't goin' to have any rodeo this year on account of the drought; then the dance-hall burned down. But after the rains came and the country started greenin' up, we decided to have her, anyway. Of course the purses ain't much this year, but every one put up what they could. And 'most every man in town worked on the dance-hall, so it would be ready in time. There 's a pretty good crowd, though."

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As we walked up the street I counted the buildings: two general stores, two eating-houses, one garage, two dance-halls, the office of the justice of the peace, and the old saloon, which now does duty as a soft-drink place and pool-hall. At other times cows walk unmolested through the street, but to-day the place was alive with people.

The rodeo is an annual event, with three days of broncho-busting, bull-riding, calf-tying, and horse-races down the middle of the street, and every night a dance that lasts until morning.

The eating-house was newly built and unpainted. Across the front in huge black letters was a sign, "Meals, fifty cents." On a bench at the end of the porch stood a wash-basin and a pail of water; on a nail above hung a towel.

"She 's shore been popular," remarked the puncher as he wiped his face on a blue bandana; but later, while we sat comfortably on the porch and waited for the second table, others came who were not nearly so particular.

Flies were plentiful in the dining-room, but the meal was very good: fresh beef and cabbage, potatoes, string-beans, and hot biscuits and syrup, or "lick," as the punchers called it. A tourist asked the puncher and me if we had ever been to Cheyenne or Pendleton, Oregon. Neither of us had. He liked Payson, he said, as everything was real. He was driving through to the Grand Cañon, and had meant to stop only long enough to find out what the excitement was. He had never heard of the place before, but now he was going to stay until the rodeo was over.

In the afternoon there were more horse-races down the street and more calf-tying. One event was for men over fifty. As Cline's father came down the street with his horse on the dead run, the puncher standing beside me said:

"Them Cline boys take to their ropin' honestly."

The bull-riding came next. Down in the corral, by much prodding and pulling, a bull was dragged into the shute. The surcingle was buckled on. The rider eased down off the corral fence and mounted. The shute opened, and out they came, the rider spurring his mount high in the neck, while the bull bellowed and bucked and tried to kick himself in the chin. As they headed straight into the line of cars, a puncher whirled his rope. His horse sat up, and the bull was caught. A

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rider on a buckskin horse roped him by the hind feet. As the rope tightened, the bull fell to the ground. The surcingle was unbuckled, and, still bellowing and hooking at the horses, he was led back to the corral.

One of the bulls was ridden with a saddle. The rider was thrown the third jump. Still pitching and bawling, the empty stirrups popping above his back, the frantic animal was finally caught. The rider limped back to the corral, holding his side. Two of his ribs were broken.

The event for boys under eighteen was won by a gangling youth of about sixteen. He wore high-heeled boots, long-shanked spurs, and on his head a small, black derby hat. "Derby Jim," the puncher called him. While he waited for his turn to ride, he sat on the corral fence and munched an ice-cream cone. That evening I saw him walking with a girl. In front of an ice-cream stand they stopped. As the stage came in from Globe I saw him again. His long-shanked spurs trailed in the dust, and as he walked he munched another cone.

After supper a crowd gathered at the general store and waited for the mail.

"See you at the dance," said the slit-eyed puncher as he went to feed his horse. In front of the old saloon Ace Gardner and Jimmy Cline were roping three calves apiece for a side bet. It was sprinkling and nearly dark when the last calf was tied; the street was almost deserted.

The dance-hall was a huge, unpainted affair and, like the eating-house, was newly built. On a platform in the middle sat the orchestra.

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Built against the wall on each side was a long wooden bench. On the floor in one corner eight babies slept, wrapped in their various-colored quilts, while their fond parents danced. The tourist was there, and Derby Jim, and the bull-rider with the broken ribs. The slit-eyed puncher made me acquainted with his girl. Every one danced. Between dances the women sat on the narrow bench around the hall. A woman beside me held a baby in her arms. When the music started, she danced, while the baby slept peacefully on the narrow bench. At intervals the men walked outside on the porch and smoked. A few of the more fortunate walked deeper into the shadows, where some "anti-Volstead white mule" was hidden. At midnight the count of babies on the floor had reached fifteen. A tall puncher, after eying them gravely, finally selected a small bundle that was wrapped in a sky-blue quilt.

"Guess this one 's mine," he said, with a grin.

He carefully stowed the bundle under the bench.

"Some of 'em 's liable to get stepped on the way the crowd 's a-millin' here."

Every other dance was a tag. A man well over sixty, with snow-white hair, danced by, his boot-heels popping on the floor. He never missed a dance. At two A. M. I found the tourist and the slit-eyed puncher sitting on the porch. The tourist had been ready to go for an hour, he said, but could n't get his wife to leave. The slit-eyed puncher bewailed a blister on his heel and cursed the new boots he wore; but as the music started, he hobbled inside.

"I ain't missin' nothin'," he said, "even if my feet is afire."

At four A. M. the crowd still milled. Five babies still slept peacefully in their corner on the floor. On the porch the tourist dozed. The slit-eyed puncher had slowed up somewhat, but the rest of the dancers were going strong.

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The Middle Ages once more

By T. Morris Longstreth

I WOKE, to look into Matamek's face smiling through a cloud of pipe-smoke, which the morning was too lazy to blow away. He was sitting by a new-laid fire, a very small one. Behind him shone the glare of a day already in its teens, a lusty, hot youth of a day that had set out to frizzle the country in its own juices.

"Why did n't you wake me, Matamek?"

"You were having a good sleep-feast. It is not good to wake with your sleep undigested."

"I had only four hours at that."

"It is enough for the bow paddle," said my guide. He was in good spirits.

"Here goes for a swim. That 'll make it five hours." A cold bath is as good as an extra nap, and the Mistassini was cold despite the sun's best efforts.

I wish people knew how to get intoxicated aright. I am not speaking of whisky, with its groundless egotisms, its poisons that rob Peter to pay some outsider, Paul, its senile leerings, and its inevitable tragedy. I 'm speaking of the normal senses, lifted off the common ground, by the sudden sight of snow-clad peaks, by the handwriting on an envelop, by even a cold plunge in a savage Eden.

Beaudelaire knew better than he practised. His dictum was, "One should always be in a state of drunkenness—either with wine or poetry or virtue." Delete "always" and write "sometime," delete "wine" and write "health," and you will sing at your work, dream happily, and come to your life's harvest with assurance. God had poured the elixir of life into my bath that morning.

The appearance of the Mistassini betokens no divine connections; in fact, it is the most God-deserted river that ever wandered disconsolately across a landscape. We labored against a sullen current and around curves for breezeless hours. If any one wishes a complete knowledge of sand-banks, or how a broiling summer's day acts on a shadeless river, or what moth-eaten trees look like, I then advise the lower Mistassini.

We were content to make our camp that night just below the junction of three rivers, the Rat, the Mistassini, and the Mistassibi.

Above the great cascades sat the tiny village of Mistassini, where the Trappists have a monastery. Notwithstanding the strange suggestions which the dim walls at dusk aroused in us, we were soon sound asleep.

The next morning, within an hour of dawn, the sun began to scorch everything in sight that was not nimble enough to escape. No leaf on the birch above us stirred. Matamek, my guide, was lying on his blanket, his shirt half off, like a Tait McKenzie sculpture. I ransacked my mind for a manly excuse for postponing those portages. Matamek was more skilful

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at that, for he pointed to the Monastery St. Michel de Mistassini in the glowing distance and said:

"They have been up since one o'clock."

"One o'clock this morning?" I repeated incredulously.

The Indian nodded.

"What on earth for?"

"What in *heaven* for, monsieur," said Matamek; "it is their religion."

"Let 's investigate it," I suggested. "Perhaps we may want to join them, Matamek."

The broadest smile that had yet divided his firm lips swept the boy's fine face.

"Perhaps," he said; "but we look first."

The village of Mistassini owes its existence to *l'ordre de la Trappe*. I doubt that any other village in the flat-lands of Canada has a location more charmingly designed by nature. Meadows rise to wooded hills, rivers lull the passing hours to sleep with crooning waters, cascades lift the heart with their wild motion, and the silences of the endless North still it again.

§ 2

In 1891, when the first monks sought a life of seclusion north of Lake St. John, they must have congratulated themselves on this desert. Aside from the passings of the Indians down the river and the music of the owls at night, there was nothing to interrupt them in the exercise of their perpetual contrition. The Government gave them six thousand acres, almost as unnecessary, however, as awarding air to windmills. Forty miles to the south lay Roberval's unadventurous village; to the north lay most of the 450,000,000 acres that constitute the province of Quebec, mainly vacant. Certainly, for people distressed with the world this was a felicitous asylum.

Their ancient monastery, with its low buildings sheltered by a bank, the great rapids of the Mistassibi plunging by, the agricultural bustle near, must have been a picture cozily human, too human, perhaps, for these monks, who in the name of Christ had set about mortifying their bodies and repressing all their senses. So they built a grim three-story house, of a style suited to cities, on the saddle of a hill that struck hands with all the winds, and under this roof, bristling with the cross, continued their career of abstinence. At the door, shortly before noon, I knocked, Matamek following. We had heard of the hospitality of the Trappists, and judged that a meal with them would be an interesting, if not a nourishing, affair.

The door was opened by a cenobite, dressed in the garb projected by John the Baptist—a long whitish robe with a girdle, and looking the costume cenobitic *par excellence*. We were invited into a strait-sided room, where I explained our visit. During my stay under that roof I determined to keep myself in a sympathetic frame of mind, but my flesh crawled, so silent, so gloomy was the interior compared with the friendly day outside.

Yet the appearance of our host should have allayed uneasiness. His hair was tonsured into an invisible halo. His countenance had much of the Christ-like in it, whether from much pondering on His image or from fasting or from the inner cultivation of the fundamentals of Christian precept; but there was something missing which separated this countenance from Christ's.

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There were sixty inmates at the time, we were told, but eight of them were ill, and the head monk thought it better that we have lunch elsewhere. I suppose that the eight had a little overdone the abstinence. It must be dangerous to indulge in riotous fasting when you are living on a mere string as it is. Thereupon Matamek and I left for the village and a square meal. After we had eaten, we talked.

§ 3

"Matamek," I said, "what is it you wish to be?"

"A man who knows where the beaver are," he replied promptly.

"And what else?"

"A man with descendants."

"And what else?"

"A man who can bend his grandmother." He meant that he wished to be able in argument.

"And what else?"

He could think of nothing further, so I went on:

"You want always a feeling that you are free, don't you, Matamek? To know that nothing binds you?"

"I am free. My father now asks me, 'Is this possible, Matamek?' I am free enough."

"I was wondering," said I, "whether you or I come the nearest to having perfect freedom. I shall tell you of myself, and we 'll judge. Instead of hunting animals, I make my living hunting up truths about people and places and putting them on paper. There is always much paper, there are always many truths. I cannot starve, you might say. Yet, to be exact, there are thousands of other men doing the same. If they find the places or the truths first and write of them better, I can starve."

"It is the same for both of us," said Matamek, sagely.

"All right. So far we are equally free to live, if we are equally able to make our living. But think now of the way we live. Which is the freer? Take our bodies. You live in the bush, and you get sick how often?"

"Only at Pointe Bleue. There is balsam in the bush."

"In the city men are often sick, and even the well men rarely know the big health that can laugh at portages and rain. Yet in the city, Matamek, our doctors can make us glasses for weak eyes and cure aching teeth and take out parts of the body that cause pain and straighten bones, and bring drowned men back to life. I think we are equally free in our bodies, don't you?"

"Do you want to wrestle?" asked Matamek, with a twinkle in his eye. "We could see." I wish you could have heard the quiet humor in his voice.

"It is settled," I said, "we are equally free in the right to live and in the strength to live, and just because you can throw me into the river means nothing, for I can find white wrestlers who could tie you into knots. What I want to find is whether we are equally free in everything. Take the life in here." I touched my head.

Matamek was too polite to say he did not understand this. So I said:

"Take the string of our thoughts for a whole day, Matamek. What do you think about in the bush?"

"At night I think about what I am going to do the next day, and the next day I do it. That is all. I look much, think little."

"You are not bothered, then, by a thousand worries. Your work is

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straightforward. What this person will think about it, or that person, does n't influence you. You seem freer than I, Matamek. But wait. If you want advice, you can go only to your father. I can go to wise men who lived a thousand years ago and ask them."

"How is that?" he asked quickly.

"They have stored their advice in books, and we store the books in libraries. I can find out what the wisest men have thought and felt and done when they were in the same troubles as myself. That should make me able to deal wisely with happenings. And the less ignorant a man is when something happens, the freer he is. Is n't that so, Matamek?"

"You have more knowledge," he said quietly.

"And so more freedom? Do you admit it?"

"No!" he said vigorously. "Look, monsieur. You cover the things with words, but what is the truth? You come to me and say, 'Matamek, I like this, I like that, I wish I could do these things forever, what would I give to be able!' That is what you said yesterday, to-day, was n't it, monsieur?"

He had me there. He went on:

"Well, I do these things. I do not say to you, 'O monsieur, if I could only wear your shoes, if I could only sleep in the house-boxes, if I could only have a squaw!' I am content. I like moccasins, and I will have my squaw next year. You are much older. Why do you not bring your squaw with you?"

Again he had me. I explained a little of the difficulty that the professional man has in equipping himself with and maintaining a squaw.

"That is it," he said delightedly, for he was now warmed to the debate. "You say you are more free than Matamek, and you cannot move without money, cannot have a squaw because she has to be bought, cannot take this trip unless you give Matamek money. But I can take the trip, I can have a squaw, I can move. I am free. I need money only for the priest."

"Then I am ahead of you there," said I, heartily; "my worship is free."

He shot a look of compassion on me and said:

"Do not think that I worship to the priest. That is a little game we have to play, monsieur. Here is my worship," and he pointed out into the dark beyond our fire. "It is all spirit-land. Why hide beneath a church to worship? The priest says this, my father that. They confuse me."

"What do you believe?"

"I know," he said, "one thing. I know there is a spirit in this tree, in that water, in the great bush, that is son of the Great Spirit. Our stories say that these spirits are luck-bringers and disease-bringers. I shall not tell my descendants that, for I do not know it. I do know that if you tell your hunting secrets in the bush, that the leaves whisper it to the game." Matamek believed this. I could not get him to talk of his trapping except on the beach at Pointe Bleue, where there are no trees.

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"I have had it happen. Some day I shall tell you, but it 's time to get back to the monastery."

§ 4

Please imagine yourself now accompanying Matamek and me. We are walking with a follower of St. Benoît. We are back in the Middle

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Ages; it is the year 1100. We do not talk. By special dispensation, possibly in the hopes of a convert, our cicerone can. We hear first about the daily schedule. These men rise each morning at two o'clock. I would give my type-writer to know whether they have an honest, seraphic glee in their bosoms then or an honest and more comprehensible gloom. On Sundays the hour is one, and for special treat, on holidays, it is midnight.

They pray to the Virgin for thirty minutes, then to God for an hour, and so on until seven, when they have breakfast, which is a horribly literal affair. It is not a matter of fruit and cereal, eggs and bacon and buttered toast and honey with coffee and rich cream, most of which delicacies these saints produce upon their desert. They are allowed bread and water; just enough bread to push life forward.

It is over by 7:15, when another office is said, whereupon the monks of the choir go to manual labor until 12:15, when comes more ceremony.

At two they file, speechless, into a basement dining-room whose darkness, stone floor, boards for table, and rigorous stools would dampen one's enthusiasm for a Thanksgiving dinner. A tin of soup is cooling before each place. But in case the self in a man's body should perk up its head for a second's wistful satisfaction, they are provided with the means to drive it back. At the overseer's hammer each monk draws his knotted whip and scourges himself on legs and shoulders till the overseer gives the signal to quit. Following this appetizer, comes cabbage and onions and more bread and water, along with this reflection, "This life is nothing; eternity is everything."

There follows more manual labor until vespers at 4:45, when, after studies and more prayers and some water and bread, these gentle souls betake themselves to a hard bed, ensconced in a dormitory's niche, at seven. Then, if they have no sins of the day to do penance for, they may sleep until two, whereupon begins again this amazing routine.

When we had seen the room of meditation, the airless dormitory, and the library outfitted with lives of the saints that could instigate, I should think, hardly a more prodigious penance than these moderns were undergoing, we were taken down-stairs, where we could talk, and I found out the principles of the Trappist régime. There are five.

The first is based on community life hinted at in the New Testament. St. Benoît, the founder, wanted to go the Acts one better, however, by generating a *fortissimum genus monachorum*, a species of believers whose incredible austerity might astonish even the infidel. So he advocated that they have everything in common, that they abolish the personal, until the self should be lost in the whole. Good St. Benoît admitted that it might be painful, that the soul might long for liberty and isolation or the personal intimacies; but away with these if a monk would elevate himself to God!

To aggravate the effect of perpetual contact, they promulgated a law of perpetual silence. Perpetual, mind you! Thus, while ever with your fellows, you might ever be with God. It is like living ever at the bottom of a Cistercian well. But by doing this the monks follow to the letter the sixth chapter of the Order of St. Benoît.

This perpetual silence certainly is

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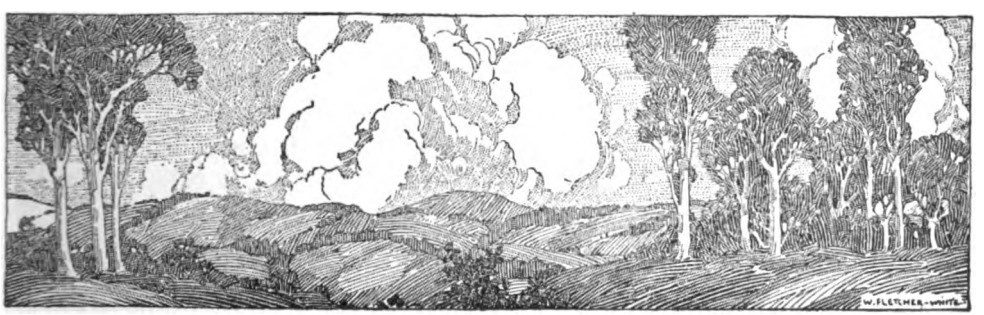
favorable to prayer, particularly as news of the world, literature, the progress of science, or any of those things which strengthen curiosity, all tend to poverty of thought. If one has nothing to think about while hoeing potatoes, one must pray. So the divine office is celebrated incessantly. They can whip their lips, if not their souls, into a frenzy of activity. And they do it.

But praying can conceivably degenerate into a lazy man's job; therefore the far-seeing St. Benoît advocated a redoutable routine of manual labor, interspersed with theological studies, deemed harmless to one's vanity. Curiosity, avarice, and pride are the sure result of other reading.

The fifth tenet of the Trappist concerns penance. At first blush it seemed to me superfluous. The life of perpetual elbowing one's neighbor, without ever exchanging a good morning with him, the life of endless prayer and never-ended work seemed so moderately tempered with self-gratification as to make the need for penance, or even penitence, unnecessary. I was interested in reading in one of their tracts about the regulation of the diet. After exhorting a little more crucifixion of the body during the festivals (ironic term!) by subsisting on their two ounces of bread and their bowl of water, the writer, ravished by the temperate idea, breaks out into this valedictory: "O happy monks! one can say, who fast so vehemently, who make of your fasting your nourishment! O happy stewards! who nourish your world so cheaply, and are never tempted to make economies on this spiritual pittance!" and so on for an ecstatic page. What verbal wreaths would he not have laid on the eight invalids who had lately been too engrossed in starving themselves to heed their ebbing strength!

At length Matamek and I were escorted into the day. The sun put its warm arms about us, and the Being whom Matamek called the Great Spirit and I call God welcomed us back. I thought of the words, "The earth *is* the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "The fulness thereof," thought I, and like a rainbow across a receding storm the words pictured for me ocean-going ships, orchestras, firesides, adventure, the gateways of music, home. With my lips I was saying farewell to our guide. He asked me to say a prayer for him. Indeed, he seemed almost to be begging for that prayer. I cannot say, however, that he seemed unhappy. I offered him a tip; he took it, and the door of his prison jarred to, leaving us out there in the "fulness thereof."

"Come, Matamek, I 'll race you to the river," I said.



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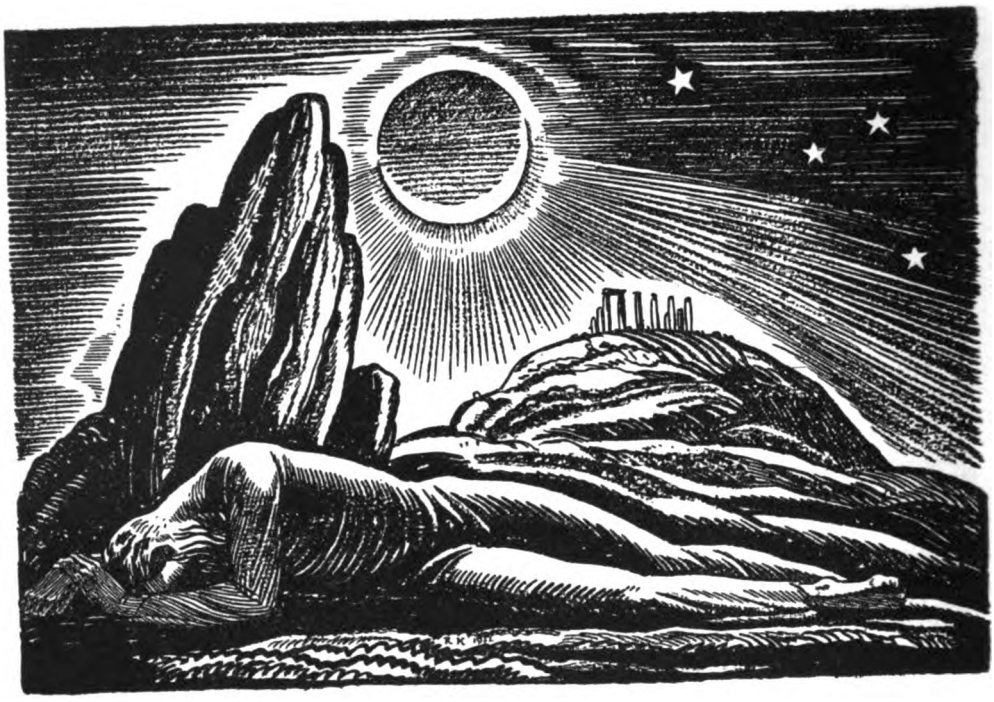

An Ancient to Ancients

By THOMAS HARDY

Drawing by ROCKWELL KENT

Where once we danced, where once we sang,
Gentlemen,
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,
And cracks creep; worms have fed upon
The doors. Yea, brighter times were then
Than now, with harps and tabrets gone,
Gentlemen.

Where once we rowed, where once we sailed,
Gentlemen,
And damsels took the tiller, veiled
Against too strong a stare (God wot
Their fancy . . . then or any when!),
Upon that shore we are clean forgot,
Gentlemen.

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We have lost somewhat afar and near,
Gentlemen,
The thinning of our ranks each year
Affords a hint we are nigh undone,
That we shall not be ever again
The marked of many, loved of one,
Gentlemen.

In dance the polka met our wish,
Gentlemen,
The paced quadrille, the spry schottische,
"Sir Roger"; and in opera spheres
The "Girl," the famed "Bohemian,"
And "Trovatore," held the ears,
Gentlemen.

This season's paintings do not please,
Gentlemen,
Like Etty, Mulready, Maclise;
Throbbing romance has waned and wanned;
No wizard wields the witching pen
Of Bulwer, Scott, Dumas, and Sand,
Gentlemen.

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The bower we shrined to Tennyson,
Gentlemen,
Is roof-wrecked; there damps drip upon
Sagged seats, the creeper-nails are rust;
The spider is sole denizen;
Even she who read those rhymes is dust,
Gentlemen.

We who met sunrise sanguine-souled,
Gentlemen,
Are getting weary. We are old;
These younger press; we feel our rout
Is imminent to Haides' den,
That evening shades are stretching out,
Gentlemen.

And yet, though ours be faltering frames,
Gentlemen,
So were some others' history names,
Who trod their track, light-stepped and fast
As these youth, and not alien
From enterprise, to their long last,
Gentlemen.

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,
Gentlemen,
Pythagoras, Thucydides,
Herodotus, and Homer, yea,
Clement, Augustine, Origen,
Burnt brightlier towards their setting-day,
Gentlemen.

And you, red-lipped and smooth-browed, list,
Gentlemen:
Much is there waits you we have missed;
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing;
Much, much has lain outside our ken.
Nay, rush not: time serves; we are going,
Gentlemen.

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Impressions of the Bolshevik Régime

By JAMES P. GOODRICH, *Ex-Governor of Indiana*

RUSSIA, its Government, and the famine have been the front-page newspaper stories of the world since the first revolution in 1917. This has been true especially since the November revolution brought into power the Communist party, with Lenine, Trotzky, and company in charge of the political and economic affairs of more than 150,000,000 people.

Counter revolutionists have been at work, backed by foreign gold. Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel, Yudenitch, one after another, arose and were heralded as the liberators of an oppressed people from the tyrannous yoke of the proletarian dictatorship. Their careers were short; one after another they were defeated by the Red Armies, until to-day only a scanty fringe of the "liberators" hold sway on the Pacific coast, supported by the armies of Japan, without whose protection these last-ditchers quickly would follow their predecessors down to defeat.

More facts have been distorted, more predictions have proved false, and more prophesies have been unfulfilled concerning Russia and its Government than about any other country in the history of the world. And so I have come to believe with Josh Billings that most things folks know about Russia "ain't so."

In May, June, and July of last year only about ten per cent. of the normal amount of rain fell in the Volga valley; so there was famine in the land, as there had been many times before. This famine is the worst in history; even worse than the famine of 1891, when over three hundred thousand people starved to death on the lower Volga. It is worse because it followed six years of foreign and civil war, when the contending armies marched up and down the valley, blowing up bridges, destroying buildings, and carrying off grain and live stock.

It is worse, too, because a communist government requisitioned the surplus grain supplies of the peasants, thus taking away from them the incentive to plant; so that the acreage sown in food crops had decreased in 1921 to less than sixty per cent. of normal.

The cry of the starving millions reached America. We did not like the leaders of the Russian Government, we did not believe in communism, and knew that its blighting effect would destroy the economic structure of Russia. Some said, "Let them starve; it will bring them to their senses." But more humane counsel prevailed. Human beings were starving to death; little children were dying of hunger. Such an appeal the American Relief Administration, and Herbert Hoover, its chief, did not let go unanswered, and they are answering it in splendid fashion in Russia to-day.

While motoring through northern New York last August, I received a

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message from Mr. Hoover, to come to Washington to talk over the Russian situation. But I knew nothing about Russia; had never been there. In fact, the only information I had secured about this wonderland of modern history was such as I had garnered from the daily press.

On reaching Washington, I found Colonel Haskell with Mr. Hoover. After a brief interview, it was agreed that I was to go with open mind to investigate the entire famine situation, to learn the truth about Russia, and to return as soon as the preliminary investigation was completed.

Armed with the voluminous records of the report of the British parliamentary commission, which made an exhaustive survey of the whole Russian situation, I started for Russia on September 15. The two weeks that intervened from the time of leaving New York until my arrival at Riga were spent in studying Russia, its Government, the Revolution, the counter revolutions, and the causes leading up to the famine.

§ 2

Soon after reaching the Russian frontier, I began to see evidences of the new economic policy. On the train I talked with a gentleman named Bogaroff. He had been the soviet representative in Italy, and was then on his way back to Moscow. Discussing the Government of Russia, I called attention to a report I had recently read that indicated that trading was to be permitted and money wages paid in place of the ration, a policy not consistent with communist theories. Bogaroff declared that it was impossible for Russia, standing alone, to maintain a communistic government. Departures from the communist policy, he contended, were only "strategic moves," and indicated no change in the conviction of government leaders regarding the soundness of their theories.

I met Red representatives at Samara, Penza, and at Saratoff. All were discussing the proposed "strategic moves." All in like manner defended the new policy and, while freely admitting that it tended toward capitalism, stoutly asserted that it did not represent the permanent policy of the Government.

Shortly after my return from Moscow, Lenine made his celebrated speech on the new economic move, in which he defended his course, frankly admitting that the Government had sustained a disastrous economic defeat in the spring of 1921, more serious than any setback it had suffered during the war. Also, that it was necessary, as a part of the general policy of the Communist party, to execute an economic retreat to new bases, carefully planned and prepared. All this meant concessions to capitalism, the restoration of private property, the collection of rents, the charging of wages, the adjustment of wages according to the value of services rendered, and permission for the peasant freely to dispose of his surplus after paying a reasonable tax. Lenine did not hesitate to admit that this meant the establishment of capitalism; that "hundreds of per cent. of profits would be exacted by the capitalists," that "Russia must be educated, and that the proletarian order must be established on a prosperous basis before the nation could continue its advance toward communism."

This speech resulted in the disclos-

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ure that the Communist party was by no means united behind Lenine in his new economic policy. A meeting of the All-Russia Executive Committee was called, and the new policy freely discussed. Lenine again defined his position, and insisted that the retreat outlined in the new policy was essential if communism ever was to be established. One of the members of the committee present said to him:

"Comrade Lenine, how long is this economic retreat to continue?"

"That is a naïve question, comrade," Lenine replied. "The retreat will continue until communism is established."

Thus Trotzky, who a year before had advocated the conscription of all Russian labor, and predicted the failure of communism if his policy was not adopted, is now in a position to say, "I told you so."

After meeting and talking with men from all parts of Russia—college professors, business men, manufacturers, bankers, and also many of the peasants, who are by no means in favor of the communist theories—I became convinced that the Allied governments made a colossal blunder in financing the various White revolutionary leaders and in keeping Russia in civil war for two years. For this policy of interference drove the peasants, and many other patriotic Russians who did not believe in communism, to the support of the Government.

Doctor Babin, connected with the University of Saratoff, who was educated in America and does not believe in the theories of Bolshevism, told me at Saratoff that while he was certain communism would fail, yet he was a Russian and did not want to see the Whites win. Accordingly, he had given to the Government his undivided support until the revolution was suppressed. He said that thousands of other loyal Russians in the province of Saratoff had taken the same course.

I met a business man of Saratoff who operated a very large department store prior to the revolution. Seeing the approaching storm, he sent his family out of the country, and after reducing as much of his property as he could to money, he left Russia before the October revolution. This man owned a beautiful home, five rental properties, and his store, all of which were nationalized and taken over by the Government. He was back at Saratoff, while I was there, negotiating with the Government for the privilege of opening and operating his store. He told me that while he had no sympathy whatsoever with the announced Bolshevist theories, the country had suffered enough from war and revolution; that he believed the Government had turned the corner, and therefore the best thing for every one to do was to support it, to join whole-heartedly with it in again building up Russia. Before we left Saratoff, he told me that he had concluded his negotiations with the Government and expected to open his store at an early date.

At Balser I met a manufacturer who had operated a plant there prior to the revolution. It had been nationalized, taken away from him, and turned over to the workers. Thinking of the large fortune the manufacturer had made in the operation of the plant, the workers believed their time had come and that they would now receive the full fruits of their toil.

So they appointed a shop committee to operate the plant. It ran along for

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a few months, until the accumulated stock had been disposed of; then it failed, and had been closed for more than two years. Many of the workers who formerly found profitable employment in the factory had left the city. Those who remained were without means of support.

Experience had taught them that the profits made by the plant were not so much the result of their labor as of the executive skill and direction of the owner. So they were urging him again to take charge of the plant and operate it. He had arranged with the Government for a long-term lease of the plant, paying for its use, in lieu of all other taxes, a turnover tax of one per cent., or a tax on net profits of fifteen per cent.

This manufacturer, while much opposed to the whole socialistic theory and having no faith in the ability of the Government successfully to operate under it, did not hesitate to say that he thought the best thing for Russia was to go ahead under the new policies announced by Lenine. He expressed the conviction that out of it would come a stable government, which would permit the free expression of the individual initiative of the Russian people.

At Saratoff I met a peasant from Norda, a fine, intelligent-looking man who, with different clothing, would easily have passed for an American farmer. He had driven in a yoke of oxen, which he sold that day for six million rubles, or about seventy dollars in American money at the prevailing rate of exchange, and was on his way back to Norda. This peasant had suffered severely through the revolution and during the civil war. By questioning him, I found that he was opposed to the nationalization of real estate, and believed in private property and the right of free trade.

"But I believe that Lenine and the Bolshevist leaders realize that a communist government cannot stand in Russia," he said. "We know from things going on around us that the Government is changing, and changing back to the way we want it. We do not want any more communism, nor do we want any more war and revolution. I believe we can work out our affairs with the present Government, which will soon be a sound one, and will open up trade among us Russian people. Also, I believe Lenine will guarantee us possession of our land and admit the right of the people to own their own property."

I discussed with him the new system of taxation under which, instead of requisitioning the surplus food crops, a fixed tax, payable in kind, is levied. He said the new system pleased the peasants very much. I then suggested to him the American system of a money tax on land and property.

"The peasant would not accept this, but prefers a tax payable in kind," he replied. "Under our system, if we raise a large crop, we can afford to pay more. If we raise only a medium crop, we pay less. In a year of crop failure, such as we had this year, we pay no tax at all. Under your American system we could, in such circumstances, pay nothing, and our land would be sold for taxes."

§ 3

The Central Government had recently recommended that instead of allotting the land each year, or at irregular intervals, as is the present custom, the communes should assign the

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land permanently; so that, knowing a particular allotment would be his, the peasant would be interested in fertilizing and developing it. But every commune rejected the proposal. I asked this Russian peasant the reason for such action.

"We have lived under this system for hundreds of years, and it has worked very well," he said. "The peasant is conservative by nature and fears that in any change of the present system may be concealed a plan to get the land away from him, so that it will be a long time before he will agree to any innovation."

Before my departure I spent an afternoon with men who are starting the new banking system in Russia. One of them had been at the head of one of the largest banks in Russia prior to the revolution; the other had been connected with one of the great private banks. Under the new decree establishing banks, the Government was inviting back to Russia men who had operated banks prior to the revolution and was urging them again to take up their work. The bankers told me that many had already come back and that the responses to the invitation indicated that more of them would do likewise.

But they did not underestimate the seriousness of the situation, the long, hard struggle before them necessary to the establishment of a sound banking system. They said the Government had promised full coöperation, and agreed to give them the greatest freedom of action in the conduct of their banks. They hoped to attract foreign capital to Russia, and stated to me that they had already received assurances of help from other countries.

"If I should deposit in your bank ten thousand dollars in American money, which is as good as gold, would you return to me American money or its equivalent?" I asked.

"We could not do that," they replied, "but would pay for foreign money, or gold deposited with us, Russian rubles at the rate of exchange on the date the money is withdrawn, and in this manner guarantee the depositor against the falling value of the ruble."

I inquired what guaranties or assurances any foreign capital that might come into Russia would have, and they asked me what I meant by this. I told them that I did not believe foreign capital would come into Russia unless the Government would guarantee its protection against such confiscation as had occurred before. They answered:

"You have something better than any government guarantee. The change announced by Lenine in his speech on the new economic order is fundamental; it is a change of heart. We do not care what they say about this being a mere 'strategic move.' The change is permanent. The retreat toward capitalism has set in; it is not temporary. This retreat will continue until capitalism has been established and full assurance given to every one that the rights of contract and private property in Russia will be respected."

Many of the men with whom I talked had suffered most severely at the hands of the Government. Not a single one of them was in favor of its policy, yet without exception they believe the Government will stand; that it is not only idle, but against the best interest of Russia, to talk about revolution or civil war; that every patriotic

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"Lenine," drawn by Nathan Altman, Moscow, May, 1920

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Russian should cheerfully give the authorities his support, and that through evolution, not revolution, a sound government would be established in Russia.

§ 4

The Bolshevist officials have used strong-arm methods in dealing with counter revolution and law violation since the second revolution in October, 1917. The *Checka*, or Russian Extraordinary Commission, about which we have heard much, has not hesitated to inflict the death-penalty not only for political crimes and against those who are inciting counter revolutions, but also against those who violate their oath of office.

A very interesting trial was held in Moscow the week before I left. The facts leading up to it were these:

After the November revolution the Government confiscated all surplus wealth, including the jewelry, furs, and furniture of the bourgeoisie. All this was stored in the Kremlin for safekeeping, and was to be sold only on the order of the Government. A Russian woman residing in Moscow whose jewels had been confiscated saw another woman wearing one of her jewels that she had prized very highly. She appealed to Lenine, who previously had promised her that the jewels would not be sold without giving her notice. Lenine assured her that if her jewels had been sold, it had been without the knowledge of the Government, and he promised an immediate investigation.

As a result of this investigation, thirty-five public officials were indicted, charged with stealing and selling a large amount of nationalized property in addition to the jewelry in question. The penalty for this offense under the Russian law is death. Undoubtedly, all the men were guilty; the proof was conclusive. Nineteen of them were shot; sixteen received prison sentences.

Mr. Tchitcherin was asked why it was that nineteen were shot and the other sixteen let off with prison sentences when all were equally guilty.

"The sixteen who received prison sentences were bureaucrats who had served under the czarist order," he replied. "They did not know any better, but had always plundered and robbed the people. The other nineteen were communists. They should have known better than to betray their trust. We intend to deal with communists who violate their oath of office with greater severity than with others, to weed out with a ruthless hand every communist who breaks faith with the people."

It is generally conceded in Moscow that the leaders of the party, men like Lenine and Tchitcherin, will insist upon a high order of integrity from those under them.

I saw at Saratoff a striking example of the efficiency of the *Checka* in settling a strike. A food ship of the American Relief Administration was at the docks at Saratoff to be unloaded. Owing to the approaching close of navigation, it was necessary to unload the ship at the earliest possible date. The Russian workers started to unload it, but every evening they concealed in their pockets some of the food and carried it off. Captain Kinney, in charge of the work, took the food away from them. Then they struck, and refused to unload the boat.

Soon the students from the University of Saratoff came down to unload

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it. The workers called tham "scabs" and made such a demonstration that the professors in charge of the university thought it unwise for the students to continue. Captain Kinney then applied to the *Checka* residing in Saratoff. An official hastened to the wharf where the striking men were assembled.

"I understand you refuse to unload this ship," he said, "because you are not allowed to take some of the food which is intended for the starving Russian children."

They replied that they would not unload it unless they received a ration in addition to their wages.

The representative of the *Checka*, looking at his watch, said:

"I will give you thirty minutes to get to work. If you refuse, I will have some of you shot." Immediately they went to work.

The representative added further:

"If Captain Kinney furnishes me the name of any one who has taken a single pound of this food, I will have him shot." That ended the matter. The food was unloaded, and none of it was stolen.

The peasants on the lower Volga had been annoyed by bands of robbers. While I was there the *Checka* sent a squad of soldiers to investigate the situation. They overtook the band of thieves, rounded them up, shot the whole number, nine in all, and buried them by the roadside. Everybody, the peasants especially, seemed to approve this sort of justice.

The Government justified the arbitrary exercise of power by the *Checka* on the theory that in no other way could have been prevented in the early days of the Revolution endless counter revolutions and the destruction of the Government itself, contending that "the end justifies the means."

It is fair to say that at the last session of the All Soviet Congress there was issued a decree to establish local courts, under Russian law and methods of procedure, with which the peasants have long been familiar. These "peoples' courts" are vested with exclusive jurisdiction over cases concerning property, and all other questions at law except such as are of a political nature, jurisdiction of which is still retained by the *Checka* under certain limitations.

The Government's striking evidence of confidence in its own stability is shown in the fact that last fall it proclaimed a general amnesty for all who had been exiled or had fled the country, inviting them back to take part in Russia's rebuilding. They are to come back, however, on condition that they are not to incite counter revolutions or spread propaganda tending to alter the Government by violence.

On every hand I saw changes toward the capitalistic order. The Government has not only established a wage system, but the wages are adjusted according to the service rendered; also the piece-work system is being established on the railroads and in the factories. In fact, I was told that the premiums for increased production in the International Harvester plant are far greater than the wages paid. Freedom of trade has been established all over Russia, and every day new stores are springing up on the various streets of Moscow and other cities.

Banks are being established; interest and rent, twin children of capitalism, are being charged everywhere.

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Professional men are permitted to charge fees, which was forbidden during the first three years of the revolution. The servant class, abolished by the revolution, is slowly being reëstablished.

Even now one can see beginning to emerge from the economic disorder a new bourgeois class; for in a socialist state, as well as in a democracy where freedom of trade is permitted, wages and profits must be encouraged. However much we may decree the equality of men, we can offer them only equality of opportunity. The wise, the prudent, and the thrifty will rise just as certainly as the negligent and the shiftless will fall.

This new bourgeois class in the city and among the eighty millions of peasants will never permit any return to communism, but will hasten the retreat until capitalism is firmly established. The recovery will be slow. I do not believe that it will take as long as was required after the French Revolution; but when the peasant again raises the enormous food surpluses which he formerly produced, and when back of the peasant the industrial life of Russia and its manufacturing interests shall have been established, the Russian people, who are at heart sound and industrious, will bring about the rehabilitation of the country and the restoration of its prosperity almost as rapidly as the Americans recovered after the Civil War.

The revolution affected various classes of the Russian people in different ways. It gave to the peasant the land which he had dreamed of owning even during the days of his serfdom. While it is true that the government policy of requisitioning the surplus discouraged planting and contributed much toward bringing the peasant to his present situation, yet with the restoration of freedom of trade the peasant will go forward speedily; in fact, his condition even now is fundamentally better than it was before.

The Russian worker in the city lived under terrible conditions. His wages were low, barely sufficient to maintain the miserable living conditions which were forced upon him prior to the revolution. His condition could not have been made worse; unquestionably, it is better. He is better housed, better fed, even under present conditions, than he was before, and his children, in common with the children of the peasants, receive an opportunity to secure an education, which largely was denied them under the old order.

The Russian nobility, with the exception of a comparatively small number like Tchitcherin and Lenine, have either been executed or driven out of Russia. They had forfeited their right to exist, betrayed the trust of the Russian people, and as an institution deserved to be extinguished.

The changes experienced by the bourgeois class and by those who had lived in luxury are fundamental. I can illustrate them best by two or three instances.

One day soon after reaching Moscow, before entering the American Relief Administration headquarters, I noticed outside a Russian girl working in the wood-yard, sawing wood. I took the saw from her hand and sawed off the log for her. She thanked me in excellent English. Upon inquiry, I learned that she was the daughter of a distinguished surgeon of Moscow. She spoke English, French, and Ger-

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man fluently, and up to the time of the revolution never knew what it was to work. Her whole life had been spent acquiring an education in Russia, Germany, and England. With her mother and father she had occupied a beautiful home, with many servants to wait upon them. But the revolution abolished the servant class. Upon his request, four rooms were given to the doctor in the hospital, where he and his wife and only daughter lived. The proletariat in Moscow were quartered in his home, which had been nationalized.

Under the rule that none could eat who did not work, the daughter, being of age, was compelled to labor in order to get the food ration. She went to work in the public wood-yard. Her mother worked on the street, and the doctor in the hospital. When I shook hands with the mother, I found her skin rough and hard from the labor she had been doing. For this the family have received their three daily rations of food. For the last three years they have been wearing garments which they owned before the revolution, and have not been able to purchase or receive any new clothing.

But daylight is breaking for them; the doctor is again permitted to charge fees, and the family hope soon to be able to move into their old home. The daughter is working in the offices of the American Relief Administration, and the mother is looking after the house. The mental attitude of the various members of this family was interesting. The doctor was bitter against the Government and did not hesitate to express himself in the severest terms and to condemn its policies without reservation. But the daughter said to me:

"After all, it may have been for the best. I never knew what it was to work; I never had a care before the revolution came. My every wish was gratified. Since I have worked among these Russian women, I think I understand their problems and their point of view better than ever before. While it has seemed at times very hard, yet now that we have passed through the experience, it may be the best thing for Russia that we have had to endure all this."

One of the homes in which the American Relief Administration is quartered was formerly the residence of a wealthy Russian who had been a great art collector. He had searched the whole world for rare treasures of art, and in this house, a veritable palace, he had assembled rare paintings, ivories, porcelains, and bric-à-brac upon which he had expended millions of dollars.

But with the revolution came the nationalization of his home. His entire fortune was confiscated, and he was assigned to a room on the upper floor of the house. Through the influence of Mrs. Trotzky, the home was converted into a museum, and the old man was made its custodian. But the proletariat took more interest in the opera, ballet, and movies than in works of art. Accordingly, it was not a success as a museum. This house was assigned to the American Relief Administration for its headquarters, and many of us lived there. The room in which I lived contained a Rubens, a Vandyke, a Bonheur.

The old man often kindly interpreted to me his various treasures, the particular school of art, the age, the deficiencies, or the excellencies of each work. He never hoped to get posses-

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sion of his property again, but seemed grateful that he could be the custodian of it, and spent his days in the midst of the treasures he had collected.

§ 5

I was surprised at the lack of criticism of the Soviet Government, expecting the people would be sullen, despondent, and bitter in their condemnation of its acts. It may be that the free expression of opinion has been suppressed; yet often I was with men and women who had suffered much, with no one but Americans present, and I rarely detected any bitterness in their speech. Rather, they seemed to accept the hardships they had endured as a necessary accompaniment of a political upheaval such as Russia had passed through, evidently believing that in no other way could the old order be destroyed. While its cost was dear and their suffering great, they seemed to accept all this as necessary, and were turning toward the future with hope and confidence in the ability of the Russian people to work out through orderly processes, through evolution of the Government, the final solution of their problems.

This was the situation when I left Russia. Since then all reliable reports have been to the effect that the swing toward individualism and capitalism is increasing. A great deal has been accomplished for the good of Russia during the last few months.

Relief has been sent from America for the distressed and the starving. Great ships, flying the American flag and filled with American grain, are plowing their way through the seas, carrying the hope of life to dark places where a short time ago there was no hope.

I am about to return to Russia to aid in the proper and effective distribution of this relief. I am expecting to see an ever-increasing friendliness to America—a friendliness which I am sure will stand us in good stead in the days to come. I am expecting to find a quickening in productive industry, an accelerated movement toward the establishment of sound and economical government.

I believe the time is not far distant when Russia will again take her important place in the family of nations, and I am convinced that her return to reason will be accomplished without further bloodshed. The generous relief which America is affording her starving millions will facilitate this economic recovery. The good not only to Russia, but to America and the whole world, will be worth a hundred times what it is costing us.

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PEOPLE OF THE ELDER ICE

BY . . . . FITZHUGH GREEN

DECORATIONS BY . . J. J. A. MURPHY

OF THE THIRTY THOUSAND ESKIMOS IN THE WORLD TWENTY-NINE THOUSAND ARE VICTIMS OF THE DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION. IN LABRADOR ARE THE PEOPLE OF THE EASTERN ICE, A DYING REMNANT OF HUMANITY; IN ALASKA THE PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN ICE, SCORNED FOR THEIR DEGRADATION, TO WHICH THE WHITE MAN DROVE THEM; IN SOUTH GREENLAND THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHERN ICE, CHATTELS OF OUR WHALERS TILL THE DANES TOOK CHARGE AND SIN GAVE WAY TO TUBERCULOSIS. THERE REMAIN THE PEOPLE OF THE ELDER ICE, THAT TINY TRIBE OF THE NORTHERN DESERT, PROTECTED SO FAR FROM CIVILIZATION BY THEIR ISOLATION AND THE TERRIBLENESS OF THE NATURAL CONDITIONS WHICH SURROUND THEM.

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AI—O

JANUARY: the northwest corner of Greenland, a thousand miles north of the tree-line, the pole itself only a few leagues beyond; the sun, the dear, warm, life-giving sun, gone, vanished, a hundred-odd days before; bitter, biting cold, cold so intense that the flaming aurora in the black sky overhead mocks the dead white land beneath.

Eighteen-year-old Evalooq is sitting cross-legged on the igloo's skin-covered bed-platform. Except for a six-inch breech-clout of seal-hide, she is stark and sleekly naked. Except for the sleeping baby, she is alone. She is listening. For five sleeps she has been alone and listening.

Suddenly she springs to her feet, leans forward to the narrow seal-gut window, glues her eye to the tiny peep-hole. With a sharp intake of breath she exclaims:

"*Ai-O!*" And again, this time dwelling on the lingering sorrow of the word, "*Ai-O-O-O!*"

Spread before her is the level, blue-black surface of the fiord. In its center is visible a small black mass, and the mass is crawling toward the igloo, its lack of speed significant of exhaustion.

"*Ai-O!*" sobs the girl.

The mass has resolved itself into a sledge, three straining dogs, and the furred figure of a human being.

"And he had five when he left. *Ai-O!*" moans Evalooq.

The hooded figure comes to a stop outside. He fumbles with an invisible knife, cutting a ring in the ice to secure the dogs, which have dropped as if lifeless to the white snow-crust underfoot.

"What news?" calls the girl. "What luck this time, my man?"

"*Ai-O!*" sadly, is all the answer that she gets.

"*Ai-O!*" sobs the girl. "Not even one?"

"No, not even a bear cub."

At this moment the child awakes and gives a plaintive wail. Evalooq snatches the little body up and places its thin lips to her breasts. They are shrunken and empty, but the touch of them quiets the child.

"The ice was all wrong, and the wind in the hands of the devil," continues the voice outside. "Two dogs we ate. Then my killing-iron was broken in the descent from the glacier. I am back for the other. Elingwah is awaiting for me now below Sulkwaddi-mi."

Presently the man appears through

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the entrance-hole. He has left his fox-skin shirt outside. Evalooq aids him slip the bird-skin undergarment over his head. Tenderly she draws his boots off. One foot is festering from a touch of frost; both are swollen from heavy marching. She places the wet, frozen clothing on the drying-rack. Over the little blubber-lamp she hangs a soapstone bowl; it contains water. She adds several pieces of sealskin. While they are coming to a boil, she swiftly stitches the knee of the man's breeches, which have been ripped in his encounter with some sharp ice-pinnacle. She forks out the pieces of skin with a bit of bone. In silence she and her husband chew the soggy, unnourishing morsels, the ration of utter famine.

The chewing seems to stimulate the man slightly.

"I can remember," he articulates slowly, "when we were not so hungry that the thought of food was pain."

"I, too," says Evalooq, quietly. "*Ai-O!*"

After a sleep and another bit of sealskin, this time even unboiled, the man hitches his weak and unfed dogs to the sledge, and disappears into the darkness.

Silence again, only when Evalooq goes weakly out for snow to melt for water she hears far up among the towering cliffs directly behind the igloo a dreadful rustling. It is the signal of an approaching blizzard rolling in ponderous fury down from the great Greenland ice-cap.

"*Ai-O!*" she cries, "it is the end!"

She crawls back, and throws herself face downward on the bed of skins. "It is the end," she repeats. Yet she is not afraid. Nor is there any weight of aching thought within her head. No, only a single sharp regret, which she voices, gazing wistfully at the sleeping infant. "It is the end—and he is so very small and beautiful! *Ai-O!*"

For an interminable time she lies, so it seems to her, in semi-consciousness. The blubber-lamp droops, then flickers out. The igloo grows cold, but she does not draw the skins about her. "It is the end," she murmurs from time to time; "it is the end. *Ai-O!*" Then sleep.

A tumult on the ice: dogs barking, men shouting, women screaming, children crying and calling and yelping; whips popping with crackling reports that echo from the cliffs; and all invisible in the smother of snow that sweeps and swirls and eddies and drifts till the inky blueness of the arctic midnight is lost in an impenetrable fog.

Voices clamor at the igloo entrance.

"Who 's there? Come out! We 're caught in the storm. Loads of meat, seven bears. Come out! come out!"

Silence within.

But not too late. A hunter hurries through the entrance-tunnel, followed closely by two women. "*Ai-O!*" they chorus, "*Ai-O!*" The blubber-lamp responds to steel and stone. It flashes up. Evalooq is rubbed and warmed and fed. The baby screams intolerantly but a moment before a chuckling visitor has thrust it to her full breasts, bursting with life-giving liquid.

Though the igloo is only a single low-ceilinged, buried den of rock, eleven men and women and children crowd in. A haunch of musk-ox, a shoulder of bear, the fat livers of two walruses, nearly a whole caribou, are dragged in after them to thaw with the growing heat.

"Ugh! too hot!" exclaims one of the hunters, and jerks a plug of grass from

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the air-vent near the roof. And yet he 's stripped, just one step further than the breech-clouted women.

They eat, they sing, they gorge, they sing again. And again and again and again, till groans and sighs give way to snores.

Evalooq is still awake; she has been sleeping for too long.

One of the young hunters comes smoking in from outside. He spies Evalooq.

"Ah, it is my fortune!" He smiles, and devours her with hungry animal eyes. "Is it not so, my pretty one?"

She smiles back wanly.

"It is not that I should fail to see the compliment of your wanting me this night," she says; "but, *Ai-O!* if only I knew my man were safe!"

But the man and his three dogs do not return, neither he nor Elingwah, who had awaited him. When the blizzard has blown itself to shreds, he still is absent, and though Evalooq continues to sleep by the young hunter who has come so much to fancy her, she cannot keep the other from her mind.

When the moon comes there is much talk, and the men decide that Evalooq is no longer possessed by him who has gone with the three starving dogs to his death in the blizzard. So she drives away with the young hunter. She goes to live with him at the great cape, where four families dwell as security for one another. Toward the end of the summer she is about to become the mother of his child.

Suddenly, one brilliant arctic July day, a great commotion arises among the wasted drifts that lie upward toward the ice-cap. Sledges are coming!

Into Evalooq's skin *tupik* bursts the young hunter. "It 's he—your man!" he cries. "He is coming back. He was only swept away last winter on the floe. He killed walrus and did not starve. And he has lived since then at Nugsuaq, awaiting the strength of his dogs to bring him back."

"And I shall go to him?" asks the girl, quivering with eagerness.

"So is the law of the tribe," bitterly comes the reply.

"And the child—your child?"

"Is *his*. Ah, how I long for the child!"

The young hunter buries his face in his hands.

"*Ai-O!*" breathes Evalooq, her eyes glistening with tears—glad tears

"*Ai-O!*"

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THE DOG

A TRAGEDY occurred to-day. Obloyah's black bitch gave birth to six pups. This was not tragic, nor was the brilliant arctic sun, which lit all twenty-four hours of the July day, deplorable. The sparkling sky was not depressing; it was a stimulant. The soft breeze and dancing whitecaps in the fiord were not in any way significant of sadness. There were no gloomy clouds, no ominous sounds, no forbidding odors. But brightness is sometimes the earmark of tragedy.

One of the puppies was a pure silvery white. After a few days she was fatter than any except one dog. He was black, and he bit her as they fought for the fullest breast.

In the warm weeks that followed the six puppies enjoyed life immensely. They soon found a way to escape from their cave, which was really an entrance to an old igloo. Near by was a *tupik*, or summer tent of sealskin, in which men and children lived. They could be distinguished chiefly by their size. This was necessary, because the large-sized men threw rich-smelling liquid and scraps of appetizing, greasy bone upon the ground. The small-sized children were to be feared.

On the other side of the *tupik* lay a large number of big dogs, all like the puppies' mother, but at the same time much different. They growled and even bit when the puppies tried to play with them.

By going around the dogs a river was reached. The water tasted better than milk, especially after eating things cast out of the *tupik*. And then it was fun to run in and feel the cold stream instead of the hot sun.

Every waking hour was full of play and exciting discoveries. The best of these came one day after a great commotion among the large men and dogs. Down near the deep water, where the monstrous white ice-cakes lay, a strange smell filled the air; a tempting smell, too, it was. So tempting the white puppy found this odor that she licked some of the stones from which it seemed to come.

Instantly, a queer feeling came over her. Her hair bristled. She backed away from what she had thought was a mass of rock, for it smelt like the wonderful, but terrifying, taste in her mouth. Yet, for all her fear, she edged

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up and licked the great mass. This was her first experience with bloody meat, with a dead walrus.

After that the puppies ate fresh meat every day. They tugged and chewed at the rich, warm flesh, and growled, puppy-like. Their hair became matted with blood and oil. Later, when the white puppy came near the big dogs, they snarled in a frightful way and strained their leashes toward her. She escaped, terrified by the threatening beasts. She did not know they had eaten only twice in all the weeks since her birth, and that she bore all the rich fragrance of fresh-killed game.

One day the white puppy felt herself snatched up. Her heart raced, and her little shoulders trembled. It was either a child or a big dog, she thought, and gave herself up for lost. At the sound of a deep growl she flinched in the strong grip which held her.

"See this one?" The growl was Obloyah's voice. "Look to it that she is fed; I shall want to breed from her."

The wife took the puppy and answered:

"All right. Has n't she soft, thick hair, though?" and tried to pull out a handful.

"Mother, do look at what a tiny tail it has!" said the youngest daughter, and gave the fuzzy thing a yank.

This was more than the white puppy could bear: she shrieked. Then they kicked her out.

The next time Pouak—for so they named her, meaning smoky-white—came near the *tupik*, she was attracted by a great crying out and baying among the big dogs. She saw her master tie them to a queer square frame; he then whipped them all and shouted loudly. In a flash Eskimo and dogs disappeared over the bank. Pouak sat astonished, her head cocked sidewise. It was the first time she had ever seen a sledge.

About the place now lay fresh snow. The puppies were delighted. They rolled and tumbled, and performed all sorts of crazy antics. The fluffy white stuff was far nicer than rocks or grass.

The puppies did not get so hot now. Part of the time it was dark, and strange sounds seemed to travel in the wind, like spirits of buried bones. But the puppies did not mind, for they were strong and fat and happy.

After many sleeps the big dogs came back. Pouak was glad to see her master, for he always gave her food. Also she had a strange troubled sensation that something was wrong.

So far as she knew, the world was a bright and sunny place containing lots of good things to eat, a multitude of fascinating corners to investigate, and only one or two things, like children and big dogs, to avoid. Now, somehow, the light was not pleasant. The hills were too gray; the water was too black. She liked the snow, but the wind drove it into her fur until she became wet and shivered. She did not notice that the sun came no more; only that the other dogs and men had a peculiar distorted appearance.

The wind came oftener and was colder. Big dogs were no longer tied. They were hungry, and could not be trusted to lie without chewing their traces. Through the darkness Pouak slunk about. She tried to keep near the igloo, for once in a while the woman gave her something to eat. The strong teams, even her own brothers, gave her no chance for scraps. All fought savagely for even a piece of skin. Many times she was bitten.

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Once in a madness of fear at the murderous riot she fled away into the darkness. When hunger drove her back, she came suddenly upon a strong, pungent odor of rotten meat. With dripping lips, and quivering in anticipation, she nosed among the drifted snow. Suddenly she heard a sharp snap, and felt a terrific blow on her leg. It was a fox-trap. Obloyah's wife found her, and brought her to the igloo in her shirt.

Bitter, piercing cold came. Young dogs died in convulsions. Old dogs killed older dogs in fights for little parings of skin that dropped from the whip-lashes Obloyah made. Pouak's sister slept in the same spot through a long, howling blizzard. After the storm her hair was frozen to the snow; she could not rise. She cried, but it brought only the starving specters of the other dogs, who watched her die, then ate her.

The soft white puppy had now become thin and bony. She could not sleep comfortably, and when she stood up her back was so stiff that it humped like a fox's. Her tail, which had a big frost-sore on it, was always between her legs. But she looked much better than the other dogs, because she was fed occasionally, and being a female, she did not have to fight. Yet every shelter she sought was full of ghastly skeletons, which curled ugly lips and snarled unspeakable insults at her shrinking, shivering body.

Light grew at last, and the sun came back; but the cold was terrific.

Obloyah took his team down the coast after walrus. Pouak was left with two other dying dogs. On the icy beach lay the skeletons of her two brothers. The other dogs had eaten them, but she went often and gnawed their frost-whitened bones. Though the native woman had no more food to spare, she was careful to let Pouak have her feces.

One knife-like March morning Pouak fell down the bank to the beach. She was too weak to rise. Suddenly she heard a team. Raising her head, she saw dogs galloping in across the ice. Obloyah gave her meat, so she did not die.

Next time he left, he hitched Pouak with the team. Because she was a bitch, they did not bite her; but she was in terror of them all the time. When the Eskimo cracked his whip, she tried to escape. The trace upset her, and she was dragged behind the sledge. Striking against a pinnacle of ice seemed to break every bone in her battered body and cruelly bruised her festered nose. Obloyah stopped his team and beat her with his heavy whip-stock for being so stupid. She could then see out of only one eye.

This sort of treatment continued until Pouak learned to keep her place with the other dogs. She also discovered that if she tried to alter her position while they were running or ceased to pull hard, a deafening crack would sound over her back, and something like a knife would plunge into her thin thighs. Sometimes the whip seemed to burn her flesh. When it bit into the abscess on her rump, she rolled on the ice in agony.

At Peterawik Obloyah hitched his team to a nubble of ice. He had no meat to give them, but the long journey had made Pouak insanely hungry. Hitched to the open ice-foot without any kind of shelter from the stinging drift, she found sleep impossible. Instinctively, she seized her sealskin trace and bit savagely. The hungered nerves instantly detected a

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flavor. She sucked and chewed. The trace parted.

A step sounded near her, a crushing blow fell upon her head, and she lost consciousness for a moment. She found herself in Obloyah's grip. He knotted the trace, and went to his sledge for a camp-ax. He seized the cowering bitch, threw her upon her back, and stood upon her ears. She opened her mouth to scream with pain and terror. This gave the man his chance. With a practised hand he struck one sharp blow and broke off her thick back teeth. He repeated this dreadful operation three times, until only the front and eye-teeth remained.

Pouak stumbled away, stunned and bleeding. She did not know that every other dog was maimed in the same way; she did not realize the dreadful necessity of it. Never again would she chew her trace; she could n't.

The storm continued. Though the dogs lay curled up and let the snow drift over them for slight protection, they felt tired and ill. They shivered and whined.

The man shivered. He lay unspeaking beneath two pieces of old caribou-skin in the lee of a low wind-break he had made of snow-blocks. At last he crawled out to the team. They bayed and whined in his face, trying to show their gnawing hunger and the strange uneasiness they felt. He untangled their traces slowly, as though he were weary after a long march. One dog he led behind the snow-shelter. A little later he reappeared with blood smeared on his cheeks, and he smiled at the sensation of warm meat in his empty belly. He fed the team the bones of their comrade.

In the night Pouak gave birth to a small hairless, squirming puppy, just as she had been a year before. The king dog ate it. Before morning every dog had so eaten. Pouak crawled to the end of her trace and lay down. She felt weak and sick, and her torn spirit gave her no courage to face the others.

The man ate another dog, and fed the team one of the caribou-skins he had been sleeping on. In the fight over the tufts of hair that fell out of it Pouak was nearly killed. Obloyah saved her life. Without dogs he could never reach home again or hunt. Also hungry bears in the springtime are dangerous.

At last the wind abated. A wall of black water smoke rose out of the white ice-sheet where the storm had torn the floes apart. Obloyah tried to harpoon a walrus in this lead. He was very weak and missed. He ate more dog-meat, which gave him strength.

A little later he killed several walruses and returned home. After a full meal, and listening to the youngest baby sing a little song she had learned since he left, he felt very comfortable; so much so, indeed, that he talked more than usual to his wife.

"There are few walruses this year," he said.

"Yes," replied his wife in a low tone.

"I was hungry for a while."

"Yes. We, the babies and I, were very hungry, too."

"I met the men from Quieteq."

"Yes. Where is the white bitch?"

"She 's gone. I think I ate her."

The woman trimmed her seal-oil lamp and then lay her warm brown body against the hunter's sleek skin, under which she could feel the strong muscles of him who brought her meat, which, in the North, means life as well as death.

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THE CHILD

THERE are three kinds of love in the world. For the want of better adjectives let us call them free love, platonic love, and affection.

Refrigerated environment has made the Eskimo physically incapable of the first, at least to any degree of enthusiasm. Naturally, he lacks the culture for the second. The third, affection, the man learns after he has become a father, or the woman a mother.

Friends and relatives are objects of attention and consideration. Old people are tolerated as if they ought to die rather than hang around and clutter up the igloo, eating meat and giving no return. The immediate family demands a tribal moiety of loyalty and duty, no matter how ephemeral the wife may be or how unrelated the boys and girls attached. But babies and children are truly loved—the love of deep-seated attachment.

It is the arrival of a baby that seals the vowless Eskimo marriage. It is the choking, helpless plaint in the igloo's shadows that first gives the hunter his sense of home. It is his amazement at his woman's unsuspected depths of tenderness that arouses him at last to realize her worth. It is her secret amusement at his rough attempts to help that opens her eyes to a heart she had begun to doubt he had.

There is no cradle in Eskimo Land, no baby-carriages. Indoors a corner of the sleeping-platform's bearskins suffices. Without, the mother's shirt, enlarged behind to a pouch, provides all transportation.

A woman thinks nothing of a three-hundred-mile sledge-trip in the dead of winter with a baby on her back. Over glaciers, through blizzards, tumbling into tide-cracks, scaling precipitous mountains, the morsel of humanity snuggled against her shoulders becomes an integral part of herself.

The infant wears one garment, a miniature shirt four inches long. When it becomes necessary to remove him, the mother reaches around, grips him by the scuff of his shirt, and holds him out like a steaming brown potato in the cold.

The child's play is the grown-up's work. No brown boy knows the dread agony of learning as you or I have learned or the torture of being taught.

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The first is his play; the second, indulgent entertainment, he feels fortunate to receive from his elder brothers or father.

See them on the ice; a hunk of sod or a snow-block serves as a walrus. Warily, the embryo harpooners approach, creeping on all fours, crawling sidewise until within a few yards of the sleeping animal. With characteristic caution they gratify their boyish craving for reality. They have the sun in the eyes of the game, and the wind does not carry their scent to the hunted. In range, they half rise and brace. The same instant flashes the spinning iron, plunges to its heft into the quivering—no, not skin and blubber this time, only sod.

In the dim light of the igloo sits Mamowna. He is ten years old, the pride of the great Sipsu. With grave dignity the tusk-scarred old hunter scrutinizes his son's work.

"A little more on the edge," says he, speaking of the toy harpoon the lad is puffing over. Then, "A sharp shaft goes deep. Into the lungs, boy, with your iron. Always into the lungs, where life lies."

No answer comes from the lad, but every word seeps into his very soul.

"No, back a little with the lashing," continues Sipsu. "Dost thou not remember how I showed thee? And why? Much have I myself endured to learn that which thou art here in comfort to find out." And thereupon follows a tale in detail illustrating the vital necessity of true methods.

With the girls, their babies, real or imitation, fill most of the day, except when they can watch their adored men. For to each soft-voiced creature the days will come that are endless, weary ordeals of waiting. Watching for her hunter, she will stand, peering through the window-hole, straining sad eyes across the wind-swept ice, anxious and afraid, dreading the day of return, yet yearning for it; craving strong arms, hoarse voices, growling dogs, the *komotiks*, and at the same time fearful of the count that shall reveal her loss.

Puppies are babies in the little mothers' hoods, or young hares or birds. She sews boots and shirts for them; she cooks for them and feeds them. And—the pathos of it!—she croons over them long tales of what the "father" is doing out on the ice to collect their meat and skins; how he is suffering; and how bravely he is daring what none other will dare; how quickly he is urging his team to return with sweet tidbits of food.

With all the wonders of the polar regions, there is nothing more singular north of the arctic circle than the fact that an Eskimo child is never punished. It is n't that there is too much love to make them suffer; we love our own imps just as much. Nor is it that they are always good; Satan himself would shy at some of the pranks of a native hunter of seven years. The secret is this:

Assume I am an Eskimo, and you are an inquiring scientist. Since my Aunt Jane, let us say, died some years ago, no one had mentioned her name, as is the custom, until my youngest daughter was born, and I named her Jane. The daughter is now four. I address her as *Aunt* Jane. I discuss her with my wife as *Aunt* Jane.

You chance to pass my igloo and see "Aunt Jane," aged four, puncturing a puppy's eye with a sliver of bone. You dash to my door.

"Your baby is putting a poor dog's eye out!" you cry.

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"It is all right," I calmly reply. And, turning to my wife, I add: "There, Aunt Jane is bored again. Poor thing! she is also probably angry at something we have said about her, and she is taking her wrath out on the dog."

It matters not how fiendish the behavior of my child may be, I must accept it as an outward manifestation of the spirit of Aunt Jane, which took its abode in the baby when her name was bestowed upon it.

Later, possibly around twelve or thirteen years, the child's own spirit has grown to such substance that Aunt Jane's is crowded out. The young rascal is now supposed to be subject to discipline. But subordination is by no means even then a matter of compulsion; some shreds of the departed aunt may still be lingering.

Another mystery has to do with the Eskimo childhood. One wonders in that white and treeless desert, broken only by a scant ribbon of rocky debris between the ice-cap and the sea, how the native hunter ever relocates his caches. No mark is made. No guiding beacon is erected. "How do you find them?" is always answered by the one word, "*Ig-min-ney*," which freely translated means, "we just do it."

Yet the process is simply explained. Since a toddling boy the hunter has roamed strange, rocky lands. As an infant he explored the igloo's mysterious neighborhood. Farther and farther away he ventured, often lost, always fascinated. Each time he returned. How? Here 's the answer:

Each diminutive expedition served to educate the lad, to instil bit by bit the natural hieroglyphics of the weathered outcrop. The healthy young savage was learning to read, and the symbols he met and mastered were tremendously distinct.

The handwriting of time is sublimely adequate and clear. The frost-fretted fault-lines never change direction. Windrows in the arctic meadows probably do not vary one degree a century. Ragged sastrugi are no less permanent. Precipitous tide-cracks and creeping glaciers cry aloud their testimony to meteorological orientation.

The boy grows. Year by year the process of assimilation and fixation goes on, until, finally, there is required no conscious effort for him to note certain prominent features of the terrain. So far as he can tell you, his mind is a blank when he travels. Yet when again he sees the distinguishing rock or ridge that he has seen but once before, and that in the darkness a year ago, his memory clicks re-registration, and he knows the cache lies there.

Behold the finished product. Call him instinctive, if you will; but he is more highly specialized than the keenest factory worker in our own progressive land, for he has received more thorough training, and he can meet the average emergency without the least expenditure of reasoning. Yet so happy are they with so little!

Why is it, I wonder? Their play, I think All is play.

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THE WOMAN

TAKE war. It is man who retrogrades. Bankers, farmers, clerks, engineers, professors, barbers, stevedores, and pastors slip without effort into the maelstrom of barbarism. The woman suffers untold agonies, is tortured mentally more than man; yet she alone consistently bears her cross with unchanging soul.

So it is in the Arctic. Man's primal lust for action is instantly aroused by the challenge of environment. Every drop of red blood in him warms and races as he fills his office-shrunken lungs and feels he 's

Off to the end of the World,
To the edge of the day and the night,
Where a man may live as the first man lived,
And just to live is a fight!

He takes to skin garment and raw meat and passioned combat with the cold and wind as if his civilized life had been only a pale vacation from his true existence. His mind dulls to common thoughts and emotions. His senses grow keen to trail and mark and scent. Give him a scant year under punishment, and the odds are great he 'll be on the road to better the Eskimo himself.

But the woman—ah, the pity of her silence, her hopelessness, her despair, as she sees her man slipping and slipping away from what she knew him to be! Nor can he ever understand; for even as the Maker protects His creatures with their winter fur, so does He numb and atrophy a man's hypersensitive nerves to compensate for nature's violence against them.

Thus it is the woman who can give the truest picture of the arctic wilderness. She alone has the total perspective that can include the old as well as the new. And, at least as far as the colonies go, one must consider that coast as an Englishman might think of Canada or India, rather than an ice-bound desert half the size of the States and inhabited by a dozen or so ingrowing European families.

Don't ask the pastor's wife or the doctor's or the carpenter's. They cannot talk if only for the inhibition of half a lifetime's loneliness. Try the trader's sister, who is with him for the year, or his young Danish sweetheart, come out unchaperoned from Copenhagen.

"How do you like it?" you ask.

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"Oh, it is very exciting," she replies enthusiastically—"the darkness and the funny Greenlanders and the hunting. I have my own team and I have shot a seal. I hope to use a *kayak* next summer, and—"

"I know," you break in; "I have read about all *that*. But there 's nothing heroic in it. Don't think I am cynical. Tell me about the rest—your people."

She does n't speak for a moment. Perhaps it is the deep snow through which you both have been plowing that has used her breath. Probably, though, she is revolving your question in her mind. Suddenly she stops in the trail and kicks the snow from her *kamik* thongs. Then she turns, and by the tears that come into her eyes and voice you may know she sees what you mean.

"I have read like a man," she says quietly. That kind do. "The English go to India and to Egypt, and they come home to die. The French go to Africa and to China; mostly they, too, come home to die. You Americans have the Philippines and Hawaii and a spot or two besides. You are all too young to die. The Danes, my own kind, come here to Greenland to live; we at home think they come to live. But they come to die—to die in Greenland. Their bodies come home. In Denmark we ask their bodies, 'Why so sad?' And the bodies cannot answer, except, perhaps, to say it is homesickness for the snow. We say to ourselves, 'How wonderful must be Greenland to make such homesickness!' So the young men race to come. When they send back for wives, we women weep if we are not chosen for the happiness."

She looks at the Isfiord spread out beneath her like some white giant asleep. A berg splits sharply, topples, and thunders over into the pack, while echoes boom across the ice battlements above. Floes grind slowly over the wreckage, pressed ever onward by the great glacier behind; and over all the incandescence of arctic sunshine.

"Do you remember," says the maiden, sadly, "the ancient sacrifice of women year by year, how the ship sailed away with those selected for the dreadful honor? I go home this summer. Later I shall see the little ship leave Copenhagen for the colonies. There will be women aboard her selected for the sacrifice to this monstrous thing creeping at our feet. But no one knows they are to be sacrificed. Later, when their bodies return, we shall think only that the great North has quieted them. *It will have slain them; the hearts and souls of them, at least.*"

Her skin hood falls back, letting the fair hair of her race tumble unheeded down the streaked native shirt she wears. Something in her tall strength, in the tragedy of her look and speech, holds you. And as you gaze you see the embodiment of the Scandinavian, the eternal woman of the viking king.

She pulls herself together and tries to smile.

"You did n't think I knew, did you?"

"Not so clearly," you confess.

"My father taught me. He was a clergyman. His health had been wrecked in foreign mission work. In the army or the navy he would have been pensioned. As it was, he died in harness. Near the end he lived over past years. There had been two other

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families where he was stationed. They hated one another. They hated themselves. Natives were a consolation in a bitter sort of way. One woman died in childbirth. The second went mad. Both men brought out new wives. My mother was one. She lasted nearly three years. Then she broke, and my father broke. When he was dying he spoke very plainly to me.

"'You may wish to go to the colonies,' he said. 'Go in the beginning, and go unmarried. Do you promise?' Of course I did; and here I am."

Her cheeks have become white with frost in her emotion. While she warms them, ask her what she thinks of the others, the traders and doctors. She will shake her head after each.

"No, he is cruel to his boy. No, he is too silent." Another has killed his team in insane anger. One is feared by the natives for unspeakable reasons. And so on. Possibly there may be one —she knows him scarcely at all— whom she will admit is normal. "Perhaps," she hesitates, "he is stronger than the others. Spiritually, I mean."

"Nerves, is n't it, you have in mind?"

"Yes, it can be so called. I have nursed. I know neurasthenics. Never have I seen more perfect examples in my life than up here. That is, those who try to keep their civilization instead of becoming contented Eskimos. It 's the same all over the world where missionaries and soldiers and sailors must live secluded lives."

She glances back at the squalid settlement and lowers her voice.

"Cold does n't kill them in the Arctic. Heat alone rarely brings death in the tropics. Nor darkness nor strange food nor hardship. Why, there are poor wretches in New York and London and Paris this minute enduring privations we pioneers are never called upon to face."

"I know; I have seen."

"The trouble goes back to our average life. It is deadly, like a drug. We have so much travel in trains and subways. We have so much entertainment in theaters and cafés. We jostle our way through an existence crowded with excitement and action. Then, suddenly, all is gone; the drug has been stopped. The colonist, the missionary, the soldier, you and I, and our neighbors in this cell have abruptly lost the stimulant our nerves had learned to depend upon. What happens when the nerve habit is stopped? You have your English De Quincey—"

She shivers, though not with the cold.

And because she has not been altogether untouched by the North she can find no competent civilized word to utter for the pain of the fingers that are meshed in her heart-strings. She sighs, and the sigh is the native's lament.

"Ai-Ol"

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THE MISSIONARY

THE Eskimos would love Billy Sunday. *"Ai-O! pibloktosuaq!"* ("Heavens! he 's throwing a fit!") they 'd say. But they would n't be deprecating the great evangelist's sincerity. Religious fervor is to them a fortuitous spectacle of human sublimity. In their experience only a human being can get into hand-to-hand conflict with the almighty devil and come out alive! A dog or a caribou, even the mighty bear or musk-ox, are known always to succumb when they become *pibloktoq;* that is, when they fall into the clutches of the devil. Briefly, the Eskimo places arctic hydrophobia and a missionary's sermon in the same category of madness.

Mission literature defines religion of the frigid zone as animistic. That is to say, each hill and berg, each wind, season, bowlder, swollen stream, and tempest, has its particular god or devil. Literally, it is neither god nor devil, for each term in English implies extreme of good or evil; whereas the Eskimo "spirit" is a kind of invisible snob, easily irritated by the trifling human being, and to be feared lest this irritation culminate in bodily harm or ill luck. Altogether, animism is a kind of stand-from-under doctrine, which, by the way, could n't be beaten for Greenland, where a misstep day or night may easily mean terrible death.

Obviously, such a state of affairs is not in accord with the monotheism of Christianity. So the Danish Church provides a "pastor," or missionary, for each south Greenland colony. Besides his usual training for the priesthood, the holy man receives at Copenhagen a course in the Eskimo language.

Now, it so happens that for all their study of the tongue, Danes have found it exceedingly difficult to record with any accuracy the true texture of tribal speech. It is easy to compile a dictionary of meanings, even a sort of grammar may be educed; but when one appreciates the fact that Eskimo is thoroughly agglutinative, that it supplants most abstractions like the emotions by tangible and figurative expressions, and, finally, that its speakers drift through a generation of slang even faster than a tribe of flappers could, it is easy to see how handicapped the earnest missionary is.

His last admonition received before

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leaving home is on how unmoral the Northern people are. He is impressed with the fact that convention and modesty, as he has known and revered them, do not exist north of the arctic circle. Thus, instructions run, basic among his duties is to regulate the social life of the community to which he is attached.

Consult the official reports of missions. It is observed that natives will travel hundreds of miles to crowd the little wooden church, and their effort to catch every word is marvelous.

But who would n't? The good man stands there in his pulpit, where all can see. First of all, he warms up, "goes *pibloktoq*." And having passed a few remarks on the white man's spirits and how to keep on the good side of them, he begins, according to directions, to discuss the marital state and other delicate subjects. Billy Sunday could succeed with an American audience, because he is master of colloquial English; but imagine the ecstatic joy of the Eskimos, whose sense of humor is as keen as a razor, putting these inapt, halting phrases into juxtaposition with their lively meanings in the day's best wit! At once the priest becomes no less than a personified edition of an arctic "Vie Parisienne," and the way the tribe awaits the next issue is shocking.

Probably nowhere else in the world does the missionary face so difficult a task as in Greenland. The Eskimos are hospitable, happy, generous, and receptive. For centuries their favorite indoor sport has been subversion of an old belief to make room for the latest fad in spirits. Only the general tone of things remains: there is the Great Spirit of the dreaded Inland Ice, the cruel Spirit of the Cold, the savage Spirit of the Storm. Any one, even a child, can see them; a man would be a fool to dispute their existence, and doubtless be gobbled up on the spirit's next visitation. So they welcome the new *angekoq*, or medicine-man. He 's full of new ideas about new spirits. Indeed, his advent may be almost likened to the release of the latest Chaplin film. And his incantations travel up and down the coast with the speed of scandal.

It is the Eskimo's enthusiasm over the whole performance that is so glorious. The inexperienced disciple will at first set great store by the warm welcome he gets. Maybe for a year he will be deceived into thinking he has won the brown hunters away from their pagan beliefs. Then, one sad day, he will awaken to the fact that he is only a better *angekoq* than their last one, and on a quiet night, with the snow crunching under his feet, he will hear from some crowded igloo the mingled strains of his best-loved psalm and a chant to the almighty devil for succor against the storm.

Yet the pastors are true missionaries. What is written above must not be construed as criticism of their fundamental goodness, faith, and zeal. Not only does their ideal of achievement include conversion of the native to Christian belief, but they strive conscientiously for a mental and moral uplift of the race that will some day give it religious and political freedom, and insure a sturdy independence of environment that even we civilized races have not. At the forefront of their creed is the almost fanatical dread of all horrible unhappiness, suffering, misery, and death that have befallen other tribes on the earth's surface that man in his greed or even in his kindness has sought to uplift.

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Furthermore, their succor is of a practical sort. Unyielding as native superstition is, fruitless as the teaching seems, the great fight goes on. And in all man's travels to the ends of the world he may never see a more inspiring sight than a poor, half-fed, homesick Danish priest imploring a mob of filthy, vermined Eskimos not to believe as he believes, not to risk the anger of their own devils by feigning interest in the white man's sorcery, but to join him in little kindnesses among themselves, their brethren, and with their children, to the end that certain everyday evils be cast out.

Slowly, subtly, progress comes. One hundred and fifty years ago Hans Egede established the first chapel in an igloo on the southern coast. His name has been perpetuated in the colony of Egedesminde, and his spirit goes marching on in the breasts of the heroic little band that has kept his candles burning.

May God keep them through the long night!

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The Aftermath in the Far East

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

A NEW chapter opens in the age-old story of the East, the third chapter in the new Book of the East begun with the advent of the West in farther Asia. The first opened in the last years of the eighteenth century, when white men wedged a foothold into the East not as isolated adventurers, but as organized agents of Occidental nationalism. The second opened in the last decade of the nineteenth century, when Japan emerged as a great power by defeating China. The third opened when the Washington conference adjourned.

The temptation is strong to say that this is the most important chapter in all that history. One is restrained only by the thought of how long is the chronicle of the East, how many and vast are the movements there recorded, how the Chinese nation alone has arisen to magnificent heights of empire, and sunk only to rise again and sink yet again. These wars, these tides of social evolution, these cycles that loom so momentous in the white man's brief story, are but episodic by comparison. Nor, looking backward on the march of time with perspective, must one forget that the present submergence of the East—of China in particular as the greatest of Eastern nations—may be only a thing of the moment, and that the present mastery of the Western peoples and their civilization of steam and steel may be but a fierce, boiling eddy off the placid stream of the race, and that the stream may pass on, as it has immemorially, and the eddy will be remembered only for its short-lived ferocity and the foam it tossed up. We Occidentals are given to gazing too absorbedly at the now.

If therefore it approach hyperbole to talk of this chapter now opening as the most important, it is not exaggerating to say that it may be decisive as to the end of the story, and certainly that it will be plotted on a far greater scale. For these great movements that have made China's story and Japan's and Korea's, the thundering across Asia of Tatar and Mongol and Manchu legions, the rise and fall of the great dynasties and their brief Cæsar's sway —these, after all, have been affairs only of one continent, their influence stretching in and about Asia. So also the Roman Empire, the Dark Ages, the Crusades, the religious wars, the industrial revolution, have been confined in influence essentially to Europe and then America. What we shall have now is the interplay of all the continents. The West is now inextricably involved in the entanglements of the East, and the tranquil march of the East will henceforth set its rhythm by the West. For better or for worse we have bridged all the oceans and made of future history a unity.

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I hope I do not seem by this to dignify the Washington conference beyond its intrinsic importance. That is furthest from my intention. At this date it is no longer necessary to say that the conference was almost wholly negative in accomplishment. The combination of forces and tangle of interests and survival of old maladjustments and incompleted transitions from one form of civilization to another that make up what is known as the Far-Eastern situation have been affected only indirectly by any of the transactions of the powers at Washington.

That may be regrettable, but it is not surprising. Writing in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE before the opening of the conference, I described the three avenues that might be taken by the representatives of the powers. They could deal in generalities, enunciating formulæ such as had been enunciated before and sedulously ignored: the open door, equality of opportunity, the sovereignty and integrity of China, and so on. They could deal with specific Far-Eastern problems, such as Shan-tung, Manchuria, Siberia, and so on. Or they could lay the foundations of a new morality to govern the relations of the powers one with another in the Far East and toward China. That was the most difficult of the three, since it was intangible, and it was the most improbable, for it demanded that they make a concrete beginning here by undoing so much that had been done under the old morality of exploitation, and sacrificing their own positions of profitable privilege in China. I expressed serious doubt as to whether the powers were coming to Washington in that cast of spirit. They did not. They dealt in generalities. Nor will these old generalities, newly repeated, have any greater potency in the practical affairs of the Far East than they ever have in practical political affairs anywhere, least of all in those parts of the world inhabited by "natives."

But if the conference was negative in its accomplishments, the very fact of its having been held had momentous positive consequences. It was formal recognition of the new integration of world politics and of the Far East as an immediate, inescapable world problem. It gave that part of the world, so to speak, a status. It buckled it into the world structure not as a dumping-ground for surplus and subordinate imperialist adventurings, but as the keystone, in the sense that John Hay meant, in a different figure, when he said that he who has the key to China will have the mastery of the world in the next few hundred years.

Moreover, there is the limitation of armaments. If the conference had adjourned without doing anything but that, if it had never addressed itself to the Far-Eastern question at all, the reduction of existing navies and suspension of future naval building would have set in motion a train of influences reaching into all political relations in the Far East. In recent years in the Far East every political hypothesis has had to be qualified by the possibility of war between Japan and America. Allowance had to be made for that contingency in every political calculation.

I am not among those who view the conference through rose-colored lenses. I do not believe that war has been made impossible by naval reduction. The war spirit is not so simply analyzed. Not navies alone made the war

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peril for Japan and America. There were also concrete disagreements of policy. But naval reduction has materially lessened the likelihood of war. The irritation factor has been canceled out. Emotion has been divested of striking power. War may come, but it will not come from nerves. We shall not fling ourselves into slaughter if some day six or seven American officers are killed by Japanese in Vladivostok, as was Lieutenant Langdon, or half a dozen Japanese immigrants are lynched by a California or Texas mob. Another "Remember the *Maine!*" is made unlikely. Against the unyielding physical fact that neither power is left with a big enough navy for aggressive purposes, nerves will perforce calm. If we elect to fight, it will be under the compulsion of some cause that appears to be great enough to make war fatally inevitable.

In the same way the hysteria produced by the sight of each new dreadnought launched by one power or the other has been prevented. No student has yet disentangled the psychology of war clearly enough to be able to say whether it is tension that results in competitive arming or competitive arming that results in tension; or, if they are mutually interacting, which is the stronger. That, too, we have canceled out. We have halted the naval race between Japan and America, which had just got under way. I myself do not believe that that race could have continued very long, together with the irreconcilable differences of policy that existed, without bringing conflict. Japan had near completion a naval program that would have brought it almost to a parity with the United States. In the circumstances the United States would have demanded, and public sentiment supported, another naval program after the completion of the present program next year. Japan, then, would have been compelled either to respond with more ships, thus bringing it to the point of bankruptcy, or to strike within the next five years, when it would have been at its greatest naval strength relative to America. All that we have prevented.

As I say, the possibility of a Japanese-American war modified every political calculation in the Far East. The lessening of that possibility to the point where it may be said to be an improbability in the near future revises all such calculations. Now, a great deal has been heard since the conference to the effect that by its abdication of naval supremacy America has given Japan a free hand in the Far East. That I believe to be nonsense. Neither America nor the conference gave Japan a free hand. It has had that. Geography gives it that.

§ 2

Japan has never had to modify its policy materially out of regard for America's navy. It would not have had to do so in the future, even if we had not been willing to scrap a large part of our fleet. It never would have had to unless and until America built a fleet so overwhelmingly superior to Japan's in tonnage and efficiency as to overweigh the factor of distance. Concretely, what would that involve? If the conference had not been held, Japan would have had in four or five years a navy almost equal to ours. To regain the superiority we have had and an added superiority sufficient to impose our will on Japan either by threat or action, we should have had

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to lay down a new fleet of at least twenty post-Jutland dreadnoughts, with auxiliary craft in proportion, and then construct naval bases at Guam and Manila and probably also on the Aleutians, the American islands in the north Pacific, on a scale that would make them the greatest naval bases in the world. At the most conservative estimate that would have cost a billion dollars for the ships alone, and an enormously increased annual outlay for personnel and maintenance. Considering political conditions in America now and the sentiments of the American people with respect to taxation, is there any likelihood that any American Government would hazard such an appropriation or that the people would consent to it? There never was any possibility of an effective check on Japan by military means. The navy America had before the war was of no utility for that. It was too big for defense and not big enough for offense. If we were to be rudimentarily logical, we had either to reduce the existing navy and stop building for the sake of economy—together with Japan, of course—or else to build the biggest fleet the world has ever seen. For political and economic reasons we could not do the second. Quite sensibly we did the first.

There has been no abdication in the Far East in favor of Japan by America or any other power. But that Japan is left more secure to proceed on whatever path it chooses is obvious. Liberation from the menace of war with America relieves Japan in more than a humanitarian sense. It has a special political content. The Japanese imperialists, too, have had to count the danger of war with America in their calculations, and make allowance therefor. For the next few years they do not need to make such allowance. Certainly, they can appreciably discount their previous allowance. America has restricted its power of challenge. It had no effective military weapon against Japan before the conference, but it had a higher naval potentiality. Aside from the economic weapon, which, incidentally, remains as the most damaging weapon it can use against Japan, and unless there is so material a development of the aërial arm as to make navies negligible, America must fashion a weapon anew if it deems its Far-Eastern policy so essential to existence as to warrant the use of force. By so much has Japan been advantaged from naval reduction. It is a matter of degree only.

Japan has been given moral security much more than a military one. It has got off scot-free. By its acts of omission rather than of commission the conference has given Japan a clean bill of health. Whether the American Government or the European governments so construe the results of the conference is immaterial. They will be so construed in the Far East, which is intimately and directly affected, and so employed, which is all-important. In the Eastern atmosphere, where affairs proceed by indirection and communication is by suggestion, prestige is as potent as physical power. And the intangibles of the conference run all to Japan's favor by enhancement of prestige.

Japan came to the conference in trepidation. It has moved in ill concealed trepidation since the close of the World War. It has never felt any certainty that it would not be called to accounting for its high-handedness during the war, when conditions gave

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it freedom of action. To that accounting the Asiatic peoples looked at the close of the war. At the peace conference they looked in vain. But there extenuating circumstances could be pleaded. The Allied powers were bound by pledges they had to give Japan while fighting for existence—pledges Japan exacted as the price of its remaining loyal to the Allies. Then came the summons to Washington. Here the powers were unhampered by previous commitments. They were free to arraign Japan and compel indemnification, to redress the balance that had unjustly gone against China and Siberia. They did not. Again the Far-Eastern peoples looked in vain. To them as to the Japanese this has only one signification: that the great powers—America more particularly, since it has talked most valorously—either will not or cannot restrain Japan, and which of the two it is, is immaterial. To the Japanese the moral is that they have little to fear from outside interference. To the Chinese it is that they have no external support on which to rely, and that they must either face the inexorable and buy off Japan with as little as they can or fit themselves to withstand Japan by force of arms; that is, follow Japan's earlier example and adopt militarism as a condition of continued existence.

The situation, I know, is not so simple as this. I have already pointed out in these pages that Japan could not be expected, and in fairness should not be expected, to make renunciations while those who have profited much longer from exploitation in China refuse to make renunciations; and that it, too, in self-defense cannot withdraw from the Asiatic continent while Occidental powers keep foothold there. But the philosophy of the situation is no consolation to Chinese or Siberians. It does not change the results to them.

§ 3

Nor is it of special moment now to analyze why this came about. Partly, it was because that is the philosophy of history, and there is a special code of morals that governs the conduct of strong nations toward weak ones. There was no atmosphere of renunciation in Washington, not even of repentance. There was much abstract talk of refraining in the future from past practices, but the profits of past practices were always gracefully elided in discussion. England and France held tenaciously to all that they had won in China, in ways however unscrupulous. Japan held even more tenaciously to all that it had grasped in China, in ways even more unscrupulous, and, moreover, has kept unobstructed all the channels through which it can move to grasp more. America, having won nothing, and therefore having nothing to give up, was in an indelicate position from which to preach sacrifice. I am not even sure that it was desirous of doing so. If it had so desired, it was handicapped in accomplishing its aim by weaknesses rooted in the national psychology.

As to the first, there is the instinctive respect that a nation whose highest expression is in production and commerce has in vested interests as such. If you look at the personnel of the present administration or even of the American delegation to the conference, you will understand why the vague and distant aim of creating a new standard for foreign relations would be as nothing to the immediate

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peril of disturbing the sanctity of the theory that property is property, and therefore inviolate, whether personal or national and no matter how acquired.

As to the second, there was the handicap of our national psychological limitations: the national optimism, absorption in phrases and passion for flattery, and ignorance of foreign affairs. After all, this Far-Eastern question is not very serious to us. It affects us only indirectly. It has afforded us a rôle pleasant to assume, that of protector of China. This has been a rôle calling for words rather than action, and the idealism with which we have clothed it has been an easy idealism, a glib and inexpensive and rather hollow idealism. At the conference we were content with that as a policy. It was responded to in kind. We asked for idealism in word, the only kind we knew, and we got idealism in word, since the powers saw we were satisfied with that. At Washington it was as at Paris: the husk of idealism was given America, the kernel was kept by the others; with this difference, that while at Paris the other powers wanted to get something, at Washington they wanted to keep what they had. In both places they succeeded.

In the face of this the national booster spirit, the Rotary, Kiwanis, chamber-of-commerce spirit, that must acclaim prosperity where there is no prosperity, victory even where victory is hollow, shouted down criticism until it was too late. Having shouted ourselves satisfied with so little, we naturally got no more. To have admitted defeat, even in time to retrieve it, would have shaken the national self-complacency. Even if a healthy critical spirit were not taboo, our national ignorance of international affairs in general, and of the Far East in particular, would have made it difficult for us to know that we were being defeated.

This explanation holds for the results or lack of results with respect to China. With respect to Siberia there is not so charitable an explanation. The Siberian issue is largely of our own making. It was on our initiation, under Allied inspiration, it is true, that Japan entered Siberia during the war. By our failure to protest at its remaining after there was no need we emboldened it to continue in occupation. Our failure to protest was part of the Red hysteria whipped up in us and blinding us in the first years after the war. The Bolsheviki, it was dinned into us, were fiends of monstrous mien. The Japanese had only to say that there were Bolsheviki in Siberia,—there were not,—and that they were staying there to fight the Bolsheviki as trustees of civilization,—they were not,—and they were given glad acquittal by mob judgment, mob press judgment. All those who were in or near Siberia, whether officials or observers, who sought to show by facts that there were no Bolsheviki in Siberia and that the Japanese were intriguing for permanent control and not fighting Bolsheviki—all such were judged as Bolshevik sympathizers by the same mob jury.

That view, or a modified reflection of it, still obtains in the dusty bureaus of the Government. It was shown glaringly and scandalously during the conference. Those who have studied the Far East at close range know the folly of intensifying the issue by adding Siberia to China as a danger-point.

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That can be avoided only by complete Japanese withdrawal from Siberia and the freeing of the Siberians to work out their own salvation. It can be avoided by ending the compulsory isolation that Siberia has had to share with Russia and by resuming trade relations with Siberia, if not recognizing its Government, the Far-Eastern Republic. That is the view held by every American official, diplomatic, consular, or military, who has been in Siberia in the last two years. And it so happened that nearly every one of those men was in Washington during the conference.

Mr. Charles H. Smith and Colonel John F. Stevens, the American representatives on the Inter-Allied railway board in Siberia since 1918 and the two highest American officials there throughout the occupation and its aftermath; Mr. Stanley K. Hornbeck of the State Department; Mr. James F. Abbott of the Tokio embassy, who came to Washington almost directly from Siberia; General Graves, commander of the American Expedition in Siberia; Major Eichelberger of the Army Intelligence; and Major Drysdale, military attaché to the legation in Peking —all were in Washington, most of them having just arrived from the Far East. I violate no confidence in saying that they were unanimous in the conviction I have stated: that Japan must be made to leave Siberia or to submit with unequivocal exactitude under what conditions it will leave; that the Siberians must be left free to establish their own Government and develop their resources for themselves, and that trade relations must be resumed so that they may be able to do so, incidentally adding to our own trade.

Now, I violate no confidence in saying also that there has existed in the State Department since 1917 a pro-czarist cabal that bears a large share of the responsibility for keeping America's Russian policy insulated in bigotry. The stronghold of the cabal is in the Russian bureau of the State Department, which under the department's bureau system has charge of Russian affairs. That cabal is more White Russian than the Finland Whites, more czarist than the *émigrés*. And only it has the ear of the administration; officially it alone had the ear of the American delegation. Not one of the men just returned from Siberia was so much as seen by the American delegation for discussion of the Siberian question. Mr. Smith and Colonel Stevens, the two men who had been the State Department's agents in Siberia, who know recent Siberian events more intimately than any other living Americans, and who had arrived in Washington for the conference, had less contact with the State Department than the newspaper correspondents. Where their information or their views were presented at all, they were in the form of gratuitous memoranda, which were only formally acknowledged. Colonel Stevens was consulted once with respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway, never on Siberia. Thus American official prejudice and preconceived bureaucratic theories were kept immaculate of facts. Perhaps it is a sound national instinct that keeps America aloof from foreign entanglement so long as its foreign affairs are so conducted.

§ 4

All that is past, however. The conference is history. What projects onward into the future, what it has left in the Far East, is recognition of Jap-

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anese paramountcy, and Japan is free to make what use it will of that position. Again I must emphasize that Japan has not been the only aggressor in the Far East, and that the European powers, especially Great Britain and France, still have the fruits of their aggressions. But it is Japan that is the all-important factor in the Far East. The political ambitions of the other powers in China are necessarily subordinate in their own eyes and affect China only correspondingly. For Japan the central point of its whole imperial policy is China, and the future of China is contingent on how Japan molds its policy.

Japan has made tragic mistakes in the past. Its whole career as a great power has been a colossal blunder, for all its outward aggrandizement. It could have been leader and protector of all Asia. It could have been champion of all the non-white peoples from Suez to Siberia against the despoiling white imperialisms. When it took the field against Russia in 1904 it carried with it the hopes of all the non-white peoples of the East. When it drove the Russians out of Manchuria and pinned them up in Siberia and European Russia, it fired those peoples with more confident hope. They saw that the white man and his magic armor were vulnerable, and that there might be a door of escape from Occidental subjugation. They rejoiced that there was among them one who might stand as their protector until they, too, could defy the white man in all his might of steel.

Had Japan grasped or even sensed the opportunity destiny thrust before it, had it befriended China, said to China in word and deed: "For nearly a hundred years these people from far-distant shores have plundered you, but we now stand as your buffer, in return for which we ask only your benevolent partnership and your cooperation; for we need as much help as we can give, we need your coal and your iron, we need the purchasing power of your millions for our wares" —had Japan only seen that vision, how different would have been world history in the next two hundred years! And how finer and fairer Japan's rôle! For it would have been master of a hemisphere, the beneficent and honored master of more than half the world's population.

Japan never saw that vision, and does not even now. Having adopted militarism in self-defense, it became enthralled with militarism, and drunk with the taste of power military success gave. It took to militarism for militarism's sake, in which of course it is not unique in human history. Instead of befriending China, it did to China what all the other countries had done, and did so more ruthlessly than they. It conquered and bullied and grasped. It took territory, concessions, monopolistic rights. It pushed ruthlessly and unceasingly for permanent hegemony. Having fought Russia to break the bear's clutch on Korea, it then swallowed Korea itself. Having fought Russia to drive it out of Manchuria, which was being torn from China, it then took Manchuria itself. It committed the climactic outrage on China's soul by seizing Shan-tung. And then with bribery it purchased control over the very Government of China. So that to-day the bitterness of the Chinese against the European powers is forgotten and, where remembered, is as nothing to their passion-steeped hatred of Japan. For in their

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feeling toward Japan is the added rankling of a sense of betrayal.

What Japan has wrought in China in the last fifteen years not a generation of atonement can wipe out. But it must make a beginning. It must, if it would survive. Japan is an island, a strip of territory rimmed around a small segment of a broad continent. Its people are only a handful to the myriads of the continent. In the ultimate outcome, however long delayed, there can be only one result to a struggle between the two. Further, Japan is no longer an agricultural country, self-dependent and self-sustaining. It has given hostages to industrialism. Without coal and iron and other raw materials essential to industrialism within its own borders, it must look to China for them. Separated by thousands of miles from the other centers of population, it must look to China for a market for the products of its factories. To get the resources and hold the market by conquest is impossible, inhibited by the laws of matter: a few islands against a continent, sixty millions against four hundred millions. It must get them by goodwill. Japan's primary, elemental problem in statesmanship can be stated in the terms of the corner grocery: if you slap your best customer, he will go elsewhere. Given a friendly China, and there is no possibility of any other country's successfully competing with Japan for the trade of China, probably the world's greatest potential market. Given an unfriendly China, and Japan's development is fatally retarded. To foreigners who know China and Japan, it is so obvious that it seems banal to argue the point; namely, that Japan's future prosperity, its future existence as a great state, is contingent on friendly relations with China—relations not of arrogant conqueror and embittered subject, but of equal to equal. Only to Japan's military masters and their following is that not obvious. But to an ever-widening circle of intelligent Japanese that fact carries conviction.

§ 5

Sooner or later Japan must make a beginning of conciliation. Whether it will do so now is perhaps the most important single question emerging out of the aftermath of the conference. Possibly, the conference did nothing more far-reaching than to create a propitious occasion for such a beginning. Japan can make it now as a voluntary act, acquiring merit for it, in fact, in the Far East. The element of *amour propre* has been taken out of the question. The conference having demonstrated that there is no longer any danger of compulsion from outside, Japan can now act voluntarily, thus saving its face, which is not the smallest consideration as Oriental affairs go. This is the logical time also, for the conference has marked a clean break in the Far East.

Conciliation, however, is costly. It involves a complete devolution of Japan's political power on the Asiatic mainland and a complete reformulation of its imperial policy, a sweeping out of all its present conceptions of imperial destiny. That is no small demand to make on a nation newly come to success. But there is no escape by compromise. There may be postponement now, but sooner or later the same question will have to be faced. Japan must choose between a political policy and a commercial policy. It can con-

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tinue to press its political policy on China as in the past, with the end of securing suzerainty or at least absolute dominance; or it can abandon that policy for a purely commercial program, buying from China the raw materials it needs and selling to China its manufactured products, in both cases in free competition with other countries, relying on nearness to market and racial affinity for advantage over competitors; simultaneously helping China forward to reconstruction and development and prosperity as rapidly as possible, for the more prosperous are the Chinese, the more they will be able to buy from Japan.

Which way Japan will take is the question the conference has given to Japan for challenge; not new, not the product of any recent development, but placed out in bold relief, because there has been a break and a new chapter begins. Not often in the history of nations is so clear-cut, so stark a question flung before a people for answer. For the Japanese it is the third time since they emerged from isolation sixty years ago that a similarly fateful choice of destinies has confronted them: once when America and Europe broke down the walls of isolation, and Japan had to decide whether to abandon its old gracious and tranquil civilization in order to arm itself in self-defense or to hold by its old social forms and risk subjection under the material force of the new nations of the Occident; once, again, when it defeated Russia and eliminated it from the Far East and had to decide whether to take Russia's place and make for empire or adopt a less grandiose rôle and build on a foundation of the friendship of its neighbors. And now for the third time when, having filled the grandiose rôle successfully, but at the cost of arousing the hostility of all the Far-Eastern peoples and kindling deep racial passions, it has to decide whether to carry out the rôle to its finale, however bloody, or to begin anew in a quieter, but eventually more profitable, part. The fate of half the world, ultimately of the whole world, is involved in the decision.

The first, the road on which Japan now marches, has only one end, the ultimate primitive test of force in a clash that will draw in the whole Far East and sooner or later the West. The second, the road of friendship and peace, will see slower progress, but it will bring the East to a rebirth of its civilization, which may regain the leadership it once held. If Japan's decision is for that, then it must make an honest retrocession of Shan-tung, foregoing the loophole left by the conference through which it can escape its obligations and retain the Shan-tung Railway and economic control over the province. It must leave Siberia forthwith and without compensation in territorial or economic concessions. It must cease discriminations in Manchuria both against foreigners and Chinese, and cease that process of consolidation which forbodes a permanent occupation. It must cease meddling in Chinese politics by fomenting unrest.

As I have said, however, we are no longer dealing with two isolated hemispheres. The East has become an integral part of the world political system. It is no longer possible for an upheaval to come about there without also shaking the West. In fact, it is more certain than probable that a war could not be fought in the Far East on any scale without drawing in the West-

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ern powers. That would have been true even if there had been no Four-Power Treaty. It is increasingly true because of the treaty. One cannot, therefore, confine his scrutiny to the actions in the future of China and Japan and Siberia. Nor is the future of China dependent exclusively on what Japan does. Less only by a degree is it affected by the attitude Europe and America will assume.

It needs no demonstration that they, too, must abandon the unscrupulous exploitation of China. They, too, must abandon political ambitions for purely commercial ends. And in fairness I should say that I am skeptical also as to how far they on their part have seen the need for that or, seeing it, are far-sighted enough to accept the temporary self-denials it implies. Nor does it need demonstration that, specifically, Great Britain must abrogate its alliance with Japan in spirit as well as in name. It must throw off the old rôle of "America's friend, but Japan's ally." "Japan's ally, but America's friend," is the phrasing Britons usually employ. Great Britain already has, Britons will affirm stoutly. They so affirmed also five years ago, but there was no concrete evidence of it. The war, they explained, prevented the divorce from being made public. After the war—well, we would see. Then the peace conference prevented the break from being made openly because of the treaties signed during the war. But after that—well, we should see. Then the fact that the alliance was still in being stood in the way. But after the alliance expired—we should see. And in the interval Great Britain was adhering to its old principles of action and supporting Japan. Then the alliance expired, and there was the conference. At the conference we should see. What we saw at the conference was that in no single instance did Great Britain support any American proposal that conflicted vitally with Japan's interests or the old system of exploitation. But after the conference was over, we were told in Washington, after the conference was over and the stage was cleared for a new setting, then we should see. Well, we shall see. In the meantime I permit myself a robust skepticism of Great Britain's intentions—a skepticism grown out of long and close observation; but I am willing, nay, eager, to be convinced. For I do not believe that the Far East can become a market-place instead of a spoils-ground and a battle-field until England, too, changes its historic rôle in China; for until England does, Japan will not and cannot.

As for the other powers, they must not only change their objects, but scale down their hopes, or at least temper them with patience. We need China's resources; that is true. And probably we shall get them, even if we have to take them, China willing or unwilling. Shall we take them by force, if that compels fighting for them, and therefore paying for them more than they are worth, or shall we wait until China is able to develop them herself and sell them to us? A rhetorical question, seemingly; but in the illogic of human events the greater likelihood is that we shall do the former, for the reason that the latter entails loss; and that no aggregation of human beings called nations has the vision to endure, even if the alternative entails greater loss.

It is time to stop expecting miracles in China. It is time to take stock of

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the bankrupt hopes of the last ten or twenty years and write off damaged illusions. Neither revolutions nor republic, nor parliament nor periodic awakenings, so-called, nor student movements nor consortiums nor Shanghai banking groups will contrive any magical short-cuts across cycles. I have lived in China and have watched these radiant-hued hopes blaze up one by one, and one by one fade. I expect to see many more fade. There will be slow "reconstruction" of China, agonizingly slow, and disintegration and chaos during the process. And the impatient world of factories and mines and banks and export and import agencies and Christian missions may as well resign itself to that.

§ 6

The making over of China is a task for Sisyphus. Its very physical size and mass in numbers are reasons enough. Moreover, it has a civilization rooted twenty-five centuries down in time, and it has as justification for its inertia to rapid change the fact that it alone of its contemporaries has worked out in itself the capacity for survival. Aside from the question of the higher abstract qualities that China may or may not have—my own purely personal opinion is that in the arts of life it has reached as high as any branch of the white race—it has success to its credit. A civilization like that will not be transformed through all its depths by "movements" and in a flitting of moments, as race time is measured. It will not be transformed by foreign bayonets. It will be transformed, if at all, and probably it will be—it will be transformed in fundamentals in its own way and at its own pace, though here and there on its surface it may be pulled out of step and ahead by the attraction of external forces. When we realize this not only as an abstraction, but in all its implications, we shall have reached a firmer foundation of understanding on which to lay our end of the bridge between East and West, which is one of the foremost tasks of the next two or three generations, a task unsurpassed in its appeal to the imagination. And not until we do realize this.

The first implication is that we shall have to leave China free to have its chaos, as it is called, for as long as chaos is necessary in the stages of working itself out. And we shall have to bear whatever temporary sacrifice follows from that. We shall have to see through the fallacy and resist the easy temptations of foreign intervention, international control, and support to native dictators. Above all, we must separate ourselves from the strong man delusion that besets so many of the foreign diplomatic minds in China. To part with those forever it is necessary only to read Chinese history. No dictator has ever ruled China for more than a generation, not even Ch'in Shih Huang, and he is the only one who lasted even so long, and that was two thousand years ago; nor did Kublai Khan's rule extend for long over the whole of China. Nothing could be more calamitous than the coming of a Chinese Diaz. It would merely postpone the forces of transition in all their chaos, and by repressing them cause them to burst forth in a few years deformed and malignant. The result would even be worse than the original chaos.

It is arguable also that both for China and ourselves it is best that China's development be slow. You

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have only to imagine conditions favorable for rapid development: a network of railroads spread suddenly over the country, mines dug everywhere, oil-wells drilled, and a million times a million wheels whirring in a bedlam of countless factories. You would have, first, the most hideous exploitation of cheap labor the world has ever seen, vastly worse than in the first days of the industrial revolution in England. You would have millions of coolies, ignorant, docile, unorganized, unable to protect themselves, dazzled by their sudden whisking into an alien existence, their even, leisurely twelve-hour workday in the fields become twelve madly driven hours at machines, without chance for physical or nervous adjustment to the change. It would be an inferno of enslavement. Equally important, you would have a frenzied inrush of foreign capital, a struggle of foreign chancelleries for prizes with the largest political attachments, a battle of intrigue of international banking syndicates for the fattest monopolies; and then war—war as inevitably as the working of the law of gravity. Even without a far-drawn hypothetical setting, even under more normal conditions, the forced speeding up of China for the benefit of other countries probably would end in war. It always has in parallel cases. Better by far the slower development, until China can adjust itself to the new régime, until it is strong enough either to undertake its own development or to insure effective control over foreign interests entrusted with its development, if that shall be. China's resistance to rapid change, though not consciously motived, may be for the protection not only of herself, but of the rest of the world. To wait with patience and suffer whatever reduction of profit comes is not only the part of wisdom and morality, but good economics, dollars-and-cents policy; for good economics takes reckoning of the margin of costs. In the end it will be cheaper to leave China's resources in the soil for a few more years, not only because in that way they will eventually be disemboweled more quickly, and therefore more profitably to ourselves, but because the war costs brought about by the effort to speed them and the quarrel over them will be greater than they are worth. The temporary waiving of profits, therefore, is in the nature of an investment.

The immediate danger of war in the Far East has been alleviated. The deeper war causes remain. In a sense it works to the general benefit that we have formally raised the Far East to the dignity of a world problem. Looking distantly to the highest and final good of mankind, one may say that the closer binding of all races by a firmer interweaving of the relations between East and West is of the greatest beneficence. And in so far as the conference has simplified those relations by setting forth more clearly the directions they may take, it has worked for good. But if it has only given wider play to man's greed, then there is greater danger than before. The mutual adjustment of East and West is the outstanding problem of the next two hundred years. We are about to begin on it. I have tried to sketch the different lines we may take.

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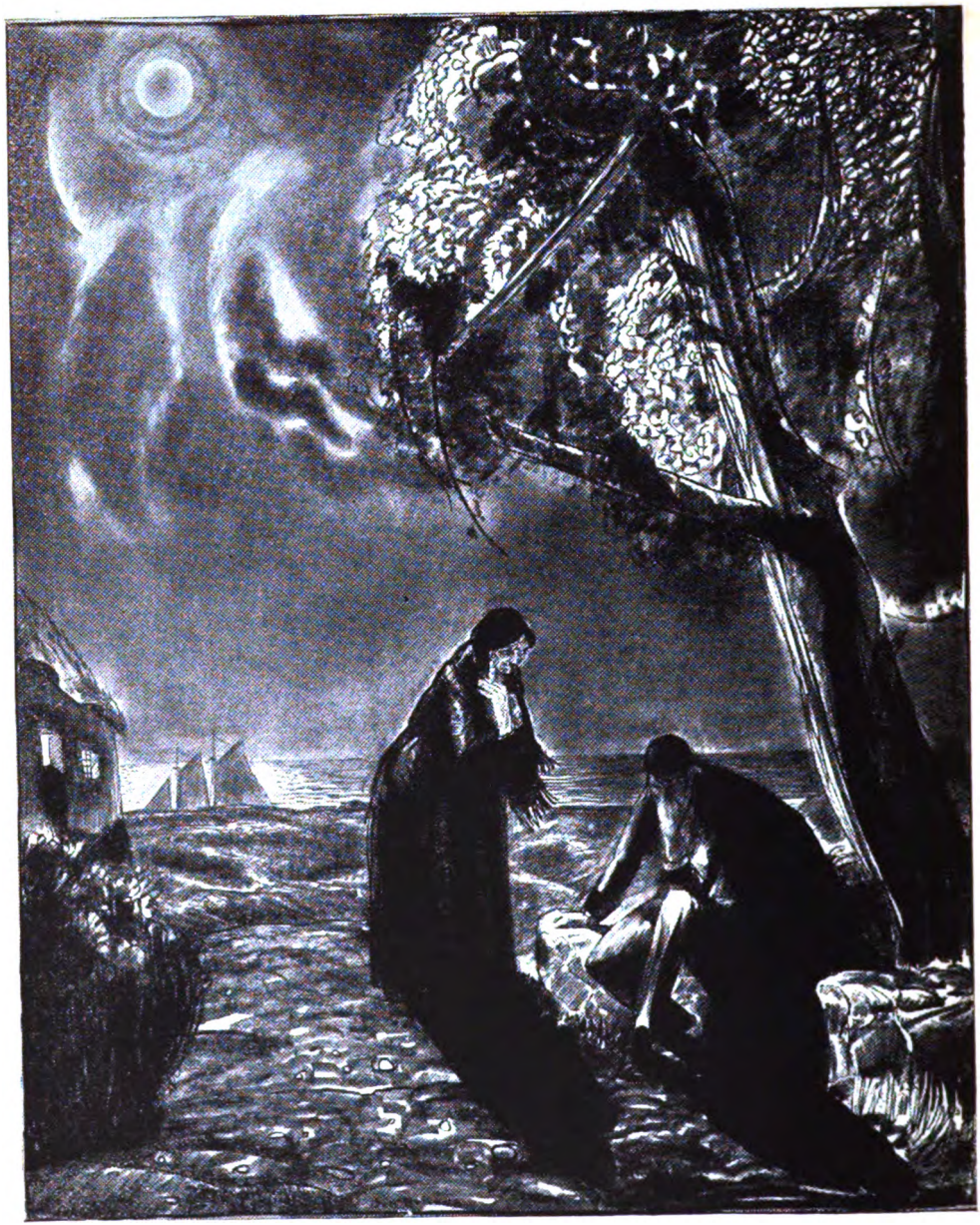

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The Wake at Ardee

Being the Second Part of "The Wind Bloweth" [1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

THE feeling that was uppermost in him as he sat outside the thatched cottage in the moonlight, while the wake was within, was not grief at his wife's death; not a shattered mind that his life, so carefully laid out not twelve months before, was disoriented; not any self-pity; not any grievance against God, such as little men might have: but a strange dumb wonder . . . There she lay within, in her habit of a Dominican lay sister, her hands waxy, her face waxy, her eyelids closed. And six guttering candles were about her, and women droned their prayers with a droning as of bees. There she lay with her hands clasped on a wooden crucifix. And no more would the robins wake her, and they fussing in the great hawthorn-tree over the coming of dawn. No longer would she rake the ash from the peat and blow the red of it to a little blaze. No longer would she beat his dog out of the house with the handle of the broom. No longer would she forgather with the neighbors over a pot of tea for a pleasant vindictive chat. No longer would she look out to sea for him with her half-loving, half-inimical eyes. No longer in her sharpish voice would she recite her rosary and go to bed.

And to-morrow they would bury her,—there would be rain to-morrow: the wind was sou'east,—they would lower her, gently as though she were alive, into a rectangular slot in the ground, mutter alien prayers in an alien tongue, pat the mound over as a child pats his castle of sand on the sea-shore, and leave her there in the rain.

A month from now they would say a mass for her, a year from now another, but to-morrow, to-day, yesterday even, she was finished with all of life—with the fussy, excited robins of dawn; with the old dog that wanted to drowse by the fire; with the young husband who was either too much or too little of a man for her; with the clicking beads she would tell in her sharpish voice; with each thing; with everything . . .

And here was the wonder of it, the strange dumb wonder, that the snapping of her life meant less in reality to him than the snapping of a stay aboard ship. The day after to-morrow he would mount the bridge of Patrick Russell's boat, and after a few crisp orders would set out on the eternal sea, as though she were still alive in her cottage, as though indeed she had never even lived, and northward he would go past the purple Mull of Cantyre; past the Clyde, where the Ayrshire sloops danced like bobbins

[1] Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

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on the water; past the isles, where overhead drove the wedges of the wild swans, trumpeting as on a battle-field; past the Hebrides, where strange Arctic birds whined like hurt dogs; northward still to where the Northern Lights sprang like dancers in the black winter nights. Eastward and southward to where the swell of the Dogger Bank rose, where the fish grazed like kine . . . Over the great sea he would go as though nothing had happened, not even the snapping of a stay, down to the sea, where the crisp winds of dawn were, and the playful, stupid, short-sighted porpoises; the treacherous sliding icebergs; and the gulls that cried with the sea's immense melancholy; and the great plum-colored whales . . .

§ 2

To his nostrils, sterilized as they were by the salt air of the sea, the rich scents of Louth came in a rushing profusion. The wild roses of June were like the high notes of a violin, and there was clover, and mown hay. In the southeast the clouds were banking, but still the moon rose high, and the cottage was clear as in daylight, clearer even in the mind's eye—the whitewashed walls, the thatch like silver, the swallows' nests beneath the eaves. The hard round sea-cobbles beneath his feet were clear and individual, and to where he sat in the haggard came a girl's song from down the road:

Oh, Holland is a wondrous place and in
it grows much green.
It 's a wild inhabitation for my young
love to be in.
There the sugar-cane grows plentiful,
and leaves on every tree,
But the low lowlands of Holland are
between my love and me.

He listened with a cocked ear, and smiled as he thought how easy it would be to stroll down the road to where the singing girl was, and accost her pleasantly: "So he 's in Holland, is he? That 's the queer and foolish place for him to be, and I here!" There would be banter, quick and smart as a whip, a scuffle, a clumsily placed kiss, laughter, another scuffle, and a kiss that found its mark somehow, then a saunter together down the scented loaning, while the June moon rode high and the crickets sang . . .

Oh, my God! here he was thinking about love, and his wife lay inside and she dead!

And a new light wonder sprang up and whirled within the big dumb wonder that was on him: that here was he, a lad not yet twenty-two, with a dead wife on his hands, while his shipmates were off with the laughter of young women in their ears after the silent and tense watches of the sea. His captain had gone home to Newry to where his wife awaited him, the tall, graceful woman with the hair like black silk and the black eyes and the black ear-rings and the slim, white, enigmatic hands. And the first mate had gone to Rostrevor with a blond, giggling girl, and the crew were at Sally Bishop's in Dundalk, draining the pints of frothy porter and making crude material love to Sally Bishop's blowsy brown girls, some chucking their silver out with a laugh—the laugh of men who had fought hurricanes, and some bargaining shrewdly . . . But here he was, home, with his wife, and her dead. And if she had n't been dead, she would have been half loving, half inimical toward him, her arms and bosom open, but a great stranger . . . He could

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n't understand . . . Well, she was dead, and . . . he did n't know . . .

A bent, fattish figure in a shawl came toward him through the haggard, his wife's mother. There was the sweetish, acrid odor of whisky . . .

"Shane *avick*, are you there all alone, mourning for the pleasant, beautiful one who 's gone?"

"I was . . . just sitting down."

"You would n't like a wee drop of consolation?"

"Whisky? No, thanks."

"Just the least taste?"

"No, thanks."

"And I after bringing it out to you in a naggin bottle. Just the wetting of your lips, *agra*, would cheer you up, and you down to the ground."

"No!"

The old woman sat on the stone ditch beside him and began swaying backward and forward, and the keening note came into her voice:

"Is it gone? Is it gone you are, Moyra *a sthore?* Sure, 't was the kindly daughter you were to me, and me old and not worth my salt, a broken *cailleach* hobbling on a stick. Never did you refuse me the cup o' tea so strong a mouse could walk on it. And the butcher's meat o' Christmas, sure your old ma must have a taste, too. And many 's the brown egg you let me have, and they bringing a high price on the Wednesday market. And the ha'porth o' snuff—sure you never came home without it, and you at Dundalk fair. Kindly you were as the little rains of April, and my heart is ashes now you 're gone . . . "

Shane paced off through the haggard. There was the *glug-glug* of a bottle, and again the sweetish, acrid odor of whisky. He turned back.

"Only to one were you kinder nor to myself, and that was to the lad here, whose heart is broken for you. Dumb with grief he is, now you 're gone. And all you did for him! You might have married a strong farmer would have a dozen cows, horses would pull a cart or plow, hens by the dozen, and flitches of bacon hanging in the kitchen. Or you might have married a man had a shop and sat at your ease in the back room, like a lady born. Or you might have married a gauger and gone to Dublin and mixed with the grand quality. And your mother would have had a black silk dress, and shoes with buttons on them. But you married this young fellow goes to sea, so much was the great love on you to him. Love came to you like a thunder-storm, and left you trembling like a leaf, and now you 're dead—ochanee! ochanee! ochanee! o!"

Her voice changed from the shrill keen to a shrewd whine:

"You 'll be leaving me something to remember her by, Shane Oge, and her a fathom deep beneath me in the cold ground. And a trinket or two, or a dress, maybe, or a bangle would keep my heart warm?"

"You can have them all."

"All, is it? Ah, sure, it 's the grand big heart is in you, lad o' the North. And are they all to be mine, the silver brooch you bought her from the Dutch city, and the ring with the pearl in it, and the dresses of silk from France, and the shoes that have buckles? Are they for me, hinny?"

"Yes, yes. Take them."

"And the wee furnishings of the house, the feather-bed is soft to lie on, and the dresser with the delft, and the creepy stool beside the fire, the noble chairs? You would n't be

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selling them to the stranger, Shane Oge?"

"No, you can have those, too."

"And the house, too? Young noble fellow, where is your wife's mother to lay her gray hairs? Could n't you fix the house, too?"

"The house is not mine, and I can't afford to buy it."

"But 't is you are the rich Protestant family. Your uncles and your mother, hinny. Rotten with gold they are, and me just a poor old *cailleach* that gave you the white lamb o' the flock."

"We 'll look after you. My uncle Alan Donn Campbell will be here in a day or so and fix everything. But I 'm afraid the house is out of the question."

"Oh, sure it would be a noble thing to have the house, and they around me dying with envy of my state and grandeur. At fair or at wake great respect they would pay me, and the priests of God would be always calling. The house, fine lad, give me the house!"

"You 'll have to speak to my Uncle Alan."

"Alan Campbell is a hard Northern man."

"Nevertheless, you 'll have to speak to him."

"*A mhic mheirdrighe!*" Her mouth hissed. "O son of a harlot!"

Shane wheeled like a sloop coming about.

"You forget I 've got the Gaelic myself, old woman."

"Oh, sure, what did I say, fine lad, but *avick machree*, son of my heart? *Avick machree* I said. O son of my heart, that 's what you are. You would n't take a wrong meaning from what an old woman said, and her with her teeth gone, and under the black clouds of sorrow!"

A glint in the moonlight caught Shane's eyes. He gripped her right hand.

"Is that Moyra's wedding-ring you have on? Did you—did you—take it —from her hand?"

"Oh, sure, what use would she have for it, and she in the sods of Ballymaroo? And the grand Australian gold is in it, worth a mint of money. And what use would you have for it, and you in the strange parts, where a passionate foreign woman would be giving you love, maybe? The fine lad you are, will draw the heart of many. But it 's drawing back coldly they 'd be, and they seeing that on your finger, or on a ribbon around your neck. Drawing back they 'd be, and giving the love was yours to another fellow. A sin to waste the fine Australian gold it is. And you would n't begrudge me the price of a couple o' heifers would grow into grand cows? You would n't, fine lad—"

He flung her hand from him so savagely that she fell, and he went swiftly toward the house where the dead woman was. Back of him in the haggard came the *glug-glug* of the naggin bottle, and from down the loaning came the rich, untrained contralto of the singing girl:

Nor shoe nor stocking will I put on nor
comb go in my hair,
And neither coal nor candlelight shine
in my chamber fair.
Nor will I wed with any young man until
the day I die,
Since the low lowlands of Holland are
between my love and me.

§ 3

As he paused at the half-door, the laughter and the chatter in the kitchen ceased, and he was aware of the blur of

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faces around the room, white faces of men and women and alien eyes. Over the peat fire—there was a fire even in June—the great black kettle sang on the crane, to make tea for the mourners. Here and there were bunches of new clay pipes scattered, and long rolls of twisted tobacco, for the men to smoke, and saucers full of snuff for both men and women. A great paraffin lamp threw broad, opaque shadows, making the whole a strange blur in the kitchen, while in the bedroom opening off it, where the tense, dead woman lay, was a glare of candles as from footlights, and there gathered the old women of the neighborhood, discussing everything in hushed, vindictive whispers—the price of cows, morbid diseases, the new wife some man had, and whether such a girl was with child . . . And the dead woman, who had loved talk such as this, as a drunkard loves the glass, gave no heed . . . Strange! . . . And every hour or so they would flash to their knees, like some quick instinctive movement of birds, and now carelessly, now oversolemnly they would say a rosary for the dead woman's soul:

"*Ar n-Athair, ta ar neamh—*" they would gabble, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven—" and then a long suspiration: "*Se do bheatha, Mhuire!*" "Hail, Mary! Full of grace!"

But in the kitchen they would be laughing, chatting, playing crude forfeits, telling grotesque stories, giving

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riddles, and now, to the muted sound of a melodeon, a man would dance a hornpipe . . . And men would sneak out to the byre in twos and threes for a surreptitious glass of whisky . . . And suddenly they would rush in and join in the rosary:

"Ar n-Athair, ta ar neamh . . .
Se do bheatha, Mhuire! . . . "

It was all so grotesque, so empty, so play-actorlike—so inharmonious with Death! Death was very terrible or very peaceful, thought Shane Campbell of the sea and the Antrim Glens. "Down from your horse when Death or the King goes by," went the Antrim old word . . . But here the house of death was a booth of Punchinello . . .

More aware even than of the indignity of it all was he of the hatred about him. They hated him for his alien race, his alien faith. Not one of the men but would have killed him had they had the courage, because his head was high, his step firm. The women hated him because he had chosen one from among them and given her honor and gifts . . . And his wife's mother hated him with the venomous, nauseous hatred that old women bear . . . And yet they 'd have loved him if he 'd given way to hysterical, unprofound grief, or become . . . drunk! They 'd have understood him. But all they had for him was hatred now. Even the dead woman on the bed hated him . . . Ah, well, only a day or so more, and he 'd come about. A leg to leeward, and he 'd shake them off as a great ship leaves behind it the troublesome traders' bumboats . . .

There came to him the shrill keening of the old woman as some one brought her toward the house:

"Ochanee! Ochanee! Ochanee o! the Shepherd's lamb! She 's gone from us! The high branch on the pleasant little tree! And what 's to become of me in my latter days! Me that thought I 'd have the beautiful house to live in, and a horse and cart, and a wake would be the envy of many, and not the curate, but the parish priest himself, to be at the head of the funeral! And now I 'm to be thrown against the great cruelty of the harsh Northern men! Nine black curses against them and theirs, and on my bare knees I say it. Och, white gull o' the harbor, why did you die? Ochanee! Ochanee!"

The gabbled rosary, the low laughter in the kitchen, the clink of glasses, the howling of the *cailleach*—all these noises repulsed him like a forefront of battle. So he did not go in to the house, but took his hand from the half-door and returned to the haggard, to the grave, understanding silence of the moon . . .

§ 4

Because he was so young, and thought he knew so much when in reality he knew so little, young Shane had thought, when he met Moyra Dolan, that he had discovered the morning star. Five and a half years at sea, as apprentice and navigator, had shown his eyes much and his heart little. He knew Bermuda and the harbor of Kingston. He had beaten up the China Seas. He had seen the clouds over Table Mountain. He knew Baltimore. He had seen the bowsprits of the great Indiamen thrust over the quays of Poplar parish like muskets leveled over a barricade. And to him it was just a wonder, a strange spectacle. The streets were strange as in a dream. and the folk

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were strange as in a play. One wandered down an avenue, seeing the queer commodities in the shops and booths. One wandered to the right. One wandered to the left. And there was great delight to finding a street one had seen before, maybe only five minutes ago, and one felt one was getting somewhere, was understanding the new country.

But one never did understand the new country. All the people were strange. One could not imagine them about the daily business of life, waking, eating, buying, and selling. Black men and white men and ocher-colored folk. There seemed to be a mystery somewhere. One imagined them gathering at night in secret to begin their real un-understood life. At times it seemed impossible that it was the same world. Surely the sun that struck like a hammer in Jamaica could not be the gracious warm planet that gilded the gorse of the Antrim Glens. And up the Baltic in midwinter it was bleak as a candle, and even then in Antrim it had a great kindliness. Nor were the winds the same. The hot puffs of the Indian Ocean, the lurching flaws of the Bay of Biscay, the trades that worked steadily as ants, had not the human quality of the winds of the Nine Glens, that were now angry as an angry man, now gentle as a gentle woman.

Only one thing was constant, and that was the women whom sailors know in ports. And they wore masks. The same easily forced laughter, the same crude flattery, the complacent arms, the eternal eager hand . . .

And then one day the new port palled, like a book one has read too often, or a picture one has looked at over long. And it was sheet home the royals and off to a new port, where there were new strange people, and streets laid another way, and other things in the merchants' booths, and a new language to pick up a phrase or two of . . .

But in the end all palled for a time, the aphrodisiac tropic smell; the coral waters, clear as well water at home; the white houses with the green jalousies; the lush, coarse green. And the melancholic drums of the East palled. And palled the grimness of the North. And the unceasing processional of strange secret faces wearied the eye and the mind. And the angular spiritual edges of shipmates wore toward one through the uniform of flesh, became annoying, sometimes unbearable . . .

And then an immense yearning would come over young Shane for the beloved faces in the lamplight, for the white road over the purple heather, for the garden where the greened sundial was, with its long motto in the Irish letter:

Is mairg a baidhtear in am an anaithe
Na tig an ghrian in dhiaidh na fearthainne—

as if anybody did n't know that, that it was a pity to be drowned in time of storm, for the sun shines brightly when the rain goes!

But the sun-dial was mirrored in his heart, and the gracious garden and the purple mountain and the great dun house. The winds he sniffed as a hunting dog does, and each tack to port or starboard either thrilled or cast him down . . . When would he get there? Would it be in the cool of the evening, when the bats were out, or would it be in the sunshine of the morning, when a great smell was from

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the heather? And who would hear the wicket-gate click as the latch was lifted, and put a welcome before him with a great shout, uncles Alan or Robin, or a servant girl or boy, or the bent old gardener who kept the lawn true as a bowling-green? . . . Or would it be his mother?

§ 5

Aboard ship the young apprentices had their problems, problems of conduct, or of girls at home, or of money in port, but for young Shane there was always the problem of his mother.

At home he had regarded as a matter of fact that she should come and go in her hard, efficient French way. It had not seemed strange to him that her mouth was tight, her eyes hard as diamonds. It was to him one with his Uncle Robin's solemnity and Alan Donn's gruff sportsmanship. But away from home he thought of it, brooded over it. Her letters to him were so curt, so cut and dried! She wrote of the birth of another child to young Queen Victoria,—as if that mattered a tinker's curse!—or how her Holland bulbs, which she had bought at Belfast, had withered and died. She directed him "to pray God to keep him pure in mind and body, your affectionate mother, Louise de Daméry Campbell." Alan Donn's letters had the grand smell of harness about them. "You 'll mind the brown gelding we bought at Ballymena. He disgraced us at Dublin in the jumping competitions. You know he can jump his own height, but he got the gate after three tries. I could have graet like a bairn. Well, this will be all from your loving Uncle Alan. P.S. I caught the white trout in Johnson's Brae burn. I was after him, and he was dodging me for six years. Your loving Uncle Alan. P.P.S. The championship is at Newcastle this year, and I think I 've a grand chance. If you 're home, you can caddy for me. Your loving Uncle Alan."

Uncle Robin's letters had vast wisdom. "Aye be reading the books, laddie. An ill educated man feels always at a disadvantage among folk of talent. Aboard ship you can read and think more than at a university. I 've got a parcel for you to take when you go again. Hakluyt's Voyages and a good Marco Polo. And the new book of Mr. Dickens, The Haunted Man. And there 's a great new writer you 'll not want to miss, by name of Thackeray." And there 'd be the Bank of England note, "for fear you might be needing it on a special occasion, and not having it, and feeling bad." Dear Uncle Robin! And then the flash of tenderness, like a rainbow: "God bless you and keep you, my brother's son!"

His Uncle Robin's letters he would greet with a smile, and perhaps a bit moistness in the eye; Alan Donn's with a grin, as an elder brother's. But his mother's letters he would approach with a coldness akin to fear. He hated to open them. It was like an unpleasant duty.

The realization of her was always a chilling disappointment, but the dream of her was a great hope. And in the black waters of the China Seas, or in the night watches off the Azores, where the porpoises played in the phosphorescence, there would come a sea-change over the knowledge he had of her. All the spiritual, all the mental angles of her faded into a gracious line, and on the tight French lips of her a smile would play as a flower opens, and her

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eyes, hard as diamonds, would open and become kindly as a lighted house. And the strange things of the heart would come out, like little shy rabbits, or like the young of tortoises, and bask in that kindly picture. And the things that were between them, that could not be said, but just sensed, as the primroses of spring are sensed, not seen, not felt, hardly smelt even, but sensed . . . The hesitant deep things he would say and the dignified, smiling answer, or the pressure of the hand even, and the inclination of the shoulder . . .

And the people he would meet who would ask him about his mother, and he could answer nothing, so that they thought him stupid and unthoughtful . . . But really what was there to say? . . . And once when he sprang into the Bay of Biscay after a boy who had fallen over the taffrail, and the lad's mother had thanked him in Plymouth for saving the child's life: "Your mother will be very proud of you," the old woman said. But the reality of the harsh Frenchwoman came to him like a slap in the face. "Christ, if she only were!" his heart cried. But the clipped little Scots-Irish voice replied, "Aye, I suppose she will."

And again the soft mood would come, and then he would have a letter from her, ending with that harsh command, that was a gust of some bleak tempest of her own life, where his father had perished: "Pray God to keep you pure in mind and body!"

And homeward bound again, in the soft murmur of the wind among the shrouds, and the little laughter of the water at the bows, there would abide with him again the dream mother of the night watches, until he said to himself that surely the reality was false, and at the garden-gate she would be waiting for him with a great depth of kindness in her eyes, and arms warm as sunshine, and a bosom where a boy might rest his head for a moment after the great harshness of the strange places.

But the kindliness came not from her. It came from Robin More, who ran down the garden faster than his dignity should have allowed him. "Are you all right, wee Shane? Is everything all right with you? You 're looking fine, but you have n't been sick, wee fellow? Tell me, you have n't been sick?" Or from Alan Donn, with his great snort of laughter: "Christ! are you home again? And all the good men that 's been lost at sea! Well, the devil's childer have the devil's luck. Eigh, laddie, gie 's a feel o' ye. *A Righ*—O King of Graces, but you 're the lean pup! Morag, Nellie, Cassie, some tea! and be damned quick about it!"

And then his mother would come into the room, like a cold wind or a thin ghost, and there would be a kiss on the cheek, a cold, precise peck, like a bird's. And, "Did you have a good voyage?" just as if she said, "Do you think we 'll have rain?"

Oh, well, to hell with it! as Alan Donn said when he flubbed his approach to the last green for the English championship. "What you never had you never lost!"

Aye, true indeed. What you never had you could n't very well lose. Aye, there was a lot in that. Just so; but—

Boys do be thinking long . . .

§ 6

Because his Uncle Alan was in Scotland somewhere shooting deer and

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would not be home for several days, and because Uncle Robin was in Paris, and because the *Goban Saor* put into Dundalk to take a cargo of unbleached linen, young Shane decided to stay there for a few days before proceeding northward to the Antrim Glens. He felt he could n't face the house at Cushendu with his cold, precise mother alone there, so he accepted the hospitality of an apprentice friend.

It was at a country barn dance during these few days that he met Moyra Dolan.

A tallish, tawny-haired woman with the dead-white skin that goes with reddish hair, with steel for eyes, there was a grace and carriage to her that put her aside from the other peasant girls as a queen may masquerade as a slave and yet betray herself as a queen. Other girls there were as pretty, with their hair like flax and their eyes like blue water; with hair like a dim blue cloud and eyes like a smudge of charcoal. But none had her teeth, her small ankles, her long, sensitive hands. Some strain of the Stuart cavaliers had crept into that hardy peasant stock on the way to the defeat of the Boyne Water . . . She might have seemed nothing but a pretty lady's maid in London or Dublin, but in North Louth she was like a queen . . .

Her looks were her tragedy, for she held herself too good for a laboring man to marry, and, having no dower, no farmer would have her. Among the peasantry romance does not count, but land. And if the Queen of Sheba, and she having nothing but her shift, were to offer herself in marriage to a strong farmer, he would refuse her for the cross-eyed woman in the next town-land who had twenty acres and five good milch cows . . . Only for the very rich or the very poor is romance!

Her only chance for marriage was a matter of luck. She would have to meet some government official, or some medical student home on his holidays, or some small merchant whom her beauty would unbalance, as drink would unbalance him. And she must dazzle, and her old mother play and catch him, as a jack pike is dazzled by a spoon bait, hooked, and brought ashore. She might marry or might miss, or grow into an acidulous red-headed woman. It was a matter of luck. And her luck was in. She met young Shane Campbell.

They danced together. They wandered in the moonlight. They met in the country lanes. And they were very silent, she because she played a game, and a counter is better than a lead, and he because he was in love with her. Had it been only a matter of sweethearting, he would have been merry as a singing bird, full of chatter, roughing it with her for a kiss. But it was love with him, and a thing for life, and life was long and more serious than death . . . So he was silent.

He was silent when he went home for a week, silent with uncles Robin and Alan, who sensed he was going through one of the crises of adolescence, and knew the best thing to do was to leave him alone. He was silent with his mother, who saw nothing, cared nothing, so intent was she on revolving within herself as inexorably as the planets revolve in space. He decided to spend the last days of his leave in Dundalk. And at the railroad station in Ballymena he hazarded a look at Alan Donn.

"Uncle Alan—" and he stopped.

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"What is it, laddie? Is it a girl troubling you? Take my advice and look her in the eyes and, 'You can love me or leave me, and to hell with you!' tell her. 'Do you see this right foot of mine?' says you. 'Well, it 's pointed to the next town-land, where there 's just as pretty a one as you.' And you 'll find her come around; maybe there 'll be a bit of an argument, but she 'll come around. And if she does n't, there 'd have been no hope for you, anyway. A touch o' the spur for the lazy mare and a bit sugar for the jumper! And when you 've done loving her, gie her a chuck in the chin: 'Good-by! Good luck! What you keep to yoursel' 'll worry nobody,' says you. And to hell with her!"

"Alan Donn!"

"Oh, it 's that way, is it, Shaneen? If you 're in deep water, there 's none but yourself can help you, laddie. I thought it was just maybe a case o' laugh and kiss me. But it 's different, is it? There 's no use giving advice. What 's in you will out. But remember this: when it 's over, for good or

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bad, your Uncle Alan 's here, to laugh with you or greet with you or help you out of a hole. So—

"Good-by, laddie. *Beannacht leat!* My blessing with you!"

§ 7

"Young lad, what is this you have done to my fine young daughter?"

"I have done nothing, Bhean 'i Dolain," young Shane flared up, "save in honor, and the man or woman who says other lies."

"Agra, I know that. I know there 's no harm in you from head to foot. And the trouble you 've put on her is in her heart. All day long she sighs, and is listless as a shaded plant that does be needing the sun. All night long she keeps awake, and the wee silent tears come down her face. And before my eyes she 's failing, and her step that was once light now drags the like of a cripple's. Young lad of the North, you 've put love in the heart of her and sorrow in the mind."

"I 'm not so sprightly in the mind myself, woman Dolan."

"I know, avick. I know. Is n't it myself that 's suffered the seven pangs of love and I a young girl? But it 's easy on a man, avick. He can go into the foreign countries, and put it out of his mind, or take to the drink and numb the great pain. But for a woman it 's different. It 's the like of a disfiguration that all can see. And when you 're gone away, sure all will remember, for men do be minding long. The marrying time will come, and they 'll look at my grand young daughter, strong farmer, and merchant of the shop, and drover does be going to England for the cattle-fairs, and they 'll say: 'Is n't that the red girl gave love to the sailing fellow, and burnt her heart out so that there 's no sap in it for me?' And they 'll pass her by, my grand young daughter, that 's the equal of any."

"And what would you have me do, woman of the house?"

"What would any decent man do but marry her?"

"Ay! . . Ay! I thought of marrying her, if she 'd have me . . . But we hardly know each other yet . . . and maybe I 'm too young . . ."

"If you 're able to handle a ship, you 're able to handle a woman, young lad. And what time is better for marriage nor the first flush of youth? Sure you grow together like the leaves upon the tree. Let you not be putting if off now, but spring like a hero."

"But is n't the matter of her faith between us, woman of the house?"

"And sure that can be fixed later. Will the priest mind, do you think, so long as she does her duty? And a sixpence in the plate on Sunday is better nor a brown ha'penny, and a half-sovereign at Easter will soothe black anger like healing grass. Very open in the thought I am, and I knowing the seven pangs of love. Let you go to your own clergyman, and she 'll go with you, I 'll warrant, so eaten is she by love."

"My people, woman o' the house—"

"Your people, is it? Sure it is n't your people is marrying my grand young daughter, but you yourself. The old are crabbit, and they do be thinking more of draining a field, or of the price of flax, nor of the pain and delights of love. And it 's always objections. But there can be no objecting when the job 's finished."

She looked at him shrewdly.

"A grand influence, a grand steadying influence is marriage on a sailing

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man. It keeps you from spending your money in foreign ports, where you only buy trickery for your silver. And when you have a wife at home, you 'll have little truck with fancy women, who have husbands behind the screen, sometimes, and them with knives . . . So I 've heard tell . . . Or maybe get an evil sickness. Listen to an old woman has wisdom, bold lad."

"When I come from my voyage . . ."

"Dark lad, if anything happens to you, and you drowning in the black water, the great regret that will be on you and the water gurgling into your lungs, and, 'Was n't I the fool of the world,' you 'll say, 'that might have heard the crickets singing in the nighttime and my white love by my side? And might have had a power of kissing and lovemaking, but was young and foolish, and lay by my lee lone . . .'"

But this was the wrong tack, the old woman noticed, and came about.

"And all the time you 're away, my daughter will be pining for you, drooping and pining, my grand young daughter, and the spring will go out of her step and the light from her eyes and the luster from the hair that 's a wonder to all . . . Oh, is n't it the cruel thing?"

"My ship sails day after to-morrow."

She saw surrender in his face, rose quickly, and went to the door.

"Come inside, Moyra, Moyreen! And be putting your cloak on, with the ribbons that tie beneath your chin. And your dress of muslin that the lady in Newry gave you. And stockings. And your shoes of leather. And I 'll be putting on my Paisley shawl. And this young boy will be getting Michael Doyle's horse and trap. Come in, Moyreen, come in and put haste on you, for it 's going to Dundalk we are, this day, this hour, this minute even!"

§ 8

It occurred to him as he sat in the haggard under the riding moon, not a pitch shot from the house where his wife was being waked, that nothing was disturbed because she was dead. It was not strange that the stars kept on their courses, for the death of neither king nor cardinal nor the wreck of the greatest ship that ever sailed the seas would move them from their grave accustomed orbit. But not a robin in the hedge was disturbed, not a rabbit in the field, not a weasel in the lane. Nature never put off her impenetrable mask. Or did she really not care? And was a human soul less to her than a worm in the soil?

There was a stir in the house. They would be making tea now for the men and women who said they were mourners . . . The querulous voice of his wife's mother came to him as some led her from the heated house into the coolth of the June night.

"Great sacrifices we made for him, myself and the white love that 's stretched beyond in the room. All we had we gave him, and all she found was barren death, and I the barren charity of Northern men . . . "

"Oh, sure, 't is the pity of the world you are, Pegeen," a neighbor comforted her.

"On his bended knees he came to her, asking for love," the *cailleach* went on. "On his bare and bended knees. And her heart melted toward him as the snow melts on the hills. 'And had n't you better wait,' said I, 'Moyreen Roe? With the great looks

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and the grand carriage of you, 't is a great match you can make surely. A gentleman from England, maybe, would have a castle and fine lands, or the pick of the dealing men, and they going from Belfast to Drogheda and stopping overnight at Ardee. Or would n't it be better for you to marry one of your own kind, would go to church with you in a kindly way?'

" 'But if I don't marry this lad, he 'll kill himself,' she says to me.

" 'But your faith,' says I, 'avourneen, your holy faith, surely you will not be forsaking that for this boy!' "

"And what did she say to that, Pegeen?" the neighbor asked.

" 'Sure it 's promised to turn he has,' she answered. 'And do everything is right by me, so much I love him!' "

"The treacherous Ulster hound!" The neighbor inveighed.

"Treacherous by race and treacherous by nature. Sure, can't you see it, the way he treats me? Sorrow word he has for me, that bore the wife of his bosom, barring, 'Alan Donn Campbell will see you and fix up everything.' And have n't I met Alan Campbell once before, and it 's the cold eye he has and the hard heart. And this is all the return I get for bearing the white darling would be fit mate for a king. There was a publican of Dundalk had an eye on her, a big red-faced, hearty man. And she might have married him but this lad came and spoiled everything. And if she 'd married him, I 'd have been sitting in the parlor of the public house, in a seemly black dress and a brooch in the bosom of it, taking my pinch of snuff and my strong cup of tea with a drop of Hollands in it would warm the cockles of your heart, and listening to the conversation of the fine customers and them loosening up with the drink. And the ould grannies would have curtsied to me and hate in their hearts. But now a leaf on the wind am I, a broken twig on the stream. And the black men of Ulster have me for a plaything, the men that have a hatred for me and my kind, so that it 's a knife they 'd put in you, or poison in your tea—"

"Let you be coming in now, Pegeen. Let you be coming in now. And take a cup of tea would put heart in you, or something strong, maybe. And then we 'll be saying a prayer for her who 's gone—"

"Dead she is, the poor heart, dead she is, and better off nor I am—"

Her high querulousness died away as she went into the house, and again was the silence of the riding moon. All her grief, all her lies, all her bitterness had not stirred a leaf upon the bough. Not a robin in the hedge was disturbed by her calamity, not a rabbit in the field, not a weasel in the lane. . .

§ 9

He thought to himself: had they rushed him into this marriage? And he answered himself truthfully, they had not. He could have said no, and stood by his no, young as he was, against every old woman and every young woman in the world. No, fast as they had worked, they had n't worked faster than his thought had.

And did he marry because he was in love with Moyra Dolan? He was in love with her, he conceded that. For what the term was accepted at, he was in love with her. Women he had met in his twenty years, great ladies of the Ulster clans; shy, starched misses from the Friends' School; moody peasant girls; merry women of the

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foreign ports, and to none of them had he felt that strange yearning he had felt toward Moyra Dolan, the strange pull that sends the twig in the diviner's hands down toward the hidden water. Yes, he was in love with her, but was it because of that he had married her? And he truthfully answered, no.

He remembered, the mood coming back to him as concretely as an action, what he had thought while the old woman had wheedled him with her voice like butter. All he had thought in his prentice days at sea, all he had thought of in the night watches, all he had thought of in the loneliness of his mother's house, had gathered like great cloud-banks at night, and had suddenly taken form and color and purpose in that one moment, as a cloud-bank at the coming of the sun . . . Life had appeared to him in one brief moment, and he had tried to grasp it.

It had seemed to him right that he would go down to the sea in ships all his days, and trade in foreign ports, and work, transmuting effort into gain, and should come home to rest.

And for whom was the gain? And where was home? Surely not for himself was the gain, and home was not his cold mother's house? And now that he had come to manhood as boys come at sea, braving danger and thinking mightily, it was for him to decide.

A mirage, a seeming, a thing to look at, to go get bravely had come into his mind in little pictures, like prints in a book. A thing of simplicity, simple as the sea, and as colorful and as wholesome and as beautiful. He thought of a little thatched and whitewashed house with a cobbled yard clean as a ship's decks, and a garden where the bluish green stalks and absurdly pretty flowers of potatoes would come in spring, and one side would be the red and white of the clover, and on the other would be the minute blue flower of the flax; and an old dog drowsing on the threshold . . . And this would be in his mind as he wandered the hot foreign streets . . . And there would be the droning of the bees in the clover, and the swish of the swallows darting to and from the eaves, and in the evening would be the singing of the crickets . . . And these he would hear over the capstan's *clank* . . . When he tumbled into his cabin after his watch, into the heeling room where the lamp swung overhead like a crazy thing, and all was a litter of oilskins and sea-boots, and a great dampness everywhere, he would know there was a swept cottage in Louth where the delft shone on the dresser in the kindly light of the turf, and there would be a spinning-wheel in the corner, and big rush-bottomed chairs, and the kettle singing on the hob . . . And when his comrades would leave the ship in port of nights to go to the houses where music and dancing were, and crazy drinking, and where the adroit foreign women held out their arms of mystery and mercenary romance, he would lean over the taffrail and laugh and shake his head: "No, I think I 'll stay on board." "Come on, young Shane. There 's a woman down at Mother Parkinson's, and they say she 's an Austrian archduchess who has run away with a man, and got left. Come on." Or, "There 's a big dance over on the beach to-night, and a keg of rum, and the native women. Jump in." "No, I think I 'll stay on board and

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read." "Come on. Don't be a fool." "No, go ahead and enjoy yourselves. I 'll stay on board." And there would be the plash of oars as they rowed shoreward, and maybe a song raised . . . And he would make himself comfortable under the awning of the after deck, and read the bundles of newspapers from home, of how Thomas Chalmers, the great Scottish preacher, was dead, or how a new great singer had been heard in London, a Swedish girl, her name was Jenny Lind, or how Shakspere's house had been bought and a great price paid for it, three thousand pounds . . . Or he would read one of the new books that were coming out in a flood, a new one by Mr. Dickens, the bite of the new writer, Mr. Thackeray with his "Vanity Fair," or that strange book written by a woman, "Wuthering Heights." . . . But in a little minute the volume would fall to his knees, and the people of the book would leave the platform of his mind, and a real, warmer presence come to it . . . He could see the gracious, kindly womanhood now move through the house, now come to the door to watch the far horizon . . . Of evenings she would stand dreaming at the lintel while he was leaning dreaming over the taffrail, and though there were ten thousand miles between them, their hearts would be intimate as pigeons . . . And he would think of coming home to the peaceful cottage and the wife with the grave eyes and kindly smile, and if he were a day ahead of time, she would forget her reserve in great joy, and low, pleased laughter would jet from her throat . . . And if he were on time, there would be the quiet grave confidence: "I knew your step!" . . . And if he were late, there would be the passing of the cloud from the brows: "Thank God! I—I was—just a trifle worried!". . . And the greetings over, she would look at him with a smile and a little lift of the eyebrows, and he would give her what he had brought from the voyage: a ring from Amsterdam, maybe, where the great jewelers are, or heavy silken stockings of France; or had he gone to the West Indies, a great necklet of red coral; or some fancy in humming-birds' feathers from the Brazils; lace from Porto Rico, that the colored women make with their slim brown fingers; things of hammered brass from India; and were he to China in the tea-trade, a coat such as a mandarin's lady would wear . . . And with each gift there would be a gasp of incredulous surprise, and "Oh, Shaneen, you should n't have!" . . . And then the evening would come, and they would stand on the threshold, and he would listen to the sounds the seamen never hear: the swish and ripple of the wind among the trees, the birds settling themselves to sleep amid the boughs, the bittern that boomed like a horn, and the barking of a distant dog, and the crickets that do be singing when the evening falls . . . And he would turn from that, to find her arms out and her lips apart, who could wait no longer, and together they would go into their house, where the red turf had turned to yellow—together, over their own threshold, into their own house . . . And when the time came for him to go to sea again, she would be grave with unshed tears and a brave smile . . . And one day after a long voyage, when she had greeted him, she would say, "Some one has come to our house!" and he would n't understand, and be

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annoyed, until she showed him the little warm head in the cradle, and he would drop on his knees reverentially, and there would be great silent tears from him, and all her heart would show in her quiet smile . . .

And never an old woman on Naples quay would ask him for an alms, but would get it, he thinking all the time of the old woman with the towlike hair who abode in his house, his wife's mother. And she would be comfortable there in her old days, with always a fire to warm her, and always a cup of tea to cheer her up, and a kindly ear for her stories of ancient days, and a thanks for the alien rosaries she would say, praying for his safe return from the almighty waters . . . And never a dog on his travels but would get a pat and a whistle, and he thinking of the grizzled terrier in Louth that guarded the threshold of quiet beauty . . .

And so he would have been content to live all his days, so he thought he would live, going down to the dangers of the sea, trading in strange ports, and transmuting hard, untiring effort into gain for her at home and her children, and he would grow old and grizzled, until he could no longer brace to a heeling plank or stand the responsibility of a ship's mastery, and then they would buy a little house on some harbor, while their sons went rolling down to Rio or fought the typhoon in the China Seas, and he could sit there with his telescope, watching the ships go by, or come in and out, hauling up mainsail or making their mooring, and grumbling pleasantly at how good seamanship fades and dies . . .

All this he had thought out in the loneliness of foreign ports, in the night watches aboard ship, in the inhospitality of his mother's house, and on the jaunting-car to Dundalk. All this he had thought out, and on its basis gone into marriage. And it would just have been as well for him, better perhaps, had he thrown a coin into the air to find out whether he should marry or no.

And that was what human thought was worth—a brown penny thrown into the empty air!

"Gloir do'n Athair, agas do'n Mhoe, agas do'n Spiorad Naomh," went the drone of the rosary within. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, Amen!"

§ 10

And the house that he had known in a dream was no more in reality than a cold, strange dwelling; all was there, the whitewash, the thatch, the delft on the dresser, but as a home it was still-born. The turf did not burn well, and the swallows shunned the eaves, feeling, in nature's occult way, that the essential rhythm was wanting. Nor would bees be happy in the skips, but must swarm otherward. One would have said the house was built on some tragic rock . . .

Only the old dog was faithful, and stayed where his master put him.

And the face he had dreamed would not look toward him over the illimitable ocean. Seek as he would, it was never there, with warm gravity. His eyes might strive, but all they would see was the oily swell of the Dogger Bank, and the great plowed field of the Bay of Biscay, and the smash of foam against the Hebrides. Never would a space in the watery horizon open and show him a threshold of beauty with a quiet, brooding face . . . And when he came home, either late or

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early, or on time to the moment, it was, "Och, is it yourself?" And the only interruption to the house was the little more trouble he caused. And his gifts were treated tepidly, though with cupidinous eyes. In the evening, if he stood on the threshold, it was: "Wisha, is it going out you are? And is n't it enough of the fresh air you have, and you on the salt water?" And her embraces were half chastity, half sin, tepidly passionate, unintimate . . . so that shame was on him, and no pride or joyousness . . . Cold! cold! cold! . . . A cold house, a cold woman . . . No light or warmth or graciousness . . .

And the old woman whom he had thought of as warm and peaceful by the fire was a hag with a peasant's cupidity: "And is n't it a little more you can be leaving us, darling lad, what with the high price that does be on things in this place and you not spending a brown ha'penny aboard ship? . . And herself might be taken sick now, and would n't it be a grand thing, a wee store of money in the house? Or the wars might come, and you far on the sea! An extra sovereign now, brave fellow, a half-sovereign itself!"

And when he left it was of less import than the cow going dry. Only one mourned him, the old dog. Only one remembered him, the half-blind badger hound, that dreamed of ancient hunting days . . .

And he would go down to his ship, heartbroken, when none was looking a mist of tears in his eyes,—he was not yet twenty-one,—but in a day or so that would pass, and the sea that was so strong would give him of its strength and heal him, so that after a few days he could stand up and say: "Well . . . Huuh . . . Well . . . "

A trick had been played him, like some tricks the sea and sun play. Afar off he had seen an island like an appointed dancing-place, like the Green of Fiddlers, and he had asked to be put ashore there, to live and be a permanent citizen. And when he was landed, he found that his dancing-place was only a barren rock where the sea-gulls mourned. Past the glamour of the sun and sea mists, there were only cold, searching winds and dank stone . . .

But he came of a race that are born men, breed men, and kill men. Crying never patched a hole in a brogue, and a man who 's been fooled is no admirable figure, at least to Antrim men. So shut your mouth! When a master loses a ship he gets no other. That is the inexorable rule of the sea. So when a man wrecks his life . . .

What he had decided was this: go ahead. He had been fooled; pay the forfeit. Retreat into his own heart, and go ahead. Thirty, forty years . . . He had himself to blame. And it was n't as if he had to live in the house all the time; he had only to come back there. All that was killed was his heart. His frame was still stolid, his eye clear . . . There would be little oases here and there, some great record of a voyage broken, friends bravely made, a kiss now and then, freely, gallantly given . . . But . . . go ahead!

And then suddenly death had come, and the scheme of his life was broken, like a piece from the end of a stick. Death he had seen before, but never so close to him. A good man had died and he had said, "God! there 's a pity!" though why he did n't know.

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And a young girl might die, and it would seem like a tragedy in a play. And a child would die, and he would feel hurt and say, "Yon 's cruelty, yon!" And death had seemed to be an ultimate word.

But never before now had he seen the ramifications of death. Life had seemed to him to be a straight line, and suddenly he was inspired to the knowledge that it was a design, a pattern, a scheme . . . And now he felt it was only a tool, like a knife, or scissors, in the hands of what? . . . What? Destiny? . . . or what? . . .

§ 11

"*A chraoibhin aoibhinn!* O pleasant little branch, is there regard in you for the last words of the dead woman?" The old *cailleach* had come again to ruffle the grave silence about young Shane in the haggard.

"Was it—was it anything for me?"

"And whom would it be for, *acushla*, o pulse? Sure the love of her heart you were, the white love of her heart. You and me she was thinking of, her old mother that saw a power of trouble. Ill treated I was by Sergeant Dolan, who fought old Bonaparte in the foreign wars, and took to drinking in the dreadful days of peace. Harsh my life was, and peaceful should my end be, the like of a day that does be rainy, and turns fine at evening-time. And that was what she wanted, *a charaid bhig*, little friend o' me."

"What now?"

"She said to me, and she dying in my arms, and the blue spirit coming out of the red lips of her,—och! ochanee!,—'Sure it 's not in that grand Northern lad to see you despised in your old age, and the grannies of the neighborhood laughing at you who boasted often. The wee house he 'll give you—the wee house is comfortable for an old woman—' "

"But the house is n't mine. It 's Alan Donn Campbell's. It is n't mine to give, and I have n't the money to buy it. All the money I have is my pay and what my uncles give me—and they won't see you want."

"But is n't it the grand rich Northern family you are? And won't there be money coming to you when your uncles and mother die?"

"I suppose so."

"Well now, agra, a few of us have been thinking. And Manus McGinty, the priest's brother, is willing to advance you the money at interest, to be paid him when your people die. And you can buy the house, and a slip of a pig I can be fattening against the Christmas market."

"No!"

"Och, agra," she whined, "you would n't go back on the words of the poor girl, and her dying in my arms? And she was thinking of you when she should have been thinking of her God! And the grand subtle things she said of you, that only a woman can understand! Sure it was of love for you she died, you being away so long from her on the salt and bitter sea—"

"Listen, woman Dolan. I heard how Moyra died as I came through the village. She died as she was beating my poor old hound. She dropped dead from the passion in her, like a shot man. So where 's all your love and your long dying wishes as she lay in your arms?"

He rose and walked away from her, through the haggard, under the sky, where the southeast cloud-banks rolled

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steadily toward the placid moon. And there was silence for an instant, so speechless he left her. And then suddenly her ancient shrill voice cut the air like a drover's whip:

"You Orange bastard!"

§ 12

The feeling that was uppermost in him as he sat outside the thatched cottage in the moonlight while the wake was within was not grief at his wife's death; not a shattered mind that his life so carefully laid out not twelve months before was disoriented; not any self-pity; not any grievance against God such as little men might have. But a strange dumb wonder . . . There she lay within, in her habit of a Dominican lay sister, her hands waxy, her face waxy, her eyelids closed. And six guttering candles were about her, and women droned their prayers with a droning as of bees. There she lay with her hands clasped on a wooden crucifix. And no more would the robins wake her, and they fussing in the great hawthorn-tree over the coming of dawn. No longer would she rake the ash from the peat and blow the red of it to a little blaze. No longer would she beat his dog out of the house with the handle of the broom. No longer would she forgather with the neighbors over a pot of tea for a pleasant vindictive chat. No longer would she look out to sea for him with her half-loving, half-inimical eyes. No longer in her sharpish voice would she recite her rosary and go to bed.

And to-morrow they would bury her,—there would be rain to-morrow: the wind was sou'east,—they would lower her gently into the ground—and leave her there in the rain.

A month from now they would say a mass for her, a year from now another, but to-morrow, to-day, yesterday even, she was finished with all of life—with the fussy excited robins of dawn; with the old dog that wanted to drowse by the fire; with the young husband who was either too much or too little of a man for her; with the clicking beads she would tell in her sharpish voice; with each thing; with everything . . .

And here was the wonder of it, the strange dumb wonder, that the snapping of her life meant less in reality to him than the snapping of a stay aboard ship. The day after to-morrow he would mount the bridge of Patrick Russell's boat, and after a few crisp orders would set out on the eternal sea, as though she were still alive in her cottage, as though, indeed, she had never even lived, and northward he would go past the purple Mull of Cantyre; past the Clyde, where the Ayrshire sloops danced like bobbins on the water; past the isles, where overhead drove the wedges of the wild swans, trumpeting as on a battlefield; past the Hebrides, where strange Arctic birds whined like hurt dogs; northward still to where the Northern Lights sprang like dancers in the black winter nights. Eastward and southward to where the swell of the Dogger Bank rose, where the fish grazed like kine . . . Over the great sea he would go, as though nothing had happened, not even the snapping of a stay—down to the sea, where the crisp winds of dawn were, and the playful, stupid, short-sighted porpoises; the treacherous, sliding icebergs; and the gulls that cried with the sea's immense melancholy; and the great plum-colored whales . . .

(The end of the second part of "The Wind Bloweth")

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Joseph Clement Coll

Pen Illustrator

By J. Thomson Willing

Drawings by J. C. Coll

In the last decade of the nineteenth century newspapers were illustrated with pen-drawings. This method produced many competent pen-draftsmen, who gave the salient characteristics of a scene or rendered succinctly types and picturesque figures.

The invention of the half-tone modified all this. The feeling that the photograph gave absolute verity made for its quick acceptance. The redrawing of the snap-shot photograph with pen over a bleach print saved for a time the pen-artist to the newspapers. The marching men of the Spanish-Cuban War were drawn in pen by draftsmen trained to see and work quickly, and half-pages of drawings would appear the morning after the event. It was into this declining period of daily-paper pen-work that a boy of seventeen from Philadelphia went on the staff of a New York daily.

From the very first his work had style. He worked in his own way. After several months, during which his work was appreciated by his art manager, he was sent to Chicago to be a staff worker on a newly established daily. In the year and a half there he progressed wonderfully in acquiring the most valuable quality for a staff worker, the ability to see and remember, and then to transmit in vigorous lines, in a few hours, the dramatic quality.

When, in 1901, the Sunday issue of the Philadelphia "North American" was started, Joseph Clement Coll was invited to become one of the staff. He came back to his home town, a boy of twenty, a wonderful boy, well read in all romantic literature and withal having had close contacts with the intense life of a city in his own day.

He knew dramatic doings of the under-world, but he knew also the poetry and drama of the past. He gave character to the paper at once, and for about a year his work was the usual grind of production of newspaper pages. Then came the opportunity to illustrate weekly "When Knighthood Was in Flower," which he did wholly from his imagination, without use of model or books of reference for costumes or settings. And it was done in such forceful lines that bad printing of them was impossible. His technic was suited to its utilization. His design was novel and diversified. He had invention.

At this time, as previously, his work was done amid bustle and rush and distraction, but he concentrated, and kept his serenity. Among his associates, modest, yet self-centered, he maintained poise, was likable, and beloved of his fellows.

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In 1905 he broke away from newspapers and began magazine work. His forceful, vital illustrations to Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel" for the Associated Sunday Magazines were a sensation among students of illustration.

This character of work was not known in any American publication.

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Here were poetry and romance made visible. A large drawing and several small ones every week, without models, made an achievement, but left the artist almost a nervous wreck. However, he continued his magazine work, still using the firm lines and definite construction of his newspaper days, but a little modified toward a delicacy permitted by better printing.

A quality of his imaginative work was his ability to render convincing types of the period he was illustrating. He could differentiate facially between a feudal lord of the thirteenth century and one of the seventeenth, between a henchman of the earlier period and a highwayman of the later one. A series of drawings of "Galloping Dick," a highwayman of the Merry Monarch's time, extended over several years and showed some of his best qualities. The tendency in this series was toward more fullness of tone.

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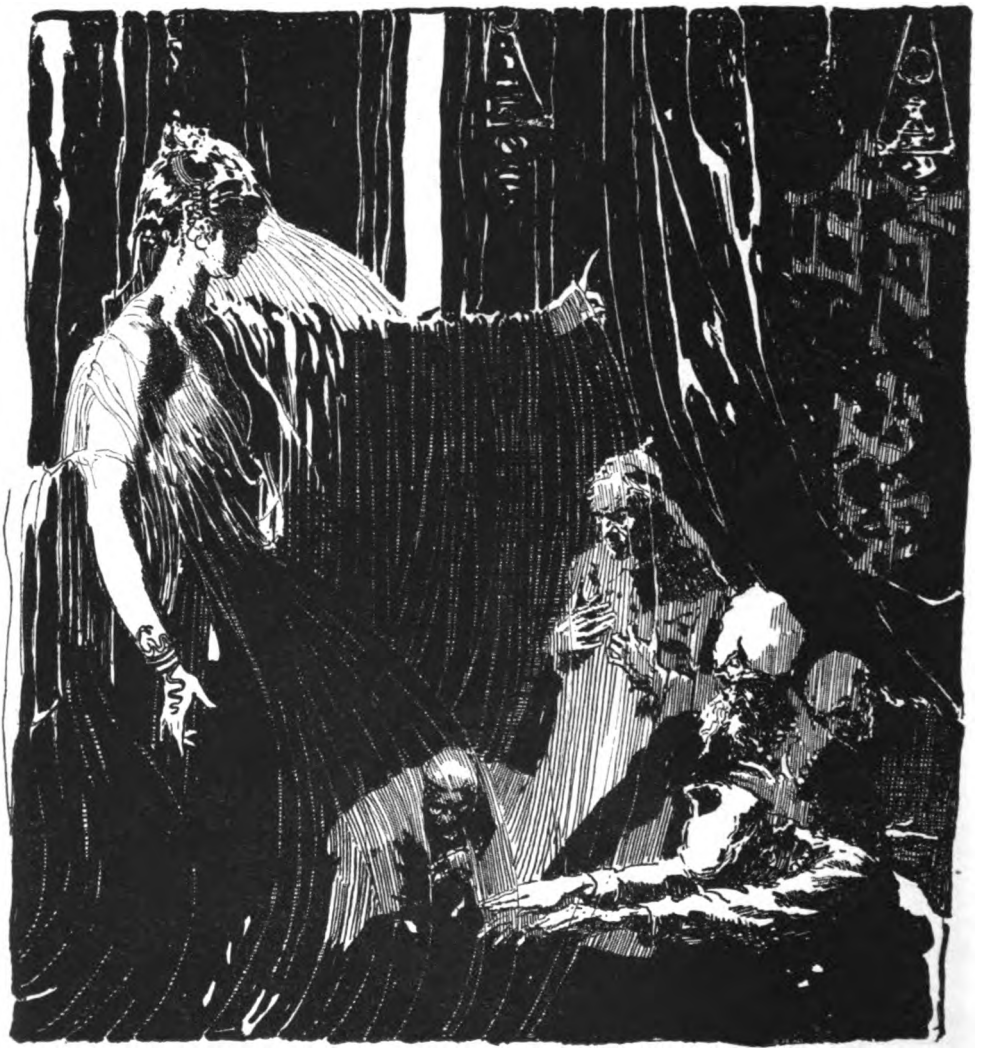
Always a lover of Dickens, because there he got strongly drawn types, he made a remarkable grouping of the characters into one drawing for the Dickens centenary, and he illustrated a volume on the children of Dickens.

Since that time his technic had changed greatly. He afterward employed models, making careful drawings of them on thin paper and tracing them through to the illustration board. From the simplicity of the line intimating local values, and adding spots of brilliant black, he used numberless lines to render actual tone values. These surfaces had variety of texture; in fact, as great a variety as a painter would get with oil color.

Effective as this was, it does not seem any more justifiable than the use of the etching-needle point to obtain reproductions of the values of a painting. It is not the most direct use of the instrument to the end.



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Though illustrations to East-Indian stories and many laid in China were in this later manner, nevertheless they all had brilliance, picturesqueness, and invention. And they had, too, some weird quality, some thoughtful rendering of an accessory, or a dramatic turn to a hand, language in their very gesture, which really illuminated the story. At times he said as much with his reserve as he told in line. He intimated untold things and started the imagination on uncharted areas.

Latterly, his quality was recognized by advertisers, and he was diverted from featuring fiction and poetry in

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the body of the magazine to bringing poetry to the advertising pages.

Of unpublished work he left little, his time having been so fully commissioned, but two volumes in which he drew decorations in the margins in some respects show him at his best. On one hundred pages of "Aucassin and Nicolette" are dramatic fights, love-scenes, laughter, and music. He runs therein the whole gamut of human emotions in designs that vary marvelously in their conception and are more marvelous in the delicacy of their drawing. This book was done shortly after his drawings for "Sir Nigel," and has all the ancient chivalry and romance of the old, sad love-story.

From boyhood a close student of the drama, he was attracted to Henry Irving's lectures on the subject. In a large paper copy of these collected essays he has drawn daintily, delicately, but with wonderful power, subjects to illustrate the text, chiefly picturings of Irving in his various characterizations; ending the book with the scene of *Becket* dying at the altar, and quoting the actor's last words on any stage, "Into Thy hands, O God."

The boy who did this imaginative work—and we who knew him always thought of him as a boy destined to do yet bigger things—passed away in late October, a loss to the art and culture of his time.

No bargainer for wealth or fame,
His was the better part—
A simple love of all his kind,
And lifelong fervor in his art.

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An American Railroad Program

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ABOUT six years ago I began to study the possibilities of a reorganization of American railroads into a series of regional systems. A process of careful reading had given me knowledge of the regional plan as it exists in Europe, and particularly as it is worked out in France. It was apparent then that the scheme of organization by which our roads had been developed for eighty-five years was approaching the end of its usefulness. Over-consolidation, the decline of real competition between separate carriers, the increasing interference of the Government into the details of railroad operation, the decline of morale—all bespoke the approaching end of the old order of railroad affairs.

At that time I worked out plans for alternative railroad centralization and decentralization schemes. In one I bowed abjectly to the great American god of competition. I recognized banking control, natural traffic routes, and breaking-points and interlocking directorates and ownerships. On paper I laid down a vast number of "competitive consolidated" railroads; not more than twenty or twenty-five for the entire United States. I linked widely separated roads because they had already linked themselves by joint ownership; I split New England in twain, giving the New Haven to the Pennsylvania, and the rest of her railroads to the already overburdened and somewhat unwieldy New York Central. Such moves followed the logic of Wall Street. The comfort and convenience of Boston, in such a course, mattered not at all. Did she not have competition? What mattered it that under such a plan the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, the Lackawanna, the Lehigh Valley, or the Canadian roads would have no entrance to Boston or the fine industrial territory roundabout save over the rails of their competitors?

But while Boston might have the competition of two roads, little of the rest of New England would. Railroad competition, as I have said in these articles, may be an industrial necessity, but to give the fine manufacturing towns of Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and Providence railroad competition would mean the complete dismemberment of the compact New Haven system, an almost utter impossibility. Southern New England is already pretty tightly set as a simon-pure railroad region, and can be regarded as nothing else.

So I tore up my competitive consolidation plan and tried to place the entire country on the simon-pure regional idea. Along the outer, or coast-line, rim of the United States the regional plan, without compromise or variation, works out pretty well all the way from the northern New England lines to the Californian Railroad or the Puget Sound lines, which would immediately adjoin it upon the north.

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It is a pretty plan, and in its simplicity most beguiling. Yet when one comes to the middle of the country, this same simple, non-competitive regional plan becomes almost utterly impossible. After all, we are working with things as they are, and not merely with things as we should like to have them.

§ 2

A careful study of rival plans, non-competitive regional and highly competitive regional, has led me to a firm belief that the real solution of our problem of railroad organization in this country lies in a compromise between them. Much as we may admire a purely regional plan, such as is in use in France, we cannot ignore hard facts, the important properties already built and developed, the recognized making- and breaking-points of traffic, and the individual morale and tradition of the several roads. We can use the purely regional plan where this idea best serves high theory and hard fact, but we must use the partly competitive regional plan where that form of organization seems to fit in better.

We could begin in New England and there create an autonomous regional railroad, probably two, each with headquarters in Boston, its traditional capital; one south of and including the present Boston & Albany, and the other north of that line. Next we could cross the Hudson River and tackle the great congested railroad district that lies between it and the thousand mile distant cities of Chicago and St. Louis as a *bloc*. We can easily make four long narrow regions stretching four or five hundred miles to the west of New York, and to each of these auxiliary regions, or rather regional railroads, give, farther on, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, respectively. The most northerly of these will be, of course, the New York Central, the unit management of which will be terminated at Buffalo, and to which will be handed the Delaware & Hudson, north of Albany, the Ontario & Western, and some lesser properties. It might be possible to go even further, and also give to the generally efficient New York Central the Lehigh Valley, the Lackawanna, the Erie (east of Jamestown), the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, and the rest of the Delaware & Hudson.

Probably, it would be better to take this last group and make it the second of our long, narrow northeastern regions—call it, if you will, the Erie-Lackawanna—and place its eastern terminals at Albany, at New York, and by the means of the absorption of some sixty miles of Reading, at Philadelphia, too. This would make a well-balanced and compact group, fairly competitive, and yet accomplishing great economies in the common use of trackage and terminals.

The third of this particular grouping of regions would be, quite naturally, the Pennsylvania. It, too, would be terminated as in other days, at Pittsburgh, although, as we shall presently see, it would possess its own auxiliary regional railroad into the chief cities east of the Mississippi.

Then suppose one takes the Baltimore & Ohio, chops it off at Parkersburg, at Wheeling, and at Pittsburgh, as one did with the Pennsylvania, and adds to it the greater part of the Reading, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Western Maryland, and one or two such lesser properties. The result is a fairly compact property,

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sufficiently competitive in its reach to the larger terminal cities of the territory to appease those who must continue to bow the knee before that particular god of business, and yet unified enough to be easily handled from its traditional headquarters at Baltimore. That would seem to be generally more pleasing than the obliteration of the Baltimore & Ohio, with its fine traditions, its good morale, and its record of excellent service.

The remainder of the country's railroads would be organized in a similar manner, though to assume infallibility or even great accuracy in sketching such a plan as this would be, of course, ridiculous. There would be, perhaps, twenty-five or twenty-six regional railroads, some of them non-competitive monopolies and others quite completely competitive, at least in form, which is about all that our so-called competitive railroads of America are to-day. But in a national transportation plan that begins to assume any real form of high organization we shall not permit the component parts of it to indulge in internecine struggle. It is too expensive.

As an example of the economies that the new system would effect, let us again examine the Erie-Lackawanna combination.

We have brought together the rich Lackawanna and the poverty-stricken Erie, along with the Lehigh Valley, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, the southerly divisions of the Delaware & Hudson, and the Ulster & Delaware Railroads. It takes no large amount of imagination to foresee that such a combination, and most railroad executives and broad-visioned bankers will agree that it is a logical one, can greatly simplify operation in southern and western New York, and abandon miles of railroad that should have been abandoned many years since.

In western New York alone are many, many miles of railroad which could be abandoned profitably to-day not to the hindrance, but to the positive benefit, of the communities which they are supposed to serve, yet no longer serve efficiently, at least.

§ 3

Probably we shall begin the operation of our regional plan, which has already been outlined geographically, by first taking our thousand or more separate railroads—nearly 260,000 miles of line—and thrusting them together into a great single organization. This we might easily call the United States Railroad, even though it is to be in one sense not a railroad; from an operation point of view, at any rate. For once we have centralized our great rail-transport plant, we will at once begin to decentralize it. We shall make many railroads of it. We shall follow in the main the scheme used by those vastly successful private organizations, Standard Oil and the Bell Telephone, and the equally successful government institution, the Federal Reserve Bank, and set up regional and highly autonomous separate organizations. I began my planning of the regional railroad for this country with the number of separate units fixed at about the same as of these three organisms that I have just mentioned, approximately an even dozen. Gradually I found, however, that in as intricate or as extensive a business as railroading in the United States twelve or fourteen or even sixteen regional companies would not be enough. Perhaps twenty-six is not even enough. After all, that is

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only a detail. What we really are seeking now is the proper method of organization.

Our regional railroads decentralized, and each provided with a president and other directing and operating officers extremely local and sensitive to the territory which they would serve, would have left something behind it in the central organization which was created primarily for the business of rearrangement. For having transacted that immediate business, the United States Railroad would still continue to exist as a permanent body, with its headquarters either in New York or in Washington. Its governing body would be the virtually continuous sessions of vice-presidents designated from its constituent railroads, one vice-president for each road being especially chosen for this purpose, together with the occasional meetings of their presidents and other executive officers. These men would form a congress whose powers in almost all phases of our national railroad would be virtually supreme.

Its greatest power, its greatest responsibility, if you please, would be the proper financing of our railroad system. That problem is far too big to-day to be handled locally even in the region which we know as Wall Street, New York, though Wall Street has shown itself capable of taking care of some pretty large financing problems. Before we are done with our railroad financing, it may be necessary for the Government to take hold of it, either by assuming the bonded indebtedness of the roads, and against this issuing its own bonds at a slightly higher rate of interest, or else by direct and complete ownership of the carriers.

I am not going into this vexing and highly controversial phase of the railroad question in America further than to say that I do not feel that this country is yet ready to accept government ownership and operation, particularly the latter. Please note that I have differentiated between the two. It is not often done. And yet in that very shading of difference may yet rest the solution of our entire railroad problem.

I believe that the United States Railroad should be made a federal corporation and nothing else. The state charters of the present-day railroads would be made virtually null and void once they ceased to operate as separate concerns. It is possible, I will admit, that litigation might arise concerning this delicate point. But in the steady decline of states-rights in all our political life, I can have no great anxiety as to the final outcome of such litigation. Apparently, the Federal Government, and not the separate State, has the power to-day.

I myself hold that once the centralized organization has been created,—and I shall refer to its opportunities again in a moment,—prompt decentralization is quite as essential to the situation. The Boston & Albanys, the Lackawannas, the Bessemers, all the other successful small railroads of the present day, arise to bid me go very easily indeed when I suggest any national centralization of actual operation or of the actual relationship between the carriers and their workers. And Sentiment also crooks a warning finger. I know what she means by her glance.

It would be pathetic, even tragic, to remove an American railroad name like the Pennsylvania or the North-

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western, to try to paint out the red cars of the one line and the yellow ones of the other. New York Central is too good a name to be scrapped. The same is true of Baltimore & Ohio. How can we prate of morale and then dare to take from under it the things that are its chief support? After all, does sentiment count for nothing? And tradition? Have we not possibly become a little too materialistic a nation?

On the other hand, Southern Pacific means but little to-day as the name of a railroad that reaches as far north as Portland, Oregon, and as deeply into the heart of the country as Ogden, Utah. The Californian Railroad has a sense of dignity that ought to appeal to every man of that great State. Such a sense, too, have the Puget Sound lines.

"What 's in a name?" Everything. Sentiment, tradition, morale, progress, dollars and cents, if you will force me to be materialistic.

§ 4

But the far greater thing to be gained is intimacy of contact by locating a railroad president, with large authority, within only a few hours' reach of the people that he is endeavoring to serve. Why should the man of Concord, New Hampshire, or one of Lewiston, Maine, have to go farther than Boston for the adjudication of even his most serious differences with the railroad? Or one of Madison or Racine farther than Chicago? And when it comes to the contacts with his fellow-workers, how can a railroad president in our capital city of Washington be expected to know of living conditions in Great Falls, Montana, or in Wichita Falls, Texas? Incidentally, that is the chief thing upon which the Pennsylvania is to-day fighting the Railroad Labor Board in the courts. It wishes the right to meet its own workers in its own way. This is real regional thought. The folk in control of the Standard Oil and the Bell Telephone companies came long ago to bless the day when embarrassing legislation forced the regional system upon them. They now know its real advantages. The intimacy of labor control alone is worth all the trouble and all the expense.

There is little or no dispute among those who really know the situation, that nine tenths of the solution of the railroad labor problem as it exists in this country to-day rests in better contacts between the employees and the employed. A predicament such as we saw only a little time ago—the general manager of a great railroad unable to get his proposals to his shop-workers—would hardly be possible in a road whose limits were not too great. A certain high executive of my acquaintance is going to take extreme exception to my suggestion that the regional trunk-lines in the immediate district between New York and Chicago be broken at Buffalo, at Pittsburgh, and at the Ohio River.

"I can sit in my office," he says, "and every morning within an hour talk with all of my subordinate executives, in Pittsburgh, in Cleveland, in Detroit, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Cincinnati."

Yet that is just the trouble. Too many railroads in this country have been operated on the long-distance telephone principle. Ten minutes' talk over a copper wire is hardly equivalent to a day of personal contact once every ten or twelve or four-

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teen days. That the men who are at the very head of our largest railroads have done wonders with the long-distance telephone I shall not deny. But I do not think that they have accomplished intensive railroad direction with it, or anything like intensive railroad direction. And I have not noticed them accomplishing any remarkable results in bettering their relationships with their workers or with raising the morale of their roads.

Yet just as regional operation, and a well divided regional operation, is essential to the best operating results in our American railroads, so, on the other hand, is centralization fairly vital to any large traffic or financial results.

It will always be argued against any plan for the centralization of our railroads that it makes an easy first step toward government ownership. Yet if it might be good business for the Federal Government in some distant day to take such a step, why is it not good business to undertake it to-day? Particularly when it is in a position to command valuable governmental assistance in the taking of the step. Here is the real nub of this question.

Few practical railroaders will deny certain vast advantages to be gained by the complete centralization of our rail properties not only in financing and in rate-making, but also in traffic solicitation and control, in expert staff study of mechanical and operating problems, and in the production of a proper personnel, especially for the filling of future executive positions. All of these functions the United States Railroad could and would undertake. In contentions which might arise from time to time between the regional roads, its word of decision would be absolute, and its authority supreme. Nowhere is this more necessary to-day than in the vexed question of rates.

The expert traffic executives of this super-railroad would settle these rate questions, and be subject only to revisions on the strict legal points involved by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which would then become almost exclusively a high court of railroad law, and in turn subject only to revision in its decisions by the United States Supreme Court itself. The traffic experts of the United States Railroad would absolutely control the routings of through business where it passed over the lines of two or more of the regional carriers. But, as an immediate beginning, the best constructive step that they could possibly make would be the creation of a real scientific freight-rate structure for this country.

Up to the present time this has been deemed an impossibility by traffic experts outside of the ranks of the railroads as well as by those within them. But it has been an impossibility only because of the lack of proper central organization or authority among our railroads as they exist to-day. Such a plan, in the main, called the block-and-zone system, has been in successful operation for a number of years in both our parcel-post and express services. I myself was in the express business when it first came into being. Up to the very hour of its arrival the tariff-sheets of the express companies were veritable Chinese puzzles; they were nearly as complicated and as obsolete as the freight tariff-sheets of our American railroads of to-day.

The extremely gifted and far-seeing mind of the late Franklin K. Lane devised the block-and-zone tariff sys-

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tem for the express. Some of the older men of the express companies then felt that the blackest day in their history had come to hand. Within twelve months the most reactionary of them had been converted to the new scheme. They saw its simplicity, its fairness, its utility, its economy.

§ 5

What was done for the express nearly half a dozen years ago should immediately be done for the railroad-freight situation here. At the time of his retirement from office Director-General McAdoo already had begun to plan a national freight-rate structure. To perfect its details he had engaged Edward Chambers, vice-president of the Santa Fé and one of the ablest traffic men that this country has ever known. The Chambers's plan was worked out fully, but was never made public. It is known, however, that it follows very closely the general scheme of both the parcel-post and the express block-and-zone tariffs, varying from them only in the intricacies of detail due to the vast range of commodities that a railroad finds itself obligated to carry.

For a centralized traffic bureau of our railroads there is also a huge international opportunity. The representation of our American roads overseas is to-day a woeful thing, indeed. The Southern Pacific has an office of its own in Paris. Perhaps there are others. If so, I have never seen them. But in the long months of residence in that old city the railways from all quarters of the world save the United States have called to me appealingly from their shop-windows along the boulevards. So it is in London; so in the other great capitals of Europe. It is the United States that is deaf and blind alike to the possibilities of the traveler and the freight from overseas. In April of 1921 I picked up the time-table of a prominent American railroad in the chief hotel of Madrid; in its familiar colorings it seemed like an old friend, indeed. It was an *old* friend. It was dated December, 1916; and so were all of its fellows from the U. S. A. in the time-table rack of the man from Cook's.

The United States Railroad would represent adequately every mile of railroad in the United States in every great city of the world. Its offices would be the outposts of American commercial enterprise. They would be filled with adequate and up-to-date information for the tourist and the shipper alike. It might be that they would sell through tickets and through bills-of-lading to the most humble and sequestered of American communities, though to-day the lack of information that the European may readily acquire upon even important towns of our U. S. A. is appalling. Contrast such service, or lack of it, with that rendered, let us say, by the Swiss Federal Railroads in the city of New York. There one may go and find full and accurate information in regard to the smallest of Swiss villages.

Already I have hinted upon the valuable work that this United States Railroad might do in the technic of the business both in studying constant new inventions as well as in working out better operating methods from the tools already at hand. This last would certainly include the constant study of a far better correlation between our steam railroads, our highways, and our inland waterways. It probably would result not only in the

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complete study of the most efficient and economical container, but in the actual ownership of several millions of them. It might be well for the title of all our freight-cars as well as our present Pullman sleepers to be vested within it. The advantages of a pooled ownership of these great fleets of wheeled and extremely valuable carriers in inter-railroad communication have long been realized by our hard-headed railroad executives. The United States Railroad could accomplish such joint ownership, and with a minimum of fuss and feathers. In the long run it might even accomplish the tremendous feat of establishing a through fast passenger train between New York and Seattle.

§ 6

There is one other large factor to be considered. No plan for the reorganization of our railroad system of the United States now has any real prospect of success that does not recognize in its fundamentals the need of a radically changed status for labor. It matters not that there are now five or six millions of workers temporarily out of employment, that the railroad strike of October, 1921, was called off because organized labor saw naught but defeat in it. The fact remains that in the future labor must be given just and proper representation in the initial management, and so must be forced to assume its own proper share of the responsibility for the uninterrupted and steady development of our rail-transport facilities. That it must receive a fair wage is now beyond the point of controversial discussion. There may be, and probably will be, plenty of discussion as to just what constitutes the fair wage and the fair working conditions for the railroader, but the fact remains that if both are not kept fair and just, there will not be enough railroaders coming forward to maintain the human side of the machine. Here is a self-evident fact of which our reformers sometimes quite lose track.

With this principle in mind I believe that the directorate of the United States Railroad, divided into three groups, should have one of them composed of directors elected by the classified employees of the roads. Assuming that fifteen or twenty-one would be the right size of directorate, in order to avoid too clumsy and unwieldy a body, from five to seven men would represent labor, a similar group, the public (probably appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate), while the third equal group would be elected by the stockholders of the company. It might be found more practical to have a separate set of fifteen directors for each of the regional railroads and, by making these directorates almost exclusively local, so serve still further to keep the management of these regional roads alert to the service of their individual roads.

From time to time some gifted, but uninformed, soul bursts into the public print with the highly original suggestion that we should in some mysterious and occult fashion return to the days prior to 1887, when regulation of our carriers was an unknown art in these United States. It all has a rather fascinating sound, particularly to such people as may have been the witnesses or the victims, direct or indirect, of some one of the ridiculous rulings that these commissions, particularly the state ones, occasionally

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hand down. Unquestionably, there have been many foolish decisions. Unquestionably, many of them have contradicted one another. And the dabbling of the professional politician into the delicate centers of a transportation machine of which he really knows nothing at all has brought us a very great deal of trouble.

But I do not believe that any thinking railroader or patron of the railroads, no matter what his job or what his degree or station in life, really would go back voluntarily to those uncouth, unregulated days of 1886 if he could possibly avoid it. In thirty-five years many things are forgotten. Why turn the clock backward, anyway? It is much better to be looking forward.

Looking forward may yet bring us the government ownership and operation of our railroads. Just now I do not see it. Yet sometimes we move pretty rapidly in the United States, and sometimes we change about face with astounding swiftness.

It is probable, however, that before we adopted both government ownership and operation, as a permanent policy at least, we should swallow only one of the pills. It is not necessary, in the present event, to take both at once. If it did become necessary, it probably would be that of ownership, and possibly somewhat along the lines that I have indicated for the formation of the United States Railroad. In this case it would be necessary to contrive some plan for the leasing of the regional railroads to private corporations for operation solely. This has been done already, notably in India, but never with a pronounced success. It also is the method used by the City of New York for the operation of its newer rapid-transit lines, and again without success. It has many complications, many potential difficulties, in its pathway, and it is hardly conceivable that it will come into use ahead of a scheme for a centralized privately owned and operated railroad.

Yet despite all these possible complications and difficulties, in the eyes of the average man who thinks it still is to be preferred to the double-dose of government ownership plus government operation. That the first of these offers large opportunities for the proper financing for the steady growth and the future development of our rail transport I think that I have shown already. It is the stronger of the twins. Of the second it is yet hard to speak with much enthusiasm. To say that it is untried is putting the thing both mildly and with extreme politeness. To say that the American public of to-day even wants to try it, would be making a very large statement, a very large statement, indeed. Without joining in the shrieks for the coming of a second Hill or a second Harriman or the wholesale murder of all the regulatory commissions, I honestly believe that our American public to-day wishes a little safer, a little surer panacea for its transportation ills.

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Three Poems by Carl Sandburg

Drawings by Joe Sinel

Bitter Summer Thoughts

The riders of the wind
Weave their shadows,
Trample their time-beats,
Take their time-bars,
Shake out scrolls,
And run over the oats, the barley,
Over the summer wheat-fields.

The farmer and the horse,
The steel and the wagon,
Come and clean the fields
And leave us stubble.
The time-bars of the wind are gone;
The shadows, time-beats, scrolls,
They are woven away, put past,
Into the hands of threshers,
Into chaff into dust.

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Into rust and buff of straw stacks,
Into sliding, shoveling oats and wheat.
Over the wheat-fields,
Over the oats,
Summer weaves, is woven away, put past,
Into dust, into rust and buff.

Indian runners ran along this river-road.
They cleaned the wind, they clutched in ribs and lungs,
Up over the clean ankles, the clean elbows.

The Frenchmen came with lessons and prayers.
The Scotchmen came with horses and rifles.
Cities, war, railroads came.

In the rain-storms, in the blizzards,
This river-road is clean.

Milk-white moon, put the cows to sleep.
Since five o'clock in the morning,
Since they stood up out of the grass,
Where they slept on their knees and hocks,
They have eaten grass and given their milk
And eaten grass again and given milk,
And kept their heads and teeth at the earth's face.
Now they are looking at you, milk-white moon.
Carelessly as they look at the level landscapes,
Carelessly as they look at a pail of new white milk,
They are looking at you, wondering not at all, at all,
If the moon is the skin face top of a pail of milk,
Wondering not at all, carelessly looking.
Put the cows to sleep, milk-white moon,
Put the cows to sleep.

Proud of their Rags

They come down from the mountains, proud of their rags.
"What do you know about loons, panthers, hawks?
Wings, winds, slides—what do you know?
Hunger and hope, and how do you know who tore my rags?"
They come down from the mountains, proud of their rags, five or six out of sixty; they come down with proud heads.

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March of the Hungry Mountains

Across Nevada and Utah
Look for the march of the hungry mountains.

They are cold and white,
They are taking a rest,
They washed their faces in awful fires,
They lifted their heads for heavy snows.

White, O white, are the vapors,
And the wind in the early morning,
White are the hungry mountains.

The tireless gray desert,
The tireless salt sea,
The tireless mountains,
They are thinking over something,
They are wondering, "What next?"
They are thankful, thinking it over,
Waiting, sleeping, drying their faces from awful fires,
Lifting their heads into higher snow,
White in the early morning wind.

"Come and listen to us,"
Said the marching, hungry mountains.
"You will hear nothing at all,
And you will learn only a little,
And, yet listening, your ears may grow longer and softer;
You may yet have long, clear, listening ears.
Come and listen," said the mocking, hungry mountains.

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Adventures of an Illustrator

V—With Howells in Italy

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time

ONE or two days and nights of the respectability of the Minerva Hotel, where the Howells were staying, was enough for me. I did not like, and could not afford, the Minerva, so Howells found me a lodging with a respectable Swiss lady who had as boarders a number of German archæological or architectural sharps and Howard Walker, just back from discovering Cyprus or something. Here I was to learn Italian.

The first night was very cold, and what is called a *frate* was put in my bed. Now, a *frate* is a long-handled *scaldino* filled with burning charcoal. They stick it under the bedclothes within a wooden framework, and leave it there to warm the bed. When you are ready to turn in, you should take the apparatus out of the bed and put it outside the door. I kept it in the room, and in a heavenly state of comfort blew out the smelly Roman lamp and went to sleep. Sometime later I found myself in my nightgown, being hammered and punched and rapidly walked up and down in my bare feet on the flat roof of the house in the snow. And when I became sufficiently aroused, I was told in many tongues that no one was sure whether I was an utter fool or a determined suicide, as I had shut myself up in my room with a burning pan of charcoal. Whether they smelt the charcoal or missed the *scaldino*, I do not know, but they got me out just in time. I had a headache for a week.

I had had enough of friendly help, and chose a place for myself on the Borgo Ognissanti, a big flat of three rooms, with a fireplace and a terrace. I forget the exact figure, but I think it cost twenty-five francs a month; maybe it was fifty. I could have my coffee and a light; nothing else. I chose it because it was opposite the American consulate. That was a landmark, because I had my letters sent there. I told Howells what I had done. I think he was alarmed, and suggested I should dine at the hotel. But his brother-in-law, Mr. Mead, the sculptor, said he would look after me and introduce me to "the boys" who dined at a *trattoria* in the Via Guelpha, near him. He took me there. They were "Duveneck's boys," or what was left of them—Rolshoven, Grover, Freeman, and Mills, and he dumped me down on them. Now, anybody who had n't studied with Duveneck was nobody. I thought I should learn Italian there, but it was the purest Florentine I acquired. Even now I talk of a *haniici* or a *hasa* or a *havallo*, and say "*Ja.*" Mead impressed them with the fact that they must look after me, or at any rate endure me. For them the

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trattoria was the *trattona*. It had no name; it was an ordinary *trattoria*, mostly wine-shop in front, counter on one side, tables on the other; a vaulted passage,—rooms on each side,—and so narrow indeed that the first man went to the farther end of the table, and the rest took their places on each side as they came in. Didi, the pretty little lame daughter,—there was another older one who got married at once and disappeared,—either spun the plates along the table or else climbed on it or crawled under it when she served us. I don't suppose we could have found a worse and more expensive place of that sort in Florence, but we loved Didi, and she loved us, and when anything went wrong, she would burst into tears and violently embrace whomever was nearest. Her mother was rather cross, and her father was never seen—only heard from the kitchen. If the menu was limited, we invented names for it.

But in the end all Florence got to know of that *trattoria*, and all sorts and conditions of men came: Howells, William Sharp, Stillman, I think James Bryce, and all the artists save Arthur Lemon, who said he would not go in once he had seen the outside. The most frequent visitor was Arnold Boecklin, whom the boys loved. He would talk long over the bad dinner with Rolshoven in German, and then, with his pipe or a straw and some soap and the salad bowl or a soup-plate, he would make soap-suds. It was there, in that *trattoria*, with soap-bubbles in a soup-plate, that he found his iridescent dreams of beauty, or I suppose so, for I was totally unable to exchange anything with him but smiles, though I saw the paintings after, and his great blue seas and isles of the dead, which he found in a little fountain up at the Villa Landor, where he lived.

The popularity of the place when I arrived was not great; in fact, "the boys" had just moved in. Others came at times. There was the Sunday-school teacher who had abandoned wife, family, and Cayuga in order to learn to paint. When he had learned, he was going to the Holy Land to paint it. Eventually, something was to happen in Ithaca. What did happen to the kindly giant, I do not know.

And there was another who had saved enough touching up pictures in churches to come abroad. He always had his receipted bills in his pocket, and they read something like this:

"To making a new fiery furnace for Shadrach Meshach & Abednego $2.50
To one new heaven with 19 golden stars 4.18
To arraying Solomon in all his glory 17.25"

Still another of our visitors had ideas on dress reform, and one day turned up in a toga. The next day he did not appear at all, but on the third he came clothed, and for the moment in his right mind. He explained that the night before the toga had blown off, and he had had complications with the stupid police,—especially after he had called them "imbecile,"—but a kind friend had paid his fine. He afterward chose to array himself as an early Florentine, and once, so attired, attended a tea-party. He is now internationally famous, and only lately I awarded him a *grand prix* at an international exhibition.

And there was Forepaugh, who had invented an actress and knew every-

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body and everything. But the only thing I ever found he did know was the best *cantina* to get a glass of wine. We bought hot rolls, borrowed a tumbler, went across the street, knocked at the little window in the palace wall, and for two *soldi* the wine was handed out, and we went back to drink it and eat our rolls at midnight. And he knew how to tell a good story, though I never knew him to do a stroke of work or even to pretend to. And the stories he could tell! One day he was lunching in Irving's rooms in Bond Street, London, with Sinnett, who was the prophet of Mme. Blavatsky, and came from his home town, and Sinnett said:

"You don't believe in Nirvana? Well, I 'll show you. Hold on to the table."

He held. It arose, with all the things on it, went out through the window with them sitting by it, sailed down Bond Street at the height of the third-story windows, around the lamp-post by Egyptian Hall, and back again into the room. They all came down with a bump.

"Now," said Sinnett, "do you believe?"

"No," said Forepaugh; "but give me another drink. Yet I held on like hell."

His trouble was to find a model for his young Sophocles. No one was so beautiful as himself, and he could not pose and work, and he had no Italian; but get him half drunk, he said, and he could talk any language.

There were also musicians and opera-singers that were to be. The one I loved best of all had a stutter. He was the future great American tenor. When, one day, I asked what part he would sing in "Faust," he retorted magnificently:

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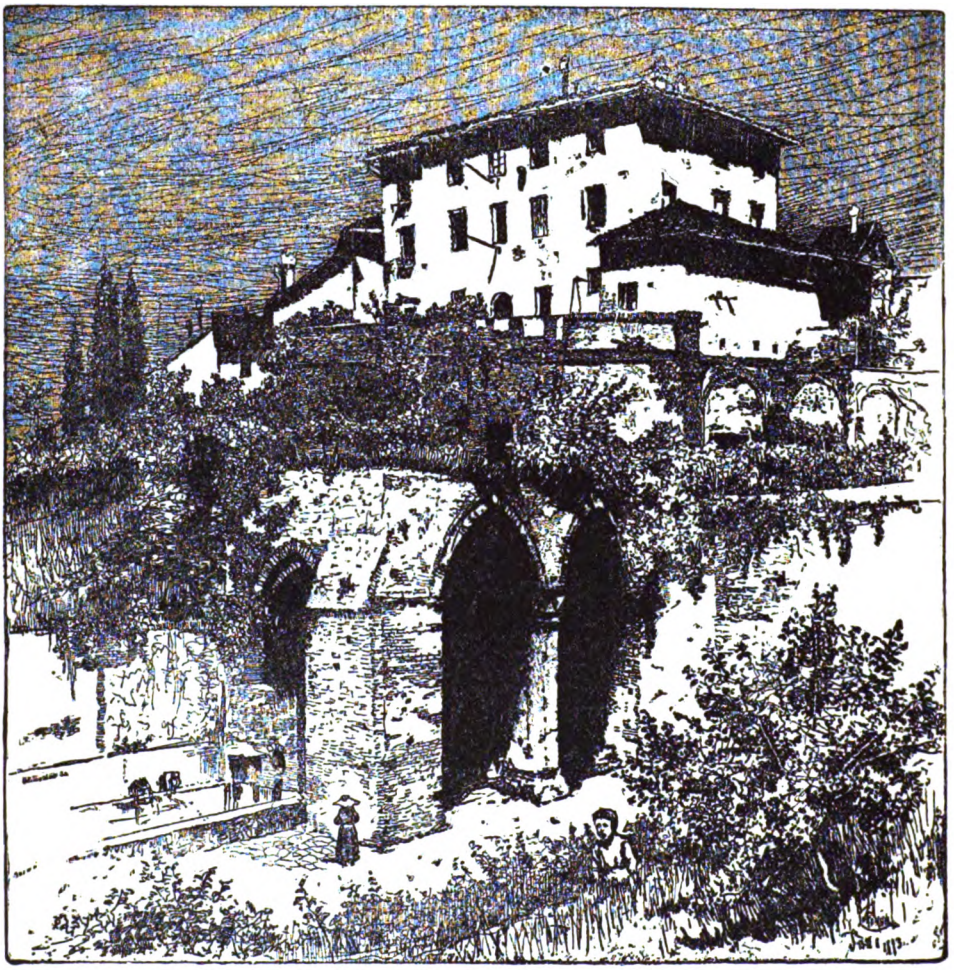

"I am F- F- Fau f-f-st." But I can't write that stutter.

Then there was the man from Chicago, sent by a trust. He received one hundred dollars on the first of every month, and on the second we had the best part of it inside us.

The best loved man of all was the amateur, especially if he was rich. He could introduce "the boys" to other amateurs or he could be taught. Now, money was no object, but at times it was a necessity. Some things, such as cigarettes or stamps, had to be paid for at once, and all things sometime, but in those days art students were utterly honest. Bills might run on or run up, but I never heard of a man who did not pay in the end. Therefore the rich were cultivated, not to say run after. And there was scarcely a tea or a dinner, a ball or a picnic, in which "the boys" did not figure prominently or try to. They even went to church, and the English parson sometimes dined with us, and the American consul once. One reason I was never altogether liked was because I had come to Florence with a commission to make etchings. They, inspired three years before by

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Whistler in Venice, were occasionally doing them. I had money; it worked out at fifty dollars a month. That is what I spent, and that fifty dollars included everything—railway journeys to Siena, Pisa, and finally Venice. Some months I saved a lot, but the others mostly lived on the future and hope and their friends. In the future they would all become, and some are, known. There was the hope of a Giotto, or that a Roman cardinal or an American millionaire would discover them, or, rather, they would discover him, and they went into all sorts of adventures with this in view. The most popular, or, rather, the simplest method, and the most successful, was to marry a rich girl, and this all tried, and a few were chosen. But with my fifty dollars a month I was an outsider. I had certainty; they had faith in themselves.

I do not mean I was alone. There was a man—English, of course, and we loathed the English—who got forty dollars from some fool every time he made a sketch. And there were the English traveling students with one thousand dollars a year.

And there was the first American student with fifteen hundred. They hated him most of all. We were all working for fame; these creatures had money to gain it with, money to spend on us, money to burn, but I never knew one that ever gave a dinner to us, or even stood a glass of vermuth or *tamarindo*. Abroad now every student of art has a scholarship or a patron or is in an academy. They live in their boarding-houses or clubs, dine in tea-rooms, and are looked after by benevolent collections of millionaires and discuss things from the latitude of Chicago or Philadelphia, and talk of what the French and Italians are doing, just as if at home. Now in Rome there is an American academy, and patronesses, I hear, without end. The students live in a palace. They ride to work in trolleys, and go to the opera in motor-cars; and when the director gives a feast in honor of American art, in which I am included, and I array myself in all my glory, the students are allowed to come in after dinner to show they exist.

The encouragement of art as it is manifested to-day is a curse. No artist can be made by it, and not a few painters and sculptors are ruined. The man who starts by winning a scholarship and fifteen hundred for three years has a far harder time to succeed when his scholarship ends than he who has had to fight his way through every sort of difficulty for himself. Even the French know this, and if it was not for sentiment and political and financial reasons, the Villa Medici would be closed to-morrow even though the French and Spanish students are very different from the American. Their competitions are different, and the government looks after them when they get home.

Then, too, the decorative fad—the belief that any painter can make a decoration—had not been invented. True, there was the story of a commission given to Duveneck,—a Columbus,—and he was always going to do it. Now students decorate buildings for practice, while the only great decorator save Whistler and Hunt that America has produced, John La Farge, could scarcely get a commission.

Journalists also came to the *trattoria*, and the papers at home and in Europe reeked with announcements of what "the boys" were going to do—and

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what I was doing. Over that there was a row, for though all wanted to do things and tried to, any one who did was a criminal.

All day each one in his studio worked at a masterpiece, and then gave receptions to show its progress, and some good work was really done in those years in Florence and Venice, and reputations were made. We usually had coffee and rolls twice a day, and called it breakfast and lunch. Then we dined for about a franc and a half, if not invited out, and went round the corner to the Piazza Indipendenza; and there in the Nazionale we either saw Duse, then the wife of the manager, play for twenty-five centimes, or else introduced special stunts for the American clown, which no part of the audience enjoyed more than the Duse. Yes, she was the Duse, and we used to hear that when she did not draw a full house her manager would beat her.

For months this went on. Rolshoven painted a picture, Forepaugh told stories, Boecklin blew soap-bubbles, Grover collected rings, and I made my etchings. Some of them are, I know, good, and even the world has said so. They were all done out of doors. The first was the Ponte Vecchio, and I shall never forget the fury of Stillman, who was mad about photography, when he found me perched on a parapet of the Lungarno and offered to photograph the subject so that I could copy it more exactly at home. I was so pleased with some of the prints made on the old wooden press that I sent them to Ruskin, who kept or destroyed them and never answered my gushing letter. And to Hamerton, who did answer and returned them, saying he did not accept things from artists. But he gave me a commission instead for the "Portfolio," and remained, with intervals, my friend until his death.

Early in the winter there were masked balls, to one of which I actually went—the first and last time in my life—and was bored to death. I can't help it; I was brought up a Friend.

In the spring came the Scoppio del Carro, and the function of smashing the top-hats of the English who attended it. The carnival in Florence was another spree. Now the same Florentines are Fascisti and Socialists, and hammer one another.

People from home would turn up to whom the consul would give lunches to which I alone was asked. Afterward he would take the men to his club and send me off to show the old town to the women. Florence was old; all beyond the Strozzi Palace seemed perfect, though much had gone. The streets were alleys lined with open shops of craftsmen: the Mercato Vecchio; the Piazza was a dust-heap; on one side Vasari's unfinished fish-market, on the other the sky-scrapers of the Medici and the Buonaparti piling up stories high. I etched them long before there were any in New York. Under them were dark passages, with holes to drop molten lead on your head, leading toward the *duomo*, the dome of which, with the *campanile*, soared and composed beautifully over a tangled mass of low roofs below it. Tiny black alleys, a few of which still remain, led to the Arno or to the spot where John of Bologna's devil was fixed forever, the Florentines believed, to the wall, though I have heard it has been frequently stolen and replaced. The streets were nearly all as narrow as those of Venice, and a loaded donkey would block them, and a party of

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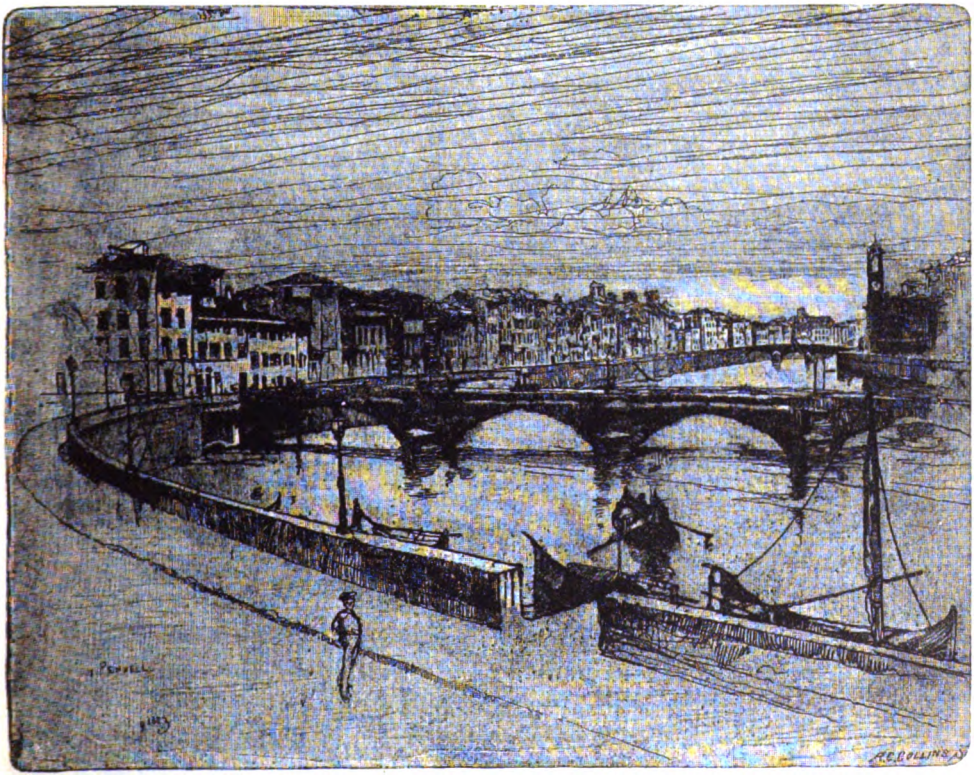
British or German tourists would create a sensation. But here we worked at our plates, and once there was an exhibition by "the boys"; but Bradley, the Englishman, and I were rejected.

Howells waited till the spring and roses to go to Pisa and Pistoia,—we had been to Siena,—and in preparation for the trip I grounded some plates. The alcohol for heating them ran out, and I used turpentine instead, and the fire department of Florence was almost called out, with its one engine and its solemn members, who walked to fires led by a bugler, to quell the smoke that filled the Borgo. The nights in Florence were full of beauty and mystery, as they still are; but no longer are the sick and the dead brought out at night by the shrouded white or black brothers of the *Misericordia*, awfully picturesque, and carried in closed litters, the way lit up by flaring torches, though the brothers still do their good work at the call of the bell.

Well, I went about with Howells, and when we came back, the others were leaving for Venice. As each went, promising to pay his debt at the *trattoria*,—and I am sure they did,—Didi wept and embraced him. Finally my turn came, and I wept, too. Once, a year after, I went back alone. Didi was changed, the mother was dead, the place was full of *contadini*, the dinner worse, and I got no embrace. I 've never been back since then; but it is good to remember.



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Insects and Human Destiny[1]

By WILLIAM CROWDER

THERE has lately disclosed itself a situation of such sinister aspect that mankind, which has ever been prone to consider itself secure in its position as the dominant type among the creatures of this earth, seems obliged to accept one of the most disquieting conclusions that has heretofore entered into its philosophy. Mighty factors give unmistakable evidence that a long-continued dominion, and perhaps even the existence, of the human race is by no means certain. We are finding ourselves confronted with a menace that not only endangers future generations, but is already taking serious toll of this. This factor of danger exists in the hosts of injurious insects which threaten us on every side, seek ultimately to destroy us by eating our crops, ruin our stores, and murder us outright with the diseases they carry. In fact, they are actively attempting to dominate the entire animal kingdom, and in this vying successfully with man. It is a contest between intelligence and instinct. Although the struggle is now only beginning to be recognized, enough has occurred to indicate that mankind may be on the losing side.

Man's enemies are not what they were in the early stage of his development. No longer need we fear the wild beasts of the earth as their monstrous prototypes were feared by our ancestors. We face instead a multitude of smaller creatures. Because of their smaller size, we have not been inclined to dread them; but, as a matter of fact, in their very minuteness lies an increased power to do harm. Some of them, from rats to vermicular parasites, appear originally to have been associated with the human species, but others were undoubtedly attracted to it as the result of the changes wrought by civilization. Their greatest danger lies, of course, in their capacity as carriers or producers of disease, but they inflict enormous injuries in various other ways. They have kept pace with man's intelligence by perfecting their instincts, and so facilely have they been able to outwit him by the aid of this rudimentary faculty that intelligence seems to suffer in the comparison.

Foremost in this motley assemblage rank the insects. Now, the insects have several assets in their favor that we do not possess and cannot acquire. In many ways they are much better equipped for the struggle for existence than we; they are of an immeasurably more ancient type, and of a type that has persisted virtually unchanged throughout the countless ages which have seen the successive appearance of myriads of higher forms. A most superficial acquaintance with them

[1] This is the third of a series of scientific papers prepared for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE under the direction of Science Service and its editor, Dr. Edwin E. Slosson.

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soon reveals that they are possessed of a psychology and physical attributes with which we have nothing in common. They are distinguished by tenacity of life, marvelous endowment for multiplication, protection by natural resemblance, rapid response to variations in food surroundings, amazing facility of adaptation, all or any of which qualities make it extremely difficult for us to overcome them. Although we have subdued the hordes of higher brutes of forest and field, we have found ourselves impotent to thrust this lower group out of our way. Every effort at domination or mastery has been futile.

§ 2

The preference which plant-consuming insects show for cultivated vegetation is well known, and the reason for this preference is not hard to determine. Man has naturally selected for his use only those varieties which contain a greater proportion of food elements. It needs not a highly organized brain on the part of the insects to recognize those forms as being of great value to themselves. Yet it is not because they are actually eating the products of our husbandry that they have constituted themselves so great a menace; it is because they are *poisoning* our crops. They are transmitting plant diseases whose ravages are fast surpassing any known methods of control. Beetles, plant-lice, and other juice-loving insects engaged in this insidious work act in a few instances as innocent carriers, but by far the great majority find that their infectious presence is of direct benefit to themselves. In many instances the malformations of the diseased plants are of the same color as the larvæ of the insects that produce or transmit the disease.

When consideration is taken of the fact that, with the exception of the *Protozoa* and the lower animals of the sea, insects are the most numerous group of animals, it is not a matter of surprise that every plant should suffer in a degree from insect enemies. To their work in this country alone has been attributed a loss of nearly two billion dollars annually, and this amount is ever increasing. Twenty per cent. and more of the value of man's food production is thus being sacrificed to the insects every year.

The present obstacle lying in the way of halting these mounting figures is our apparent inability effectually to combat destructive plant diseases, many of which seem to be of a new and peculiar type. This is due partly to our almost total lack of information regarding the wild plants that may be acting as the original hosts of these diseases, but is chiefly due to our ignorance of the life histories of most of the insects which transmit them. Until these things are known in every detail we cannot hope successfully to offer adequate resistance. The newest insect-disseminated disease which is now engaging our attention, and perhaps the one which received more marked public notice than any other, is the so-called "mosaic disease," a plant infection characterized principally by the mottled appearance it produces in the leaves of potatoes, cucumbers, sugar-cane, tobacco, etc., ultimately destroying the plants themselves. It is so contagious that if the juice from an infected plant comes into contact with the foliage of a healthy one where the skin is broken, the latter is lost.

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Although formerly the term "mosaic disease" was given indiscriminately to the many infections which are killing our plants, it is now known that these infections are of more than twenty-five separate and distinct kinds. So persistent are these that it has been shown experimentally that in some cases they can be transmitted through four generations of carriers (plant-lice, or aphids) after one feeding of the original parents on the blighted plant.

Of the various diseases, bacterial, fungus, protozoan, virus, etc., the most mysterious are those caused by the organisms known as "filterable virus." It is to these organisms that the mosaic and blight diseases owe their terrible efficiency. These organisms have been found to be from twenty to forty times smaller than any previously discovered germ. They are invisible with the ordinary microscope; their size, which is to be measured only in millionths of an inch, is so minute that the ordinary porcelain filter is unable to strain the poisonous bodies from the clear water that passes through it. No part of the plant from root to flower appears to be impervious to the punctures of juice-sucking insects, and to the lethal scourges which they thus transmit.

§ 3

It was once thought that many of the pathological conditions of plants were due to spontaneous causes or meteorological influences, but, with one or two doubtful exceptions, all can now be traced directly to infection by insects. As these carriers move from plant to plant,—and some of them are capable of covering great distances,—it is clear how an enormous and widespread damage may follow in their trail.

In this connection it may be observed that the bee, long proverbially considered as the friend of man, is a very important factor in the transmission of plant diseases over wide areas. As it flits from flower to flower it improves each shining hour not alone by gathering nectar and pollen for its stores, but by sowing broadcast among apples and pears the deadly germs of blight disease. In fairness to the bee, however, it should be stated that the harm it does is the result of accident rather than design. That is, its act of dipping into bacterial-infected nectaries and transmitting this infection to plants is no part of its biological process. In fact, this unwitting performance is as inimical to the bee as it is to man, for it is also destroying its own food source.

But though it were fivefold as potent a factor in the distribution of plant diseases, we should still not be justified in eliminating the bee from the world, though it were incapable of yielding an ounce of honey; for to annihilate the bee would be to annihilate many food plants and trees that depend almost solely on this busy insect for their means of multiplication. As a matter of fact, the pollen carried by many plant-loving insects makes them very essential agents in the fertilization of plant life. Moreover, it is because of this that it now appears impractical to spray flowering vegetation with fungicides sufficiently powerful to prevent infection, as in so doing we poison the food source of the most active assistants in the work of propagation.

The only insect-produced disease that has been checked to an appreciable extent by control methods is one which is identified with the potato plant, and is known as "hopper-burn."

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But please note that this disease is of a far simpler type than the mosaic disease, or, for that matter, than any other. When we consider that there are upward of a hundred and twenty-five other recorded insect-carried diseases, and that all of them are more dangerous than the hopper-burn, it surely is a condition which demands serious reflection.

It would sometimes appear that there is a conspiracy on the part of certain insects to cheat man out of his products. Where they are unable utterly to destroy, they strive to despoil. Particularly does this become evident in the case of the scale insects. The existence of these creatures is notorious, yet, except to naturalists and horticulturists, their identity and their habits are known to comparatively few people. They belong to a curious assemblage of insects known in the technical language of science as the *Homoptera*. Beyond the fact that the members of the entire group are alike in being destructive plant-suckers, they are as diverse in their general habits as they are in their appearance. Their life histories present, perhaps, the most amazing phenomena in the whole field of biology. The progressive degradation of the females from beings endowed with extreme activity to protoplasmic globules without organs of sight or locomotor appendages, and the radically contrasting development of the males from insignificant, sluggish dwarfs to animated winged and highly organized creatures whose heads are nearly completely modified into great organs of sight, is doubtless one of the most remarkable curiosities of natural science. The scale insects do not comprise a large family, there being only about two thousand species throughout the entire world. Despite the limited number of species, however, the individual units reach an enormous total, and they constitute one of the greatest scourges of our valuable orchards and ornamental trees. They are almost microscopic in size, but their singular habit of covering themselves with a wax-like secretion, which serves as a shelter, makes them conspicuous, and hence has given them their characteristic name. By reason of their juice-sucking proclivities their presence generally puts the spell of death on any vegetation which they infest; but they are also doubly dangerous. They have been found to discharge a sweet liquid which is eagerly sought by ants, wasps, bees, and other insects. Now, as this liquid in some cases is discharged more than twenty times a day, it is patent that a considerable quantity will accumulate, making this viscous substance an ideal medium for the development of certain fungi. These fungi have not the power of attacking plants by penetrating the tissues, but they spoil fruits by generating a black soot-like deposit that makes them unsightly and inedible. And, as will readily be perceived, this taint finds easy dissemination by means of the various insect banqueters.

§ 4

There are, of course, many contributing causes for the apparent growth of this wide-spread evil that is fastening itself on the earth to-day. Some of these causes are obscure and some of them are merely vague, and will, perhaps, forever remain so. Some, however, stand out very clearly. The barriers which formerly prevented the

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spread of noxious insects and the diseases they entail no longer exist. Mountain-ranges have been leveled, and deserts are spanned by highways over which a continuous stream of carriers pass. The ocean, that most formidable barrier of all, is now no obstacle to their distribution; for hidden in the cargoes of ships these adventurous stowaways need no passport to find easy access to the countries of their choice. Tropical insects, too, now find it not inconvenient to tour colder climes. They live in human habitations in temperate regions under climatic conditions as salubrious as their exotic zone of origin. Moreover, it may be added that it is due to our insect immigrants that the present extraordinary increase of plant diseases in this country has manifested itself. It may well be said of these foreign types that they are not unlike certain of their human compatriots: they have many relatives in their native heaths who are looking over toward this land of plenty with hope and yearning. When once they have gained a foothold in this promised land, the reason for their stupendous increase becomes clear: in their journey they have left their natural enemies and their parasites behind. In a word, therefore, the dominant factor in this threat to civilization is civilization itself.

So persistent appears this tendency toward a multitudinous progeny among many of the insects that it seems sometimes as though Nature were impatient with the limitations of ordinary fertility. Consequently, we find instances of that peculiar phenomenon known as polyembryony, a condition wherein each separate egg hatches out not one but many individual units. In the case of certain foreign types the number has been found to be upward of 2500. Again, where fertility is apparently low, marvelous precautions exist to protect or preserve the young from harm. Even the parents are known to assist in this protection. Some there are, such as certain juice-loving insects on golden-rod, which watch over their brood as a mother hen watches over her chicks.

Herein, by the way, lies not the least attraction which the study of these animals has held for students of nature. It is the humanistic element often found in the lives of these creatures that tends to make us forget for a moment the monstrous significance of their ways. What, for example, can be more engaging than the history of *Dendroctonus*, a little bark-beetle which lives and loves and labors in the tunnels it mines under the bark of sugar-pines and other trees. This insect is monogamous, a custom very rare in that world. The parents, when once their nest has been established, apparently remain devoted to each other for the remainder of their lives. Patiently, they toil to prepare a shelter for their coming offspring. In this labor of love the male assists the female, and true to the distinguishing traits of his sex, he acts as her protector, and stands guard at the entrance to their home while she is engaged in her more maternal tasks. How idylic! Yet this exemplary pair is a killer of forests. Indeed, it is a matter of record that dutiful *Dendroctonus* kills more mature trees every year than are destroyed by forest fires.

§ 5

Still, the brand of Cain cannot be applied to the entire class. Of the

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450,000 and more described living species of insects, a trifle less than fifty per cent. are engaged in the wholesale destruction of human life and property. But, as I have attempted to show, their capacity for harm is vastly out of proportion to their numbers. There is, in fact, a numerous group ranged on the side of man. These are the predatory and parasitic insects that prey upon their own class. Were it not for these bloodthirsty, but beneficent, creatures, conditions here to-day would be totally different. I may add that it is on their aid in the future that we must largely depend for a solution of the problem with which we now seem incompetent to cope. Conspicuous among these are the relatively highly developed *Hymenoptera*, better known as ichneumons, wasps, etc. There are others, of course, such as certain flies and beetles, whose lives are dedicated to the helpful pastime of killing, but the efficiency of their methods does not approach that of the *Hymenoptera*. These, truly, are terrible destroyers.

But an unpleasant fate seems even to threaten these. They have now acquired new and relentless enemies of their own. These deadly exploiters are the secondary or hyper-parasites. But this is not all: these hyper-parasites are in turn being parasitized by other *Hymenopterons;* so, therefore, this valuable group having apparently started in the business of self-extermination, our future dependence on it may, after all, prove vain.

We had hoped that some check to the activities of the insects would be found in the cannibalistic traits of certain species. These traits, however, are evidently ephemeral incidents in their biology and their development. Grasshoppers, which are plant-eaters, have been observed during their migrations over sterile reaches to fall upon one another, the stronger devouring the weaker, thus sustaining the hardier members until they can pursue the work of devastation in more fertile fields. A noteworthy instance of cannibalism defeating itself, so to speak, is to be found in the lace-wings, which are predatory only in the larval stage. It has been demonstrated that these insects once laid their eggs in compact groups on the leaves frequented by the living food of their young. When the first member of the colony emerged from the egg, it at once turned its attention to its still unhatched brothers and sisters, devouring them. Here the law which seems so favorable to the preservation of the insect began to operate. The parent gradually acquired the habit of attaching each egg to the end of a slender thread, out of reach of her cannibalistic first-born. The predatory species of insects are commonly classed among the "useful insects," but they are as important in the transmission of plant diseases as their prey.

§ 6

As the import of the revelations of modern science gradually manifests itself, it is becoming more and more evident that mankind is not destined to enjoy so secure a tenure on this planet as our anthropocentric instincts would incline us to believe.

But to a certain extent, admittedly a very limited one, we are masters of our own destiny. That is to say, while we may foresee future events of dire significance regarding our welfare, and while we may perforce be powerless completely to avoid the consequences entailed, we can in a degree at

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least modify them, if not retard them entirely. Therefore, many of us, no doubt, will confidently look forward to the ultimate dispersion of this specter by human enterprise; for confidence of this sort is an inherent trait in mankind. Yet confidence in this case may prove to be a two-edged sword, for we are somewhat prone to avoid an active interest in what superficially appears to have no immediate concern with our daily affairs. We are therefore inclined to close our minds to the problems which we conceive to be the business of our descendants. It is plain, however, that any apathetic regard of the future must have some relation to our present well-being; for, in a larger sense, fulfilling our duty to the coming ages is merely ameliorating the hardships of this one. Therefore, if we are to hope for a successful issue in time to come, it surely must be dependent on the pioneering of today. If we are to make future empires possible, we must establish adequate foundations now.

§ 7

I have said that we are on the verge of a desperate struggle. How few there are who know this battle is being waged by a mere handful of men! This new warfare has produced a new science—the science of phytopathology, the science of the diseases of plants. And it is a science whose wonder-revealing discoveries in no long time will excite the popular mind as the marvels of the better-known sciences have heretofore excited it. The ranks are thin. Recruits are being enlisted slowly. The situation, however, calls not only for an extraordinary augmentation of forces, but in the grand strategy all sciences must combine to direct unprecedented energy toward the combating of this relentless enemy that is slowly, but surely, disputing man's right to a place in the sun. It is, in fact, a thing which needs concern every human inhabitant of the globe. This means that there must be closer coöperation among the sciences and a broadening of fields to far greater areas than at present prevail. As yet we are barely on the threshold of the biological sciences. We are just beginning to thread the labyrinth of the laws of heredity and variation, and human knowledge must be extended to dimensions hitherto undreamed.

The Great War proved what can be accomplished in the field of science when concentrated and concerted energy is applied as the result of a powerful incentive. Our only hope for the future, patently, lies in a full realization of our situation. Moreover, the lessons of the war have included an appreciation of the relation between the increasing population and the amount of food production possible to maintain ourselves. This realization also clearly brings home to us the astonishing fact that the population of the world has virtually reached the limits of its food production. In fact, some countries have fallen far short of their needs. So let there be no mistake about this. Henceforth this warfare between man and the insects is to be one of relentlessness and determination. It will be a warfare which knows no armistice. Man's civilization, his future, his very life, are at stake. Unless he is ever on the alert to resist the danger which now threatens, he can be certain that the hour is swiftly approaching when the victorious hosts will be swarming throughout the moldering ruins of his last handiwork.

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The Month in World Affairs

By LOTHROP STODDARD

The Egyptian Dilemma—The Electrification of Italy—"Green" Bulgaria—Home Rule Hits Formosa—Things Worth Watching

IN considering Old-World affairs we are apt to fix our attention upon that part of the Old World which lies nearest to us in every sense—Europe. We must not forget, however, that Europe is intimately connected with those contiguous regions of Asia and northern Africa collectively known as the East. What happens in the East profoundly affects Europe, just as what happens in Europe vitally affects the East.

The East, like Europe, is to-day in full transition. It fairly bristles from end to end with "problems" all more or less interlaced. The East is a vast whispering-gallery, and a tumult in India may reverberate in Morocco, while a voice crying in central Asia may arouse strange echoes in the Egyptian Sudan.

Despite this general interconnection, three Eastern regions to-day stand out with special importance, Turkey, Egypt, and India. Of the three, Egypt possesses in many ways the most immediate significance, for there a problem has arisen whose solution affects not only adjacent Asiatic and African lands, but the whole British Empire, and in lesser degree the whole world, including America.

The reason for this is that Egypt is the world's chief connecting-link. Geographically, it binds together Asia and Africa; historically, it is the meeting-ground of three continents, Asia, Africa, and Europe; while since the digging of the Suez Canal half a century ago, Australia and the Americas have appeared upon the variegated Egyptian scene.

Egypt's prosperity rests upon the River Nile and the Suez Canal. To the Nile Egypt owes her very life. Without this current of life-giving water pouring down from distant African highlands and traversing hundreds of miles of waterless country until it finally empties into the Mediterranean, there would be nothing to distinguish the Nile Valley from the vast deserts which stretch away on each hand to east and west. Thus "Egypt" really means the narrow ribbon of fertile land along the Nile's banks and its delta, where virtually the whole life of the country is concentrated. This cultivated, settled Egypt covers only about 12,000 square miles, or less than the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut; whereas the Egypt of the map covers fully 350,000 square miles, or an area as large as our three Pacific coast States, with the long Mexican peninsula of Lower California thrown in for good measure.

Despite its relatively small area, settled Egypt is a land of marvelous fertility. The richness of Nile silt is proverbial, and the fields of Egypt

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have for ages borne heavy crops, in many parts three a year. All sorts of crops are raised, the most famous being cotton, which is unsurpassed for quality and brings Egypt perennial wealth.

This fertile land supports a dense population of nearly 13,000,000. The mass of the Egyptian people to-day is, as in Pharoah's time, of the old Nilotic stock. A slow, self-contained peasant folk, the Egyptian fellaheen have submitted passively to a long series of conquerors. Most of them are Mohammedans, but nearly 900,000 are Christians, known as Copts; above the masses, however, lie layer after layer of alien racial elements, both Asiatic and European, deposited by successive waves of conquest precisely as layers of silt are deposited by successive Nile floods. The Asiatic elements, mostly Arabs and Turks, ruled Egypt until the English occupation. The Eur pean elements, mainly Italians, Greeks, English, and French, form separate colonies, with extraterritorial rights. Egypt is thus a medley of races, creeds, and cultures.

The founder of modern Egypt was Mehemet Ali. This able Albanian adventurer wrested Egypt from Turkish control a century ago, and founded a dynasty which still sits upon the Egyptian throne. Mehemet Ali opened Egypt to European influences, and this process of Westernization was continued by his successors, known as "khedives." One of these, Khedive Ismail, was a reckless spendthrift, who contracted huge European loans, plunged Egypt into confusion and bankruptcy, and at last precipitated foreign intervention. In 1879 England and France established a dual control over Egyptian finances, but in 1882 a revolutionary movement broke out, seeking to drive all Europeans from the country. France refused to take action, but England sent in an army, crushed the revolt, and began that occupation of Egypt which has lasted to this day.

England's position in Egypt was highly anomalous. In theory Egypt was a dependency of the Turkish Empire ruled by the khedival dynasty, and England made virtually no change in the outward aspect of things. The only novelty was the presence of a British "financial adviser" to the khedive, and a few thousand British troops. Actually, however, all power was in British hands, and this pleased neither the Egyptian upper classes nor France. In answer to French and other protests, England stated that her occupation of Egypt was temporary and that she would ultimately withdraw. But withdrawal grew ever more difficult, indeed, in British eyes impossible; for England now controlled the Suez Canal, which was the lifeline between the two halves of the British Empire. To add to the difficulty, England presently acquired new responsibilities south of Egypt in the vast region known as the Egyptian Sudan. The Sudan, a huge territory covering more than a million square miles, inhabited by warlike Arab and negroid tribes, had been conquered by the ambitious Khedive Ismail; but a great revolt soon broke out, headed by a fanatical dervish known as "the Mahdi," and so formidable were the Mahdist hosts that but for the English they would probably have ravaged Egypt to the Mediterranean. After many years' fighting England destroyed the Mahdists and occupied the Sudan. Meanwhile she had occupied great territories still farther to the

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south, until an almost solid band of British territory ran from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, broken only by German East Africa, which England acquired in the late war, thus making possible Cecil Rhodes's dream of a "Cape to Cairo Railway."

Meanwhile England was approaching Egypt across southern Asia, for, starting from the Indian frontier, she annexed Baluchistan and acquired control of southern Persia. Thus only Mesopotamia and Palestine lay between Egypt and Great Britain's Indian possessions. This missing link, like German East Africa, was acquired by the late war, and to-day a railway is being surveyed across southern Asia, and the "Cape to Cairo" scheme has broadened into "Cape-Cairo-Calcutta." Great Britain now owns or controls an uninterrupted band of territory from the southern tip of Africa to China, and Egypt has become in a double sense the "nodal point" of the British Empire—by water through the Suez Canal, by land through the projected Cape-Cairo-Calcutta railway trunk-line.

There was, however, one serious drawback: this nodal point was insecure. Great Britain's hold on Egypt was legally a temporary occupation, challenged both by France and the Egyptians themselves. France's objections ceased with the Anglo-French agreement of 1903, by which France renounced her claims on Egypt in return for England's renunciation of her claims on Morocco; but Egyptian opposition grew ever stronger with time. The material benefits of the British occupation did not reconcile the Egyptians to British rule, though the material benefits were great. Egypt had been raised from misgovernment and bankruptcy to abounding prosperity; but nationalist feeling sullenly smoldered, and during the decade previous to the Great War burst into fierce flame, that was kept under control by the British authorities, though never put out.

Such being the state of Egyptian feeling in the years previous to 1914, the outbreak of the Great War was bound to produce intensified unrest. Although England exercised complete control, in law Egypt was still a dependency of the Turkish Empire. But when Turkey joined Great Britain's enemies, and Turkish armies were gathering to cut the Suez Canal, England took the decisive plunge, and in November, 1914, deposed Abbas Hilmi, nominated his cousin Hussein Kamel as sultan, and declared Egypt a protectorate of the British Empire.

Egyptian nationalist feeling was intense and caused some sporadic violence; but anything like formal rebellion was impossible, for masses of British and Colonial troops were promptly poured into the country, and Egypt lapsed into sullen silence.

No sooner was the war over, however, than Egyptian nationalism raised its voice once more. Quoting Allied and American pronouncements about "self-determination" and "the rights of small nations," the Egyptian nationalists demanded nothing short of independence, and attempted to lay their claims before the Versailles peace conference. In this, however, they failed. In British eyes control of Egypt had become supremely vital, and Egyptian independence unthinkable. Accordingly, British influence not only kept the Egyptians away from the peace conference, but used the

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conference to strengthen and legalize Great Britain's hold on Egypt, the Treaty of Versailles formally recognizing the British protectorate over Egypt as part of the peace settlement.

Trouble that was far more serious than any the British authorities had previously faced began at once. Before the war, nationalist feeling had been confined mainly to the Egyptian upper classes. The fellaheen, who made up the bulk of the population, of course had no love for the British, who were conquerors and infidels, though they had brought justice, security, and unparalleled prosperity; but they also had no love for the Turco-Arab upper classes, who had treated them as slaves. But the war changed the situation. It bore hard on the fellaheen, for military necessity had compelled the British to conscript nearly a million Egyptians for forced labor in various parts of the Near East, while there were also wholesale requisitions of grain, fodder, and other supplies. Accordingly, the nationalists soon had behind them the active support of the hitherto passive fellaheen.

Strong in the knowledge of this new backing, the nationalists proceeded to challenge British rule by holding a plebiscite to determine the attitude of the Egyptian people on independence. The British authorities forbade the plebiscite, but the nationalists started to hold it. This defiant attitude of the nationalists was met by strong official measures. In the spring of 1919 most of the nationalist leaders were seized and deported to Malta.

Egypt's answer was an explosion. From one end of the country to the other Egypt flamed into rebellion, the danger being rendered more acute by the irruption out of the desert of swarms of Bedouin Arabs bent on plunder. For a few days Egypt trembled on the verge of anarchy. The British Government admitted in Parliament that Egypt was in a state of insurrection.

The insurrection was soon quelled, the British authorities showing great ability and determination. However, though Egypt was again under control, the outlook was ominous. Only the presence of massed British troops enabled order to be maintained—order broken by continuous nationalist demonstrations, sometimes ending in riots, fighting, and heavy loss of life.

After a year of this sort of thing, with no signs of real improvement, the British Government sent out a commission of inquiry headed by Lord Milner to investigate thoroughly the Egyptian problem, and to see whether any constructive solution was possible. Lord Milner was a man of broad outlook and long experience in Egyptian affairs. Although the extreme nationalists would have nothing to do with the commission, Lord Milner got in touch with the more moderate leaders, and the two parties finally evolved a compromise agreement which ran about as follows: England was to withdraw her protectorate and was to declare Egypt independent. This independence was qualified to about the same extent as Cuba's or Panama's is toward the United States. Egypt was to have complete self-government, both the British garrison and British civilian officials being withdrawn. Egypt was, however, to make a perpetual treaty of alliance with Great Britain, was to make no treaties with other nations save with Great Britain's consent, and was to grant a military and naval station for the protection of the Suez Canal and of Egypt

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itself in case of internal troubles or attacks by foreign enemies.

This draft agreement seemed to offer the basis of a genuine compromise between the conflicting interests of Egyptian nationalism and British imperialism. The agreement, however, did not come into effect. Both in Egypt and in England strong opposition was aroused. The extreme nationalists denounced the Egyptian negotiators as traitors and clamored for real independence. In England, on the other hand, it was widely feared that the concessions proposed threatened the safety of the empire. As a matter of fact, the British Government did not indorse the committee's report in its entirety, and Lord Milner resigned.

In its adverse attitude the British Government seems to have been influenced not merely by imperial considerations, but by foreign pressure. It is an open secret that France and Italy made urgent diplomatic representations to the British Government against the draft agreement, stating that if Egypt obtained qualified independence, they would be faced with intense agitation among their own north African subjects and might be forced to do the same.

Furthermore, several European powers were making anxious inquiries about the future status of their citizens in Egypt itself. As already stated, Europeans in Egypt enjoy a privileged position. This privileged position rests upon a series of treaties made a century or more ago between the various European powers and Turkey, when Egypt was part of the Turkish Empire. America has such a treaty with Turkey, signed in 1830. Collectively known as "the capitulations," these treaties grant Europeans and Americans many valuable privileges. Among other things, they are not amenable to Egyptian law, but must be tried according to a special code before their own consular courts, they are exempt from many taxes, and they thus enjoy a sort of extraterritoriality similar to that enjoyed by diplomats in Western lands. Now, the foreigners in Egypt have made good use of their opportunities and have acquired a large stake in the country, most of the business and a considerable proportion of the land being in foreign hands. But the nationalist movement is hostile to Europeans in general as well as to the British in particular. It denounces the Europeans' privileged position and seeks to abolish the capitulations. Furthermore, nationalism is here reinforced by religious fanaticism, the European being hated not merely as a foreigner, but as an infidel as well. The European colonies in Egypt are thus deeply alarmed at the prospect of anything like Egyptian independence, and their governments look to England to protect them, since England, by the protectorate, has assumed full responsibility.

Another obstacle to a compromise settlement of the Egyptian problem is the vexed question of the Sudan. The Egyptians demand that the Sudan be turned over to them. Not only do they claim it because of its former conquest by Khedive Ismail, but they also assert that it is vital to Egypt's very existence. They point out that, with Great Britain in control of the Sudan, she could divert enough of the Nile water to ruin Egypt if she so chose, and would thus possess a strangle-hold on Egypt which would render Egyptian independence a mockery. On the other

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hand, the English assert that the Egyptians are wholly unfit to govern the wild tribes of the Sudan, who despise the Egyptians, and that Egyptian rule in the Sudan would probably be followed by another Mahdist rebellion, which, in the present highly inflammable condition of the East, might set all northern Africa, and perhaps the whole Moslem world, on fire. So absolute is the deadlock over the Sudan that no attempt was made to settle it in the Milner negotiations, the subject being left open for subsequent attempts.

Of course the failure of the Milner negotiations left the whole Egyptian problem once more in the air. The result was a fresh access of nationalist agitation, fresh riots, and fresh government repression, culminating in the sternest sort of martial law. At the same time Great Britain realized that martial law was no lasting solution, and negotiations were therefore resumed with the nationalists, the object being to evolve a compromise which would satisfy at least the moderate nationalists by a grant of some sort of qualified independence, while at the same time protecting British and other foreign interests. These negotiations resulted in an announcement by the British Government at the end of last February, declaring specifically that the British protectorate over Egypt is terminated and that Egypt is declared to be an independent sovereign state, subject to such reservations as will protect British imperial communications, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression, the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, and the safeguarding of British interests in the Sudan.

This official announcement has been widely hailed as a settlement of the Egyptian problem. A moment's reflection, however, will show that it is nothing of the kind. Taken by itself, it is merely a move in the game. Things really are just about where they were at the time of the Milner negotiations two years ago. The question is, Have those intervening two years of conflict brought the parties concerned to a more conciliatory mood, or have they not? Time alone can decide. The important thing to remember is that the Egyptian problem is of immense importance to the world at large as well as to Egypt and the British Empire.

The Electrification of Italy

Probably the greatest handicap to Italy's industrial life is lack of coal. Virtually, no good coal is found in Italy, that country's sole domestic supplies of mineral fuel being low-grade coals and lignites. This has meant heavy charges for fuel imports, especially since 1914, when Italy had to pay enormous prices for coal, and also had to pay in a depreciated currency. The drain upon Italian finance and industry was thus very severe.

All this, however, has had one good effect: it has forced Italy to utilize her latent resources of "white coal," the water-power of her innumerable mountain-streams. Italy being a mountainous country, "white coal" is nearly everywhere available, not merely from the Alps, but also from the Apennines and even from the hills of Sicily and Sardinia. Its extraction has been hindered mainly by the great expense of conduiting streams, building dams for containing-reservoirs, and installing hydro-electric stations.

The hardships of the last few years,

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when Italy's railroads were in confusion and factories had to shut down for sheer lack of fuel, have convinced Italian public opinion that electrification on a vast scale is absolutely necessary. Accordingly, both the Government and private capital have busied themselves to that end. The Italian Parliament has recently voted an ambitious electrification plan for the Italian railroads, which will electrify most of the main railroad lines within the next ten years at a cost estimated at 800,000,000 lire ($160,000,000 at pre-war exchange rates).

Railroad electrification is, however, only one phase of a far-reaching program. It is planned to run most of Italy's factories by electric power, not merely the great factories of the industrial centers, but also many small mills and workshops that, it is hoped, will spring up broadcast over the country as soon as electric power is generally available. Incidentally, this projected decentralization of industry is expected to have very beneficent social effects by checking the growth of congested cities and slums. Furthermore, electric power is expected to transform work on the farms and to increase greatly certain "agricultural industries," like creameries and cheese factories. Incidentally, the widespread use of electric power for lighting and possibly even for cooking on the farms will add notably to the attractiveness of country life.

Electrification has already attained considerable proportions in northern Italy along the line of the Alps and in some parts of the central Apennines. This process is now going on in the mountains of the south and even in Sicily and Sardinia. In these latter regions it is interesting to note that the control of water-power has two ends in view, electrification and irrigation. Many parts of southern Italy and Sicily suffer from drought. The mountain reservoirs which are now planned will thus serve a double purpose: they will first yield their power, and will then be used over again for irrigating the thirsty plains below. In fact, the double profits which will thus be extracted make it possible to undertake the building of dams and reservoirs whose cost would otherwise be prohibitive. Italy has here profited by the experience of California, where precisely this combination has been employed with the most successful results.

"Green" Bulgaria

Bulgaria is evidently becoming more and more the leader in the "Green" movement—the movement of the organized peasantry, which has developed rapidly since the war and is to-day an important factor in European affairs. The war, which disorganized Europe's industrial life and thus injured the towns, conversely benefited the country. Last month, for instance, I called attention to the decay of the Russian cities as revealed by the recent soviet census; and this is merely the most striking example of a process which is going on all over Europe—a shifting of the balance against the town and in favor of the country.

Now the country has awakened to the fact that things are going its way, and thus we see the appearance of peasant political parties in the various European countries, these parties in turn getting in touch with one another and forming what is known as the "Green International."

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This "Green" movement is strongly class-conscious and is frankly hostile to the towns. It opposes not only the old bourgeois political parties, the parties made up of the upper and middle class townsfolk, but it is even more hostile to the Red parties, like socialists and Bolshevists, the parties of the town working classes.

In Bulgaria, as already stated, the Green movement has gone furthest and has had the greatest success. This is natural, because Bulgaria is a nation of small land-owning peasants, with few towns. Bulgaria's only real city is its capital, Sofia, and Sofia has only a trifle over a hundred thousand inhabitants. The Bulgarian Peasants' party absolutely dominates the political situation to-day, and has developed a strong leader, Mr. Stamboliski, who is Bulgaria's prime minister. A short time ago the Peasants' party held a monster meeting at which Mr. Stamboliski explained his policies. He frankly stated that the village, and not the town, was to rule Bulgaria and was to determine the character of the nation's life.

Home Rule Hits Formosa

Imperial Japan seems to be having her troubles. We have all heard of Korea's continued complaints against Japanese rule, and now another Japanese dependency utters its protest. This is Formosa, the large island off the middle Chinese coast, obtained by Japan from China as the result of their war in 1895. Formosa is a large island, with an area of about fourteen thousand square miles (equal to the combined areas of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut), with a population of about 3,700,000. Formosa is noted as the world's source of camphor, and also for its fine grades of tea. Japanese rule has brought increased prosperity, but it has been autocratic and tactless, and the population, very few of whom are Japanese, now demand a local assembly and a considerable measure of home rule. These demands are apparently frowned upon by the Japanese Government, which has stated that it does not believe the Formosans have reached the stage of political development when a popular assembly and local self-government would be feasible.

Things Worth Watching

European politics continue to center about the Anglo-French situation described in these columns last month. The situation is complicated by an internal political crisis in Great Britain and by cabinet shifts in Italy.

All immediate prospects of peace between Greece and Turkey are apparently off, despite the best efforts of British diplomacy. More fighting in Asia Minor would have a disturbing influence throughout the Near East.

India continues profoundly troubled. The Moplah Rebellion has been quelled, but the Prince of Wales's tour has admittedly been a failure so far as evoking a general outburst of loyalty is concerned.

The dispute between Chile and Peru continues to simmer and to threaten South American harmony. In Central America the much-heralded union of its five turbulent republics, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, and Salvador, has blown up on account of mutual jealousies.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

ON DISCONTENT WITH DEMOCRACY

LAST month in these columns I suggested that democracy in America is about to enter a new phase; that we have completed the quantitative extension of democracy, and are about to undertake its qualitative development, and that the first thing we need in this adventure is a fresh and fearless examination of democracy itself.

I want now to deal further with this transition period which democracy is entering not only in America, but throughout the world. There has, perhaps, never been such wide-spread discontent with government as there is to-day. In many quarters it is said that this discontent marks the beginning of the world's disillusionment regarding democracy, and there is a large element of truth in this statement, though its dogmatism calls for a little closer analysis.

The phrase "discontent with democracy" to-day covers a medley of passions, philosophies, and programs. Much of the present discontent is a result of the reaction people feel against excessive governmental interference with their lives and interests during the war. Whether conservative or radical, the average human being resents every encroachment of government upon his personal freedom of thought and action. During the war we were caught in a network of conscription, taxation, regulation, inspection, censorship, and espionage more inclusive and irritating than we had ever known. We endured all this excess of government during the war because we were in a state of hyperstimulation. We were dedicated to a sort of political knighthood. We were crusaders for our own democratic Utopia, and we were willing to take all the vows and endure all the restrictions involved in that dedication. With equal resignation we gave up sugar and thought for the duration of the war, but the gray dawn of the morning after was bound to come. The exhilaration of war-time was succeeded by exhaustion and boredom of the whole drab business of settling up. Drama was more or less ironed out of the world after the war, and the willingness to resign one's freedom of thought and action to government became less and less. As I have already said, much of the "discontent with democracy" can be accounted for by this emotional tiredness of the world.

There is a considerable body of men and women throughout the world who hold to the aristocratic philosophy of government. They have never paid allegiance to democracy even in its

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most popular period of extension; all along they have fought the democratic idea. Naturally, they are taking advantage of the reaction I have just discussed to restate their position with a vigorous freshness.

There is still another group which those who think in labels and catchwords will call "the Bolsheviks," men and women who from their economic philosophy and interests desire the overthrow of the existing constitutional governments.

These three groups, the tired people, the aristocrats, and the Bolsheviks, imposing as they seem in mass, are not, in my judgment, the really important factors in the present "discontent with democracy." The group to which we may look with greatest hope for the future is that great middle party whose discontent rests not upon any philosophical liking or disliking of democracy, but upon an honest discontent with the inefficiencies of the whole modern social order.

This great middle party of discontent, seeing the extension of democracy and the inefficiency of the social order running parallel, more or less unconsciously puts them in the relation of cause to effect. One of the most important contributions that could be made to popular thought at the present moment would be a fundamental analysis of the mind, the motives, and convictions of this great middle party.

Even if this matter lay clear in my own mind, which I am not sure that it does, I could not within the limits of this brief editorial make this necessary analysis. I should like, however, to suggest tentatively certain aspects of this problem.

First of all, we shall have to discover what the word democracy means to this middle party. I suspect that it means something very simple, that there is little richness of content in the average man's conception of democracy. I believe that about all the average man has in mind when he thinks of democracy is government by elected persons. In short, democracy has been with us a sort of religious hope and uncritical enthusiasm for the principle of representative government rather than a sound and solid enthusiasm based upon an intelligent understanding of democracy. Before we make any decided progress in the improvement of government, this great middle party must arrive at a real definition of democracy. Does democracy mean that all men have an equal right to share in the *administration* of government, or merely an equal right to share in the *benefits* of government? Does democracy mean that social classes must be obliterated, or merely that the way must be kept open for men to pass upward or downward into the social class for which their abilities fit them? This middle party must cross-examine itself and discover what it really means by representative government. Does representative government in a democracy mean that our "elected persons" are to represent our intelligence or merely to register our interests?

This middle party must know what it really wants government to be and do. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, from whom I quoted last month, said a very interesting thing on this point in an address delivered before the Second International Congress of Eugenics. In that address he pointed out that virtually all governments of the so-called popular type have been founded for the purpose of preserving individual rights, but that

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later these governments have undertaken the performance of all sorts of public services, and that much of the inefficiency of modern democratic governments grows out of the fact that in adding to the rôle of protecting policeman the rôle of obliging servant, these governments have not adapted their equipment and methods to the new tasks. This great middle party which I have been discussing must decide whether it wants to define democratic government in terms of power or in terms of service, or, perhaps, in terms of a combination of power and service. Having made its decision, this party must then meet the challenge of adapting the equipment and method of democratic government to the tasks allotted to it. As Mr. Ireland suggests, when a government is conceived simply as a protector of individual rights, government is a relatively simple affair; it does not involve intricate technical considerations which the average citizen cannot understand, and, as he says, in the matter of "confirming the people in the enjoyment of their rights, government always acts in response to a mandate clear, universal, and perpetual. No citizen ever attacked a government because it protected his rights." The moment, however, government is defined in terms of public service, we run into a thousand conflicting interests, and government rarely has a clear mandate from its citizens. The moment political thought in a democracy turns from a consideration of the things "government should not do to them," to a consideration of the things "government should do for them," society is enmeshed in a tangle of occupational and sectional interests. Clearly, then, until we determine what we want government to be and do, our alleged "discontent with democracy" does not rest upon an intelligent basis.

Then, too, as I have suggested, this great middle party must find out what it really thinks about the principle of representation in a democratic government. The idea of representation which the founders of this republic had in mind was that the representative should consider himself as elected to use his own wisdom, experience, and judgment in the handling of successive issues as they arose. Plainly, we have drifted far from that conception of representation. The appetite of democracy grows by what it feeds on and invariably develops from indirect action to direct action in matters of legislation. For years we have been drifting toward the idea that a representative should consider himself elected merely to execute in each case the current opinion of the majority that may in one way or another be communicated to him at the time. We started with the idea that representatives should represent. We have about committed ourselves to the idea that representatives should merely record. If we are to go on having men and women to represent geographical areas only, we must sooner or later decide whether the representative is to be actually a human substitute for his constituents, or a mechanical contrivance for reproducing the voice of his constituents. Perhaps the best statement of the human substitute idea of representation was made years ago by Lord Macaulay when he was one of the candidates for Leeds. He wrote:

> The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true

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principles of representative government. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. I trust that the great and intelligent body of people who have obtained the elective franchise will see that seats in the House of Commons ought not to be given, like rooms in an almshouse, to urgency of solicitation; and that a man *who surrenders his vote to caresses and supplications forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note.* I hope to see the day when an Englishman will think it as great an affront to be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of juryman. My conduct is before the electors of Leeds. My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve that conduct, if they concur in those opinions, they ought, not for my sake, but for their own, to choose me as their member. To be so chosen, I should indeed consider as a high and enviable honor; but I should think it no honor to be returned to Parliament by persons who, thinking me destitute of the requisite qualifications, had yet been wrought upon by cajolery and importunity to poll for me in spite of their better judgment.

I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly stated my Opinions. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give No Pledges. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. I will state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which have induced me to form this determination. The great beauty of the representative system is, that it unites the advantages of popular control with the advantages arising from a division of labour. Just as a physician understands medicine better than an ordinary man, just as a shoemaker makes shoes better than an ordinary man, so a person whose life is passed in transacting affairs of state becomes a better statesman than an ordinary man.

In politics, as well as every other department of life, the public ought to have the means of checking those who serve it. If a man finds that he derives no benefit from the prescription of his physician, he calls in another. If his shoes do not fit him he changes his shoemaker. But when he has called in a physician of whom he hears a good report, and whose general practice he believes to be judicious, it would be absurd in him to tie down that physician to order particular pills and particular draughts. While he continues to be the customer of a shoemaker, it would be absurd in him to sit by and mete every motion of that shoemaker's hand. And in the same manner, it would, I think, be absurd in him to require positive pledges, and to exact daily and hourly obedience, from his representative.

When we have thought our way through this problem of the conflict between government by representatives and government by delegates, we have, of course, only touched one aspect of the philosophy of representative government. I have repeatedly discussed in these columns that philosophy of government which rests upon the notion that it is impossible for any man really to represent human beings as such; that the only real representation is the representation not of areas, but of interests; that instead of electing men to represent States and congressional districts, we should elect men to represent businesses and industries and professions. But this, as the teller of tales would say, is another story, which will bear closer examination in some later issue.

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Tanasi

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Drawings by W. T. BENDA

ULTIMATELY everything reaches its destination. Everything goes to its own kind, whether to-day or to-morrow, in a thousand or a hundred thousand years, within eternity, drifting, soaring, and changing forms innumerable times, until it reaches that place where it belongs. Even the straw that goes into a baked brick does not remain there permanently. The years will wedge it out. So, no matter how, and no matter when, we always make our goal.

Thus man goes about with one ruling passion surging in his veins. And it is by that ruling passion that one recognizes the son and the son of his son. Whether the form of the body, the lines of the face, the color of the eye, or the tone of voice, be alike or not, even when there is not one single outward trace of common blood to call one kin, the ruling passion is incrusted upon the soul of kin.

For ultimately everything reaches its destination. So that even the straw baked in brick is sought out by the wind, to-morrow or in a thousand years, within eternity, and sent through space and years where it belongs.

Stretching along both sides of the Seret River, which splits the plains of Moldavia its whole length, is the old property of the Stanescus. The domain of pasture-land and pine-wood has been in the family for over four hundred years. It was old George Stanescu, who lived in the seventeenth century, and, freeing it of debt and incumbency, decreed that nothing more be added to the property and that not one hectare ever be parted with. Every Stanescu lived up to that tradition. The river divided the property into two parts. Following tradition, every boyar embarked every Sunday upon a large raft built especially for the purpose, and, surrounded by his favorite band of Tziganey musicians, he rode slowly down the river, the length of his property, to greet the peasants, his vassals, who came to watch the procession from both shores.

Seldom, if ever, had a Stanescu missed his Sunday visit. When a boyar Stanescu died, his body was kept over the first Sunday, so that he could have the last procession through his domain. Of the Stanescu property it was said, "The Seret passes

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through it, and it takes a day on a raft to go from end to end."

The old boyars sent their sons to study in foreign countries, to Russia, to France, or to Germany. But invariably, after a few years, the young Stanescus would come home from the foreign land and beg to remain on the property. The voluptuous life of Byzantian Moscow or the riotous life of gay Paris never succeeded in taking permanent hold of the soul of a Stanescu. And when they returned home, they would explore every nook and corner, roaming through their immense property, making maps of the lakes, hills, and dales, hunting the bear to his lair and the fox to his den with no desire to kill, but just to know where they were; becoming acquainted with every peasant, dancing with the girls at the inns, and in time dropping all the culture acquired away from their homes. Divesting themselves of the clothes they wore, they donned the simple peasant's garments, wide white trousers, a sleeveless, embroidered vest, and a shirt of homespun tied at the neck with two red ribbons.

The other boyars living in the capital of the country, immersed in pleasure and politics, always referred to the Stanescus as "landed peasants and savages." The daughters of Stanescus married boyars and noblemen and lived in large cities, but the Stanescu men always married peasants' daughters.

Yet even the best blood runs thin in time. Thus it happened that when Jancu Stanescu's only son, George, died before he was twenty-two, Jancu remained the last of his race, trembling with fear that the end of the Stanescu rule had come, that the river was never to see the Sunday procession of the boyars, and that the several married daughters and their husbands were to come with lawyers and men with measuring-tapes to tear the land apart, desecrating it, parceling it out among themselves, changing the names of the villages and hamlets, and destroying that which many generations had built.

On the domain of the Stanescus lived a tribe of Gipsy musicians. Among them was one called Cornel, who played the violin so beautifully that his fame had spread beyond the land of the boyar. Cornel, like all the other Tziganies, although well treated, longed to go away and play at the *curtes* of the other boyars. Some man had come from the land of the Russians and assured him he could have him play at the czar's own palace. But the old boyar would not allow any of his Gipsies to depart from his domain. They were his slaves.

Cornel and his band played only at such weddings and funerals as the boyar permitted, and a custom had developed among the young men not to ask their sweethearts, "Will you marry me?" Instead, they would say, "Would you like to hear Cornel play?" For it was well known that many of the girls preferred to marry such men as could have Cornel play at their weddings. The inhabitants of the Stanescu domain divided themselves into two classes, those at whose weddings Cornel had played and those at whose weddings he had not. For at a wedding where Cornel played the boyar always put in an appearance, and the length of time he spent at a wedding measured the degree of favor and esteem in which he held the host.

At one of the weddings the boyar, Jancu Stanescu, had remarked a little

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Tzigany boy of about twelve who was holding a violin beneath his coat and was watching every movement of Cornel. Between dances the boyar saw the little boy retire to a corner to repeat on his own violin that which he had just heard the master play. The rapture, the serious intent of the little Tzigany, as well as the great sorrow at his inability to do as well as he desired, contorted the dark brown face and brought tears to the large black eyes. Again and again he tried to imitate Cornel's perfect trill. Again and again he tried to obtain that perfect catch from the heel of the bow that was Cornel's forte. Failing to do it as well as he wanted to, the little boy spoke to his fingers, to his bow, to the strings, to the violin, begging them to do better than before.

"Who is that boy there?" the boyar asked his host.

The host glanced at the little Gipsy, and averting his eye in a rather embarrassed way as he met the lively query of the boyar's gaze, he answered:

"I really don't know," and hurried away. The boyar put the same question to a second and a third man. Failing to receive a definite answer, he finally asked Cornel himself.

"It is a long story, Boyar," Cornel answered, "one that saddens my heart; but the gist of it is: there is Cosinca. She is my brother's daughter. She was beautiful. Half a dozen men asked to marry her before she was sixteen. They all loved her, but she said 'Yes' to no one, neither did she say 'No.' One of them was found dead in the river, another's heart was pierced, a third one is in jail for life, a fourth committed suicide. Your son died. The man who married her swears that Tanasi is not his son."

The boyar looked at the little Gipsy who was fiddling away in a corner, and his heart leaped with joy. So, after all, there was a possibility that the blood of the Stanescus had not completely run out. What mattered it if it was half-Gipsy as long as it was still Stanescu and male? Had his son been alive, he would of course not have permitted his marriage to a Gipsy girl, for then there would have been hope for other sons. But now he ought to be happy that there was any kind of a Stanescu male, even one from the loins of a Tzigany. He looked at the boy and tried to discover in him a resemblance to the family. Though most of the other Tziganies had some resemblance to the Stanescu boyars, there was no trace of them in little Tanasi. The form of his head, the brow, the sharp nose, the mouth, the blue lips, almost forming half-circles, the brown grain of his skin, were all thoroughly Tzigany, as though no white blood had ever been mixed with it.

Still, one could never know. The boyar remembered how some of his thoroughbred horses that had reverted to other types had retained all the fire, all the spirit, of their direct progenitors and all the speed of their sires. If there could only be a sign by which he could recognize whether or not Tanasi was a grandson of his, how gladly would he welcome that boy to the *curte!* How gladly would he pronounce him a grandson and make him the ruler of the domain!

But there was no sign. He approached the boy and talked to him. No resemblance in the timbre of his voice, nothing in the shape of the eyes. That peculiarly shaped lobe of the ear that had been a Stanescu

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mark, stamping them for centuries, was totally absent.

"What do they call you?" he asked the boy.

"Tanasi," he answered.

"And who is your mother?"

"Cosinca."

"What do you want to be?"

"A *lautar*, a violinist. I want to play the violin as well as Cornel and to play at all the weddings."

"And if you had food and clothing and a nice house to live in and all the things you wanted, what would you then want to do?" the boyar asked the boy, looking into his eyes.

"Play the violin the whole day."

There was no hesitation in the boy's answer. The slightest would have given the boyar some hope that blood other than Gipsy's was in his veins. The slightest might have indicated a wedge of Stanescu blood, but little Tanasi answered promptly, affirming himself whole-heartedly a Tzigany of the truest race and type.

For a while the boyar allowed himself to be distracted by the dances that were going on. According to custom, he had the first dance with the bride in the center of the locked-arm-in-arm *hora* dance.

But after the new wine had been drunk and the house of the young couple blessed and the dowry of bolts and bolts of homespun cloth and silk and bundles of fur skins had been shown to everybody, after the painted wooden spoons and forks and brown earthen dishes had been blessed and praised by the *popa*, after the newly wedded couple had been closed up in their room, the key of which was put into the pocket of the father of the groom, the peasants and the band of Gipsy musicians went farther down the forest to sit around a campfire and talk and listen to the music made by Cornel. The boyar saw little Tanasi again hiding behind a tree and listening enraptured to the violins.

"And what does Cosinca say?" the boyar suddenly asked Cornel.

"About what, Boyar?" the Gipsy queried.

"About the boy, Cornel."

"Nobody has yet heard her say 'Yes' or 'No.' "

And while the peasants sang and danced and Cornel played, the boyar stretched himself upon the green moss to dream that his race had not completely died out. Oh, if that Tanasi boy carried but the slightest resemblance to a Stanescu! If he but had the peculiarly shaped ear-lobe, it would have been enough. Yet he was a handsome little chap in his own way. The intensity about him was so very pronounced at that early age that it distinguished him from all the other boys.

The following morning the boyar sent for Tanasi.

"Let 's hear you play," he ordered.

"What shall I play?" the boy asked, trembling.

"Whatever you wish, son." The boyar stroked his hair.

So Tanasi played fragments from the improvisations he had heard the night before. It was far above the ordinary playing. The small tone was intense and vibrating with light and color. Tanasi could do only a few things, but he did them almost perfectly. He had limned his bowing to a velvet finish and smoothed his fingers to marvelous fluidity. Old Stanescu realized that there was great promise in those earnest eyes.

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A little later he sent for the mother and the father of the boy.

"I have heard Tanasi play," he told them, "and it pleases me to send him to Jassy, where there is a great teacher who will keep him three or four years and teach him how to play. And at every Easter-time you will remind me to send one of my men to bring him home over the holidays. After he has finished his apprenticeship with that great teacher, he may still not be so good as Cornel, to whom may God give long life; but he will be a great violinist."

"As it pleases the boyar," the father answered, only too glad to be rid of the child. The mother cried and begged again and again assurance that the boy would be returned to her every Easter holiday.

There were still traces of former beauty in Cosinca. It was very unusual. For, as a rule, a Gipsy woman of twenty looks as old as her mother. There was still great charm about Cosinca's voice and about her carriage. As he looked at her, the boyar remembered her as she had been twelve or fourteen years before, and he could understand not only the passion of the other men, but also understand and forgive the passion of his own son for the Gipsy girl.

There was unusual warmth in the boyar's words of assurance. He held her hand between his two palms and looked straight into her eyes as he said:

"He is your son, Cosinca. He is your son, and he shall come back to you at Easter-time. Go home now. Or, stay! Ask the woman in charge of the cloth to give you as much as you need for Tanasi. Let him have six *boranshic* shirts of the best silk, and he shall have two suits of clothing, one for week-days and one for Sundays. And shoes for his bare feet and a felt hat and a fur cap. Let the tailor get busy. And for yourself, Cosinca, you shall take such cloth as will make a beautiful dress, for the fourth day after this day you shall ride with me and Tanasi to Jassy to see the great teacher."

On the fourth day the whole tribe of Gipsies assembled in front of the boyar's house to see with their own eyes how the boyar seated himself in the same carriage with Cosinca and Tanasi and hear how he ordered the driver to speed along the road leading to Jassy.

A week later Cosinca was brought home by the driver, the boyar remaining in the city. She never ceased telling about the trip and the gentleness of the Boyar Jancu. She never ceased talking of how white the man was who had become Tanasi's teacher, and how in the city the boyar had taken her son to a store and bought for him city clothes such as the boyar himself wore when away from his domain.

That night the tribe was disturbed in its sleep. Cosinca was being beaten by her husband. Nobody interfered. It was his privilege to beat his wife. A man beats his wife only when he loves her, but the women had long since deducted from the tone of Cosinca's screams that she did not love her husband; for, as an old woman explained, "there was nothing of the joy of being beaten in her screams." Beating her was therefore unfair; she derived no pleasure from it.

At Easter-time Tanasi was brought home. Cornel immediately subjected the boy to an examination.

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"What new songs have you learned from the great master?"

But it seemed that not only had Tanasi not learned new songs, but he had completely forgotten the old ones. All he had learned was how to read sounds from paper, how to hold his bow, and how to keep his violin in position while playing. And while he dared not find fault with Cornel's playing, he objected to the way the other fiddlers held their instruments and the manner in which they allowed their bows to glide over the strings. The tribe of Gipsies laughed and scoffed. Tanasi to teach them! And even Cosinca ran mortified to the boyar and cried that the white-faced teacher at Jassy was ruining her boy. The boyar told her he was well pleased with what the boy had accomplished. He assured her that all was for the best. At the door, when leading her out, he even whispered to her: "Give him a little time. Don't worry that the others laugh and scoff. He shall yet play better than Cornel."

On his second holiday Tanasi was again surrounded by his friends and relatives and subjected to a rigid examination. He had by that time, they all admitted, come to know a little about playing the violin, but the manner of songs he played was not at all to their liking.

Cornel said: "Those songs are as neat as the German clothes he wears, but not so good as the wine we all drink. And songs were to be compared with wine and not with clothes."

Again Cosinca ran to the boyar crying, and again she was assured that all was for the best. The boyar, who had heard Tanasi play, assured her in even a louder whisper that Tanasi was to be as good a violinist as Cornel.

As to Tanasi himself, he no longer seemed to think as highly of his Uncle Cornel. He had acquired great respect for people who could read music, was proud of his own proficiency in that direction, and chided the Gipsy violinist for his ignorance.

Before Tanasi had come for his third holiday the boyar called the boy's mother and said to her:

"Great news I have heard about your son. His teacher had selected him to play at the *curte* in Jassy. Among the princes there was a Muscal boyar who liked Tanasi so well he offered him a hundred gold pieces to come to his *curte*. And to me that Muscal has written, offering to buy you out with your husband and your son. What say you?"

"That I love my old master," Cosinca answered, crying. And the boyer sent her away with a large gold piece in her hand as a present, patting her, and assuring her that no gold would ever tempt a Stanescu to part with one of his people, Muscal or no Muscal.

When Tanasi came home for his holidays, he was the object of much consideration not only with his own people, but also with the other peasants. A great change had come over the boy. He seemed to have acquired greater respect for Cornel and his playing than he had ever had. The young Tzigany had just reached that point where he could consciously appreciate the artistry of the older man. More than ever he watched his playing; more than ever he was happy when he could imitate him. The Gipsy songs and dances he now heard were full of a greater meaning—a meaning and a beauty he had not realized before. These songs and

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dances were the songs and dances of life, life itself, the gold of it, the black sorrow of it. He was not at all anxious to show off his book learning as he had done the previous year. Instead, he literally sat at the feet of the old man and watched the birth of every sound, following it until it merged and died, to give birth to another tone.

But Iliana, Cornel's own fifteen-year-old daughter, who had been engaged to Tanasi ever since she had reached her tenth year, was angry. She rejected him. He had pleased her much better the year before, when he had affected so well his being a man of the city, a man who could read music from books and wore German clothes. Now, when he cared for nothing else but Cornel and his playing, she hated him. All the men were Cornel's slaves. She had hoped to hear of the city and its tricks, its houses and the dresses of the women. Instead, Tanasi had asked her to go with him to the little brook, a few miles away from the habitation of the tribe, to watch the limpid waters and to pick the violets that bobbed up along its shores. She would have none of him after he told her how happy they would be when he returned to live there permanently.

"Would n't we live in the city?" she asked.

"The city? The city? Of course not."

Before Tanasi had come back for the fourth holiday the teacher from Jassy had written to the boyar, telling him that the little Gipsy had learned all he could teach him; that while there might be greater teachers than he himself, he doubted if the boy had anything further to learn.

The boyar asked Tanasi to play. It was beautiful; it was as beautiful as he had ever heard play. Even Cornel admitted he had never heard better playing. Tanasi played the old dances and songs of his people as well if not better than Cornel himself. But there were yet greater teachers in France.

While Tanasi was away in Paris, a great change came over the laws and habits of Moldavia. With one stroke of the pen a new government abolished the slavery of the Gipsies. They were declared as free as other men. No longer could a boyar own a human being from whom he could exact work and submission. Like a hurricane that uproots and scatters young trees in the forest and bends and breaks the old ones, the Gipsies were lifted from their feet and spread over the country. With wife and children at his heels, the Gipsy musician, violin slung across his shoulder, took to the road, dancing and playing as he went along, stopping at wine-houses and playing new songs, new dances for the peasants, sleeping on the open road, in fields and forests, or in holes dug in the ground. Wife and children at his heels, the Gipsy coppersmith, with his few tools in a bag, roamed from village to village to offer his ability for a piece of bread to keep him alive while he trudged farther along. Wherever one went, one met the dark-skinned children from the Ganges, the issue from the loins of Chen and Khan, sister and brother, for whose sin the race was cursed to eternal travel through foreign lands.

They traveled so quickly that one got the impression that there were ten times the actual number of Tziganies in Moldavia.

One morning the hut that had been occupied by Tanasi's mother and

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father was found empty. The servants told the boyar that Cosinca's husband had beaten her the whole night, and how he had literally dragged her away at a rope's end the following morning. And even Cornel, Cornel who had been the boyar's pet, left the domain after making very short explanation to his former master.

"I can't stay here, Boyar. It is the blood of my ancestors that speaks through me now. I shall go to the land of the Muscals. A man has come to tell me that great fortune awaits me there. I am a free man now."

It was only then that the boyar remembered Tanasi. That very hour he wrote to the boy, telling him he was a free man; that he was no longer a slave to the Stanescus, and that he could act as he pleased. He was a free man. He also let him know that the other Tziganies, including his mother and father, Cornel and his daughter, had left the domain, and had gone each his own way, as and where they desired. But as long as Tanasi was willing to study in France, he could stay there at the expense of the boyar. Only the boyar wanted him to know that he was a free man, that he could, if he so desired, because of his great talents, engage himself to play before whomsoever he wished, before kings and emperors of other countries, and that he owed nothing to any one.

In Paris Tanasi had meanwhile been taken under the wings of his teachers and been brought out on the concert platform. The brilliancy and warmth of his tone as well as the kind of music he played won instant recognition. On the morning after the first concert the young Gipsy boy found himself hailed as the greatest violinist that ever greeted the shores of the Seine. Besieged by managers and friends, he played in concert after concert, and gained admirers among artists and connoisseurs. By the time his concert tour had reached London, it was really a triumphal procession. Everywhere the boy was hailed as a wonder, and surrounded and petted by the most beautiful women. For over a year he traveled from place to place, tasting for the first time to the full the splendors of life and knowing the joys of new loves and adulation. At the courts of kings and emperors they bestowed upon him so many medals that they rattled on his chest like so many swords on the pavement.

But when the year had ended, the novelty of it all wore off, like thin gold sheeting on brass, and before the young boy's eyes rose the image of the good and kind boyar, and behind that image stretched the Seret River, with its green shores peopled with white-trousered peasants, and tall girls in bare feet and long white shirts, the only garment upon their supple bodies, held at the waist by a thin red sash. And his own Iliana appeared before his eyes, and paled all the other women he had known. And the wide raft upon which the boyar sat surrounded by his musicians, Cornel at the head, gliding slowly down the length of his domain, sang and splashed now on Tanasi's strings as he improvised new melodies.

A terrible longing seized Tanasi—a longing for the smell of the pine-needles behind his mother's hut, for the little brook through which he had waded when a boy. He ached to see the white bloom of the clump of wild

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cherry-trees growing at the edge of the forest. He wanted to talk to the little bare brown children swarming all over the place, riding on the backs of pigs and goats, and inciting the roosters to fight. What cared he whether or not he played before kings and emperors, when Cornel was not there to hear him—Cornel, the boyar, or any of the peasants? And where was Iliana? And no city or town was as beautiful as his boyar's domain, his own domain, upon which he had been born and which he knew so well.

What great joy could a man feel that Cornel had not had! All Tanasi really longed for was to hear it whispered of him as it had been of Cornel—that the girls married just because they wanted to hear him play!

And so one day the boyar was astounded to see a sumptuous carriage stop in front of his porch. Out stepped a very handsome young man, dressed in the costliest of peasant costumes, a violin under his arm. Upon recognizing him, the boyar went out to meet him on the steps and embraced him.

"I have heard all about you, Tanasi, all about your fame and success. And it was good and kind of you to come and see me now that you are a free man."

As an answer, Tanasi fell upon his knees and cried:

"You surely will not chase me away from here, Boyar? I never want to be away from the Seret River and the forest and the brooks. This is my home, Boyar. I have been longing to be back home. I shall never leave it."

"But your people are away, all gone," the boyar answered.

"What care I for my people? If they have gone, it is because they do not belong here. You cannot chase me away, Boyar. This is my river."

Tanasi had hardly finished the last word when the boyar took him into his arms and called aloud, so that everybody could hear:

"Hark you all, this is my grandson!"

For it was in that virtue that the Stanescus possessed, love for their domain above all other things, that the boyar recognized the blood of his son in the veins of Tanasi.

And so to-day, when there is an important wedding on the domain of Tanasi Stanescu, he, the boyar, takes the fiddle into his own hands, although his wife, Mme. Iliana Stanescu, with a home in the capital of the country, protests that he is demeaning himself by so doing.

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Economic Suicide in Germany

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO

THERE is one question at which Europe always, as the phrase goes, "loses its Latin": is Germany rich or is Germany poor? Is she an Eldorado or a bankrupt enterprise?

No epoch in history has loved and exalted material riches as our age has done. At no period was money ever so carefully studied or so tenaciously pursued. We of the present generation have been taught to think of wealth as something real, something solid and tangible, something one can feel with one's fingers or see with one's eyes. Yet here, all of a sudden, we find it dissolving into a vapor that escapes our grasp, veiling itself in a mystic shroud that the most subtle intelligence fails to penetrate. Despite our proud "political economy," we are unable, for the life of us, to distinguish wealth from poverty in a great nation that was once the most powerful in the world and which but yesterday we reckoned among the richest.

Every so often Europe sits up with a shudder at a warning from the stock exchanges, from the banks, or from the financial bulletins: "Germany is going bankrupt. The mark is so much tissue-paper. Berlin demands a respite as the alternative to ruin." From cities once the treasuries and pleasure-gardens of a flourishing empire come tales of a sordid misery that is eating at the basic fibers of the nation, proletariat and middle class.

And then, on the other hand, Europeans stop and ask themselves whether the world has not suddenly turned upside down. Here is England, for instance, with a pound sterling almost back at par, with its banking system intact, with its empire nicely rounded out by a victory in war—and with millions of unemployed on her hands! And here is Germany, the vanquished, looming as the greatest of our manufacturing powers, with her workers busy, her furnaces blazing, her spindles turning, rapidly reconquering lost markets to the discomfiture of French, English, American competitors, and dotting once more with her shipping the seven seas from which England fancied she had banished German trade forever!

The German merchant marine is the only one whose vessels are not rotting at their piers. As every one can see, it will soon be the greatest in the world, if not in brute tonnage, at least in newness, vigor, activity, earning power. The Germans seem even to have managed a resumption of profitable trade with Russia. The English tried to. Good intentions were the least of England's deficiencies. Did not Lloyd George observe that "a nation of traders cannot afford too delicate a conscience?" It was a Roman emperor who said: *aurum non olet*—"money never smells." Well, the English considered themselves the Romans of our day; vainly, as the event proves. What the English have been striving

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to do, only Germans seem to have accomplished.

Europe is witnessing a sort of resurrection on the part of Germany that plays havoc with the laws of reason, just as it snaps its fingers at the laws of justice. Her recovery proceeds from a ruinous defeat in war and a still more disastrous revolution; and, strangest of all, her progress is commensurate with the disintegration of the German state. It has been a favorite pastime of mine to point out the whirl of paradox in which the Great War, itself a paradox, involved us from the beginning. But what is taking place in Germany is the superparadox, the last, the deepest, the most baffling of all incoherent things. It is something that hangs like a nightmare over the sleep of other nations, and bewilders the remnant of good sense that European intelligence still preserves. Some people, with a chill of horror in their hearts, are asking whether Germany may not have been right when she began the war, with all those theories of life that Allied official propagandas have now been cursing for the last seven years. Others wonder whether some devil, such as Goethe imagined, may not have imparted, in exchange for the German soul, the magic secret of building prosperity out of worse than nothing. Meanwhile the rest of us are merely eavesdropping, spying through keyholes, pressing our ears to the dictograph, to see whether we cannot divine something of the great enigma.

But the point is, there is no such enigma; or, if enigma there be, it is a very transparent one. Germany has gone to work because she was much more badly mangled by the war than any of her enemies. The Entente peoples went through the years 1914–18 like spendthrift sons of millionaire fathers, gayly borrowing from one another and from the United States, but, at any rate, leaving no passing whim unsatisfied, and evading present discomforts in every possible measure, at the expense of the distant future. The inhabitants of England, France, and Italy do not even remotely conceive of the anxieties and privations of their Teuton enemies, who fought that interminable war on no resources but their own money pooled, and the plunder they were able to amass in the invaded territories. Nor could we ever have an idea of such sacrifices, unless some day, perchance, we should be forced to pay the foreign debts we have contracted!

When Germany signed the Peace of Versailles she had been starving for two years and she had drawn on her reserves to an extent that staggers the imagination. In a letter written by a German woman, once in good circumstances, to an Italian lady, I noted this sentence: "You cannot understand what it means to live in a house which for six years has not seen a single new piece of furniture or ornament, a single new suit of clothes."

So complete was German exhaustion that the war did not enrich the proletariat to any such extent as was the case in France or England. The working people of the Entente found their standard of living much improved so long as the war lasted—chicken on Sunday, the movies every night, candy and ice-cream, silk stockings, and silk underwear. Their German fellows were introduced to no such era of material bliss. All they had to look

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forward to was a moral satisfaction at the end of the struggle—the heads of the Hohenzollerns and of the Wittlesbachs.

Germany, accordingly, issued from the conflict in need of everything and with a determination to work, and this state of mind peace and revolution served only to intensify. The fall of the dynasty set up the weakest of all European governments in a place formerly and for years occupied by the strongest. Peace, furthermore, virtually built a wall around the country, depriving Germany of her colonies, her army, her navy, her merchant marine, of virtually everything she possessed in the world. When she affixed her signature to the Treaty of Versailles, only one of all her ancient splendors remained intact—that gigantic and enormously powerful arsenal of industrial production which she had built up in the preceding thirty years. The shortage of food and clothing, the pressure of debt and indemnity, the impulse to reassert herself again as part of the living, active portion of the world, caused Germany to sink body and soul, so to speak, into her industrial mechanism.

Germany went to work again and—this is the important point—with the same whole-heartedness, the same recklessness of consequences, the same contempt for rationality, the same indifference to future possibilities, which she showed in rushing headlong into war. What, in fact, is she doing? She is building up a fabric of industrial prosperity with the ruin of the state as its corner-stone. She is building up a huge system of "dumping," throwing losses back upon the Government. In France and in England people can't understand how German industry can be so prosperous when the state seems not to have a cent to its name; and they attribute this penury of public finance to some Machiavellian recourse of that Teutonic astuteness which Tacitus pointed to as fundamental in German character. The cure for this state of mind is for England and France to take control of the German national treasury, the latest stupidity they have thought of in the chain of blunders that is bringing Europe to perdition. Then they will see what is what!

Who can tell where this wild German experiment is going to end? What will be the consequences of this mad economic orgy of an intelligent, tireless, determined people, with no mental balance of its own, however, and girt about with hatreds in a world exhausted, bewildered, and at its wit's end?

In Germany we seem to be witnessing a reversion to the conditions that prevailed in the early days of the old "industrial revolution," when capitalism was something new in the experience of men. Labor is working feverishly, enthusiastically, and growing poorer and poorer, while a few great fortunes are being measurelessly enlarged. Above a state, weakened and discredited by the humiliations a victorious alliance is heaping upon it, an omnipotent plutocracy is rising to supreme power, with two checks only upon it, democracy and socialism. But will democracy and socialism be able to hold their own? And if they prove to be, what future do they promise for Germany?

A query of the most serious import this; and, rather than an answer at present impossible to give, it suggests a melancholy reflection. One is im-

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pelled to say that for more than half a century Germany's "mission" in civilization seems to be that of exaggerating to the brink of suicide for mankind all the incoherences native to the institutions and directive principles of our age. Overdoing the notion of the "armed nation," she brought about the creation of the monstrous military machines that took part in the World War, and thus destroyed for centuries to come the possibility of any military power in Europe. It is true that we have tremendous military budgets, but is there a single army left anywhere? Now Germany has fastened on one of the paradoxes in what is called the "economy of capitalism," and by forcing other nations to follow her example, she seems bent on sending economic production, as we know it, to the same fate that overtook militarism.

Germany has been brought to her knees in the combat of arms. She will be vanquished in spirit only when the frenzied and orgiastic sentimentality by which she lives and works has yielded to a serener, more wholesome and harmonious vision of mankind's possibilities at large. But is there a trace of any such vision in Germany? Or anywhere else, for that matter, save in some solitary brooding soul? Unfortunately, the world to-day looks like a drunken bacchanalia protracted on the stage of a theater that is burning to the ground. When the cry of fire comes, who will guarantee to stop the panic?

To Some Modern Poets

By PASCAL D'ANGELO

Your names are like decapitated giants bleeding black oblivion;
You are the frail voices.
The indomitable rhythm of beauty writhes under the claws of your pens;
Your eyes are twin candles burning flames of yearning desire toward the high,
sacred altar of poesy.
All that you sought to attain has eluded you;
You have tried, and your day is passing.
Yet grieve not;
Much that charms is small and fleeting
To the greatness of eternity.
The earth is a tiny shadow tottering on the edge of death;
The moon is a throb of splendor in the heart of night;
And the stars are ephemera in the long gaze of God.
So grieve not
That your poems are the cool, fresh grass of a short summer;
The flowers are few.

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A Confession

This paper is offered as the intimate record of one man's search for the durable satisfactions of life outside of the boundaries of orthodoxy. The author was for many years in a conspicuous position of leadership in American church life. It is here printed manifestly not as the point of view of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, but as an example of what is doubtless taking place in many minds in this age of change and uncertainty. For one thing, perhaps more than anything else, it is here printed for the light the responses to this paper may throw upon the state of religion in the United States—a problem in which THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is greatly interested, and on which it will present several illuminating papers during the year.—THE EDITOR.

IT has been said that half the success of a story depends on its title; therefore it is with some hesitation that I have called the following record a confession. To some the word will suggest the profound personal self-revelation of an Augustine or a Rousseau, or perhaps the fascinating sophistication of Marie Bashkirtseff or Margot Asquith. He would be rash who challenged such comparison. To others the word will have hanging about it an ecclesiastical flavor; confessions are made to a priest for the relief of one's soul and to gain absolution. This won't do at all, is one's first thought. And yet, though fashions change, man is much of a piece; and even though the priest be one's friend, and the absolution sought be the freeing of the heart by honest utterance, perhaps the word confession fairly represents the adventure in which I am engaged. There are also, you know, confessions of faith, and a man should make these eagerly and boldly. After long years of half-beliefs, which are more or less paralyzing to honesty, it is a comfort to have done with them. Life is simpler without the need of bolstering one's creed by way of apology, and simplicity is much to be desired in complex modern conditions. The habit of saying frankly on occasion "I do not know" is in itself by no means without advantages. All men with a modicum of wisdom must needs say "I do not know" very frequently, in any event. But push the habit to its last limit, say it boldly in the face of every conventional propriety and expediency, when it is the truth, and there will come a certain enfranchisement of the spirit, zestful and wholesome. Some men grieve in dejected fashion over lost beliefs; but the belief which can be lost is not worth retaining. Beliefs which are really imperative are alone worthy of allegiance.

I am not sure that I have any belief in God. I do not know whether there is a God or not. As to whether I once had this belief, or, like Leslie Stephen, have not so much ceased to believe as never really believed, I am not sure. But such subtleties are hardly pertinent in face of the fact itself, which, view it as you will, seems

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at first of appalling significance. It has been repeated with tiresome iteration by pious folk that there can be no such thing as an atheist. We shall avoid the discussion. No sane man is anxious to assume the name, and if other people "call names," a gentleman does not heed them. I am not even sure that I know what an atheist is; if it implies a dogmatic denial of God, I can only confess that I am not interested in dogmatism of any kind. The God of orthodoxy or the attenuated God of heterodoxy does not make appeal to me, that is all. This would be in itself, as a mere individual experience, a psychologically interesting aberration, perhaps, but not particularly stimulating. If, however, the same is true of many men to-day, then it becomes a sign of the times and worth heeding.

Moreover, although thus bereft of the comforting sanctions of what is commonly called religion, I do not find myself affrighted in presence of life's hardships and difficulties, and these are serious enough when we really try conclusions with them.

The thrill we feel in the presence of beauty may still approach the rapture of worship, self-surrender may bring quietude of heart and peace. And when—last torture of doubt—one renounces assurance that love, as we can grasp it, is the power hidden in the innermost shrine, a new solace emerges. Granted that the final mystery is inscrutable, it is still open to us to play the man. We can fight for right as we see it. We can love our neighbor, so far as in us lies, and prove by experience that love solves most problems of social entanglement, if it is strong enough and pure enough.

It is a popular diversion to enlarge on the shortcomings of Christians, magnify their inconsistency, the disparity between profession and practice. But the charge recoils on those who are not Christians. How many of us who make no religious profession live up to our knowledge? There is a light, though divine commands be lacking, and a theoretical basis for the moral imperative elude us. Do we walk in the light and generously seize our opportunities?

§ 2

Plainly any such appeal to instinctive ideals is open to criticism. Can good things be preserved, what may be termed spiritual ideals and enthusiasms, unless they are grounded in a theory clearly justifying their value? Without a reasoned process that arrives at definite conclusions as the spur to action, will not ideals inevitably be lost amidst more palpable needs and desires? I confess that these questions seem to me based on the purest assumption. One's individual experience, the testimony of history, all analogy, point in a different direction. There were pagans of old who loved righteousness, whether they worshiped many gods or none. There are modern pagans whose conduct is exemplary and inspiring. It would be a rash man who affirmed that there is more righteousness to-day among so-called believers than among unbelievers. To act without understanding ultimate principles seems to be a very common law of life. It holds true in the physical sphere as well as in the mental and moral. Man struggles to know, but only the tyro claims that as yet he knows much. Why must he be sure of religious dogma or of a philosophical basis of ethics, or at

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least profess vigorously that he is sure, before he can be expected to do the right? Even science had grown humble concerning fundamental verities before Einstein introduced the last baffling confusion into preconceived theory.

§ 3

If this confession seems too negative thus far, too much given over to renunciation, to be attractive or useful, then let me tell of compensations, and that in a life which most men would count a failure in its poverty, its ill health, and its isolation. As we grow older we crave something outstanding in stability, something aggressively certain in its appeal to faith. Youth may rest content with evanescent impressions. It is so full of sweet certitude that it needs few outward proofs for its faith, whatever that faith may be. The sheer delight of life is its sufficiently glorious heritage. We outgrow this estate with disheartening promptitude. Youth is the acme of living, whatever subtle plea is put forward in favor of maturer years. But old age is interesting, too, notwithstanding certain regrets and disabilities. But do not ask skeptically, "How old are you?" The question is inept. Is there not hopeless divergence of opinion as to when old age begins? We once thought two-score years and ten a venerable age; a recent novel calmly refers to a man of forty as old. Certainly the oncoming generation in its precocity will very likely account thirty as close to the danger-line. Old age is relative, quite beyond sharp arithmetic definition in terms of years. But I am old enough to have lost faith in human nature and to have found it again. That surely is a maturity of experience which entitles one to call himself an old man if he chooses. I confess to having lived long enough to count on friendship as one of life's prizes, and then to have discovered that friends melt away in time of misfortune, that they disappoint cruelly by forgetfulness and indifference. At one time Ecclesiastes, superbly eloquent in its cynicism and disillusionment, seemed to me the truest book and the most satisfying in all literature. The old fellowship with men, which has been so dear a resource, well nigh vanished, and I was ready to cry, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." But I found that when friendship, as though by fate, was narrowed down to a few, then also it might deepen and reveal a love and self-sacrifice unguessed before.

This was a great revelation, but more was to come. Man never stands still, either in the place of woe, where he cries out for quick relief, or in the ecstasy of joy, where he would willingly abide forever. There is a wise saw, "Would you be happy in this world, learn to love change, for it is man's unavoidable lot." This surely should make one alert to the more genial chances of mutability. So when deepened friendship gave me back some of my old joy, I held myself ready in half-wondering expectation. Nor was I disappointed of my hopes. You cannot love one person with grateful sincerity without loving another. And gradually came rediscovery of kindly feeling and even ardent devotion in unlooked-for places. Of course old friendships that have died cannot be resuscitated. Resurrections, in the literal sense, are at best problematical. Generally, I suppose, when they seem to occur, it sig-

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nifies that the dead were all along a little alive. But reviving love and friendship that have been chastened by adversity are often better than the old instinctive and unquestioned bond. Confession grows variant, it loses its proper tone of subdued and cautious candor, when I try to tell of this passage in my life. By learning to receive as well as to give, by taking others' lead where one had been used to offering guidance, by a thousand paths of humility which only sorrow and suffering reveal, there came new visions of goodness too sacred for other tribute than silence.

Thus even the old renew their youth. One can be skeptical concerning God, but he cannot be skeptical of goodness, because it confronts him as a fact. There is evil, too,—that is a fact also, —but the necessity of invoking a devil and hell is not entirely evident. Stress the goodness, and when the love of one's friends has penetrated and revivified the heart, it would seem that vicarious sacrifice had done its work, and salvation were at hand. There are indeed bitter moods when blindness shuts us off from the light. But even blindness does not blot out the sunlight. And as for those who wilfully keep their eyes closed—well, the conclusion is obvious: it were wise to open them.

§ 4

One may confess mistakes, blunders, sins, and even virtues with some degree of boldness; but every man has his special point of sensitive reticence. After all the frankness in which I have indulged I hesitate to acknowledge that I belong to the great company of fools who have fled the city for farm life. I should prefer to put the proposition in indirect fashion and say, for instance, that circumstances have brought me into more naked contact with nature than falls to the lot of bank clerks and stevedores. Being neither a trained farmer nor a naturalist nor a poet, I was at first somewhat at a loss for inspiration. We never know the hold that crowds have upon us until we find ourselves entirely deprived of their stimulus. Nature is beautiful, we are taught. I had read Wordsworth greedily as a boy, and thrilled second-hand under the tutelage of Thoreau and Jeffries; but finding myself face to face with trees and sky and hills and fields as a constant environment made me a trifle lonely. You notice the rain more if you live in the country. The spring is distinguished by mud as well as by bursting buds. The autumn holds within it extraordinary reserves of dreariness, high winds, and bleakness, and a general sense of approaching decay.

If a man works hard physically, he is commonly too tired when the day is done to grow dithyrambic over the charm of the country's stillness and beauty. If he does not work, he is apt to be depressed by ennui. The poet and the artist work *and* see; therein lies their blessedness. But being an ordinary man without genius, not notably observant, and with rather helpless hands, thanks to "higher education," I suffered acutely. And thus for a long time life dragged its weary length. I was alternately impatient and stolid; no other mood seemed possible. We want quick returns in these days; we fret at delay. But processes of life are slow when measured by man's eagerness and haste. It takes time to transform a

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broken-down townsman into a reasonable being.

The first lesson to penetrate my dullness was that living in itself was rather interesting, if the mind was not too distracted to take note; that accessories of place and circumstance are distinctly secondary. A young man once said to me, in protest against exemplary exhortation, "I would rather live myself than read about other men's living." A profound philosophy that, though it may seem to overlook the fact that the two are not mutually exclusive. Taking cognizance that you are alive is the prerequisite of most good things in life. When I gave up trying to see and went about my business of living, my eyes began to do duty as never before. Little by little, day by day, the beauty of which the world had seemed bereft began once more to make itself manifest. A sense of the harmony that prevails through all discords steals into the heart more inevitably, perhaps, in woods and fields than in city streets. I went to school again and learned my lessons, playing the boy in my old age.

By some strange freak of destiny I have lost my love of descriptive poetry so-called. Seeing the ineffable play of color in the landscape, the outline of winter trees etched on the sky, the intricate delicacies of grasses and wild-flowers, I no longer care to read of these things in books. Old literary prejudices, meanwhile, are falling away in this renewed youth of mine. I feel more than sufferance toward the most daring innovations of modern verse. "General William Booth Enters Heaven" moves me as Browning once did, when the classic standards of Victorianism held sway. But this is a digression. Always learning, school-days never over, waking each day in the adventurous spirit of new discoveries—this is the burden of my confession.

That it can be thus when one is growing old is to me, at least, a surprising and hopeful revelation. "Lo, I will make all things new" is a promise reserved for Christians; its divine sanction no longer compels my belief. But that the world is capable of rejuvenation to a spirit worn out with strife is a simple fact of personal experience, and as such it knows no restriction of church or creed. It is indeed only another illustration of the transcendent wisdom of that prophet who declared that only by becoming little children shall we enter the kingdom of heaven. It may seem to some inconsistent thus to draw on biblical promises for illustration when one makes no claim to be a Christian. But try as man may, the Bible cannot be fenced in by any strict boundaries of tradition. It belongs to all the world; its wisdom makes it an open book. It sounds the deeps of man's experience, and thus wins unimpeachable authority. It is always worth the while to use any reference that may guide men to the wells of wisdom. An unbeliever has his rights and also his duty in the matter. Even he is justified in quoting Scripture when he knows it to be true.

§ 5

But perhaps we are waxing overambitious, led on by our theme. The air becomes rarefied when the discussion turns on Christian symbolism. "Too much bee's-wing floats my figure," to quote Browning's phrase. It is well to stand firmly on the earth when gazing into the heavens, or disaster

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follows. So I hasten to confess that I stumbled and made mistakes and knew many an hour of despair, even after glimpses had come of a new world of inspiration and beauty. A man may love work, but he likes to choose the kind. Work which seems lowering generates friction. A certain elation is common enough when we deliberately undergo hardship for the sake of breeding virility; but when grim necessity imposes the discipline, *ascesis* has a way of losing its charm. So it came that I fretted inwardly even when I kept silence to preserve some vestige of self-respect. I fell into the slough of self-pity, a very barren and enervating form of indulgence.

The escape, and how it was compassed, may seem platitudinous when put into words. This is not a "Sunshine Tract," or a story for the Sunday-school library, but the truth must be told at all hazards. I escaped from my prison-house by the door of the very work which I hated. Work and more work was the remedy; no novel and ingenious device had to be called into play.

Little by little I learned the lesson that any work will do if we only develop sufficient wit to grasp its significance and understand its surprising resources. Any kind of work is good enough for any kind of man, provided the man be good enough for the work. At first this may seem in hopeless conflict with current theories. Vocational aptitude, fine psychological analysis in fitting the man to his job, are educational commonplaces to-day. It would be foolhardy eccentricity to deny that there is much to be said for this view of the case. But in the last resort, when confronted with life's sternest and most staggering facts, there is a countervailing truth which needs emphasis. We may then for our comfort remember that every sort of work opens a vista of varying degrees of perfection, each in its own kind. The intensity of a man's interest and the success attained are in exact proportion to his endeavor to do the work in hand as well as it can be done.

To illustrate in detail seems superfluous, yet a homely instance out of my own experience will at least show the courage of my conviction in the matter. From splitting wood with nice regard for its use in kitchen or fireplace or furnace, to cutting potato-seed, which is probably the dullest task that obdurate need ever imposed on man, there are resources which entertain and satisfy the craving for self-expression. Even chores are not despicable when a chore-boy is lacking. And "cleaning up," outdoors and indoors, holds within it too much of contentment to sacrifice it all to servants, especially when you happen to have none. Indeed, this last and lowest of menial tasks is rich in appeal to the imagination if properly considered. Its accomplishment rewards with that most comfortable sense of decency. Visions of thrift and seemliness prompt and sustain enthusiasm. The point is, however, that one must *do* the work, not think about doing it.

Theologians say that God is *Actus Purus*, a definition which leads the mind into many a byway of profitable speculation. How curious that there is often something worth while in theology, even though its professed champions be blind to its best values! Choose your work if you can and are wise in choosing. When you cannot, which is fairly frequent in life, do not

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despair; you have not lost your freedom. Such seeming coercion by fate offers a new enfranchisement, if you seize the opportunity. May it not even be that some who are working hard at an agreeable task of their own choosing would benefit by a little buffeting? The disciplinary qualities in manual labor are tonic. To despise it is not only foolish, but out of date. One must avoid Bolshevism, or Atlanta threatens; therefore I hasten to qualify this revolutionary doctrine. I grant that manual labor is often quite astonishingly dirty. Its victims are not infrequently dull, and it may seem a nuisance to associate with them. But, then, intellectual work so-called has its handicaps. Of all dreary people the man who thinks that he is thinking is well in the van, and he who merely weaves words together for a living is gruesomely a useless member of society.

Thus I have wedded work somewhat as St. Francis wedded poverty. Nothing much bores me now except too much talking when people have little to say. Self-consciousness, which is a nerve-racking affair, has largely disappeared. When one has enough business in hand, thinking about one's self is restrained within reasonable limits. And as for vanity and kindred vices, one is rarely vain of battered hands and old clothes and poverty. Of course one would wish to speak with caution on such matters. Even vice, they tell us, is but perverted virtue. A really profound moralist has marvelous facility in mixing things up. Probably, we had best be content with a very simple conclusion. Self-respect is a safe goal to strive for; one learns it by a somewhat bold disregard of conventional standards and by reverence in the presence of the mystery of life.

And here my confession ends, though the story is only at its beginning. It is characteristic of confessions that they are fragmentary and a little inconsequent. But enough has been revealed to bear witness to the possibility of hope when hopelessness would seem to many the natural issue. Old faiths are shaken, traditional foundations of society seem threatened, and the unrest of the individual man reflects in some measure the chaotic conditions of the world at large. It is well at such times to ponder truths which are beyond cavil; only such can bring even a semblance of the joy and peace for which men long. The *Via* and *Patria* of the old scholastic image suggest an aspect of life's pilgrimage which can never grow old or lose its beauty. We must walk in "the Way," and we would fain travel toward "a Heavenly Country." Then let us gird our loins and start. The high adventure is still open to all men of good-will.

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The Devil's Own Way

A Fable

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Drawing by O. E. CESARE

WE were walking along the avenue one day, the devil and I, and we were talking. That is to say, I was talking; I was asking questions. Satan did n't answer; and he had promised to answer.

"I will answer truly any questions you really ask me," is the way he had put it. "I will tell you anything you can understand."

My question was simple enough.

"How did you defeat the great prophets and balk the religions so?"

He looked at me with a curiously quizzical expression, as if he did n't understand what I meant or doubted that I did. I illustrated, therefore.

"The founders of the great religions, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed: they had the truth or parts of it. That showed that they could grasp more. How did you keep them from going on and getting it all?"

He did n't answer; he looked as if he wished me to explain further. I did.

"But what they saw, they announced. They gave their visions to the people, and the people heard them, gladly, and believed. And then—"

He was looking across the street, idly. I could not make out that he had even heard what I was saying. It was very unpleasant, the silence and all. I went on:

"Jesus, for example; Christianity took hold of men. Rome trembled for a while, fought the Christians, persecuted them, drove them underground; in vain. Christianity conquered Rome; the emperors bowed to it and believed; and Rome was the world then. And yet, just when the Christian religion had gained the whole world it lost something. It became—what it is to-day."

No answer.

"What did you do?" I persisted. "And how did you do it?"

My question was almost a plea. I really wanted to know. And still he did not answer; he only smiled faintly. He seemed to be interested in the great crowds of working men who were out for their nooning on the avenue. He watched them come and go; he frowned; he smiled. Maybe he was thinking of labor. I tried that.

"And then there 's the great labor movement, which has shaken the world again and again. The workers rose, became aware of their wrongs, of their rights, of their might. And Rome trembled again, just as the modern world trembles. And then, in Rome, nothing happened. What did you do? And now, here. What 's the matter with organized labor to-day? What are you doing to its leaders, for example?"

Silence. He was still looking across the street, but not as before, not idly. His attention seemed to be fixed upon

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a spot. I looked where he looked and I saw—

What I saw startled me. I saw a man reach up into the sunshine and grasp a piece of truth. It was a little bit of a piece, but it was truth. No wonder the devil was interested.

I looked at him, expecting to see alarm on his countenance. There was none. He was so utterly untroubled that I could n't be sure he had either seen or understood what had happened. I sounded him.

"Did you see that man get that piece of truth?" I asked.

He nodded, but he made no reply.

"You don't seem to be disturbed by it."

"No," he answered absently.

"But you see how it would hurt business, don't you?" I urged.

"Yes," he said and smiled. "It would ruin mine."

"Well, then," I persisted impatiently, "why do you take it so easily?"

"Because," he answered patiently, "I know what to do about it."

"What will you do?"

"Why," he said, "I shall tempt him to organize it."

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Luck

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Drawings by JOHN SLOAN

THERE were four bunks in the shanty, and three of them were filled.

Ohlsen lay in one, a great bulk under the Hudson Bay Company blankets, breathing like a bull; in the next was Forbes, with eyes as quick as a mink's, and now red-rimmed from snow-blindness, twinkling from time to time over his yellowish furs; nearest the door was Lajeune, singing in his sleep. In one corner an old Indian cowered, as little regarded as the rags and skins in which he was hidden; and Desmond sat by the stove, drinking to his luck, fingering it and fondling it.

It was all there in a bag—raw gold, pure gold, the food of joy. At the weight of it in his rough palm Desmond chattered and chuckled with delight. He had sat there talking and laughing for hours, while the glow of the stove grew darker and the cold crept in. Little blots of snow from the snow-shoes, first melting, had turned again to dark ice on the floor; the red light clung to them until each little circle seemed to be one of blood. Outside the world trembled under the shafts of the bitter stars; but Desmond, with the very fuel of life in his hand, was warm.

Dreams ran in his brain like a tide and dripped off his tongue in words. They were strangely innocent dreams of innocent things: sunlight on an old wall, honey, a girl with sandy eyebrows, and yellow ducklings.

"And maybe there 'll be a garden, with fruit you can pick off the bushes. 'T was under a thorn-bush she used to stand, with the wind snapping her print gown. Or maybe I 'll see more of the world first in an easy fashion, never a drink scarce, and no man my better at it. I know how a gentleman should behave. Are you hearing me, boys?"

Ohlsen breathed as slowly and deeply as a bull. Forbes blinked a moment over the greasy furs and said, "I 'm hearing you." Lajeune gave a sudden little call in his sleep, like a bird.

"They 're all asleep, like so many hogs," said Desmond, with a maudlin wonder; "they don't care. Two years we 've struggled and starved together in this here freezing hell, and now my luck 's come, and they don't care. Well, well."

He stared resentfully at the bunks. He could see nothing of Ohlsen but blanket, yet Ohlsen helped him to a new outfit when he lost everything in a snow-slide. Forbes was only an unheeding head of grimy fur, yet once he had pulled Desmond out of a log-jam. And Lajeune had nursed him laughingly when he hurt his foot with a pick. Yet now Lajeune cared nothing; he was asleep, his head flung back, showing his smooth, lean throat and a scar that ran across it, white on brown. Desmond felt hurt. He took

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another drink, strode over to the bunk, and shook him petulantly.

"Don't ye hear when a friend talks t' ye?"

Lajeune did not move, yet he was instantaneously awake. His eyes, so black that they showed no pupil, stared suddenly into Desmond's muddled blue ones. His right hand gripped and grew rigid.

Desmond, leaning over him, was sobered by something in the breathless strain of that stare. He laughed uneasily.

"It 's only me, Jooney. Was you asleep? I 'm sorry."

He backed off, bewildered, but young Lajeune smiled and yawned, showing his red tongue curled like a wolf's.

"Still the gold, my friend?" he asked drowsily.

"I—I can't seem to get used to it, like," explained Desmond. "I have to talk of it. I know I 'm a fool, but a man 's luck takes him all ways. You go to sleep, young Jooney. I won't talk to you no more."

"Nor before your old savage in the corner, *hein?*"

Desmond glanced at the heap of rags in the corner.

"Him? What 's the matter? Think he 'll steal it? Why, there 's four of us, and even an Injun can have a corner of my shack for an hour or two to-night. I reckon," finished Desmond with a kind of gravity, "as my luck is making me soft. It takes a man all ways."

Lajeune yawned, grinned, flung up his left arm, and was instantly asleep again. He looked so young in his sleep that Desmond was suddenly moved to draw the blanket over him. In the dim light he saw Forbes worn and grizzled, the wariness gone out of him, a defeated old man with horrible eyes. Ohlsen's hand lay over the edge of the bunk, his huge fingers curved helplessly like a child's. Desmond felt inarticulately tender to the three who had toiled by his side and missed their luck. He piled wood on the stove, saying: "I must do something for the boys. They 're good boys."

At the freshened roar of the stove the old Indian in the corner stirred and lifted his head, groping like an old turtle in the sunlight. He had a curious effect of meaningless blurs and shadows. Eye and memory could hold nothing of his insignificance. Only under smoked and puckered lids the flickering glitter of his eyes pricked in a meaning unreadable. Desmond looked at him with the wide good nature born of his luck.

"I ain't going to turn ye out, Old Bones," he said.

The eyes steadied on him an instant, and the old shadow spoke fair English in the ghost of a voice:

"Thanks. You give grub. I eat, I warm, I rest. Now I go."

"Jest as ye like. But have a drink first." He pushed over the dregs of the whisky-bottle.

The old man seized it, seemed to hold it to his heart. While he could get whisky, he might drink and forget; when he could get it no more, he must remember and die. He drank, Lethe and paradise in one, and handed back the bottle.

"How," he said. "You good man. Once I had things to give, now nothing. Nothing but dreams."

"Dreams, is it, Old Bones?"

The eyes were like cunning sparks.

"Dreams, yes," he said, with a stealthy indrawing of breath. "You

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good man. I give you three dreams. See."

With a movement so swift the eye could scarcely follow it, he caught three hot wood-coals from the ash under the stove and flung them on the floor at Desmond's feet. He bent forward, and under his breath they awoke to a moment's flame. The strangeness of his movements held Desmond, and he also bent forward, watching. He had an instant's impression that the coals were burning him fiercely somewhere between the eyes, that the bars of personality were breaking, that he was falling into some darkness that was the darkness of death. Before his ignorance could find words for his fear, the old Indian leaned back, the fire fled, and the spent coals were no more than rounds of empty ash, which the old man took in his hands.

"Dreams," he said, with something that might have been a laugh. He blew the ash like little gray feathers toward the sleeping men in the bunks. His eyes were alive, fixed on Desmond with a meaning unreadable. He thrust his face close. "You good man. Give me whisky. I give you three dreams, little dreams—for luck."

Desmond was staring at the little floating feathers of wood-ash. As they slowly sank and settled, he heard the door close and felt a sharp stab of cold. The old Indian had gone; Desmond could hear his footsteps dragging over the frozen crust of the snow for a little while. He got up and shook himself. The drink had died out of him; he felt himself suddenly and greatly weary of body and mind. The fire would last till morning. "Dreams—dreams for luck," he muttered as he rolled into the fourth bunk.

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He was ready for sleep. And as he lay down, and yielded to the oncoming of sleep as a weed yields to the tide, he knew of a swift, clear certainty that he would dream.

§ 2

He opened his eyes to the pale flood of day; Lajeune was cooking pork and making coffee; Ohlsen was mending snow-shoes; Forbes bent over his bunk, black against the blind square of the frozen window, feeling blindly with his hands, and snuffling a little as he spoke:

"We 'd ha' let you sleep on, but we wanted to know what you 'd be doing. Will ye stay here with me and rest,—I 'm all but blind the day,—or will ye go in to Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

Desmond stretched, grunted, and hesitated. He felt curiously unwilling to decide. But Forbes was waiting, his yellow fingers twitching on the end of the bunk.

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "What 's the hurry? Well—I guess I 'll try the pass with Ohlsen."

"Right." Ohlsen nodded his heavy head, for he seldom spoke. He had the physique men always associate with a kind and stupid fidelity. Desmond said of him, "Them that talks most ain't the best at heart." Desmond said it to himself as he rolled out of the bunk for breakfast.

Forbes stayed in his bunk, and made little moaning animal noises while he fed. Lajeune bubbled over with quick laughter. Desmond beamed on everyone and talked of his luck. Ohlsen sat immovable, working his jaws like an ox, watching Desmond with his small, pale eyes.

He did not speak as they drew on their furs and packed the gold; nor as they turned out of the shack, shutting the door swiftly behind them, and faced the stinging splendor of the windy winter day. The cold had lessened with the sunrise, but what cold there was the wind took and drove to the bone. The air was filled with a glittering mist of blown snow, and all the lower slopes of the hills and the climbing spruce-forests were hidden. Above the *poudre* the mountains lifted like iron in the unpitying day, and every snow-field and glacier was crowned with a streaming feather of white against a hard turquoise sky.

"You think we 'll get through?" asked Desmond, doubtfully.

"Ay t'ank so." Ohlsen was striding heavily, tirelessly just behind his shoulder. His gray eyes, still fixed on Desmond, were like little bits of glacier-ice inset above his high cheek-bones.

"We may. It ain't far." Desmond was talkative. "This gold weighs heavy. I like the color o' gold. Ohlsen, you got any children?"

"Ay got two kids."

"Wisht I had. Maybe I will, though—little boy 'n' gal, with kind o' gold hair. See here, you ever had a garden?"

"No."

"I 've me garden on me back here, hey? With them blue things that smells, and hens. You come and see me, Ohlsen, and you 'll have o' the best there is."

"T'anks. Ay like fresh eggs."

"So do I. And apples. Say, Ohlsen, I 'm sorry this luck ain't for you."

Ohlsen did not answer or slacken his heavy, stooping stride against the wind. The curved hills opened slowly, swung

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aside. The spruce stood up, came nearer, and closed in around them like the outposts of a waiting army. The wind roared through the trees like a flood of which the surf was snow.

"Do you think we 'll do it?" shouted Desmond again, and Ohlsen answered:

"Ay t'ank so."

In a little while the trees were a dark mass beneath them, and they were out on the bare heights, fighting with the wind for every foothold. Desmond staggered under it, but Ohlsen seemed untiring, climbing very close at his shoulder. The glare of the sun seared their eyes, but they had no heat of it. In all the vast upheaval of the hills, in all the stark space of the sky, there was no warmth, no life.

Something took Desmond by the throat.

"We 'll not do it," he cried to Ohlsen. "Let 's turn back."

For answer Ohlsen unstrapped the heavy pack of gold, fastened it on his own shoulders, and went on. This time he was ahead, and his huge body sheltered Desmond from the wind.

"I been drinking too much," thought Desmond, "and here 's Ohlsen having to do my work for me. It ain't right."

They were on a high ridge, and the wind was at its worst. On the left lay a precipice, and the dark masses of the spruce. On the right the depths were veiled with glittering silver, now and then shot through with the blue-green gleam of a glacier. It was fair going for a steady head, but the wind was dangerous. It took Desmond as with hands and thrust him to his knees at the narrowing of the ridge. He slipped a little. The dark-gray ice, white-veined, gave him no hold. He lost his head, slipped a little farther, and the white, driven foam of snow and cloud above the glacier was suddenly visible. He called to Ohlsen.

Ohlsen could not have heard yet he turned and came slowly back. Desmond could have raged at him for his slowness if his lips had not been so stiff and dry. Inside his fur mitts his hands were suddenly wet. Gently, he slid a little farther, and the wind-driven white below was plainer, cut through with turquoise as with a sword. He shut his eyes. And when he opened them Ohlsen had stopped, and was standing quietly, watching him.

Desmond shrieked hoarsely, for he understood. Between the two drove the torrent of the wind, shutting slayer and all but slain into a separate prison of silence. But even the wind did not stir Ohlsen; he stood like a gray rock, watching Desmond. Presently he leaned forward, hands on knees, his back humped grotesquely under the pack, as the cruel or the curious might watch the struggles of a drowning kitten. Desmond was shaken to his fingers by the terrible thudding of his heart. He could not make a sound. Earth and sky flashed away; there remained only the gray inhuman shape beyond the barrier of the wind.

Presently that also flashed away. Yet, as Desmond fell, he was aware of light, a great, swift relief, for he knew that he dreamed.

Then came darkness.

§ 3

It was a darkness glittering with stars. Such stars as the men of the South, the men of the cities, never see. Each was a blazing world hung in nothingness, rayed with sapphire and rose. Now and then the white ice-

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blink ran over and died beyond them in the spaces where even stars were not. Desmond was lying on his back, staring at them through a cranny in his sleeping-bag. He knew where he was, yet in his brain was a sort of cold confusion. He seemed to hear Forbes speaking: "Will ye stay here with me and rest,—I 'm all but blind the day,—or will ye go in to Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

"And here I am, half-way to the fort and sleeping out with Jooney and the dogs," Desmond muttered; "but I can't remember coming."

Yet, as he turned in the sleeping-bag, his knowledge of his whereabouts was exact. He was in a stony little gully beyond Fachette, where high banks cut off the wind and ground-willows gave firing. The huskies were asleep and warm in deep drift under the bank, after a full meal of dried salmon. "I 'll say this for young Jooney," said Desmond, drowsily: "He 's got some sense with dogs." Lajeune was beside him, asleep in another bag. Between them was the pack of gold and the sledge-harness. And the great plain, he knew, ran north and south of the very lip of the gully, silver under the stars, ridged and rippled by the wind like white sand of the sea. The wind was now still. The earth was again a star, bright, silent, and alone, akin to her sisters of the infinite heavens.

"There ain't so much in gold in a place like this here," Desmond whispered resentfully to the night, "but jest you wait till I get southeast again." He was filled with blind longing for red brick, asphalt, and crowded streets; even the hens and ducklings were not enough. He hungered, in this splendor of desolation, for the little tumults of mankind. It seemed as if the stars laughed.

"There ain't nothing my gold won't

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get me," said Desmond, more loudly. His breath hung in little icicles on the edges of his spy-hole. It was cruelly cold. He drew his hood closer round his head, and thrust it out of the bag.

Lajeune was gone.

He did not feel afraid; only deadly cold and sick as he struggled to his feet. Under their shelter of canvas and snow he was alone; everything else was gone. He fell on his hands and knees, digging furiously in the trodden snow, like a dog.

The gold was gone also.

"My luck," whispered Desmond, stupidly, "my luck."

He was still on his knees, shaping a little rounded column of snow; suppose it might be Lajeune's throat, and he with his hands on each side of it—so. Lajeune's dark face seemed to lie beneath him, but it was not touched with fear, but with laughter. He was laughing, as the stars had laughed, at Desmond and his luck. Desmond dashed the snow away with a cry.

He scrambled out of the gully. The dog-trail was easy to read, running straight across the silvery plain. He began to run along it.

As he ran he admired Lajeune very much. With what deadly quietness and precision he must have worked! The gully and the deserted camp were a gray streak behind him, were gone. He was running in Lajeune's very footprints, and he was sure he ran at an immense speed. The glittering levels reeled away behind him. A star flared and fell, staining the world with gold. Desmond had forgotten his gold. He had forgotten food and shelter, life and death. He could think of nothing but Lajeune's brown throat with the scar across it. That throat, his own hands on each side of it, and an end forever to the singing and the laughter.

He thought Lajeune was near at hand, laughing at him. He felt the trail, and searched. The dark face was everywhere, and the quick laughter. But silence was waiting.

Again he knelt and groped in the snow; but he could feel nothing firm and living. He tore off his mitts, and groped again, but there was only the snow, drifting in his fingers like dust.

Lajeune was near at hand, yet he could not find him. He got up and began to run in circles. His feet and hands were heavy and as cold as ice, and his breath hurt; but Lajeune

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was alive and warm and lucky and laughing.

He fell, got up, and fell again. The third time he did not get up, for he had caught young Lajeune at last. The brown throat was under his hands, and the stricken face. He, Desmond, was doing all the laughing, for Lajeune was dead.

"My luck, Jooney, my luck," chuckled Desmond.

His head fell forward, and the dry snow was like dust in his mouth. Darkness covered the stars.

§ 4

In the darkness and the shadow something moved. Desmond was in his own bunk at the shack. There seemed to be an echo of words in the air, yet he knew that he had slept for some time. He was not asleep now, yet sleep lay on him like a weight, and he could not move.

Forbes was silent, too. He was quite clear that he was alone with Forbes, and that the other two had gone prospecting beyond Fachette. Forbes had asked him, "Will ye stay here with me and rest,—I 'm all but blind the day, —or will ye go in to Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?" And he knew he had chosen to stay in the shack with Forbes.

It was night. The shack was dark save for the red glow of the stove, and something moved very softly in the dusk and the shadow.

Desmond, weighted with sleep, could not move; but he listened. Some one was shuffling very softly and slowly round the wall of the shack, pausing at the bunks. It was Forbes. He was snuffling to himself, as some little soft-nosed animal might snuffle, and feeling in his blind way with one yellowed hand.

Desmond was amused. "If I was to yell out, old Scotty 'd have a fit," he thought. He decided to wait until Forbes was quite near, and then yell, and hear the old man curse. Old Forbes's cursing was the admiration of the camps. Desmond lay very still and listened.

Forbes was coming nearer, feeling his way as if over unseen ground, and whimpering to himself very softly. Desmond could hear the scratch, scratch of his long-clawed fingers as he slipped his hand over the empty bunk near the door. He was silent and still for a minute, then the shuffling came again.

"I 'll wait till he 's at the foot o' my bunk," thought Desmond, grinning foolishly, "and then I 'll bark like a dog. Used to do it in school when I was a kid and scare the teacher. Lord! how a bit of luck does raise a man's spirits!" He lay very quiet, grinning to himself in the dark.

Forbes's blind, bent head showed, swaying slightly, against the dull, red glow of the farther wall. A tremulous touch, as light as a falling leaf, fell on Desmond's foot, and suddenly he was stricken with the black, dumb terror of dreams; for he knew there was death in the touch of that hand.

The walls reeled about him, shot with streaks of red. He could feel the hand hovering lightly at his knee. The blind man's soft, whimpering breathing sounded close above him. But he could not move. His whole life was centered in the quivering nerves which recorded the touch of the blind man's hand.

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It traveled very slowly and lightly up his body, and lingered above his heart. His life gathered there also like a cold flame. And he could not move.

Visions rose before him. The gold was under his head. And he heard again the sound of wind in a garden among tall flowers, and thud of ripe apples falling, soft croons and cluckings of hens, a whirring of the wings of doves. He saw a straight girl in a stiff print dress, with very blue eyes under brows and lashes the color of sea-sand. He saw two children with hair the color of gold.

The blind man moaned and bent waveringly near, his right hand gathered to his breast.

The flowers of the hollyhocks were gold, and the little ducks were gold, and gold sunlight lay on the gold hair of the children. "Gold," said Desmond, faintly—"gold; my luck." The blind hand crept upward. Like a blown flame, the golden visions flickered and went out.

Desmond awoke, fighting upward out of darkness and the dreams of the night. He felt reality coming back to him as a tide comes back to a beach, and opened his eyes on a glad world. His terrors fell away from him. He came near to thanking God. Dark words he had dreamed, dark deeds, but they were not true. Thank God! they were only dreams. He stirred in the bunk, sat up, and brushed a white feather of wood-ash from his sleeve. Only dreams.

Lajeune was cooking pork and making coffee; Ohlsen was mending snowshoes; Forbes bent over his bunk, black against the frozen window, feeling blindly with his hands and snuffling a little as he spoke:

"We 'd ha' let you sleep on, but we wanted to know what you 'd be doing. Will ye stay with me and rest, —I 'm all but blind the day,—or will ye go in to Fort Recompense with Jooney here and the dogs, and put the dust in safety? Or will ye try the short cut across the pass with Ohlsen?"

He stopped suddenly. Desmond shrank back slowly against the wall of the bunk, his eyes staring on them as a man stares on death, a fleck of froth on his lips. There was no sound in the shack but the quick breathing of four men.

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How can Internationalism be Brought about?

By BERTRAND RUSSELL [*In collaboration with* DORA RUSSELL]

IT may be that the debris of our old civilization will require centuries to decay before there is room for anything new to grow up. It may be that civilized life has exhausted men's vigor and initiative, in which case a long period of primitiveness and uninhibited instincts may be required to restore the energy needed for fresh construction. On such matters it would be both rash and useless to have an opinion. Our problem is a more restricted one; namely, if internationalism and socialism are conditions for the prolonged existence of industrialism, what possibility is there of their realization? What forces leading to their establishment exist or are likely to be generated in the near future? It is this problem, as regards internationalism, that is to form the subject of the present chapter.

One thing, unfortunately, seems fairly clear. Internationalism will not be brought about in any near future by the mere realization that it is desirable, or even that it is imperative for the preservation of everything that we value. At the close of the Great War one might have expected an unusually keen consciousness of the evils of nationalism, and an unusually warm welcome for any proposal tending to minimize the risk of war. Yet the utmost that President Wilson could secure was his League of Nations, a body which rejects Germany and Russia and is rejected by the United States—a body, moreover, which, in order to safeguard the precious sovereignty of its component nations, can take no decision except unanimously. It is of course obvious at once to every one that from an international point of view no good can be done by any body which does not in certain respects limit the sovereignty of separate nations; for it is this unrestricted sovereignty which is the cause of international anarchy. But although this is plain to all, it has no effect whatever on statesmen or the population they represent.

We have therefore to ask ourselves whether there is any way by which internationalism can come about naturally, without any rational control of instinct on the part of politicians or average citizens.

The internationalism with which we are concerned is not primarily a matter of sentiment, though its possibility or impossibility may in part depend upon sentimental factors. The internationalism with which we are concerned is primarily a matter of world government; that is, of the creation or growth of some organization powerful enough to enforce its decisions upon all mankind, and therefore able to regulate the relations between nations according to law,

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not by the relative strengths of the nations in warfare. Such a body would have to deal not only with territorial questions, but with emigration and immigration on any large scale, with the rationing of raw materials, and perhaps ultimately with the distribution of power from international power stations. Imagine, for example, the situation of Switzerland if the European coal-supply were exhausted, and for the sake of illustration let us suppose its water-power to be greater than it is. All its powerful neighbors would seek access to Alpine water-power, and, if there were no international government, would find it cheaper, in the end, to annex the Alps than to pay rent to their inhabitants. Existing arrangements offer no solution of such a problem except exploitation of other countries by the Swiss or subjugation of the Swiss by other countries, either of which would be unjust. Only a strong international government could provide a just solution of the difficulty, or prevent it from becoming an incentive to war.

§ 2

The reasons for desiring international government are two; first, the prevention of war, secondly, the securing of economic justice as between different nations and different populations. Of these the prevention of war is the more important, both because war, especially as it will become, is more harmful than injustice, and because the grosser forms of injustice will not often be inflicted upon civilized nations except as the result of war. It would not be common, for example, in a time of profound peace to deprive a nation of its means of livelihood and at the same time prevent its population from emigrating, as we have done in Austria. If peace can be preserved, it is probable that some degree of justice will ultimately result. Even if a considerable measure of injustice were to remain, it is probable that the least fortunate populations in a time of secure peace would be better off than the most fortunate in a period of frequent wars. We have therefore to consider internationalism primarily from the point of view of preventing war, and only secondarily from the point of view of justice between nations. This is important because, as we shall see, some of the most probable approaches to international government involve considerable injustice for long periods of time.

Far the easiest road to international government would be the unquestionable preponderance of some one state. That state would then be so strong that no other would venture to quarrel with it, and it might for its own purposes forbid the others to fight among themselves, as we, for example, have prevented Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania from exterminating one another since self-determination set them nominally free to do so. What makes this road so easy is that it requires no voluntary restraint of the instincts of nationalism and domination, which are developed by the existing forms of industrialism, and that it can therefore be brought without any fundamental change of policy on the part of any one.

The only question, but by no means a small one, is, whether any state is strong enough to acquire such a unique position. Spain, France, and Germany made the attempt and were

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defeated, Spain by the resistance of England, France, and Holland; France by the resistance of England, Germany, and Russia; Germany by the resistance of England, France, and America. England has hitherto always been a decisive factor in preserving that state of anarchy which our grandfathers called "the liberties of Europe," and our success has been the source of our power. But shall we preserve this good fortune? Shall we be equally successful in resisting the next bid for world empire? As a patriot I fear, and as an internationalist I hope, that this is doubtful.

It is of course obvious that the next power to make a bid for world empire will be America. America may not yet consciously desire such a position, but no nation with sufficient resources can long resist the attempt. And the resources of America are more adequate than those of any previous aspirant to universal hegemony. First of all, America is self-supporting in all the necessaries of peace and war; both industry and agriculture could be preserved in almost complete efficiency without commerce with any other continent. Secondly, America has the largest white population of any state except Russia, and its population is superlatively skilled, energetic, and physically courageous. Thirdly, Canada would have to side with America in any serious war, if only for reasons of self-preservation, and Mexico would be unable to refuse access to its mineral resources. Therefore the whole of North America must be counted as belonging to the United States in considering the possibilities of a world-war. Fourthly, America could, after the outbreak of war, build a sufficiently powerful navy to defeat any possible hostile naval combination. Fifthly, all Europe is in America's debt, and we in England are dependent on America for our very existence, owing to our need of raw cotton and Canadian wheat. Lastly, the Americans surpass even the British in sagacity, apparent moderation, and the skilful use of a hypocrisy by which even they themselves are deceived. Against such a combination of resources no existing state could hope to prove victorious.

These facts are perhaps not obvious to all statesmen; they were not obvious to the Germans during the war, and are not now fully recognized in Japan. But it would seem that both England and America are quite aware of their significance. Our statesmen understand that friendship with America is necessary to our continued existence as a great power. They know that our naval and industrial supremacy, which gave us the victory in previous wars, would no longer exist in a war with America, and that if we were to fight America, even in alliance with Japan, the end would be our complete collapse. It must therefore be our policy to preserve the friendship of America if possible, at no matter what cost to ourselves. Nor is this to be regretted for the present, since the international policy of the United States, except as regards Russia, is as yet more liberal and less imperialistic than our own. This is particularly the case in China, where we, by our alliance, have been at least passively supporting Japanese aggression, and have thrown the bulk of our influence against attempts to introduce a liberal and stable government. For the moment, therefore, the influence of America in world politics must be

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regarded as fortunate, since the ambitions of America are commercial rather than territorial.

It would be exceedingly rash to hazard a prophecy as to the future of Anglo-American relations. Nevertheless, it seems as if one of two things must happen, either an alliance in which the British Empire would take the second place, or a war in which the British Empire would be dissolved. An alliance would be possible only if we sincerely abandoned all furtherance of our own imperialism and all opposition to that of America. If this should happen, an English-speaking block could very largely control the world, and make first-class wars improbable during its existence. Possibly, the result would not be very different if there were a struggle for supremacy between England and America, ending in the defeat of England. The dominions would in that case gravitate to America, and the only difference would be that the United Kingdom would belong to the European system instead of to the English-speaking group.

§ 8

The essential point in these speculations is that the day for great maritime and commercial empires appears to be passing. It seems probable that great empires, in future, will have to be based upon vast tracts of land, producing all that is indispensable for the existence of their population, and not absolutely dependent upon external trade for their subsistence. This is due partly to the potency of the blockade as a weapon against a commercial nation, and partly to the increasing difficulty of safeguarding maritime communications in time of war against submarines and aëroplanes. But there is also another reason, reinforced by these, though not wholly derived from them, and that is, the increasing desire of every great state except the British Empire to be self-subsistent and not vitally dependent upon foreigners. Before we arrive at any form of internationalism, it is probable that we shall pass through a phase of large empires, each more or less closed against all the others, each therefore able to defend itself, though not able to attack any other large empire successfully.

This likelihood is reinforced by a consideration of the limits to which American power would be subject if it were developed to its full extent. There are at present two land empires comparable to America in potential strength, namely, Russia and China. Western Europe, if it were united, might form a third, and could be self-subsistent if it retained Africa. Against such empires, if their military and industrial resources were developed, no other power or combination of powers could prevail; they would have the same kind of invulnerability that America already has. Russia has been taught a bitter lesson in the dangers of dependence upon foreign countries, and will free itself if freedom is possible. China is only beginning to learn the lesson, but is likely to have mastered it thoroughly before another hundred years have passed.

The world at present is in a state of confusion and instability produced by the artificial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles and by the childish application of the principle of self-determination in eastern Europe. Instability is the enemy of peace; any arrangement which could easily be

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upset by a war is an incitement to militarism. The small nations of Europe, which exist only so long as England and France are willing and able to give them military protection, will have to forego their petty prides and absurd hatreds. It is monstrous that Czecho-Slovakia or Jugoslavia should be free to refuse to trade with Austria or Hungary, and that the Baltic States should be able to block intercourse between Germany and Russia. Such rights can, unfortunately, be exacted by the strong; but that they should be voluntarily conceded to the weak is an example of Wilsonian liberalism run mad. The small states of Europe will have to be forced, if necessary, to concede free trade and freedom of intercourse, between one another and between neighboring great powers. Gradually, if Europe is to survive, it will have to develop a central government controlling its international relations. If it cannot do this, it will become, and will deserve to become, the slave of the United States.

For those who know only Europe and European history, it is difficult to realize the unimportance of the various little bits of nations into which Europe is divided. The time when the history of the world was made in Europe is past. America and Russia are the great independent powers of the present day. Japan and Great Britain, being dependent upon sea-power, cannot hope to retain their present position; on the other hand, China may at any moment embark upon a career which would make it the equal of Russia. China, with its present weakness and potential strength, is the center of world politics. The contest at the moment is between America and Japan; Russia and China itself count for nothing in this contest. But the ultimate form of the conflict is likely to be very different. In the near future there are, broadly speaking, two possibilities: either the continuance of the Washington agreement for the four powers to exploit China, jointly, by a consortium; or war between Japan and the United States, giving America all that Japan has hitherto held as well as a consolidation of the American position in Canton. Even if the agreement is kept for a time, the imperialisms of the powers involved must bring a conflict sooner or later, and a conflict must bring victory to America. Thus, of the present disputants, America is almost certain to be the sole victor in the end.

§ 4

The Chinese at present abhor the Japanese, dislike the English, and love the Americans. But the notion that one nation is either more virtuous or less virtuous than another does not survive experience, and ultimately Chinese hatred will be directed impartially against whatever nations have power to exploit China. It would be easy for the Chinese to form secret societies, and on a given day assassinate every foreigner in China. If such an action were preceded by an alliance with Russia and a certain amount of secret military preparation, which would always be possible in western provinces, it would probably succeed in putting an end forever to American influence in China.

There is no difficulty in imagining British rule in India dealt with after the same fashion. We cannot hope to

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keep on bringing civilization to the poor benighted Asiatics without their ultimately learning its spirit and methods. Japan has already done so; China and India may be expected to follow Japan's example. When that happens, it will become impossible for Europeans or Americans or Japanese to retain any power on the mainland of Asia. It is quite possible, however, that the Russians, who are really Asiatic and have shown amazing powers of assimilation in Persia, Mongolia, and Afghanistan, will be able to establish a firm alliance with India and China, in which case the whole of Asia and European Russia will become, from an international point of view, a single invulnerable block.

What, meanwhile, will become of Europe, excluding Russia? There would seem to be two main possibilities, one the partition of Europe between Russia and America, the other the formation of a United States of Europe. A partition is not, of course, to be conceived as a formal annexation: England, France, Germany, and Italy would retain legal and nominal independence, just as Poland and Jugoslavia and Czecho-Slovakia do at present. But, in fact, each of these powers would be in economic alliance either with the West or with the East, and being unable to supply all their own needs, their diplomacy would have to be subservient to one or other of their two great neighbors. If Russia had been well supplied with food ready for export, and had had an army capable of completely defeating the Poles, it is probable that Germany would have become allied to Russia before now. The effective frontier between Russia and America might be at the Strait of Dover or the Rhine or the eastern frontier of Poland; the question would probably turn largely upon the influence of communism in western Europe. However that may be, the effective independence of Europe cannot possibly be preserved if its little nations, the so-called great powers, preserve their divisions and hatreds and quarrels in the presence of their more powerful neighbors. The situation is analogous to that of ancient Greece in face of Macedonia, or of Renaissance Italy in face of France and Spain. If division is to continue, no ultimate issue is possible except subjugation. The only question, in each case, will be whether the overlord is to be Russia or the United States.

§ 5

It is, however, just possible that England, France, Germany, and Italy may in time come to consider their own happiness more desirable than one another's unhappiness. In that case, they may coöperate to restore order in Europe, to rebuild what they have destroyed, and to force the puppet states of the Treaty of Versailles to live in friendly economic relations with one another. Europe west of Russia, including Great Britain, would be strong enough to stand erect even against such huge aggregations as America and Asia. But there would be some conditions which would have to be fulfilled. It would be necessary to be able to protect our communications with France in time of war by closing the Strait of Dover by nets, as was done in the late war, by channel tunnels, by aëroplanes, or by whatever means science might

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have made available. It would also be necessary to retain Africa, since no group of nations can be economically self-subsistent without free access to tropical products. This would require the preservation of the Mediterranean as a European lake. It would be easy to close the western entrance against America, but rather more difficult to close the eastern entrance against Russia, since this would require control of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus, and therefore secure possession of Constantinople. Seeing, however, that this would be the only serious military task to be faced by a league of western European nations, it is probable that it could be achieved. In that case western Europe could become economically self-subsistent, and strong enough in a military sense to resist any probable aggression without much difficulty.

An organization of the world on some such lines as we have been suggesting is possible by the mere operation of the old forces—greed and fear and self-defense. There is therefore no reason to regard it as a utopian impossibility. Nevertheless, if it came about, it would have all the advantages of the most idealistic schemes of ardent internationalists. War will cease only when it no longer presents hopes of gain to short-sighted and bloodthirsty nations. This is possible only when every state is strong for defense and weak for attack. The British Empire at present is strong for attack and weak for defense; our strength for attack prompts our own imperialism, while our weakness for defense affords a constant temptation to the nascent imperialism of America. China is weak both for attack and defense. These two are the main sources of danger to the world's peace in the near future. A state can be strong for defense only when it contains within itself all that is necessary for both peace and war, and when the communications between its different parts cannot be easily interrupted. This points to vast land empires as the states of the future, and of such states America and Russia are at present the only examples. China could be a third, given a good government; but of that there is no immediate prospect. It is therefore not improbable that China will ultimately come under the hegemony of Russia. If that were to happen, and if western Europe were either united into one firm alliance or partitioned between America and Russia, offensive war would be everywhere obviously hopeless, and defensive war obviously easy. In such circumstances it is very unlikely that wars would occur.

If the whole world were organized into a few great states, each economically self-subsistent and having only trivial commercial relations with other states, economic causes of conflict would be virtually eliminated. The impossibility of achieving anything notable by war would make men gradually forget the possibility of fighting, and arrangements for mutual disarmament would become easy. States would then keep only such armies as were necessary for internal order, particularly for the suppression of insurgent nationalities within their own borders. Subordinate nationalities should be allowed autonomy, but not control over foreign policy or over raw materials or over freedom of trade and communication within the state. Claims for control over these matters on the part of component

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nations within the state should be treated just as severely as claims for liberty to commit murder on the part of an individual man. In time the reasonableness of these arrangements would become obvious to all, and even internal armies would cease to be necessary.

§ 6

The claim to complete national independence on the part of every group which happens to have the sentiment of nationality is quite incompatible with the continued existence of an ordered society. It is only by means of very large states that war can be gradually eliminated, and where large states exist, they ought not, in general, to be disrupted because some of their inhabitants wish to be free to kill others without breaking the law. All the legitimate claims of small nationalities can be met by local autonomy; to grant more is to give away to anarchy. The rights of a nation as against humanity are no more absolute than the rights of a person as against the community. In the Middle Ages the barons contended for the right of private war; nowadays small nations set up the same claim. It is regrettable that big nations should claim such a right, but there is no force capable of restraining them, whereas small nations can be restrained, and therefore should be. In time, by the consequent growth of large states and the diminution in the importance of economic international relations, the causes of war may be removed. When that has been achieved, men's habits of thought will gradually change in such a way as to make true international government for the whole world possible. But it is useless to hope that this can be achieved while the danger of war is still a daily and pressing menace.

Wisdom

By SARA TEASDALE

It was a night of early spring;
The winter sleep was scarcely broken;
Around us shadows and the wind
Listened for what was never spoken.

Though half a score of years are gone,
Spring comes as sharply now as then;
But if we had it all to do,
It would be done the same again.

It was a spring that never came,
But we have lived enough to know
That what we never have, remains;
It is the things we have that go.

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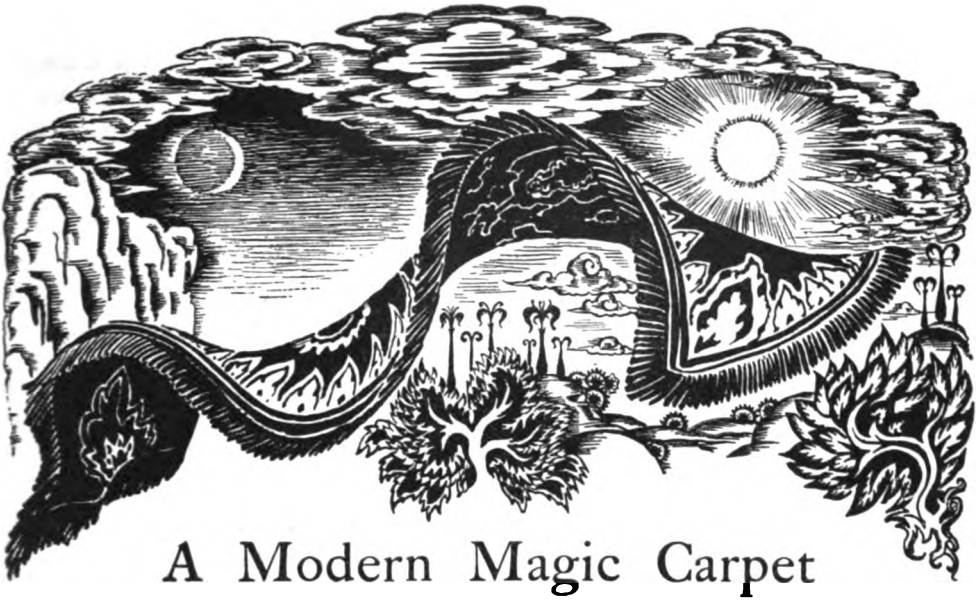

A Modern Magic Carpet

By E. Alexander Powell

Drawings by Andrew Avinoff

If Habibullah Khan had not insisted on turning the gardens of his palace at Kabul into a golf-course, it is quite probable that you and I might now be able to travel by rail from the arctic circle almost to the equator. That the passion for the ancient and royal game displayed by this ruler of an obscure and semibarbarous state of inner Asia should have indirectly resulted in preventing the construction of the final link in the world's greatest railway system, and thereby setting back for at least a decade the hands of progress in the Middle East, is one of those bizarre circumstances that frequently enliven the secret history of Oriental diplomacy. Moreover, it is a story that is as colorful and curious as it is humanly interesting.

If you will hark back in memory to the geography of your school-days, you will recall that Afghanistan, a mysterious and forbidding country about the size of Texas, hemmed in by the towering ranges of the Hindu Kush, lies like a mighty boulder between British India and Russian central Asia. This rock-walled kingdom is unique in that it is the only independent country in the whole world which does not possess so much as a single mile of railway.

The twin lines of steel stretching their glittering length across the steppes of Asiatic Russia come to an abrupt halt at Afghanistan's northern border; the British Indian railways check with equal suddenness when they arrive at its southern frontier. The gap between the Russian ends of steel on the north and the British rail-heads on the south is no wider than the distance from Albany to Buffalo, yet these three hundred miles of mountain land remain as untamed as when they were traversed by the armies of Alexander two and twenty centuries ago.

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Until his sudden taking off in the winter of 1919, the Ameer of Afghanistan was a saturnine and quick-tempered gentleman named Habibullah Khan. You will picture him as considerably below average height, bull-necked, broad-shouldered, inclined to stoutness, customarily wearing a long frock-coat and a high cap of black lambskin, to which was uniformly affixed an enormous star of diamonds.

Now, Habibullah Khan was, as Afghan rulers go, an enlightened and progressive monarch. The people over whom he ruled are, on the contrary, probably the fiercest, most cruel, and most reactionary folk on earth. The most fanatical of all the Mohammedan races, they will not ride on European saddles because they are made of pigskin! It was only to be expected, therefore, that they would view the progressive and pro-British tendencies of the ameer with suspicion.

That "the Lamp of Faith and Nation," therefore, as Habibullah was accustomed modestly to sign himself, should have his clothes made by an English tailor, introduce European table manners into the court life of Kabul, and go roaring up and down the narrow mountain roads in a great red motor-car which stampeded the camel caravans was, in the view of these haughty and pious followers of the prophet, incompatible with his position and with the teachings of the Koran.

The resentment of his subjects was still further heightened when he accepted an invitation to visit the Viceroy of India at Calcutta. Habibullah returned from that visit, his baggage filled with Western novelties and his head with Western ideas. Chief among the latter was a scheme for opening up his hermit kingdom to civilization by the construction of a new kind of caravan route—a highway of steel, which, climbing the slopes of the Hindu Kush and winding through the fertile mountain valleys, should traverse the country from south to north, linking the Russian railways with the Indian system. This, as the ameer pointed out, would enable his people to ship their astrakhan skins, which are Afghanistan's chief article of export, to the fur-markets of Europe, and their fruits and vegetables to the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay. By way of placating his unprogressive and suspicious subjects, he added tactfully that it would likewise enable him to visit the Commander of the Faithful at Constantinople. But the picture, thus glowingly painted, made no appeal to the Afghans. The ameer's Bond Street clothes, his red motor-car, and the Europeanization of his court were bad enough, as they called upon Allah to witness, but the prospect of having their lofty solitudes invaded by hordes of unbelieving railway-builders, the age-long silence of their mountain fastnesses shattered by the hoot of the locomotive, was to them unthinkable, anathema.

Nevertheless, if Habibullah Khan had been more popular with his subjects, things might have turned out differently, and the trans-Afghan railway of which he dreamed might now be an accomplished fact. But, truth to tell, he was about as popular as a tiger in a den of panthers. When his disposition is considered, this unpopularity is scarcely a matter for surprise. Shortly before his own demise he boasted that during the eighteen years

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of his reign he had put to death upward of ten thousand persons, adding significantly that he had by no means finished with his enemies. Still, had he confined himself to the knife and the rope and similar recognized agencies of dissolution, this record would have caused only casual comment, for human life is the cheapest thing there is in Afghanistan. But certain of his methods, though undeniably quaint in conception, were too outré even for the Afghans. For example, one of his courtiers was detected in a liaison with a lady of the harem. The culprits were brought before the ameer for judgment. "Seeing he is so fond of the lady," said Habibullah, "he shall have as much of her as possible." Whereupon he gave orders for the fair offender to be thrown alive into a huge caldron of scalding water and boiled down to soup. The broth was then fed to the guilty courtier until he could drink no more. Having thus had his fill of the lady, as it were, he was taken out and hanged.

Now, such an incident, it will be realized, did not tend to popularize Habibullah in court circles, particularly as both of the deceased had influential relatives and friends. Nevertheless, he doubtless would be alive to-day, and in all probability the railway on which he had set his heart would be under construction, had he not made the tactical error of taking up golf. For, when all is said and done, it was really a little white gutta-percha ball that broke the Afghan camel's back. The ameer had seen and fallen victim to the fascinations of the game while visiting the viceroy at the summer capital at Simla. When he returned to Kabul he took with him a complete assortment of clubs and several gross of balls. Almost the first order he gave upon arriving in his capital was that a golf-course should immediately be laid out in the palace gardens. In a land sans railways, sans newspapers, sans theaters, sans motion-pictures, golf bade fair to prove a highly agreeable diversion. At least so the ameer thought. But his subjects thought otherwise. Their pious souls were as scandalized by the sight of the Lamp of Faith and Nation driving a little white ball along a stretch of greensward with a stick as a devout Catholic would be at learning that the pope had taken up basket-ball. So, one brisk winter's afternoon, just as the ameer was sinking a particularly long putt on the eighteenth green, his courtiers expressed their disapproval by setting upon him and hacking him to pieces with their long Afghan knives. They buried him upon the golf-course, for they argued that the most effective way of insuring that it would not again be used for golf was to turn it into a royal cemetery. It was a fitting ending for a golfer.

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If the third and favorite of Habibullah's seven wives, the fascinating, but unscrupulous, Ulya Hazrat, was not a party to the assassination, she at least took advantage of it to place her son, Amanullah Khan, on the throne. Now, there is nothing pro-British or progressive about Amanullah, as the authorities at Calcutta, who were at first disposed to view his accession with favor, speedily found out. For almost the first act of the young ameer was to declare war on England and to despatch an army of invasion across the Indian border. The new ruler of Afghanistan is evidently not without a certain sense of humor, for he announced as his reason for going to war that India was so anarchical and badly governed that he feared that the spirit of unrest might spread into his own peaceable and well ordered dominions. Though both sides claimed a victory, the brief war ended in what was to all intents and purposes a draw, the ameer recalling his troops inside his own borders, where the British wisely refrained from following them.

Thus the Ameer Amanullah sits today in his great white palace of Erg, in the outskirts of Kabul, alternately flouting the British and flirting with the agents of the Bolsheviki. His surroundings are scarcely conducive to progress, for next door to the palace is a retreat, provided by a paternal and God-given government, for the mad, the maimed, and the blind, where the delights of a lingering death may be indulged in, since the authorities thoughtfully refuse the inmates either medicines or attendance. "Who are we," they ask piously, "to question the wisdom of Allah by alleviating the ills he has imposed?" So if at times the young ameer sees in his mind that railway of which his father dreamed winding down in gleaming spirals from the heights of Shere Darwaza to the Kabuli plain, the vision doubtless dissolves abruptly when his glance strays toward the low, green mound which rises from the deserted golf-course.

Were the Afghans alone concerned, it would be a matter of the most profound indifference to the world at large whether they chose to do their traveling and to ship their products by caravan or by railway. But the Afghans are *not* the only people concerned, for in refusing to permit the building of a railway across their country to join the Russian with the Indian systems, they are preventing the forging of the final link in a chain of railways which would stretch unbrokenly from the ice-bound coasts of the Arctic to the palm-fringed shores of the Indian Ocean. In obstructing the locomotive they are obstructing the wheels of civilization and commerce. A preposterous thing, is it not, that the fanaticism of these turbaned tribesmen should retard the completion of that steel highroad from

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Europe to India of which statesmen have dreamed since engines first ran on rails?

Pause for a moment and give it your consideration. Were the comparatively short section across Afghanistan completed, it would to-day be possible to travel by rail from a Norwegian port well above the arctic circle (or, for that matter, from any other European port that you might choose) to the straits which separate India from Ceylon, a distance of approximately eight thousand miles. With the completion of two other links, each of about two hundred miles, one in upper Burma, the other in Siam, this amazing journey could be prolonged to Singapore, at the extremity of the Malay peninsula and almost under the equator, or ten thousand miles. In other words, slightly more than nineteen twentieths of the Norway-Ceylon line, and about forty-seven fiftieths of the Norway-Singapore system are to-day completed and in actual operation.

For want of a better name I shall call this system the Arctic-Equatorial Railway. It should be understood, however, that the Arctic-Equatorial is not a single great system, like the Transsiberian or the Southern Pacific, but a congeries of systems, Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Russian, Indian, Burmese, Siamese, Malayan. Its nearest prototype is, perhaps, the Cape-to-Cairo, though that much-advertised route still lacks several thousand miles of completion, more than half of it consisting of no more than a dotted line on the map.

In order that you may better visualize this, the longest and incomparably the most interesting of all railways, it would be well for you to get out the atlas and turn to the map of the eastern hemisphere, for the Arctic-Equatorial traverses not one, but two, of the earth's great divisions. Now let your glance rest on the very top of the map, where the frigid waves of the Arctic Ocean break against the indented coast of Norway. Look closely and you will observe a thin black line which, starting from the Ofoten Fiord, just below the North Cape and two degrees above the arctic circle, winds its tortuous way across the neck of the Scandinavian peninsula to the little Swedish town of Lulea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. This is the Ofoten Railway, the northernmost line in the world. It is the first section of the Arctic-Equatorial system.

Now follow with your pencil another thin black line which, connecting with the Ofoten Railway at Lulea, hugs the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, passing through Tornea, Uleaborg, and Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, to Viborg, where the Russian system begins. Here, under present conditions, the traveler's journey would abruptly end unless his passport bore the visé of the government of Nikolai Lenine. If, however, he can succeed in convincing the authorities at the frontier that his presence on Russian soil will not be inimical to the Bolshevist régime, he can continue on to Petrograd, where the red flag of communism flaunts above the Winter Palace. From Petrograd to Moscow is four hundred miles, and the railway which connects the two cities is the straightest line of its length in the world, the route apparently having been laid out with a pencil and a ruler. It was built, interestingly enough, by an American engineer, Winans by name. Leaving the bulging church-towers of Moscow behind, eastward the Arctic-Equatorial

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takes its way to Samara, where the Transsiberian diverges to pursue its lonely course across the Siberian waste to the Pacific. But the line which we are following keeps on, now bending somewhat to the south, through the country of the Cossacks, where horsemen in long, tight coats and high fur hats pull up their shaggy ponies to watch the train roar by, to Orenburg, on the Ural River, where Europe ends and Asia begins.

From Orenburg the line, now lying sharp and clear against the barren Turgai steppes, drops swiftly south to the Aral Sea, the fourth largest inland body of water in the world, whence it ascends the valley of the Syr Darya through the land which ethnologists hold to be the cradle of the human race. Here, in these regions of high Asia, we are on historic ground, for across them marched and fought the hosts of Cyrus and Darius, of Philip of Macedon and Alexander his son, of Timur, whom we of the West know as Tamerlane, and of that other Mongol conqueror, Jenghiz Khan. Now the line debouches upon the fertile plains of Turkestan, where, if it is in the spring of the year, the interminable fruit-orchards will be a sea of blossoms. Owing to the favorable climate and the amazing fertility of the soil, the fruits of Turkestan attain the most amazing sizes: cherries the size of ordinary apricots, apricots the size of peaches, peaches as large as melons. I would stake my life that this will be a great country some day. And so we come to Tashkend, the Turkoman capital, in the heart of Russian central Asia, four thousand miles from our starting-point on the Arctic and with half our journey done. Though the dusty streets of Tashkend are thronged from sunrise to nightfall with visitors from strange inland tribes, whose fantastic garments form a panorama as fascinating as it is colorful, the prevalence of malaria, the abominable water supply, the swarms of insects, and the odors that rise to heaven from the open drains make the city a place where the traveler will not care to linger.

Leaving Tashkend basking amid its orchards, the line leaps southward to Samarkand, a city which was hoary with antiquity when London was a cluster of wattle huts and Paris had yet to be built on the meadows beside the Seine. Of all the cities of inner Asia, Samarkand is the most picturesque and the most interesting. It is the focus of caravan routes from Bokhara and Khiva, from Persia and Transcaspia, from Afghanistan and Kashgaria and Tibet, the roads, as they approach the city walls, being thronged with strings of swaying camels, bands of fierce-faced, turbaned horsemen, lumbering, high-wheeled native carts, donkeys and bullocks plodding along under enormous burdens, woolly waves of sheep from Kara Kul, whose fleeces provide the women of the world with the costliest of garments. In the heart of Samarkand is the famous Righistan, of all the great squares of the world perhaps the most magnificent. The great *madrasahs* which face upon the Righistan, their façades incrusted in tiles of the "lost" shade of Persian blue, have been the envy and the admiration of architects for centuries. Here, too, are the stately ruins of the Gur Amir, beneath whose dome, under a simple tomb of brick, sleeps one of the greatest conquerors the world has ever known, Tamerlane himself. Above the tomb hangs the great captain's horse-tail standard.

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At Samarkand the Russian Central Asian Railway forms a junction with the Transcaspian Railway, a military system which, paralleling the northern boundaries of Persia and Afghanistan, forms a highroad of steel from the shores of the Caspian Sea almost to the back of China. It was built for strategic rather than commercial reasons, and during the imperial régime was enshrouded in a considerable degree of mystery. Save in Bokhara, the region which this line traverses is for the most part a sandy desert, and *saksaul*, a plant whose roots are used for fuel by the nomads of the steppes, had to be planted on each side to keep the sand from drifting over the rails. Notwithstanding the terrific heat, the lack of water, and the frequent sand-storms which characterize this region, the line was built with astonishing rapidity, sometimes as much as five miles of rails being laid in a single day. During the summer months the air, heated by the sun-scorched sands, is like a blast from an open furnace-door. So hot does it become, indeed, that the Turkomans have a saying that a drop of water given to a thirsty traveler in these deserts washes away the sins of a thousand years.

Leaving Samarkand, the line bends sharply westward to Bokhara, noted for the fanaticism of its population. Built on a great artificial mound, so that its guns can sweep the teeming streets in case of revolt, stands the Ark, or citadel, its crenelated walls forming a vast inclosure containing the palace of the ameer, the houses of his ministers, the royal treasury, the state prison, and the water-cisterns, for the ruler of Bokhara prefers to keep his treasure, his prisoners, and his drinking water under his own eye. Near the prison may still be seen the pit into which, in 1842, two emissaries of the British Government, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, refusing to abjure Christianity, were thrown by order of the ameer to be eaten alive by ticks.

Leaving the Transcaspian Railway at Bokhara, the line of the Arctic-Equatorial, making a hair-pin turn, swings sharply south by east, across the rich Bokharan plain, until its further advance is barred by a broad, gray river rolling between low banks of yellow sand—the Oxus. Beyond the river looms against the southern sky the mighty rampart of the Hindu Kush. Entering a wretched village of dusty streets and mud-walled huts, the train, with brakes a-squeal and the hiss of escaping steam, comes to a halt beside a long, low station of gray stone on which appears, in Russian characters, the legend "Termez." It is the present rail-head of the northern half of the Arctic-Equatorial. We are at the gate of Afghanistan.

The Oxus, or, as it is known to the natives, the Amu Darya, which has its nativity in the unknown fastnesses of the Pamirs, forms for half a thousand

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miles the boundary between Afghanistan and Russian Asia. Its banks are dotted with ruins, some of them of vast extent, for this was a populous and thriving region in the days when it formed the Greek province of Bactria. At Termez the Oxus is a broad, deep, and rapid stream. Alexander the Great, marching up through the Afghan passes in pursuit of Bessus, crossed the river near this point on rafts supported by skins stuffed with straw, five days being required for the passage of his army. When the Oxus is bridged, as it must be in the not far distant future, a like number of troops can be put across in as many hours. The ferry which is at present used to transport passengers, animals, and merchandise across the river is as peculiar a contrivance as was ever devised. Long, flat-bottomed, square-nosed barges are towed across the stream by swimming horses, or rather ponies, diminutive, shaggy, and underfed. The barges are provided with outriggers, to which the ponies are attached by means of straps buckled to their surcingles, these straps supporting their weight at the same time that they take the haulage. Two, even one, of these sturdy little animals will tow across the river a barge upward of twenty feet in length and laden to the gunwales with men, camels, and merchandise. With their heads just above the surface, blowing and snorting, they swim diagonally to counteract the current, sometimes making a dozen round trips a day.

From time to time attempts have been made by the Russian and British officers stationed at their respective rail-heads to strike up an acquaintance with the commissioned personnel of the Afghan posts across the border. These attempts at friendliness have generally met with sharp rebuffs, however, the Afghans neither accepting advances from the hated unbelievers nor making overtures themselves, for strained relations exist, as a rule, between military posts on each side of any frontier. Some years ago, however, according to Sir Henry Norman, the staff of the frontier regiment on duty along the Afghan side of the border accepted an invitation to mess with the Russian officers stationed at Kushk Post. On the day set the Afghan officers appeared at Kushk Post arrayed in all the splendor of second-hand railway uniforms! On the collar of the Afghan colonel appeared the silver-embroidered legend "Inspector," the major displayed the words "Ticket Collector," while the subalterns contented themselves with the less exalted title of "Guard." The impression produced on the Muscovites can be imagined. The facts were that the ameer, always parsimonious in such matters, had acquired through his agents in India, at one of the annual sales of condemned property of one of the Indian railways, a large quantity of discarded clothing.

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As the Afghan officers to whom the garments were allotted knew no English, they were as pleased with themselves as though their uniforms had been turned out by the smartest military tailor in London.

Ameer Habibullah, I might mention, had strong leanings toward English fashions. But though he was constantly having tailors come up to Kabul from India to replenish the royal wardrobe, he never failed to realize on the discarded garments, being accustomed to dispose of them to his courtiers, whether they wanted them or not. Beckoning to a member of his entourage, he would indicate a heap of cast-off clothing. "You may have them for thirty rupees," he would remark graciously, "and you," summoning another dignitary, "may have these for ten rupees." One day the government fur-keeper informed the ameer that thousands of choice lambskins lying in the government stores were rapidly deteriorating. Habibullah pondered for a moment, then remarked in a voice that all the members of his suite could hear, "those of my subjects who love me will show their affection by wearing black lambskin hats." As no one was permitted to enter the precincts of the palace the next day without such a headcovering, by nightfall every lambskin had been sold.

Contrary to general belief, Afghanistan presents no serious engineering difficulties to the railway-builder. At certain points, indeed, it would be possible to cross the great Asiatic divide which extends all the way from the Chinese frontier to the borders of Persia and beyond with comparative ease.

That this gap has not been bridged long before this had been due to political rather than engineering considerations. When imperial Russia was in the heyday of her power and the predatory statesmen at St. Petersburg looked with hungry eyes toward the rich plains of Hindustan, England heaved a sigh of relief when she remembered that athwart the course of the Muscovites' southern advance stretched the railroadless mountains of Afghanistan. That mountain wall was as comforting to the British as the steel walls of his vaults are to the president of a bank. Nevertheless, it fretted the commercially minded English to see the trade of Afghanistan steadily passing into the hands of Russia. Whether this northern gate to India should remain as it is, easily traversable by a hostile army, or should yield to the demands of commerce, as it must do sooner or later, and admit of an iron way which will link Europe with India and the Farther East, is a question which has only one answer. The trans-Afghan railway will be built, and in a much nearer future than most people suppose.

With the completion of the Afghan section, our Arctic-Equatorial Express, entering the ameer's dominions either at Termez or Kushk Post, will go roaring southward to Kabul, perched like an eagle upon its rocky heights, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Afghan capital is undeniably a dirty city, its squalor emphasized by the refuse which strews its rambling lanes, and the ramshackle condition of its houses. Still, accumulations of filth and the neglect of ages cannot entirely conceal a certain tawdry magnificence, constantly illustrated by the erection of elaborate buildings which are permitted to pass into neglect and decay within a short time after their

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completion. Dominating the whole city is the palace of the Erg, at once a fortress and the residence of the ruler.

From Kabul the train, following in the main the course of the ancient caravan road, will speed southward to the Khyber, than which no other pass in the world retains so many historic associations or possesses such strategic importance. Emerging from this rocky portal upon the Punjab plain, it will pass through Lahore, the city founded by Rama; through Delhi, where the Grand Mogul once sat on the Peacock Throne; through Agra, where the fairy outlines of the Taj Mahal rise above the lagoons and the rose gardens; through Benares, where millions of the devout bathe annually in the sacred waters of the Ganges; and so into Calcutta, the capital of Great Britain's Indian empire. From Calcutta two routes will be open to the Arctic-Equatorial passenger. He can follow the route which runs down the eastern coast of the peninsula, through Bengal, to the little town of Pamban, in Madras, whence a succession of rocky islets, known as Adam's Bridge, may be said almost to connect India with Ceylon. Plans are already under way for the construction of a "sea-going" railway, patterned on the line across the Florida keys to Key West, across Adam's Bridge. Upon its completion, the traveler will be able, without changing trains, to cross the Palk Straits and, passing through Colombo, continue his journey to Matara, at the southern extremity of Ceylon, eight thousand miles from the Ofoten Fiord and barely six degrees from the equator.

If, instead of turning southward from Calcutta, the Arctic-Equatorial passenger elects to continue eastward, he will be able, upon the completion of two short links, to prolong his amazing journey for another two thousand miles. Though the Indian railways have been pushed up the valley of the Brahmaputra nearly to the borders of Tibet, and though the Burmese rail-head is now at Myitkyina, not far from the Chinese frontier, the two systems are still separated by a gap of about two hundred miles. Upon the completion of this section, a certainty of the near future, the traveler will be able to continue southward, down the valley of the Irrawaddy, through Mandalay and Rangoon, to Moulmein, where slim Burman girls still lounge beside the old pagoda, "lookin' lazy at the sea."

Now comes another and the final gap in the Arctic-Equatorial system, for separating the Burmese line from the Siamese railways are two hundred miles of jungle. But the progressive royal prince who is the Siamese minister of communications has already perfected plans, in conjunction with the British authorities, for linking the two systems, so the day is now not far distant when the traveler can step into a sleeping-car in Rangoon at night and step out of it in the Bangkok station the next morning. It might surprise those Americans who associate Siam with cats, twins, and white elephants to learn that to-day there are in operation upward of fifteen hundred miles of admirably built state railways, forming a high-road of steel which traverses the kingdom from end to end.

The Siamese State Railways connect at Padang Besar, in Kedah, with the Federated Malay States Railways, thus providing through service from Bangkok to Singapore. Three days is required to cover the one thousand

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miles, as the trains do not run at night. Barring the unpleasantness of working in a climate which is like a perpetual Turkish bath, the building of the line down the Malay peninsula was not attended with as many difficulties as might be expected. The central part of the peninsula is extremely mountainous, one of the ranges attaining a height of more than eight thousand feet, but the country near the coast, through which the railway mainly passes, is flat or broken only by low foot-hills, so that the engineers found it comparatively easy going. Below the Siamese frontier the line runs for hundreds of miles through the greatest big-game country in the world, the elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, panthers, bear, deer, wild boar, wild dogs, and the mighty and savage seladang, or gaur, which roams this region, making of it a vast zoölogical garden. As a hint of the thrills which it provides for its passengers, the Federated Malay States Railways published, in a recent annual report, a picture showing a wrecked train, with the locomotive and tender reduced to scrap iron, as a result of a wild elephant's attempt to dispute the right of way. Tigers have also been a source of terror to native railway gangs and to officials at lonely stations in the jungle, which at night are frequently encircled by bonfires to keep the wild animals away. There is a stock story which they tell along the line of the Federated Malay States Railways concerning the native station-master at an obscure jungle station. One day the manager of his division received from him this startling telegram: "Tiger on platform. Please instruct."

The thousand-mile journey down the Malay peninsula, through the region which the ancients knew as the Golden Chersonese, provides the traveler with an unending panorama of tropic life, for throughout the greater part of the distance the rails run through the virgin jungle. Monkeys chatter in the tree-tops as the train sweeps by. Above the rumble of the wheels rises the shrill screech of frightened macaws. Enormous reptiles slip silently into the tangle of vegetation which walls in the right of way. Overhead the branches meet and interlace, so that for hundreds of miles the train travels beneath a canopy of foliage. Orchids, death-white, yellow, violet, purple, crimson, swing from the higher boughs like incandescent globes of colored glass. As we push southward into the Malay States signs of semicivilization become increasingly apparent: broad expanses of paddy-fields, bright green with sprouting rice; flimsy native huts, thatched with leaves and perched high on bamboo stilts; naked brown men who pause in their occupations to stare in wonderment as the iron monster thunders past. And so we come to Johore, the Biblical Land of Ophir, where, from its hilltop, the pink palace of the sultan looks southward, across Malacca Strait, toward

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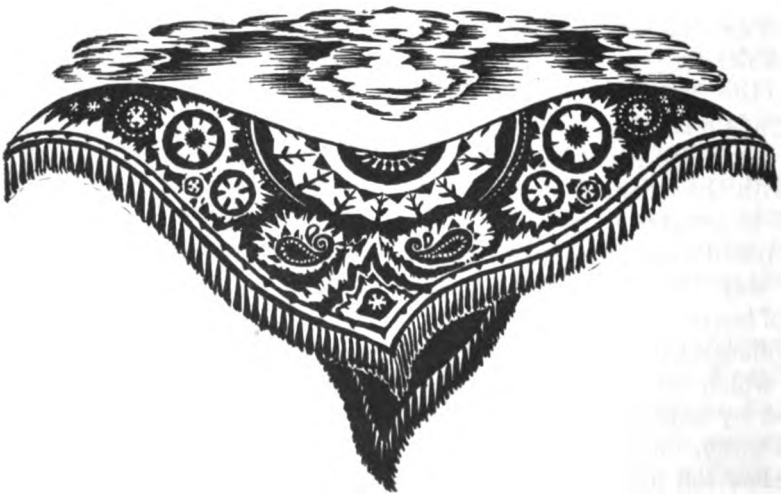
those rich islands which ring the Java Sea. Here the train is run aboard a ferry, to come to a final halt half an hour later before the Tank Road Station in Singapore. We are almost under the equator. Behind us stretch ten thousand miles of steel.

Between the North Cape and Malacca Strait the Arctic-Equatorial traverses seventy degrees of latitude and ninety degrees of longitude. It samples every climate, touches every degree of temperature, experiences every extreme. Crossing the snowy wastes of Lapland, the engine-driver will stamp his numb feet and blow with chattering teeth on his half-frozen fingers; climbing to the great altitudes of the Hindu Kush the rarefied air will make him gasp for breath; in the sweltering jungles of the Malay peninsula he will lean panting from his blistered cab. On its stupendous journey across a hemisphere the Arctic-Equatorial traverses steppe and desert, swamp and jungle, snow-clad mountain-ranges and valleys rich with fruit and grain. It stretches its length across the rolling, wind-swept wastes of inner Asia; it corkscrews up the slopes of mountains to the snowy roof-tree of the world, and drops down again to steaming jungles where elephants play by day and tigers prowl by night; it zigzags through the territories of strange, barbaric tribes; strides long-legged athwart treacherous, pestilential swamps; meanders amid plantations of rubber, rice, and cane, until it finally comes to its end in the great equatorial metropolis which guards the gateway to the China Seas.

Of vastly more service to the cause of human progress than the half-completed Cape-to-Cairo route, of far greater military and political significance than the Transsiberian, tapping regions potentially richer than those served by the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific, cutting the journey from Europe to the Farther East almost in half, the Arctic-Equatorial promises to prove one of the greatest agents of civilization and commerce the world has known. When the last rail of the last short link is laid and the last spike driven, the world will have at its command a modern magic carpet.



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The Light

By JOHAN BOJER

Reproductions from REMBRANDT *paintings*

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN had come home late after a merry evening spent with a party of friends; but, as usual, two hours of sleep had been enough to refresh him, and early in the morning he was standing again in his studio, drawing by the light of a candle, now and then glancing toward the window, as though eager for the dawn.

"I wonder if she 'll soon be awake," he thought. "She pretended to be asleep both when I came home and now when I got up; but she did n't deceive me."

The sun soon streamed in upon him, and as he stood working at his easel he heard his young wife Saskia scolding one of the maids in the room below.

"So that 's her mood, is it?" he thought. A little while after he threw back his head to look at his work, saying to himself as he did so, "After all, she may be right in thinking that I ought to be more at home with her."

A bitterness seemed to have stolen into his brush, and suddenly he threw it down, and began to wander up and down the room, whistling as if to raise his spirits. As usual it ended in his coming to a stand in front of the silverpoint drawing that he had made of his wife the day after their wedding. There she stood, her lovely face shaded by her large garden hat, she looking at him, and he at her, and both smiling.

It was a recollection to raise the spirits of a man, and Rembrandt had once more returned to his work when the door opened, and old Dr. Heinsius entered.

Rembrandt shook hands with him and asked him to sit down, and then went on painting again.

Dr. Heinsius sat down, and began complaining about his rheumatism and cough. The juices in his body were quite poisoned, and, despite injections and blood-letting, it only became worse instead of better.

"That 's bad," said Rembrandt, screwing up one eye as if to gather up a sunbeam from the window.

Then Dr. Heinsius talked philosophy. He must now be prepared for death, and wondered whether the soul would continue a conscious life.

Rembrandt hummed to himself, with his eyes on his work, and gave it as his opinion that that matter was of little importance.

"What sayest thou, young man? Is it a matter of small importance whether we are immortal or not?"

Rembrandt once more threw back his head to look at his picture, and answered:

"If only I could have a few years, so that I could accomplish much!"

"A few years! And what is that in comparison with eternity, young man?"

"I think one day is much," said the young artist.

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"One day, alas! I also have accomplished great works and reaped honor for them; but of what value is that when death knocks at our door?"

"I pray thee, move to that chair," said Rembrandt. "Thou art in my light."

Dr. Heinsius moved as requested, coughed, and looked long at the painter. Rembrandt was not yet thirty, but was already widely renowned, envied, and worshiped; was always in good spirits and always displaying his genius in untiring work. It was natural that he never gave a thought to death, but lived as free from care as the butterfly in the sunshine.

"Young man," said Dr. Heinsius, "I have come to speak seriously to thee. Do me the kindness to be sensible while fortune still smiles upon thee."

"Am I not sensible?" said Rembrandt, turning to the old man with a smile.

"Thou art quite the reverse, young man. Now, I know that there came to thee yesterday a large sum of money, and it is, therefore, that I come hither to-day."

"Wilt thou borrow it all?"

"Thou wilt oblige me by paying once more the usances and taxes on thy house. I shall be unhappy if one day evil befall thee."

"Therein thou art right," said Rembrandt. "The money is in that drawer yonder. Take it and pay whatever thou wilt." And he looked critically at his picture, and smiled.

The old man coughed, but at last managed to say:

"Tell me, wherefore dost thou not lay by a little of the gold that now pours in upon thee?"

"But I do," said the painter.

"Nay, scoff not at thyself! But I tell thee thou hast no right to gamble with thy future. Thou hast a large and splendid house—"

"And do I not do honor to my house? Not many days ago I purchased a collection of rare vases that will look well in the parlor."

The old man was on the verge of tears.

"Can it be vanity alone," he said, "that causeth thee thus to waste so much money on the fitting up of thy house?"

Rembrandt laughed.

"I live not here alone," he said. "But thou hast never married, else would'st thou understand."

"And the foundation for thy domestic happiness, Master Rembrandt?"

"Is this!" said Rembrandt, laughing, and holding out his brush.

The scholar sighed, and the artist went on painting. He stood firmly upon his feet and created, smiling at all the ill-natured gossip that could not understand that his power was unlimited, and that he adorned this house like a temple because another lived in it besides himself.

Dr. Heinsius rose with difficulty.

"We can go together this afternoon and pay the usance," he said. "Thou hast four payments to make up, so it is high time." Not until now did he notice the new picture, and raising his head, he stood and looked at it.

"Master Rembrandt, wherefore wilt thou not reveal the secret of that light?"

"Is that any secret?"

"Nonsense! All the painters of Holland are green with envy, and no one of them has succeeded in imitating thee. Of late they have accused thee

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of sorcery. On thine honor, hast thou sold thy soul?"

"Yes," said the painter, going on with his work. "Tell them that if they will but sell their souls, they too shall succeed."

Dr. Heinsius smiled, put his hands behind his back, and, raising his head, looked earnestly at the artist.

"Methinks I know it," he said.

"Certes! I mix the colors."

"Nonsense! Who doth not mix the colors? Nay, young man, the secret is that—that somewhere within thy soul there shines a sun. Thy brush is but a window. Am I not right?"

Master Rembrandt looked at his picture, with his head a little on one side, and hummed to himself.

"Well," he said, "let us go together this afternoon and pay the usance and the other trash."

Dr. Heinsius understood him, and took his departure.

"A sun somewhere within my soul!" thought Rembrandt. "How foolishly wise men can talk!"

A little later, feeling that he was doing unusually good work, he was about to dash in to his wife, as his habit was, and tell her so; but then he remembered that to-day it would not do. Something must happen first, though what he did not quite know.

"Sun somewhere within my soul!" he thought again; and it seemed so ridiculous of the old man that he broke into a laugh. But it brought a recollection to his mind. It was while Saskia and he were betrothed, and when they had gone for a walk outside the town. Suddenly the idea came to him to hide from her, and he ran into the wood they were passing, and she after him, calling: "Rembrandt! Rembrandt! Why do you do that?" He hid behind a bush, and saw her appear, searching for him a little anxiously. As she stood gazing around, the sun came out from behind a cloud, and poured down upon her a stream of golden light; and there she stood in the midst of this flood of radiance, looking for him and calling him. God and all His angels, how lovely she was!

He had never seen such a wonderful light upon any living being before; but the thing was to reproduce it upon his canvas.

Suddenly the door opened and Saskia appeared. He peeped out from behind his easel, and saw to his surprise that she was bringing a tray with a bottle and a glass upon it.

"Methinks thy throat is dry to-day," she said as she poured out a glass of Rhine wine and offered it to him.

"By the Lord, Saskia, there is none like thee!"

They looked at one another, and her face tried to conceal the fact that she knew well how delighted he would be. At last he relieved her of the tray, and drew her down beside him on a bench.

"I have something to tell thee," he said. "Methinks that—that there is scarce any man hath such a wife as mine."

"Hold thy peace, for thou meanest it not."

"Secondly, I will tell thee that there is scarce any Christian man that thinketh so much about his wife as doth Rembrandt van Rijn."

"Faith, that is manifest—when thou art away all night! Thou showest then most clearly that thy friends are much more to thee than thy wife."

"Thirdly, I would ask thee, Wouldst thou have me quite, quite otherwise than I am?"

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Saskia

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She hardly knew what she should say, but gave him a sidelong glance that was a caress.

"Fourthly, I should like to know what thy thought of me is like when I am not with thee."

She looked at him for a moment.

"When thou art not with me," she repeated. "Dost thou really imagine that I see thee even when thou art not here? Oh, no! I have other things to think of."

"Nay, tell me truly—what do I look like to thee when thou art alone?"

"Wherefore wilt thou know it?"

"I have thought that such as thou seest me when thou art alone here with thy thoughts, even so would I like to paint myself."

"Oh, thou art so strange!" She began involuntarily to turn it over in her mind, but she was unwilling to make such a confession now, as she still had a little account to settle with him. At last, however, with laughing eyes turned towards the great window, she said:

"Dost thou remember when Israel, the Jew, came hither to distrain? We were dining, and thou didst lift thy glass and verily toast him from the room!"

"Is it thus thou seest me, dear one?"

Saskia made no answer, but blushed a little and involuntarily laid her hand upon his head. There was a pause, during which her hand still rested on his head.

"Is it so?" said Rembrandt, and he tried to see himself as she saw him, merry, careless, dismissing all the sorrows of the world with a toast.

"I, too, would like to know what I am like in thy thoughts," said Saskia in a little while. "But in sooth thou has forgotten me or ever thou hast shut the door!"

Rembrandt van Rijn leaned back to look at her.

"How I see thee?" he said, with eyelids half closed. "Well, methinks thou oft sittest on my knee to forgive some folly or another."

"Then is it only when thou hast done foolishly that thou hast need of me?"

"But sometimes thou art in the wood searching for me, a little fearful that I have lost my way."

Saskia bent her head and listened as though to music.

"And what more?" she said.

"More? Heavens! were I to tell thee all, thou would 'st but grow more vain. But now let us think of something amusing. Shall I paint thee and me together as each seeth the other when alone?"

"Oh, no!"

"What say'st thou? Go put on the most beautiful of all that thou hast."

"Nay, I have not the time now. I have three pots a-boiling, and must keep an eye on the maids."

"Let the pots go on boiling till doomsday! Methinks 't will be a picture that none can equal. Away! My fingers itch to begin!"

Saskia knew that further excuses were useless, seeing that he was in this mood; so she rose and hastened away.

For a little while Rembrandt stood trying to look as Saskia saw him; but in that case he would also have to be dressed in such a style that he could turn a usurer away with a toast.

When the swains came to the studio, they found it empty, but in a few moments the master entered, clad in festive attire, with red silk waistcoat,

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a gold chain about his neck, and a sword at his side.

"See to it that a large canvas be prepared," said Rembrandt to the swains.

A little later Saskia entered also in gay apparel, but with a face that said: "It is almost too foolish, but—" Rembrandt stood and looked at her.

"Well?" she asked in surprise, glancing down at her dress; for she could see that he was not altogether satisfied with her.

"That hat!" said Rembrandt, frowning. "Hast thou none better?"

"Better! It is little less than new, and cost a goodly sum, methinks."

She stood in front of a large mirror and looked at herself critically while she arranged the folds of her dress.

"Paul!" said Rembrandt to one of the swains. "Haste thee to Van Helden at the corner, and ask him to send hither his choicest hats, that we may choose among them."

"Rembrandt!" exclaimed Saskia. "Can we afford it?"

"Were one never to do aught but that one can afford!" said Rembrandt, looking in the mirror.

"If only thou wilt not take another hat that is so costly!"

"Art thou content with me?" asked the master, doffing his biretta with a low bow before her.

Saskia stood looking at him, and her face gradually brightened. "Thou oughtest rather to have bought a feather for thy biretta."

"Frantz!" cried Rembrandt. "Run quickly to Van Helden and ask him also to send hither some of his finest ostrich plumes!"

And swain number two departed.

"And how about thy gown?" said the master, looking critically at his wife. "'T will not do!"

"I verily believe thou art demented! This gown is quite new, and every one says it is handsome. I pray and beseech thee, do no further mad thing!"

"Jan!" cried Rembrandt to the third swain. "Run to Osten's, beside the canal, and beg him to send hither immediately some of his best silk and velvet gowns—let me see—of a bluish green color; that will suit best."

Saskia sighed a sigh of despair. "And this gown, then! Now thou wilt never want to see me in it more! Great God! how impossible thou art!"

"That is not the one I see thee in when I am alone," said Rembrandt; and this side of the question had its effect, for Saskia wished to be as Rembrandt saw her when he was alone.

"And now as to the trinkets. That necklace is only fit for a scarecrow, and as sure as my name is Rembrandt, it shall no longer disfigure my wife. Simon!" he called to the fourth and last of his swains. "Run to the jeweler down the street, and ask him to send hither some chains and bracelets."

Saskia sank upon a chair. "Heavens!" she moaned. "Never hath he been so crazy as to-day! Hast thou altogether forgotten that we owe money?"

"It is better to clothe one's wife handsomely than to fatten those devils of usurers," said Rembrandt. "I have a fancy to show the world what my wife really looks like."

A little later the studio was transformed into a shop with samples of costly apparel and jewels. Rembrandt assisted Saskia in trying on hats and gowns, and she submitted to it all with tears in her eyes. When at last the right gown had been found, he

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"They ate from the same plate and drank of the good wine"

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took the most beautiful chain from the jeweler, and threw it round her neck.

Finally, he thought of the feather in his cap, and as everything had to be paid for, the drawer was emptied by the time the merchants left the room.

For a time Rembrandt and Saskia stood looking at themselves, each in a separate mirror. "Is it thus he seeth me, then, when he is by himself?" she thought, and could not help, notwithstanding everything, smiling at her own image.

"Is it thus she seeth me, then, when she goeth about her work here when I am out?" thought the master; and he smiled at his own face under the biretta, whose feather waved like a banner over his head.

They then both began unconsciously to readjust little things in their dress, as though to make themselves look even more handsome and gay, and as though they both hoped that their image in the other's heart must be so wonderful as to be beyond attainment.

"Now let us have a table laid in here," said Rembrandt at last. "It was at table thou sawest me; so it were best we had that, too, in the picture."

But when Saskia had sat down, he said: "No, I see now that thy hat must come off."

"Dost thou mean that this one will not do either? Thou hast first bought it at great cost, and wilt thou now condemn it before I have worn it?"

"The hat is good enough, but thy hair is prettier; so I pray thee take it off." And Saskia removed the costly hat and laid it on one side, pleased that he should consider her hair still prettier.

A mirror was set up on the one side, and an easel on the other.

"We will first eat and drink that we may be in good spirits," said Rembrandt as he filled his wife's glass; and then, she sitting on his knee, they ate from the same plate and drank of the good wine, laughing and looking at one another with love in their eyes.

"Know'st thou that the painters declare that I obtain my light by wizardry, and that I have sold my soul to the devil?"

They both laughed again and looked at one another, both lost in seeing themselves each in the other.

"And would'st thou believe that Dr. Heinsius was here prating about my having a sun somewhere or other within my soul?"

"And what didst thou say to that?" she asked, looking searchingly at him.

"Say? Why, to be sure, that there was not a gleam of light in my soul, and that I am the most unhappy man in Amsterdam. Dost thou not believe I said that?"

"How can I tell? And yet it would be like thee to say it, for I am sure thou thinkest it." And unconsciously she put her arm about his neck.

At that moment the door opened and Dr. Heinsius slowly entered to take Rembrandt with him to pay debts.

"The drawer is empty!" cried Rembrandt. "Look what I have bought!" And he pointed to his wife.

Dr. Heinsius stood still, open-mouthed. Rembrandt raised his glass to the old man and all his reproaches with a blissful smile. Saskia turned her head, and looked at the old man at the door with an expression that said: "Yes, he is impossible, I know, but, nevertheless—"

Without a word Dr. Heinsius turned and went out again, as though the careless happiness of the young couple were a flood of light from which he fled.

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In Kansas

Woodcuts by L. F. WILFORD

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The cathedral, Kansas City, Missouri

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The old tavern

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The blacksmith's shop

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Kansas trees

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In the Italian quarter

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The Mouth of Honey

Being the Third Part of "The Wind Bloweth" [1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

IT was all like a picture some painter of an old and obvious school might have done. First, there was the port, with the white ships riding at their moorings in the blue sea. Then grayish-white Marseilles, with its two immense ribbons, the Cannebière running northward, and the Rue de Rome and the Prado intersecting it. The great wooded amphitheater rising like a wave, and little Notre Dame de la Garde peeking like a sentry out to sea. And eastward from the quays were the little jagged islands the Phenicians knew, If, and Rion, Jaros, strange un-French names . . . the sunshine yellow as a lamp, and the sea blue as flax, and the green woods, and the ancient grayish white city—all a picture some unimaginative painter would have loved. Next to Belfast, Marseilles was to Shane Campbell a second home. There it was, like your own house!

Obvious and drowsy it might seem, but once he went ashore, the swarming, teeming life of it struck Shane like a current of air. Along the quays, along the Cannebière, was a riot of color and nationality unbelievable from on board ship. Here were Turks, dignified and shy. Here were Greeks, wary, furtive. Here were Italians, Genoese, Neapolitans, Livonians, droll, vivacious, vindictive. Here were Moors, here were Algerians, black African folk, sneering, inimical. Here were Spaniards, with their walk like a horse's lope. Here were French business men, very important. Here were Provençals, cheery, short, tubby, excitable, olive-colored, black-bearded, calling to one another in the *langue d'oc* of the troubadours, *"Té, mon bon! Commoun as? Quézaco?*

And the bustle of the shops and the bustle of cafés, until Shane was forced to go out the olive-lined roads to the rocky summit of la Garde, and once there, as if drawn by a magnet, Shane would enter the chapel in the fort, where the most renowned Notre Dame of the Mediterranean smiles mawkishly in white olive-wood. After the blinding sun of the Midi, the cool dark chapel was like a dungeon to him, so little could he see anything; but in a while the strange furniture of the place would take form before his eyes: the white statue of the Virgin, the silver tunny-fish, the daubs of sea hazards whence the Virgin had rescued grateful mariners, the rope-ends, the crutches . . . And though none might be in the chapel, yet it was full of life, so much did the pathetic ex-votos tell . . . And he would come out of the chapel, and again the Midi

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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sun would flash in a shower of gold, and he could see the blue Mediterranean, pricked with minute lateen-sails, and the grayish town beneath him, so old and yet so vital, and the calm harbor, with the forest of spars, and Monte Cristo, white as an egg . . .

A queer town that, as familiar as a channel marking, teeming as an ant hive, and when darkness came over it, and he viewed it from the after deck, mystery came, too . . . For a while there was a hush, and around the hills gigantic ghosts walked . . . One thought of the Phocæans who had founded it, and to whom the Cannebière was a rope-walk, where they made the sheets for their ships . . . And one thought of Lazarus, who had been raised from among the silent dead and who had come there, so legend read, a gray figure in cere-cloth garments, standing in the prow of a boat . . .

One thing Robin More had told him remained in his mind and captured his fancy, and that was that Pontius Pilate had been governor of Marseilles after his office in Judea . . . And of him Shane would think when the mysterious dusk came on the Midi hills . . . Pilate, who had smiled, "What is truth?" and who had turned Christ over to the mob . . . A big man, he imagined the Roman to have been, with clever eyes, and a weak chin covered with a great black beard . . . A man who knew all the subtleties of mind, and had no backbone . . . And he could see the Roman, sitting on his villa porch in the dusk with tortured eyes, and fingering his beard with fingers that shook . . . Paul was going through Greece and Rome like a flame, and the Pilate wondered . . . Could it have been possible? . . . Ridiculous! a Jewish carpenter! A crazy man! . . . And yet . . . Could it have been possible . . . No! no! no! . . . And yet . . . People had seen Him walk on the waves . . . But people never knew what they saw, exactly . . . No! How foolish! . . . He raised a man from the dead, they said . . . And that centurion—what was his name?—his daughter! . . . No, a stupid Jewish legend . . . And yet . . . Could it be possible? could it? could it?

"Lights! Lights! Do you hear me! Bring lights! Lights!" Pilate would all but scream, panic-stricken in the Midi dusk . . .

To Shane Campbell Marseilles had been all this for two years while he journeyed from Liverpool for silk and scented soaps—a landmark familiar as the Giants' Causeway, a strange, motley human circus, a veil behind which hid gigantic ghosts . . . Until he met la Mielleuse on the road to Aix.

§ 2

For six years now, since the day they had buried his wife in the green divots of Louth, women had been alien to him. It was not that he hated them, not that he was uncomfortable among them; but the thought of close mental or spiritual or physical contact with them put him in a panic, as one might be in a panic at the thought of contact with some Chinaman, or Eskimo. The women of the better class in ports importuned him, but he passed with a grave humorous smile and an unexpected courtesy. His

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friends' wives or acquaintances could get nothing out of him but a grave answer to any questions they might put, so that they characterized him as a stick. And at home in Ulster, whither he went after occasional voyages, where Robin More still drowsed over his books; where Alan Donn still hunted and fished and golfed, haler at five and fifty than a boy in his early twenties; and where his mother sat and did beautiful broidery, dumbly, inimically, cold as a fish, secretive as a badger, there he would meet the women of the Antrim families, women who knew of the disaster of his marriage, and they would look approvingly at his firm face and smiling, steady eyes, and they would say: "A man, thon! He could be a good friend. You could trust him, a woman could." They were unco good folk, Antrim folk.

For the peasant girls around he had always a laugh and a joke. And for the young girls from school he had always a soft spot in his heart somehow, appreciating them as one appreciates the first primrose or a puppy dog playing on the lawn or the lark in the clear air. There came such a current of beauty and freshness from them . . . New from the hand of the Maker . . . They were pausing now, as the wind pauses on the tide . . . And in a little while the world, the damned world! . . . And so he treated them with a great gravity, answering their questions on geography, telling them what an estuary was, and what the trade-winds, and how a typhoon came and paused and passed: and how jute and grain and indigo were taken from Calcutta, and of the Hooghly, the most difficult river in the world to navigate, and of the shoal called "James and Mary" . . . And they listened to him with wide-open, violet eyes . . .

And there were two women, Leah Fraser, a slight woman with hair smooth and reddish like a gold coin, and eyes that thought and saw back of things, and slender, beautiful hands, and she moved with the dignity of a swan . . . And there was Anne MacNeill, who handled a horse as a man would, and was a great archer—she could shoot as far as Alan could drive a golf-ball with an iron . . . Shane could always see her, a Diana on the greensward, leaning forward, listening to hear the smack of the arrow on the target . . . And both these women were his good friends, the thought of them filling his mind like sweet lavender . . . But when they were each alone with him, and a little silence would come, then panic would fall on him, and he would make an undignified escape from their company, proffering any old excuse . . . And they would watch him go, with little twisted smiles . . . Poor Leah! Poor Anne!

All the love in him, that some sweet, gracious woman should have had, was anesthetized, or it was deflected, perhaps, to the great three-masted schooner he was now owner and master of, a beautiful boat that had been christened the *Ulster Lady*, and came from the yards at Belfast, taking the water as nobly as a swan. From truck to keelson there was no part of her imperfect; from stem to stern. Barring a little tendency to be cranky before the wind in a seaway, nothing better sailed. Jammed, or on the wind, she was like a hare before the

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hounds, so quickly did she go. Her slim black body, her white, beautifully set sails—not a strake or an inch of canvas on her that he did not know and love. And more thought was given by him to the proper peaking of a spar and the exact setting of a leech than to the profits of the cargo. It was like having one's own country, and his cabin aboard was like his own castle—the little state-room with the swinging-lamps, and the compass above the fastened bed, the row of books, the Aberdeen terrier, *Duine Uasal*, who slept peacefully on the rug, and who would go on deck and sniff the wind like a connoisseur . . . And there was a manuscript poem of his father's in the Irish letter, *Leaba Luachra*, "the Bed of Rushes," which he had discovered and had framed. And there was a prized thing of his boyhood there, a dagger the Young Pretender wore in his stocking, and he in Highland dress, as he swung toward London with pipe and drum. Alan Donn had given it to him, and he after getting it on a visit to Argyll. "Not only is it Charlie's, but it 's a nice handy thing, thon!" . . . A beautiful piece of work it was, perfectly balanced, keen as a razor, with a handle of the stag's horn . . . It was the only weapon Shane had, and about it curled romance and the smoke of dead, royal hopes . . . A bonny, homy place that cabin, peaceful as a garden of bees when the water slipped past the beam. It was like a warm hearth-fire to come down there after a strenuous time on deck while the sou'wester crashed on the Welsh coast. Or in the roll of the Bay of Biscay, after a space watching the swinging fields of stars, to come down there was to drop into a welcoming circle of friends, to throw oneself down and pick up a book, the laureate's "In Memoriam" or Mr. Thackeray's latest—and to glance from the pages of "Henry Esmond" to Prince Charlie's dagger lying peacefully on the desk . . . How near! how near! . . . And up forward the lookout paced, or leaned over the bows, humming in Gaidhlig:

'S tric me sealtuinn do'n chnoc is airde
D'fheac a faic mi fear a bhata
An dtig tu andiu no'n dtig tu 'maireach?
Is mur dtig tu eadar gur truagh mor
ta mi!

Will you come to-day or will you come
to-morrow?
If you never come how piteous for me!

Fhir a' bhata, na horo eile!
Hi horo, fhir a bhata—

All the nostalgia of the Scotish isles were in the minors of that song . . . And it was like a lullaby . . . And the wind hummed through the rigging . . . And underneath was the flow and throb of the immense circulation of the sea . . . And overhead the helmsman rang the ship's bell . . . *Tung-tung, tung-tung, tung-tung, tung* . . . And all was well on board the *Ulster Lady*. And she was his only sweetheart and delight . . . until he met la Mielleuse on the road to Aix . . .

§ 3

The babble of the Greek merchants in the Café Turc at last began to bore him, and hiring a horse and sort of gig he decided to drive to Aix. He had always wished to see the old Provençal capital, but somehow the opportunity had always passed by, or something . . . But on this bright September

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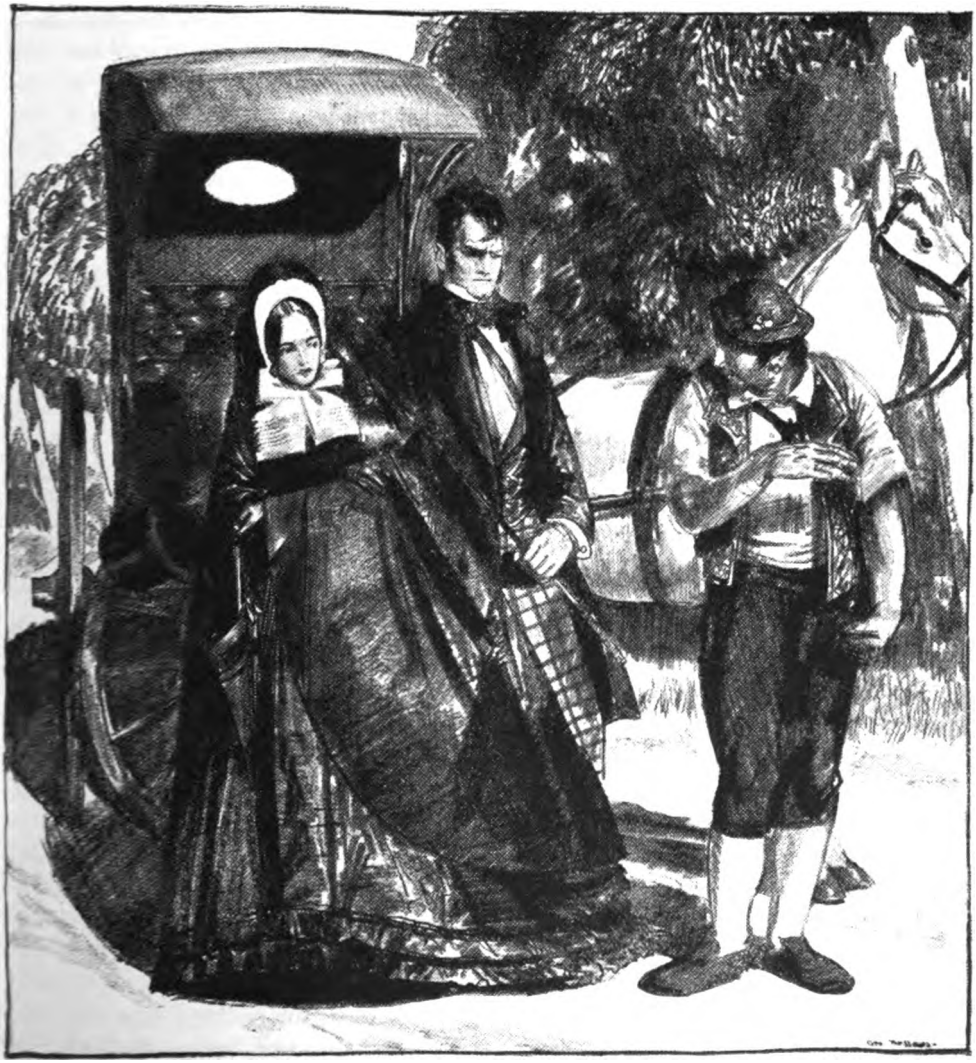
afternoon it seemed such a pity to go back on board ship . . . He examined the old white horse with interest.

"Are you sure he 'll take me there? You see his—" Shane wanted to say suspensory ligaments, but his French did n't quite go that far—"his legs—"

"But, monsieur, he has won several races—"

"Well, in that event,"—Shane grinned,—"K-k-k-k!"

The white horse trotted steadily out the Prado, the Rue de Rome, trotted out in the country, passed Bains de la Méditerranée . . . A northerly breeze was out rippling the gulf and giving promise of autumn, and the heavy heat of the Midi had disappeared for the instant . . . Soon they would be plucking the grapes of Provence . . . The olive-trees were black on the white road . . . The white horse trotted on . . .



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There were peasants on the road going into town, and townspeople going out to the country . . . And children who insulted one another shrilly . . . But the white horse plodded on . . . On a stretch of level road he passed a pair talking, noting casually that the woman was a lady from her carriage, and from his threatening cringe that the man was a cad . . . Italian riffraff of some kind . . .

"But you are mistaken," the woman was saying. "You are making an error."

The man's reply was low, inaudible.

"But I assure you, you are mistaken."

The white horse plodded on.

"Please, please,"—the woman's voice followed Shane, and there was embarrassed fear in it,—"please let me pass! You are mistaken."

And then again: "I swear to you . . . please . . . please!"

The white horse was surprised at a firm pull on his mouth, a crack of the whip, and a turn . . . He broke in a lolloping canter . . . Shane jumped down . . .

"Madame, is this man annoying you?"

"*Sirvase, signor*—"

But one look at the woman's face was sufficient. Shane turned on the fawning Sicilian with a snarl.

"Get to hell out of here, quick!" The man shuffled off, walked quickly, ran, disappeared . . .

The great dark eyes had agony in them. Her mouth quivered. Shane knew her knees were shaking as she stood.

"Better get in here. I 'll drive you home." He helped her into the trap. "I ought to have held that fellow," he grumbled. "Marseilles? No! Oh, les Bains! We 'll be there in a minute. You 're all right now, madame."

"He mistook me—for—somebody else—" She had a voice deep and sweet as a bell, but there was a tremor in it now—a marked accent of fear, past, but not recovered from.

He was aware of a great vibrant womanhood beside him, as some people are aware of spirits in a room, or a mother is aware of a child. He was aware, though he hardly saw them, though he did n't know he saw them, of the proud Greek beauty of her face, so decisively, so finely chiseled, so that it seemed to soar forward, as a bird soars into the wind; of the firm, dark ellipsis of the eyebrows; of the mouth that quivered, and yet in repose would be something for a master of line and color to draw; the little hands that plucked nervously at the dark silk gown, unquiet as butterflies. Her eyes, he knew, were wide with fear, great black pupils, deep, immensely deep. And he was aware, too, of something within her that vibrated, as a guy aboard ship vibrates in a gusty, angry wind, or as an ill plucked harpstring will vibrate to and fro, unable to stop . . .

"I live here, monsieur."

It was a little white villa, with green jalousies such as the Midi has in thousands. He pulled up, and she was down before he could help her. Her face was quiet now but for the tremor of her eyes . . .

"Thank you ever so much," she said.

"But this man, madame. Are you safe? Ought not one to— The police?"

"It was nothing, monsieur." She laughed, but her voice still quivered. "Some good-for-nothing who took me for some one else, whom he had seen

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somewhere else, and knew—something—about. Nothing at all, a bagatelle, that might happen to any one. But I thank you so much! You were going somewhere?"

"To Aix, madame."

"But your horse is lame!"

"So he is, poor old boy! I had n't noticed."

"Then—*adieu, monsieur*. And thanks again."

He drove back to town. "I shall never get to Aix," he thought. "Perhaps I should n't go . . . Some fate . . ." At the livery post he got down and examined the horse's fetlock.

"So you won several races, eh?" But the white horse seemed to shake its head. "No! Oh, well, no matter, old codger!" And he stroked the long lugubrious muzzle . . .

And thus, casually as he would light a match for his cigarette, casually as he would stumble over something, casually as he would pick up a book, he met la Mielleuse on the road to Aix . . .

§ 4

For days now he had been aware of her presence in Marseilles without thinking of her . . . Aware of her as he was aware of the Hôtel de Ville, or of the Consigne, as of the obelisk in the Place Castellane. These things were facts, had their place . . . And she was a fact. She had become imprinted on his memory as on a sensitive plate. So one dusk on the Prado as he met her he was no more surprised than if, in their appointed places, he had come across the obelisk or the Consigne or the Hôtel de Ville . . . She was standing looking out to sea, and the little wind from Africa blew against her, and made her seem poised for flight, like a bird.

And because he saw no reason why he should n't, and because he was direct and simple as the sea itself, he went to her.

"Are you a sea-captain's wife?"

"No, monsieur." She seemed to know him without turning. Perhaps she recognized his voice.

"I saw you looking out toward the Pharo. I thought perhaps you were waiting for some one to come home on a ship."

"No," she said slowly. "No. I . . . I come here some dusks, and look out to sea. There is something . . . It seems to pull me . . . The great waters and the blinking lighthouse . . . I seem to stand out of myself . . . And miles and miles and miles away there is a new land with a new life where one might go . . . and begin . . . What is in me seems to struggle to go out there, but it never gets more than an inch or so outside . . . But even that . . . And the wind . . . so clean . . . Are you a sailor?"

"Yes, I am a sailor."

"It is very beautiful . . . and very pure, the sea?"

"Yes, sometimes it is very beautiful. I think it is always beautiful. And it must be pure—I never thought . . . It is strong, and sometimes cruel . . . It heals, and sometimes it is very lonely . . . One never quite understands . . . It is so big . . ."

"Yes, so big and strong . . . and it heals . . . One seems oneself, one's little cares, to be so little . . ."

And they were silent for a while.

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"But perhaps I intrude, madame. Your husband . . ."

"My husband is dead in Algiers these six years."

"I am sorry."

Everything was hushed, the tideless sea, the silent wind. Behind them, and still about them, hung the strange dusk of Pontius Pilate. Before them blazed Marseilles.

"You are married?"

"I was married."

"Then your wife is—dead?"

"Yes, madame, she is dead."

"You grieve?"

"No, I do not grieve."

"Did you not love her?"

"I loved some one I thought was she. It was n't she."

There was another instant's silence as they walked.

"Ah, I think I understand," she said. And they walked into the blaze of the city. She paused for a moment.

"Will you pardon me for asking things like that? I don't usually . . . But in the dusk I seem to be another person . . ."

"No. In the light we are other persons."

"Ah!" she smiled understandingly. "You are going to your ship now?"

There was a finality in her voice. It was more an affirmation than a question.

"Madame," Shane said, "will you please let me see you to your door?"

She looked at him for an intense second, and a little cloud of—was it fear?—flitted across her face.

"Madame, there are thieves and villains of all kinds abroad. You have had one experience. Please let me protect you from a possible second."

"If you wish." She smiled. He called a carriage.

In the light she was a different person. Along the sea-shore walking in the dusk, she was a troubled phantom, a thing of beauty, but without flesh, without the trappings of clothes—as if a spirit had been imprisoned in cold white statuary. But now she was a beautiful woman, gravely gay, a woman of the world, not of the great world, perhaps, and not of the half-world—just a woman aware of and experienced in life. And poised.

"You are English?"

"Not English. Irish. And not exactly Irish. North Irish."

"Is there a difference, Irish and North Irish?"

"An immense difference."

Poised she was, but she was like a player playing a game, and the breaks against her. He knew the smile. He had seen it often on Alan Donn's face, playing in some of the great title matches. Four holes to go, and he must better par. It 's all right, the smile said; there 's nothing wrong. But in Alan Donn's was the glint of a naked knife, and in this woman's eyes, down deep, veiled, but ill concealed, was appeal . . .

They stopped at her house. He helped her out.

"*Adieu, monsieur.* And again a thousand thanks."

"*C'était un vrai plaisir!*"

"Monsieur!"

"Madame!"

The cabman looked surprised when ordered to return. He turned and regarded his fare with amazement.

"*Quai de la Fraternité,*" I said.

"*Hup, alors!*" The cabby shrugged his shoulders. And they trotted ploddingly through the dusk of Pontius Pilate to the burning cloud which was Marseilles . . .

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§ 5

He knew he should meet her again, and where he should meet her, and he did, on the Prado. He knew when. In the Midi dusk. A touch of Mistral was out, and the wind blew seaward. She was sitting down, looking toward Africa.

"You ought n't come out here alone," he said. "Marseilles is a bad port."

"I know," she said. "I know. But it draws me, this spot. You leave soon?" she asked.

"In a few days."

"But you will be back."

"Yes, I will be back," he told her. "I don't know why, but I think I 'd rather die than not see Marseilles again. It is a second home, and yet I know so few people here."

"If one has the temperament, and conditions are—as they should be, Marseilles is wonderful."

"One could be happy here."

"Yes," and she sighed.

The spell of the archaic dusk came on him again, a dusk old as the world. About them brooded the welter of passion and romance that Marseilles is. Once it was a Phocæan village, and hook-nosed Afric folk had stepped through on long, thin feet. And then had come the Greeks, with their broad, clear brows, their gray eyes. And further back the hairy Gauls had crept, snarling like dogs. And Greece died. And came the clash of the Roman legions, ruthless fighting hundreds, who saw, did massive things. And Rome died. And over the sea came the Saracens, their high heads, their hard, bronzed bodies, their scarlet mouths . . . And they conquered and builded and lived . . . And were hurled back . . . Years hummed by, and passion died not, or romance, and it was from Marseilles that a battalion had come to Paris gates singing the song that Rouget de Lisle had written in Strasburg:

Allons, enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

And passed that day, and came another, when a handful of grizzled veterans left the gates to join their brothers and meet the exiled emperor . . . Passion and romance! Their colors were in Marseilles still . . . Over in *Anse des Catalans* was n't there the remains of the village of the sea-Gipsies, who had come none knew whence . . . And along the gulf there were settlements of Saracen blood—*les Maures*, the Provençals called them . . . and the shadow of Pontius Pilate wild-eyed in the dusk . . .

"It 's strange,"—her voice came gently to him,—"but I can hear you think."

"And I can feel your silence," he said. "Just feel—you—being silent—"

The wind whipped up, grew shrill, grew cold. She shivered in her thin frock.

"You are becoming cold."

"I am cold."

"Then had n't you better go home—to your house?"

She rose silently. It seemed to him somehow that she had put herself under his care. She was like some gentle little craft that had anchored humbly under the lee of a great ship. He felt somehow that she was a thing to be protected. He hailed a carriage, and she made no protest—all the time under his lee, so needful of protection. It was a shock when they came into the

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lights of Marseilles to find a proud, grave woman there and not a shrinking, wide-eyed child . . . Her face, poised for flight, like a bird's wing; the beautiful, half-opened mouth, the hands, the little feet in their shoes . . . She was like some beautiful shy deer . . . And somewhere hovered disaster, like a familiar spirit . . . And yet she was smiling . . .

At the door he made to bid her good-by.

"Would you—would you care to come in?"

"Why—why, yes." He sent the carriage away.

He followed her up the path to the little villa and with her entered the house. There were no servants to answer the door; she let herself in with a latch-key, but so scrupulously clean was the place, so furnished in its way, that there must have been servants somewhere. The living-room into which she conducted him was spacious and a little bare, though not bare for the Midi—a plain white room, high in the ceiling, with chairs of good line. Here was a big piano, here a fireplace, here a few paintings, colorful landscapes, on the wall. Together they lit candles.

"Back of here is a garden," she said, "where I spend most of the day. And I have a cook,"—she smiled,—"and a maid who waits on me. And yet I go out to walk on the Prado . . ."

Shane was n't surprised. It was n't home, somehow. The room was like a setting in a play, here light, here shadow . . . The paintings, the instrument of music, the chairs, they were not things owned and loved . . . They were properties . . . In the golden candle-light, as she moved, she was like an actress of great restraint. Every step, posture, gesture seemed to have an occult significance. Even her bedroom, away off somewhere, he felt, was not a place where one slept easily and dreamed . . . It would be like the dressing-room of some woman mummer . . . It was all like a play, of which he was seeing a fragment from the wings . . . What was it all about? . . . Who was she? . . . And why was his heart a-flutter? . . .

She had taken off her hat, and her hair was coiled close about her exquisite head . . . White and black, regular, significant, antique . . . like a cameo of some Greek woman, long dead. She stood by a little table, one hand on it, the other like some butterfly against her gown . . . It was like a pose . . . but unconscious, he knew, utterly unconscious . . .

"Tell me," she said, "why did you speak to me?"

"I don't know," he said, "I just spoke."

"You were n't"—her words were weighty, picked—"looking for a flirtation with a pretty woman?"

"Why, no. Of course not," he answered. "I never thought—"

"No. No, you did n't." She decided for herself.

She came toward him suddenly in the candle-light. Stood before him.

"Tell me, who are you? What are you?" There was a tragic appeal in her face. "Where do you come from? Where are you going?"

"I don't know." His throat was dry, his heart pounding. "A few days ago I was a contented man, unhappy, but contented. And now I don't know."

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"And I don't know who I am." Her mouth quivered. "I am two people—three people."

They looked at each other with a sort of agony, as though they had lost something dear to each, and to both of them. They were immensely intimate. He put out his hand . . .

"Poor . . . poor . . ."

Their hands touched, and there seemed to rush between them, through them, some powerful current; and how it happened he did not know, but they were kissing each other . . . He thought with a queer shock, was a woman's mouth so soft, so sweet, so vibrant? He had n't known . . . And was he kissing her? . . . And how had it happened? . . . It was impossible! . . . Or was he dreaming? . . . Or was he—was he dead? . . .

She released herself from him for an instant, putting her hands on his shoulders, her eyes looking into his eyes . . .

"What is your name?"

"Campbell. Shane Campbell."

"Campbell. Shane Campbell. Shane—Shane Campbell. Mine is Claire-Anne—Claire-Anne Godey."

§ 6

It seemed to him as he went to les Bains that next evening that the world had somehow changed into another dimension, so much clearer the air was, so much brighter the stars . . . He had discovered a higher, more rarefied stratum of life, in the dim, keen atmosphere of which things took on incomparable beauty and mystery, so that the water on his left hand, unseen, yet so blue, was not the Gulf of Lyons, but the whole Mediterranean, which washed Genoa and Naples and Sicily, and the little islands of the Greeks, and the barbaric shores of Africa, Morocco and Algiers; and Gibraltar, where the English were, like an armed sentry in a turret. The ships in the harbor were not ships of commerce, but stately entities, each whispering to each in the *shush-shush* of water and wind, telling of the voyages they had made, adventurous as sturgeons. Even from the mud-and-rush huts along the sea-shore came the note of a brave romance. And the softly singing trees! And in the great amphitheater of the woods no longer the shade of Pontius Pilate gnawed his bitten nails, but more gallant presences were, gray-eyed Greek women, with proud composed face and eloquent hands, and Saracens calmly awaiting the morrow's battle, and troubadours puzzling keenly for a rhyme . . . They were not colored thoughts, but sentient presences . . . Spirit and thought had united in him into a being like a bird, leaving the earth, and flying into a realm of ancient forgotten beauty, spirit being the will, and thought the vibrating wing . . . How harmonious everything was, the stars, the earth, the sea, the people! How clear it had all become! How one! . . .

He came to her in her garden where she sat beneath a tree. Around, the cicadas whirred in the speaking trees. *Zig-zig-zig-zig.* But they were no longer strident. They seemed but a vibration of the high atmosphere in which he was . . .

"Claire-Anne! Claire-Anne . . ."

"Yes . . . yes, lover . . ."

"Claire-Anne!"

She stood up as he took her lovely, pale hands. There was no shame to her glance, nothing but a wonderful

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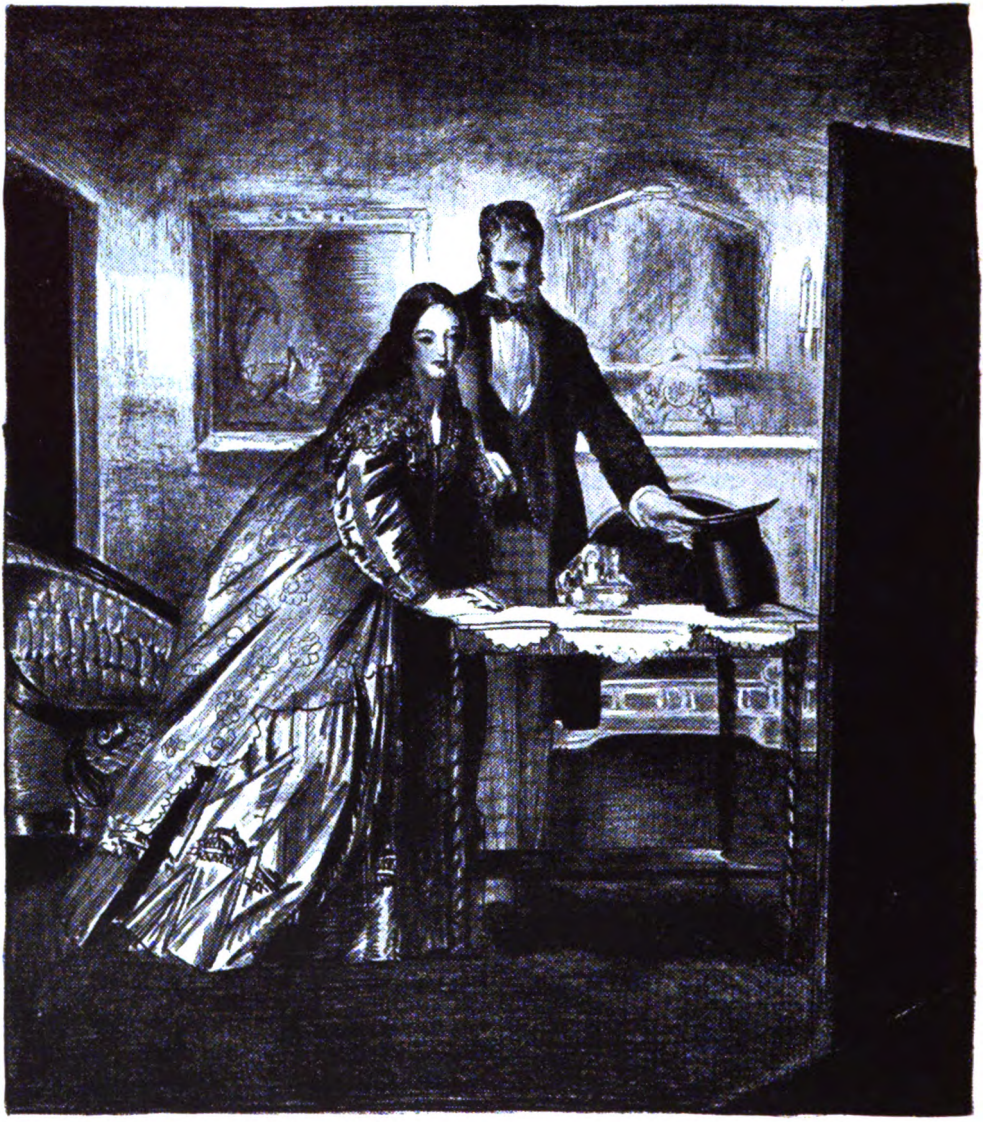

frankness, her eyes going to his like brave winged things . . .

"Claire-Anne, I want to ask you something."

"Yes . . . Lover . . ."

"Claire-Anne, when will you marry me?"

Her hands never quivered, but he was aware that her mouth did, in the high diluted starlight.

"Why do you want to marry me? Is it because? . . . Do you feel bound? . . . or . . . just why?"

"I want to be with you, Claire-Anne."

"Then—dearest, does it matter to go before the mayor and arrange about property? And to go before a priest and make promises—to God! . . .

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Sit down, lover; sit down with me here, in the dusk, under the tree."

She still clasped both his hands. He might have been talking to some beautiful disembodied spirit, as Pontius Pilate was a poor panic-stricken spirit, or to something he had conjured out of his head, but for her firm, warm hands. To-night it was she had strength . . .

"Dearest, promises are so easy to make . . . I have made promises, oh, so many promises! . . . And life or destiny . . . And when you can't keep them, your heart breaks . . . You know nothing of me—Shane . . ."

"I don't want to know; I just want you, Claire-Anne!"

"You must know something. I was just a girl, well brought up, well educated . . . I dreamed of being a great actress . . . I was an actress, but I was . . . *manquée* . . . did n't succeed, get success . . . And then I married, and my husband died . . . And here I am . . . And there are other things you must n't know . . . Not that they are dear to me . . . oh, no! . . . but you must never hear them . . . Oh, Shane, if seven years ago . . . But destiny or life would n't let us . . . And now we can only cheat him, and that only for a while . . . Because destiny is all-seeing and jealous and cruel . . . Only for a while, a sweet while . . ."

"But, Claire-Anne, I don't understand—"

"Don't understand, don't, my lover . . . Don't anything . . . Only let me give all I have, can give to you, and let me take what you care to give in return, only that . . . Oh, Shane, we are two people in a dark wood, and it is very lonely and terrifying . . . And we have met, and our hands . . . *se sont serrées* . . . gripped and held . . . And we are n't lonely any more, or afraid . . . And you have a picture in your mind of me, a beautiful, warm picture . . . But if the night passed, and we came to the meadow-lands . . . O Shane, don't let us go into the light . . . not into the open, not into the light . . . oh, no! no!"

"But, Claire-Anne . . ."

"Come closer, Shane . . . The night is empty. There are only we two in the world . . . Come close. Closer. Closer still . . ."

§ 7

He was sitting in her garden one sunset, under the mulberry-tree, and she had gone into the house for a minute, moving with that firm, gracious walk of hers that was like the firm strokes of a swan . . . In the little hush of sunset, and she gone, there came a sudden knowledge to him . . . For a space of time, how long he knew not, he was in an Antrim study . . . Without, the sun had gone down, and there was the purple twilight heather, and the purple, twilight water, and the gentle calling of the crickets . . . And within was a gray head that had fallen on a book . . . fallen . . . fallen as the sun went down.

"Why, Uncle Robin!" he called.

Then came a great gush of tears to his heart and eyes . . .

She came from the house, as again he became cognizant of the Midi garden instead of the Antrim glen, of the Mediterranean instead of the waters of Moyle. She came down the dusky pathway. At a little distance she saw

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his face. She stopped short, her face white . . .

"Shane! Shane! what is wrong? Are you hurt? Ill?"

"My Uncle Robin is dead, Claire-Anne."

She looked at him for a little instant, not quite understanding. She came to him swiftly as a swallow. She sat close beside him. Her arm went through his. Her hands clasped his hands.

"Why did n't you tell me, heart?" she whispered.

"I just knew this instant. I felt, saw . . . We were that close . . . my Uncle Robin! *Beannacht De ar a anam!* God's blessing on his soul!"

She never spoke. She never stirred. She hardly breathed. She was just there, her hands, firm and strong, on his, did he want her.

"Was it . . . a hard death, Shane?"

"No; I seemed to see him, asleep, among his books."

"His books . . . were his friends . . . you told me . . ."

"Yes, dear. His life was with them."

"And he was n't a young man, your Uncle Robin?"

"Eight and sixty years of age."

"Is it so ill, heart, to go quickly, quietly, with your friends about you, on an autumn afternoon?"

"No, dear, not ill . . . Very rightly . . . I think . . . But there is something . . . Something is gone from the world, like a fine tree from a garden . . . And he was awful' dear to me, my Uncle Robin . . . It will be a hard thing to go home, and he not there to come and ask: 'Are you all right, laddie? You 're no' sick?' Claire-Anne, I 'll be thinking long . . ."

She sat with him in silence in the garden, and after a little while got up and went without a word . . . And he sat in the garden thinking to himself, had he been lax to Uncle Robin in any way? He might have written oftener. It was n't fair to have kept the old man worried and he an apprentice at sea. Yes, he could have written, could have written oftener. And thought more. And there were books he might have brought the old man—books from Frisco and New York and Naples. The book-stores were so far from the quays, and he had put it off. And he could have so easily . . . When one is young, one is so thoughtless . . . A message from somewhere ran into his consciousness like a ripple of code-flags: "It does n't matter, dear laddie . . . Don't be taking on . . . Don't be blaming yourself . . . You were the dear lad . . . and I 'm happy . . ."

Ah, yes, but a great tree was gone from the garden. An actuality had been converted into thought and emotion, and thought and emotion may be all that endure, and an actuality be unreal . . . but an actuality is so warm . . . so reassuring . . .

He rose and went toward the house, and as he walked he met her . . .

"Claire-Anne, do you mind if I go back to the ship? . . . Somehow, I 'm a little lost . . ."

"There is a carriage waiting for you outside."

For the first time it occurred to him that in this occult experience she had not uttered one jarring note. She had not asked questions, nor had she tried to argue with him, as other women would have, telling him he fancied all

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this. Nor had she bothered him with vain, unwelcome sentiment. She had just—stood by, as at sea. And how swiftly she had divined his need of privacy, of his own ship!

"There are none like you in this world, Claire-Anne," he told her.

"I am what you make me, Shane—what you need of me." Her hand sought his in the stilly dusk. "Come back only when you are ready . . . dearest . . . dearest . . . I am here! Always here!"

§ 8

Though she never said so, yet he knew she wanted to go on board the ship that was so much of his life, and one day he had her rowed across to the *Ulster Lady*. He smiled as he saw how firmly she got on board, though ships were unknown to her. Queer, how she never lost dignity, grace. And it was so easy for a woman to look silly, undignified, getting on board ship. She never disappointed him . . .

She mused over the sweet line of the schooner, the tapering masts, the snug canvas, the twinkling brass. The wake of a passing paddle-steamer made the boat pitch gently. It was like breathing.

"She is so much a pretty lady," Claire-Anne said. "So much like you, Shane, in a way. She might be a young sister—a young, loved sister. And where is your place on board when she sails?"

He pointed her out the space behind binnacle and wheel.

"Whenever there 's any need, I 'm there, just there."

"And Shane, great waves like you see in pictures—great enormous waves, does she stand those?"

"Yes, great waves, like you see in pictures, she stands those. Drives through them, and over them, and under them."

"And he said,"—she was just thinking aloud,—"that he could n't understand the way of a ship on the sea. And he was immensely wise. Dearest . . . it can't be just wood and canvas, a ship . . . power and grace and beauty . . . It 's like . . . great people . . ."

"They 're as different as people are, Claire-Anne."

"Are they, Shane? I knew they were n't . . . just things."

He took her below in the dusk of his cabin. She filled the space like some gracious green tree.

"And here is where I live on board ship."

The Aberdeen terrier came forward to greet her, his tail waving gently, his ears up, his brown eyes grave and warm.

"*Duine Uasal! Duine Uasal!*" She knelt to him.

"You remember?" He minded he had told her casually of the dog's name.

"Of course I remember! Shane, what does *Duine Uasal* mean?"

"*Gentilhomme*," he translated.

"He has the eyes," she said.

The framed manuscript of his father's verses caught her eyes, and she looked at him in inquiry.

"What is it?"

"A poem of my father's, in Gaidhlig, Claire-Anne. The Bed of Rushes."

"How queer the letters are! Slim and graceful, and powerful, too. Would you read it, Shane?"

"*Leaba luachra*," he read, "a bed of rushes, *bhi fŭm arĕir*, was beneath me last night, *agas do chaitheas amach é le banaghadh an lae*, and I threw it out with the whitening of day. *Thainic*

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mo chéad grádh le mo thaobh, my hundred loves came to my side; *guala re gualainn*, shoulder to shoulder, *agas béal re béal*, and mouth to mouth . . ."

"Now I know you better, Shane."

"How, dearest?"

"I know how you come by your—your sense of beauty, Shane. It 's from your father. You have it just as he had. But he could say and you can't, Shane. You have it, but it does n't come out that way. It comes out in the sailing of the ship, Shane. You must sail beautifully. Shane, I should love to see you sail."

With a quick movement she dropped on her knees, and her beautiful dark head on the pillow of his bed.

"Could n't you take me with you once, Shane, when you sail? Away on just one voyage."

"Of course I could, dearest, and will."

"Would you, my heart? Would you?" She stood up again, and swift tears came to her eyes. "I could n't come," she said.

"But, Claire-Anne—"

"No," she said. She turned her back to him, so that he should n't see her face, and her voice vibrated. "No, Shane dear. No. You go to sea and sail your ships, and take care of them in the tempest and coax them in light weather. And go from port to port, watching the strange cities and the peoples, and seeing into them and past them, with . . . *tes yeux d'enfant* . . . your eyes of a child . . . And have your life, free, big, clean . . . And just in a corner . . . *le plus petit coin* . . . keep me . . . so when you come to Marseilles, you will come up the garden path in the dusk, and call, 'Claire-Anne!' There was something like a sob from her. "Just say, 'Claire-Anne' . . ."

She turned around and caught his hands for a minute, looked at him, smiled, laughed . . . From his desk she picked up the Young Pretender's dagger.

"What is this for, Shane? Is this yours?"

"Mine now, Claire-Anne; but it was—some one else's once. My Uncle Alan, Alan Donn, gave it to me."

"Yes? . . ."

"It belonged once to Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender. He wore it at his knee in '45. Do you remember, Claire-Anne? He landed in Scotland and advanced on England, and got as far as Derby at the head of the Scottish clans and Jacobite gentlemen. 'Black Friday' they called it in London."

"But he never got to London."

"No, he never got to London. Crash and whir of battle, and when the smoke cleared, there were the gallant Highland clansmen scattered, and the sturdy English nobles, and the bonny Irish gentlemen. And a king on the run!"

"And, Shane, what happened to him after that?"

"I think—my history may not be right, but I think he spent the rest of his life a pensioner of the King of France, playing petty politics, drinking, and accepting love from romantic women, and loyalty from the beaten clans."

"What a pity, Shane! What a pity!"

"That he failed, dearest? I don't know."

"Not that he failed, Shane! No! The most gallant fail, nearly always fail, for they take the greatest odds.

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But that he lived too long, Shane . . . the high moment gone . . ."

She looked at the dagger again that had once snuggled to Prince Fearloch's knee, hefted it, caressed it.

"Shane dearest, why did n't he use his own knife to—set himself free?"

"I don't know."

"I think I know."

She faced him suddenly.

"Shane, why did n't somebody do it for him?"

"I suppose they could n't see the end, Claire-Anne. They could n't foresee the King of France's charity, the tricked women, the wine-stained cards. There 's many the Scots gentlemen who would have—set him free."

"But they did n't, Shane dearest. It seems—destiny must always win. Shane, what is that poem in Gaidhlig about the world, the verses you once said?"

"Treasgair an saoghal, agus tigeann an gaoth mar smral.
Alaistir, Caesar, 's an méad do bhi d'a bpairt
Ta an Theamhair na fear agas feách an Traoi mar ta—

Life goes conquering on. The winds forever blow
Alexander, Cæsar, and the crash of their fighting men
Tara is grass, and see how Troy is low—"

He stopped with a little shock, for her face was a mask of tears.

"Dearest, dearest, it 's only an old, sad story. It has nothing to do with us. Claire-Anne—"

"Is any story old, Shane? Is any story ever new? Is n't it always the same story?"

She looked at the dagger for an instant more, and put it down with a little sob.

"Poor gentleman!"

§ 9

From his cabin below he could hear the Belfast mate roaring at the helmsman:

"What kind of steering do you call that? Look at your damned wake. Like an eel's wriggle. Keep her full, and less of your damned luffin'."

"Keep her full, sir!" the steersman repeated.

"Look at your foretopsail! Bowse it, blast ye! Bowse it! You Skye cutthroats!"

If the nor'easter held, Shane calculated, he could run through Biscay full, come into the Mediterranean on a broad reach, and jam her straight at Marseilles. About him was the tremor as she took the head seas. Plunge! Tremble! Dash on! Overhead the squeaking of the sheets, the squeal of blocks, the *thrap-thrap-thrap* of the lee halyards, the melancholy whining of the gulls. With luck he would be in Marseilles within the week. And if the wind swung westward after he left Gibraltar to port, he would nip off hours, a day even. And every hour counted until the moment he went up the dusky path and called, "Claire-Anne!"

He had never before driven the *Ulster Lady* as he was driving her now. Before, he had been content to get what he could out of her, coaxing her, nursing her, as a trainer does a horse he is fond of; but now he was riding her like a jockey intent on winning a race. On deck the crew wondered what had got into the old man, as they called him, for all his twenty-eight years.

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"Before, he wass a sailor," the isles crew complained. "Iss he now a merchant at last? *A Righ is truagh!* O King, the pity!"

But it was not interest in cargoes that compelled him; it was the thought of a face like the wing of a bird, ready to soar. The dark, gracious face, with the eyes where emotion swirled like a mill-race, the parted ruddy lips—*la mielleuse*—mouth of honey. And the word he must not say aloud, like some occult word of magic, until a certain moment should come:

"Claire-Anne!" Just "Claire-Anne!"

Before he had left Marseilles he had not been able to think of her, to weigh what had happened, to understand. Things were too close. But at sea, and in the dusk of the Antrim glen, and in Belfast and Liverpool, he had had time to view the incident in perspective; to stand aside, as one stands back from a picture, and appreciate the color, the line, the truth; to see that that rich purple, that splash of orange, that rippling, rich silver-gray are not spots like flowers, but a design.

In Antrim he had remembered Dancing Town, the vision of Fiddlers' Green. Fourteen years before!

And now that he remembered, it seemed to him foolish not to have known he was sailing somewhere. He was always sailing . . . And unexpectedly, after he had given up all hope, under his lee bow had risen suddenly Fiddlers' Green . . . Once before he thought he had made port there, but that only made this island the true one . . . For there were always two things, and the second was right . . . False dawn and dawn; the False Cape and Cape Horn; the Southern Crosses, the false and true . . .

And he would tell her this, when he met her again, of how he had been thinking, and discovered her to be the true life . . .

The wife he had married and buried seven years before he thought of now; she was the second woman he had known, his mother the first. And from the cold precipice of his mother he had fled into the flinty field of Moira Dolan . . . He felt a little sorry for the boy he was seven years before . . . so young, so gallant, so wrong . . . He had thought that all there was in life was a home to return to, a wife, children . . . He had wanted an acre of land in the sun, where all the world was his . . . When one was young, one knew so little . . . Wisdom came with the lapping of the waves, and years of quiet thinking under the gigantic stars . . . A plot of land he had wanted then, and now the stars, belonging more to him than to the astrologers who conned them, the fields more than to the tillers who cultivated them, the sea more than to the fishermen who trawled . . . He was one with everything, understanding everything, its immense harmony . . . From hard earth and wet sea he had arisen on swift, dark pinions until he had been one with the spirit that infused all, earth and sea and sky, holding the multitudinous atoms in One with immense will and scheme . . . And it was she who had given them to him . . . Claire-Anne . . . the wings of the morning . . . The flutter of her white hands . . . the eyes that looked and drooped, looked, drooped . . . the little catch in her breath . . .

His life opened before him now, like a fair seaway . . . About his

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appointed tasks he would go in his appointed life . . . sailing ships with needed cargoes . . . a despatch messenger for the peoples of the world over the vast solitudes of sea . . . doing his work well and willingly . . . and asking no reward but that the bird of dusk, the mouth of honey, be his to love and be loved by . . . to melt with and be one in occult alchemy of soul and mind and body . . . to get strength and knowledge, and the understanding which is more than strength and knowledge . . .

He was twenty-eight, she was twenty-five. There were twenty years before them still, twenty years of love and understanding, and then a strange happy twilight, like the dusk of Antrim, that gives way hardly to the short night . . . Some day she would marry him and come to his house . . . some day when something that was wrong in her heart was righted and forgotten, something he had no wish to intrude upon, so closely did she conceal it . . . There was a locked, haunted room in her heart . . . poor heart! . . . but one day the presence would be exorcised, and the room swept and garnished . . . Some day she would marry him, and he would bring her home to Ulster . . . And who better than she could understand the springy heather and the blue smoke-reek, the crickets of the evening and the curlew's call . . . And in the house where his mother was cold and arrogant, would be a warm and gracious lady . . .

God! he was thinking long to be in Marseilles again, to go up the dusky path, to call, Claire-Anne!

The big Belfast mate larruped down the short companionway.

"How 's she doing, Mr. McKinstry?"

"She 's doing fine, sir. If I may say so, there 's not a better boat sails the water, not the *Sovereign of the Seas* itself. Nor a better crew to handle things, not on board the king's yacht."

"Nor a better mate, Mr. McKinstry."

"Ah, well, sir; we do wir best."

He tumbled on deck again, and Shane could hear him roar from amidships:

"Lay forward, a couple of you damned farmers, and see if you can't get more out of those jibs. Faster! faster! You 're as slow as the grace of God at a miser's funeral . . . If I only had a crew . . ."

§ 10

She stopped in her swift flight to him through the dusk of the Midi garden.

"Dearest, why is your face so white? Your hands bruised?"

"The consul said something to me—about you—and I knocked him down."

"Oh!" she said, a shocked little cry, and: "Oh!" a drawn-out wail of pain. "Why did you strike him?"

"Because he lied about you."

Her face was turned from him, in the dusk of the crickets, toward the wooded amphitheater, where dead Pontius roved wild-eyed in the dusk, where Lazarus tossed uneasily in his second sleep, where the Greeks lay in alien soil, and the shadows of Roman legionaries looked puzzled at the flat sea, not recognizing busy Tiber—her back was to him, her head up in pain, her nerve-wrenched hands uneasy, white . . .

"He did n't lie," she said at last. "Oh, you 'd have known it sooner or later. No! no! He did n't lie."

"Claire-Anne!"

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"He did n't lie. I was just a fool to think—oh, well, he did n't lie. No! no!" she repeated. "He did n't lie." She threw out a hand helplessly. "He did n't lie."

He went up to her in the dusk, put his hands gently on her shoulders. The quivering frame became still suddenly, with a greater nervousness. She was like a deer ready to bound away . . .

"I don't see what I could have done, Claire-Anne. But—can I do anything now?"

She turned toward him suddenly. Her face was a mask of pain—and surprise.

"Then you have n't grown cold to me, unmerciful, . . . or gross?"

"Why, no, Claire-Anne!"

"And you know."

"I—know, but I don't understand . . ."

She gave a queer, little shuddering cry, half-laugh, half-sob. She moved over to the seat by the whispering mulberry-tree, and dropped on it, her hands covering her face.

"All the wrong," she said, "that people call wrong I 've done I did n't mind. But the one decent thing—of loving you—that 's kept me awake all the time you were away. It 's been like a sin, letting you love me. The rest was destiny, but this one thing was—I."

She suddenly raised her face, her eyes shining through the humid mask of it.

"Would you—could you—understand?"

"Tell me, Claire-Anne, what you want to."

She drew a short gasping breath, turned her head away, looked up, turned it away again, paused for breath, gripped his hand by the wrist . . .

"I . . . I . . . I was the child of actors, and they died, and there was enough money to bring me up and educate me, and give me my chance on the stage . . . And I was n't good enough . . . I was too much myself . . . Could n't quite be other characters . . . I don't know if you understand . . . But . . . then a man got infatuated with me and married me . . . And later he wished he 'd married a . . . comfortable woman with a fortune . . . And then he died and left me . . . not very much . . . But that was not the reason . . . I was left, how do you say? . . . stranded . . . I had no career, no husband, no child, no business . . . In France, it is not easy . . . not easy anywhere . . . Friends? . . . People are too busy . . . And I was . . . just there . . . And all around me life bubbled and flowed, and I was . . . not dead, not alive . . . and alone . . . I might have been a leper, but even lepers have colonies, and some one to be kind to them . . . not dead, not alive . . . and alone . . . I was so young . . . It was unfair . . . Life was everywhere like a sparkling wine . . . but where I was, was flat . . .

"And then . . . then I met a man . . . it was pleasant for a while . . . to have some one to talk to, to go around with . . . It 's so pleasant to laugh . . . You don't know how pleasant until you have n't laughed for a long time . . . He did n't want to marry . . . and in the end it was a choice of—oh, well

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. . . or going back to being not dead, not alive . . . and I could n't go, just could n't . . . And he gave me presents of money . . . And then he got married . . . I don't blame him . . . a comfortable woman with a fortune . . . but I was n't left for long . . . where one goes, others always follow . . . There 's a sort of *sentier intuitif* . . . a psychic path.

"And I was n't so ashamed . . . I was a little glad . . . I had a place in the world . . . a work even . . . And every one might despise me . . . I had a place . . . I was no longer not dead, not alive . . . I was even thankful for that . . . Until I met you with your . . . terrible courtesy, with your understanding . . . My head and my heart melted, and my

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body, too . . . and all had been so firm, so decided . . . And I dreamed that I could snatch a while from destiny . . . But . . . you see . . . What the man said was true, so . . . dearest—but I must n't ever call you dearest again."

"Claire-Anne!"

"Well, then—dearest, you see why I could n't marry you when you asked." She laughed bitterly. "If you had only known . . ."

He took a terrible grip on himself, faced her, looked at her.

"Claire-Anne, will you marry me now?"

"I don't know why you say it, but I know one thing: you are true. And I thank you . . . but please don't make me cry any more . . . I have cried so much when you were away . . . If only five years ago before I was . . . *estropiée* . . . crippled . . .

"Destiny . . ."

§ 11

Dusk had gone; darkness had come, and now darkness itself would leave soon, for the third quarter of a great saffron moon showed its edge in the eastward. Marseilles was like the pale light of a candle. And a great palpable darkness had settled like water in the hollow of the woods.

"Dearest,"—her voice took sudden strength,—"will you forgive me? I don't say that just as if I 'd done a small wrong. But will a big power come out of your heart and say: 'It 's all right, Claire-Anne. I understood.' It will be so much for me to know that —in the days when you are gone—"

"But, Claire-Anne, I 'm not gone—"

"You must go, dearest. You must go now. Don't you see?" Her voice grew gentle. "You could n't stay any more. It would n't be like you, somehow. And I would n't have you spoiled in my eyes . . . darling, you could never be . . . but you must go . . ."

"And you, Claire-Anne—"

"Destiny . . . a long, lean finger . . . a path . . ."

"But you never know—"

"We know, we poor women, Shane. We know . . . Shane, don't you understand . . . what makes the . . . girl in the archway, the emperor's mistress, drink, take ether . . . do strange horrors? . . . They know . . . And they want to escape from seeing it . . . for an instant even . . . the terrible story of the *Belle Héaulmière* . . . the Armorer's Daughter:

"Ainsi le bon temps regretons
Entre nous, povres vielles sotes,
Assises bas, à crouppetons,
Tout en ung tas comme pelotes,
A petit feu de chenevotes
Tost allumées, tost estaintes;
Et jadis fusmes si mignotes! . . .
Ainsi emprent à mains et maintes."

"Do you understand, Shane, do you understand? So we regret the good old times, poor old light women, gathered together like fagots, and hunkering over a straw fire, soon lit, soon out—*tost allumées, tost estaintes* . . . and once we were so dainty. To many and many 's the one it happens. *Povres vielles sotes!* Poor old light women, Shane . . . *Et jadis fusmes si mignotes!* . . . Dainty as I am, they were once . . . And do you blame them now when they see it coming . . . the drink, the ether . . . the abominable things . . ."

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"Oh, my God! Claire-Anne!"

"Heart of hearts, Shane. I once escaped to light, where they escape to oblivion . . . Once I had you, and all my life I 'll remember it . . . All my life I 'll remember: I once knew a man . . . And it will be a help, so much a help . . ."

"Oh, Claire-Anne, it can't be!"

"It must be, dearest heart. It is —decreed. Darling, sometimes I thought— Do you remember your showing me the poor prince's dagger, and our talking about him—setting himself free—and I said I thought I could understand why he did not . . . I 've wanted to, myself . . . But . . . There 's a way you 're brought up, when you 're young . . . They put such fear of God in you . . . such fear of hell . . . you never could—throw things down—and go straight to Him, and say: I could n't. I just simply could n't. I had n't the strength. I could n't . . . just . . . And they never think of Him saying: Of course you could n't . . . And it was all My fault. I was n't looking . . . I 've so much to think of . . . You did right to come to Me . . . But, no! no! One fears . . . They teach you so much fear, Shane, when you are young . . . so that even this is better . . . this—game, where none win . . . And so—one goes on . . ."

She rose suddenly and clutched his shoulders in panic. Her mouth twisted in piteous agony . . .

"Oh, but dearest, dearest, *povres vielles sotes*, poor old light women . . . Shane, *assises bas, à crouppetons*, in an archway, hoping for a drunken farmer with a couple of sous . . . and so cold, so cold, with a little fire of straw stalks . . . *tost allumées, tost estaines!* . . ."

"No, Claire-Anne! no!"

"A drunken farmer, or traveling pedler . . . *Et jadis fusmes si mignotes* . . . and so dainty once!"

"No!" His voice took the ring of decision. She did n't hear him. Her voice broke into a torrent of sobs.

"Take me in your arms, Shane, once more. And let my heart come into your heart, where it 's so warm . . . and I 'll have something to remember in the days when it will be . . . so cold, so cold . . . and I 'll be there warming old bones . . . *A petit feu de chenevotes* . . . Shane, dearest, please . . ."

He took her in his arms, and her body seemed to be some light envelope in which a great turmoil of spirit beat, as a wild bird beats against a cage . . . He could hardly hold her body so much was her tortured sobbing . . . So much did what was within wheel and beat, beat and wheel, in unendurable panic. Her voice murmured in his wet shoulder:

"*Povre vielle sote!* Oh, Shane, Shane . . . *povre vielle sote!* . . ."

§ 12

Above him, to starboard, he could hear the churning of the tug that was to take them from the docks to the open sea. Overhead the pilot was stamping impatiently. Forward the mate was roaring like a bull:

"Where is that damned apprentice? Tell him to lay aft and bear a hand with the warps."

In a minute or so he would have to go on the poop and give orders to let go and haul in . . . The tug was

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blowing, "Hurry up . . ." He ought to be on deck now . . . He hated to go up . . . hated to see the last of Marseilles . . . he would never see Marseilles again . . .

Was all ready? Yes, all was ready. Cargo, supplies, sea-chest, everything for the long voyage he had decided—had to decide—on at the last minute. Forward across the Atlantic to where the sou'east-trades blew, and then south'ard reaching under all sail—the fleecy clouds, the bright constellations of the alien pole, the strange fish-like birds, the flying-fish, the bonita, the albacore; the chill gust from the River Plate; the roar of the gales of the forties; the tremendous fight around the Horn, with a glimpse of land now and then as they fought for easting—the bleak rocks of Diego Ramirez and the Iledefonsos, and perhaps the blue ridge of Cape Horn, or of the False Cape; then, northward to Callao . . . anywhere, everywhere . . . new seas, new lands, new cities . . . but never again Marseilles . . .

And he would never see her again, *la Mielleuse*—could n't if he wanted to . . . never again . . . irrevocable . . . On that pillow she had laid her head, her dark head . . . And last night he had seen it for the last time, dark, smiling in sleep, on another snowy pillow . . . He remembered as he might remember a strange pantomime . . . His going to his coat for—what he had there . . . the silent tiptoe . . . the gentle raising of her left arm, as she smiled in her sleep . . . the sudden weakness at her soft warm beauty . . . the decision . . . of course he had done right! . . . Of course! . . . of course! . . .

Overhead the pilot stamped on the deck in a flurry of impatience. The tug wailed in irritation . . . He must get on deck . . .

He threw one last glance around . . . He had everything he needed for himself . . . Nothing lacking . . . His eye paused for a moment on his desk. Wait! Where was the dagger? Prince Charles' dagger?

He gripped himself in fright . . . Was he going—had he gone—mad? He knew where that was . . . he knew . . . he knew . . . It was—

"Ogh!" A flash of horror went over him . . . But he had done right . . . of course he had done right . . .

"All 's ready, sir," the mate called in to his cabin.

"Yes? . . ."

"Man, you 're no' ill?" the mate looked at him, queerly.

"Of course I 'm not ill." He swung on deck. "All right? Let go aft, then, and haul in. Tug a little westward: a little more westward. Hard a port, Mr. McKinstry. All right! Let go all, for'a'd . . . She 's off . . ."

(The end of the third part of "The Wind Bloweth")

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Why Popular Novels Are Popular

By Henry Seidel Canby

You might suppose that popular literature was a modern invention. Cultivated shoulders shrug at the mention of "best sellers" with that air of "the world is going to the devil" which just now is annoyingly familiar. Serious-minded people write of "The Saturday Evening Post" as if it represented some new fanaticism destined to wreck civilization. The excessive popularity of many modern novels is felt to be a mystery.

Of course there are new elements in literary popularity. The wave of interest used to move more slowly. Now thousands, and sometimes millions, read the popular story almost simultaneously, and see it a little later on the films. Millions of the class that never used to read at all are accessible to print, and have the movies to help them.

But popularity has not changed its fundamental characteristics. The sweep of one man's idea or fancy through other minds, kindling them to interest, has been typical since communication began. The Greek romances of Heliodorus may be analyzed for their popular elements quite as readily as "If Winter Comes." "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Thousand and One Nights" could serve as models for success, and the query, What makes popularity in fiction? be answered from them with close, if not complete, reference to 1922. However, the results of an inquiry into popularity will be surer if we stick to modern literature, not forgetting its historical background. Human nature, which changes its essence slowly through the centuries, nevertheless shows rapid changes of phase. The question I propose, therefore, is, What makes a novel popular in our time?

I do not ask it for sordid reasons. "What makes a novel sell a hundred thousand copies, or a short story bring a thousand dollars?" may seem the same query; but it does not get the same answer, or, apparently, any answer valuable for criticism. A cloud descends upon the eyes of those who try to teach how to make money out of literature, and blinds them. Their books go wrong from the start, and most of them are nearly worthless. They purpose to teach the sources of popularity, yet instead of dealing with those fundamental qualities of emotion and idea that, as I hope to show, make popularity, their tale is all of emphasis, suspense, beginnings, and endings, the relativity of characters, dialogue, setting; useful points for the artisan, but not the secret of popularity, or, it may be added, greatness in literature. Technic is well enough,—in fact some technic is indispensable for a book that is to be popular,—but it is the workaday factor in literature. Of itself it accomplishes nothing.

But technic can be taught. That is the explanation of the hundred books upon it, and their justification. You

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cannot teach a perception of the heart, or observation, or sympathy, or the background of knowledge which makes possible the interpretation and selection of experience—not at least in a lesson a week for nine months. Hence literary advisers who must teach something and teach it quickly are drawn, sometimes against their better judgment, to write books on technic by which criticism profits little. Technical perfection becomes their equivalent for excellence and for popularity. It is not an equivalent. More than a mason is required for the making of a statue.

I disclaim any attempt to teach how to be popular in this essay, although deductions may be made. I am interested in popularity as a problem for criticism. I am interested in appraising the pleasure to be got from such popular novels as "The Age of Innocence," "Miss Lulu Bett," "If Winter Comes," or "The Turmoil," and the not infrequent disappointments from others equally popular. I am especially interested in the attempt to estimate real excellence—an attempt which requires that the momentarily popular shall be separated from the permanently good; which requires that a distinction be made between what must have some excellence because so many people like it, and what is good in a book whether many people like it or not. Such discrimination may not help the young novelist to make money, but it can at least refine judgment and deepen appreciation.

§ 2

As for popularity and its meaning, there need be no quarrel over that term. Let us rule out such accidents as when a weak book becomes widely known because it is supposed to be indecent, or because its hero is identified with an important figure of real life, or for any other casual reason. If a novel, because of the intrinsic interest of its story or on account of the contagion of the idea it contains, is widely read by many kinds of readers, and if these readers on their own initiative recommend the book they have read to others, that is popularity, and a sufficient definition.

Perfection of form is not enough to make a book popular. A story has to move, or few will read it; but it is doubtful whether a greater technical achievement than this is required for popularity. "Samson Agonistes" is technically perfect, but was never popular, while, to pass from the sublime to its opposite, "This Side of Paradise" was most crudely put together, and yet was deservedly popular. The best-built short stories of the last decade have not been the most popular, have not even been the best. No popular writer but could have been, so I profoundly believe, more popular if he had written better. But good writing is not a specific for unpopularity. The excellent writing of Howells could not give him Mark Twain's audience. The weak and tedious construction of Shakspere's "Antony and Cleopatra," the flat style of Harold Bell Wright's narratives, have not prevented them from being liked. Form is only a first step toward popularity.

Far more important is an appeal to the emotions, which good technic can only make stronger. But what is an appeal to the emotions? "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appealed to the emotions, and so does "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." To what emotions does the popular book appeal? What makes "Treasure Island" popular? Why did

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"Main Street" have such an unexpected and still reverberating success?

"Treasure Island" is popular because it stirs and satisfies two instinctive cravings of mankind, the love of romantic adventure and the desire for sudden wealth. This is not true, or, rather, it is not the whole, or even the important, truth in "Main Street." There the chief appeal is to an idea, not an instinct. We left the war nationally self-conscious as perhaps never before, acutely aware of the contrasts between our habits, our thinking, our pleasures, our beliefs, and those of Europe. When the soldiers oversea talked generalities at all, it was usually of such topics. The millions that never went abroad were plucked from their Main Streets, and herded through greater cities to the mingled companionship of the camps. "Main Street," when it came to be written, found an awakened consciousness of provincialism, and a detached view of the home town such as had never before been shared by many. Seeing home from without was so general as to constitute not a mere experience, but a mass emotion. And upon this new conception, this prejudice against every man's Main Street, the book grasped, and thrived. In like manner "Uncle Tom's Cabin" grew great upon its conception of slavery. "Robert Elsmere" swept the country because of its exploitation of freedom in religious thought. No one of these books could have been written, or would have been popular if they had been written, before their precise era; no one is likely long to survive it except as a social document which scholars will read and historians quote.

Roughly, then, the emotional appeal which makes for popularity is either to the instinctive emotions permanent in all humanity, though changing shape with circumstances, or to the fixed ideas of the period, which may often and justly be called prejudice. A book may gain its popularity in either way, but the results of the first are more likely to be enduring. "Paradise Lost," the least popular of popular poems, still stirs the instinctive craving for heroic revolt, and lives for that quite as much as for the splendors of its verse. Dryden's "Hind and the Panther," which exploited the prejudices of its times and was popular then, is almost dead.

§ 3

What are these instinctive cravings that seek satisfaction in fiction and, finding it, make both great and little books popular? Let me list a few without attempting to be complete.

First in importance is probably the desire to escape from reality into a more interesting life. This is a foundation, of course, of all romantic stories, and is part of the definition of the romantic; but it applies to much in literature that is not usually regarded as romance. A more interesting life than yours or mine does not mean one we should wish actually to live, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the taste in detective stories of many sedentary bank presidents; nor does it mean necessarily a beautiful, a wild, a romantic life. No, we wish to escape to any imagined life that will satisfy desires suppressed by circumstance or incapable of development in any attainable reality.

The desire to escape is eternal; the variety differs with the individual man and still more with the period. While youthful love, or romantic adventure,

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as in "Treasure Island," has been an acceptable mode for literature at least as far back as the papyrus tales of the Egyptians, more precise means of delivery from the intolerable weight of real life appear and disappear in popular books. In the early eighteen hundreds men and women longed to be blighted in love, to be in lonely revolt against the prosaic well-being of a world of little men. Byron was popular. In the Augustan age of England classic antiquity was a refuge for the dreaming spirit; in Shakspere's day, Italy; in the fifteenth century, Arthurian romance. Just at present, and in America, the popularity of a series of novels like "The Beautiful and Damned," "Erik Dorn," and "Cytherea" seems to indicate that many middle-aged readers wish to experience vicariously the alcoholic irresponsibility of a society of "flappers," young graduates, and country-club rakes who threw the pilot overboard as soon as they left the war zone, and have been cruising wildly ever since. We remember that for a brief period in the England of Charles II, James II, and William and Mary, rakishness in the plays of Wycherley and Congreve had a glamour of romance upon it and was popular. Indeed, the novel or drama that gives to a generation the escape it desires will always be popular. Test Harold Bell Wright or Zane Grey, Rudyard Kipling or Walter Scott, by this maxim, and it will further define itself, and ring true.

Another human craving is the desire to satisfy the impulses of sex. This is much more difficult to define than the first, because it spreads in one phase or another through all cravings. Romance, of course, has its large sex element, and so have the other attributes to be spoken of later. However, there is a direct and concentrated interest in the relations between the sexes which, in its finer manifestations, is forever asking for a vivid contrast of personalities in love, in its cruder forms demands passion in the raw, in its pathological state craves the indecent. A thousand popular novels illustrate the first phase; many more, of which the cave-man story, the desert-island romance, "The Sheik," and its companions are examples, represent the second; the ever-surging undercurrent of pornography flows to meet the third.

Many sex stories are popular simply because they satisfy curiosity, but curiosity in a broader sense is a human craving which deserves a separate category. Popular novels seldom depend upon it entirely, but they profit by it, sometimes hugely. A novel like Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence," or Mrs. Atherton's "Sleeping Fires" makes its first, though not usually its strongest, appeal to our curiosity as to how others live or were living.

Curiosity is a changeable factor, a sure play for immediate popularity, but not to be depended upon for long life. It waxes and wanes and changes its object. Just now we are curious about Russia, the South Sea Islanders, and night life on Broadway; to-morrow it may be New Zealand and Australia, the Argentine millionaire, and quite certainly the Chinese and China. Books appealing to the craving for escape have a longer life, for a story that takes a generation out of itself into fairy-land keeps some of its power for the next. Nevertheless, the writer who guesses where curious minds are reaching and gives them what they want puts money into his purse.

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A fourth craving, which is as general as fingers and toes, is for revenge. We laugh now at the plays of revenge before "Hamlet" where the stage ran blood, and even the movie audience no longer enjoys a story the single motive of which is physical revenge. Blood for blood means to us either crime or rowdyism; and yet revenge is just as popular in literature now as in the sixteenth century. However, its aspect has changed. Our fathers are not butchered in feuds, our sons are not sold into slavery, and except in war or in street robberies we are not insulted by brute physical force. Nevertheless, we are cheated by scoundrels, oppressed by financial tyranny, wounded by injustice, suppressed by self-sufficiency, rasped by harsh tempers, annoyed by snobbery, and often ruined by unconscious selfishness. We long to strike back at the human traits which have wronged us, and the satiric depiction of hateful characters whose seeming virtues are turned upside down to expose their impossible hearts feeds our craving for vicarious revenge. We dote upon vinegarish old maids, self-righteous men, and canting women when they are exposed by narrative art, and especially when poetic justice wrecks them. The books that contain them bid high for popularity.

It happens that the last twelve months have seen three novels in which this element of popular success was strong: Miss Sinclair's "Mr. Waddington of Wyck," "Vera," by the author of "Elizabeth" in her German garden, and Mr. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." The first two books focus upon this quality, and their admirable unity gives them superior force; but it is noteworthy that "If Winter Comes," which adds other popular elements in large measure to its release of hate, has been financially the most successful of the three.

To these deep cravings of the heart must be added another of major importance. I mean aspiration, the deep desire of humanity to be better, nobler, finer, truer. Stories of daring in the face of unconquerable odds, stories of devotion, above all stories of self-sacrifice, are made to gratify this emotion. They are purges for the restless soul. Some critic of our short story discovered not long ago that the bulk of the narratives chosen for reprinting had self-sacrifice as theme. This is precisely what one would expect of comfortable, ease-loving peoples, like the Germans before the empire and the Americans of our generation. When no real sacrifice of goods, of energy, of love, or of life is necessary, then the craving for stories of men who give up all and women who efface themselves is particularly active. The hard, individualistic stories of selfish characters—Ben Hecht's for example, and Scott Fitzgerald's—have been written after a war period of enforced self-sacrifice and by young men who had actually suffered for a cause. But most American readers of our generation live easily and have always lived easily, and that undoubtedly accounts for the extraordinary popularity here of aspiring books. The fictitious hero of our kind who suffers for others, when applied to our imagination, is a tonic for our conscience, and, like massage, takes the place of exercise. By a twist in the same argument it may be seen that the cheerful optimist in fiction who, Pollyanna-wise, believes all is for the best, satisfies the craving to justify our well being. I do not, however, mean to disparage this element of popularity. It

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is, after all, the essential quality of tragedy, where the soul rises above misfortune. It is a factor in noble literature as well as in popular success.

§ 4

So much for some of the typical and instinctive cravings which cry for satisfaction and are the causes of popularity. To them may be added others, of course, notably the desire for sudden wealth, which is a factor in "Treasure Island," as in all treasure stories, and the prime cause of success in the most popular of all plots, the tale of *Cinderella*, which, after passing through feudal societies with a prince's hand as reward, changed its sloven sister for a shop-girl, and King Cophetua into a millionaire, and swept the American stage. To this may also be added simpler stimulants of instinctive emotion, humor stirring to pleasant laughter, pathos that exercises sympathy, the happy ending that makes for joy. Stories which succeed because they stir and satisfy these, or any of the emotions which I have described, are like opera in a foreign tongue, which moves us even when we do not fully understand the reason for our emotion. They differ from another kind of popular story, in which a popular idea rather than an instinctive emotion is crystallized, and which now must be considered.

Each generation has its fixed ideas. A few are inherited intact by the generation that follows, a few are passed on with slight transformation, but most crumble or change into different versions of the old half-truths. Among the most enduring of prejudices is the fallacy of the good old times. Upon that formula nine tenths of the successful historical romances are built. That American wives suffer from foreign husbands, that capital is ruthless, that youth is right and age wrong, that energy wins over intellect, that virtue is always rewarded, are American conceptions that have given short, but lofty, flights to thousands of stories.

More important, however, in the history of fiction are those wide and slow-moving currents of opinion, for which prejudice is perhaps too narrow a name, that flow so imperceptibly through the minds of a generation or a whole century that there is little realization of their novelty in comparison with the thought of past ages. Such a slow-moving current was the humanitarianism which found vigorous expression in Dickens, the belief in industrial democracy which is being picked up as a theme by novelist after novelist to-day, or the sense of the value of personality and human experience that intensely characterizes the literature of the early Renaissance.

If a novel draws up into itself one of these ideas, filling it with emotion, it gains, perhaps, its greatest assurance of immediate popularity. If the idea is of vast social importance, this popularity may continue. But if it is born of immediate circumstance, like the hatred of slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or if it is still more transient, the novelty of a new invention, like the airplane or wireless, then the book grows stale with its theme. The like is true of a story that teaches a lesson a generation is willing to be taught; it lives as long as the lesson. What has become of Charles Kingsley's novels, of the apologues of Maria Edgeworth? "Main Street" is such a story; so was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," so, probably, "A Doll's House." Decay is already at their hearts.

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Perhaps it is already clear that most popular novels combine many elements of popularity, although usually one is dominant. Among those stories, for instance, which I have mentioned most frequently, "Main Street" depends upon a popular idea, but makes uses also of the revenge motive. It does not contain, as many hasty critics said, an appeal to curiosity. We know our Main Streets well enough already. And therefore in England, which also was not curious about Main Streets, and where the popular idea which Sinclair Lewis seized upon was not prevalent, the book has had only a moderate success. "If Winter Comes" combines the revenge motive with aspiration. Scott Fitzgerald's first novel made its strong appeal to curiosity. We had heard of the wild younger generation and were curious. His second book depends largely upon the craving for sex experience, in which it resembles Mr. Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," but also plays heavily upon the motive of escape and upon sheer curiosity. "Miss Lulu Bett" was a story of revenge. Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams," to bring in a new title, is a good illustration of a story where for once a popular novelist slurred over the popular elements in order to concentrate upon a study of character. His book received, it is true, a tardy popular recognition, but it disappointed his less discriminating admirers.

The popular story, then, the financially successful, the immediately notorious story, should appeal to the instinctive emotions, and may be built upon popular prejudice. What is the moral for the writer? Is he to lay out the possible fields of emotion as a surveyor prepares for his blue print? By no means. Unless he follows his own instinct in the plan, or narrates because of his own excited thinking, he will produce a thinly clad formula rather than a successful story. There is no moral for the writer; only some rays of light thrown upon the nature of his achievement. The way to accomplish popularity, if that is what you want, is to write for the people, and let formula, once it is understood, take care of itself. As an editor wise in popularity once said to me, "Oppenheim and the rest are popular because they think like the people, not for them."

§ 5

What is the moral of this discussion for the critical reader? A great one, for if he does not wish to be tricked constantly by his own emotions into supposing that what is timely is therefore fine, and what moves him is therefore great, he must distinguish between the elements of popularity and the essence of greatness. It is evident, I think, from the argument that every element of popularity described above may be made effective upon our weak human nature with only an approximation to truth. The craving for escape may be, and usually is, answered by sentimental romance, where every emotion from patriotism to amorousness is mawkish and unreal. Every craving may be played upon in the same fashion just because it is a craving, and the book that does it may often be more popular for the exaggeration. Also it is notorious that a prejudice—or a popular idea, if you prefer the term—that is seized upon for fiction is almost inevitably strained beyond logic and beyond truth, so much so that in rapid years, like those from 1916 to 1920, which swept us into propaganda and out again, the emphatic falsity of a

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book's central thesis may be recognized before the first editions are exhausted.

We have always known, of course, that a novel can be highly popular without being truly excellent. Nevertheless, it is a valuable discipline to specify the reasons. And it is good discipline also in estimating the intrinsic value of a novel to eliminate as far as is possible the temporal and the accidental, and in particular the especial appeal it may have to your own private craving; for each of us has his soft spot where the pen can pierce. On the contrary, if the highly speculative business of guessing the probable circulation of a novel ever becomes yours, then you must doubly emphasize the importance of these very qualities, search for them, analyze them out of the narrative, and equate them with the tendencies of the times, the new emotions stirring, the new interests, new thoughts abroad.

Yet in eliminating the accidental in the search for real excellence it would be disastrous to eliminate all causes of popularity with it. That would be to assume that the good story cannot be popular, which is nonsense. The best books are nearly always popular, if not in a year, certainly in a decade or a century. Often they spread more slowly than less solid achievements for the same reason that dear things sell less rapidly than cheap. The best books cost more to read because they contain more, and to get much out, the reader must always put much in. Nevertheless, the good novel will always contain one or more of the elements of popularity in great intensity. I make only one exception, and that for those creations of the sheer intellect, like the delicate analyses of Henry James, where the appeal is to the subtle mind, and the emotion arouses an intellectual emotion. Such novels are on the heights, but they are never at the summit of literary art. They are limited by the partiality of their appeal, just as they are exalted by the perfection of their accomplishment. They cannot be popular, and are not.

The "best seller," therefore, may be great, but does not need to be. It is usually a weak book, no matter how readable, because ordinarily it has only the elements of popularity to go on, and succeeds by their number and timeliness instead of by fineness and truth. A second-rate man can compound a best seller if his sense for the popular is first-rate. In his books the instinctive emotions are excited over a broad area, but rapidly sink again. No better examples can be found than in the sword-and-buckler romance of our nineties, which set us all for a while thinking feudal thoughts and talking shallow gallantry. Now it is dead, stone dead; not even the movies can revive it. The emotions it aroused went flat over night. Much the same is true of books that trade in prejudice, like the white-slave stories of a decade ago.

Thus the profitable ship popularity can be kept upright for a little voyage with a light ballast of prejudice or sentiment, and this, prevailingly, is all her cargo. But the wise writer, if he is able, as Scott and Dickens and Clemens were able, freights her more deeply. As for the good reader, he will go below to inspect before the voyage begins; or, if in mid-career he likes not his carrier, take off in his mental airplane and seek another book.

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Masaryk's Fight for God

Its Expression in the New State of Czecho-Slovakia

By NANCY M. SCHOONMAKER

Woodcut by RUDOLPH RUZICKA

FOLLOWING one of those ancient, narrow streets that lead down from the Hradčany, the many-towered acropolis of Prague, the traveler sees the city spread out before him, a colorful picture of all that mingled racial life which has flowed through it. The winding path is steep. Underfoot sprigs of untrodden grass break through between the cobbles; on each side are high old walls that have outlasted their builders by many a generation. Behind these bordering walls rise turrets, gray and green, roofs of mottled tile, and narrow windows through which, surely, if a face looked forth, it must be that of some strange being far removed from the matter-of-fact days of our present generation. One feels that any sort of strange life might go on behind those walls, any sort of god and man might be found there, worshiped and worshiper.

At intervals the gray old masonry gives way to doors, high, dark, heavy, and tightly closed. They are not easy channels through which the life within and without can flow and mingle.

Yet it was one of these doors I had pointed out to me as the arch through which the pupils of Thomas Masaryk, back in 1882, used to pass when they went to meet the new professor who had just been called from Vienna to a chair in the University of Prague. That institution, one of the oldest on the Continent, following the rift which had grown deeper and deeper between the Czechs and the oppressing Germans, had at that time been divided into two sections, Czech and German, and it was to the Czech section that Thomas Masaryk was called.

Unless the main facts in the history of the relation between these two people is kept in mind, it is difficult to appreciate the significance of this event. Back in 1031 Moravia and Slovakia fell under the yoke of Hungary and remained subject to her for 887 years. In 1526 the Bohemians elected a Hapsburg to the throne, an act the consequence of which can hardly be overestimated. For this was the beginning of a foreign domination that lasted almost four hundred years, which, as time went on, became ever harsher and more bitter, and which at last succeeded in absorbing and bringing under the domination of the Central empires not only Bohemia, but also the adjacent states, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia, now combined to form the new state of Czecho-Slovakia. The elected Hapsburg king had brought his kingdom and crown back to the mother country. Frequent attempts were made by the Bohemians and the Slovenes to rid themselves of their oppressing monarchs and the foreign

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aristocracy which was gaining a constantly increasing power and influence in the country, but always without success. It was at the Battle of the White Mountain that the people met their most ignominious defeat; but though their forces were completely wiped out by the monarch's superior troops, the date and the event became for the Czechs something to reckon from, something burned into the mind of every child born to the people for which recompense must be had.

That the Czechs of our generation still desired and were at last able to obtain such a division in the chief institution of learning in the country shows how steadily the old national fires had been kept burning, and how the moral weight of the just claim of an oppressed people was finally making its way toward realization. Himself a Czech, Thomas Masaryk's education had, nevertheless, been mostly German, partly because any education above the primary grades which he had been able to get as a boy in his native country had perforce been in German schools,—the Germans allowed no Slavic high schools,—and also partly because both his college and university degrees had been obtained at the University of Vienna, where he had later become a docent.

But for all his German training, what the new professor brought to his pupils in the new section of the University of Prague was at heart and in spirit as unlike German teaching as anything that could well be found. "Astonishing lectures on unaccustomed subjects" they are said to have been that issued from the department of philosophy, and Dr. Masaryk soon found he had become the storm-center that for many years he remained.

The story of that era of what might be called polite intellectual martyrdom is now well known. The Catholic Church, no more indigenous to the country than were the Hapsburg rulers, but, like them, victorious for the time in the battle against the influence of that great Protestant Bohemian reformer, John Huss, brought the whole weight of its power against this modern dissenter from old doctrines, Thomas Masaryk. The German state, ever watchful of its influence, ever jealous of any outbreak of racial expression on the part of the Czechs, saw in the young professor some one to be silenced, to be discredited. Even the national Czech leaders, drilled through generations in caution, questioned the wisdom of such bold speech and at the same time resented Masaryk's just criticisms of his own people. The culmination was reached when a band of three hundred and eighty priest-professors brought suit to oust him from his place in the university on the ground that he was a disturber of religion and a corrupter of youth.

But the stout courage of the man never failed him. If Thomas Masaryk had gone down during those years under the combined attack of his many opponents, the new state of Czecho-Slovakia, they tell you to-day in Prague, would be starting forth far less resolutely upon its path of national development, or even might, in fact, never have been born at all. More than any other man, more than any other principle or set of principles, Thomas Masaryk and that philosophy which he has expounded long and against heavy opposition may be counted as the motive forces back of the new republic.

For during all that time of popular

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disapproval Masaryk went steadily on building for this future of an independent national state that has now arrived. Personal ambition seems to have played no part in his philosophy or his conduct. Few men have been freer of that quality, few men could take less seriously the outer honor and pomp of his present position.

We in America are not apt to get a clear vision of the new map of Europe. We know that a principle of self-determination has been generally applied, with disastrous results to Austria and Hungary, but we are only beginning to realize what this has meant to the ten or more small states that were formally included in the territory of that empire. It is with considerable surprise, therefore, that we have watched the long pear-shaped country of Czecho-Slovakia, lying between Poland and Germany to the north, Austria and Hungary to the south, its eastern border reaching out to touch Rumania, come almost overnight into existence. The Bohemians were Gipsies who did beautiful embroidery, and of the Slovaks we knew even less. Yet to-day these two states, lying at the two ends of the pear, together with the intervening sections of Moravia and Silesia, have combined to form one of the new states and seem destined to be a factor in the life of the whole of modern Europe.

It was the dream of this possibility that lay back of Thomas Masaryk's teaching, which was always inspired by the highest sense of spiritual values. The struggle for national independence was to be carried on and realized not merely to satisfy a legitimate patriotic impulse, but in the name of a larger ideal of justice and brotherhood that would in the process of its accomplishment regenerate the men and women who struggled toward it.

Undoubtedly, much of the effectiveness of Dr. Masaryk's building was directly due to the very plastic material in which he was working, and to the persistence with which he kept the spiritual ideal to the fore. Like many another teacher, he saw the hopelessness of attempting to bring about a change of view in the mature man of set habits of thought. His pupils were for him the hope of the future. To them, therefore, year after year, aided by the compelling charm of his personality, he went on preaching his gospel. Through and away from the German materialism into which they had come, on, with fine reasoning and clear logic, he led them away from their callow atheism to a finer faith, which was at the time, many of them confess to-day, something in the way of an uncomprehending, blind following, but which later maturity has been able magnificently to justify.

"Masaryk's fight for God," they called it at the time, wondering to find it come as the crown of every philosophical digression, God set as a lamp in the man's heart, a living principle to be fought for and lived by even in the every-day business of school and government.

God, the man, the state, the world, God—closed links of the chain of life, God the beginning and the end; and between, man's purpose to make living realities of the charity, justice, truth, brotherhood, love, peace, of which God is the embodiment.

Those who fought him must have recognized the eternal basis of the principles for which Masaryk was battling. The very bitterness of their attack betokens their fear. It is not

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difficult to understand the rage of the lesser priests, politicians, partizans, sociologists, and economists who heard forever thundered at them that their work, their theories, lacked the fundamental essential, a consciousness of God. The perfection of character, the regeneration of the heart—these must be the aim of all effort. Not that politics and economics and practical national questions were not important. It was precisely because Masaryk comprehended their importance that he stood so valiantly for the underlying spirituality which had illumined John Huss and which alone could be trusted to set society upon the right path. Spiritual interpretation seems to have been the touchstone for every idea and theory which presented itself. Politics, yes; but upon the foundation of brotherhood. National independence, yes; but with every man sharply aware that independence will not preserve a nation. The nation must preserve its independence, a nation made up of men who live righteously. Love of country, yes; but enlightened as to faults as well as to virtues. Philosophy, yes; but not crusted over with old theories; the thoughtful, fair-minded consideration of love and marriage and prostitution and divorce and every phase of modern social life. God, the indispensable, but not a God of creeds and churches; the spirit that realizes brotherhood and justice and love and peace.

It would be claiming too much to suggest that Dr. Masaryk foresaw the Great War and the supreme opportunity which that world upheaval would bring to the Czechs. But when the break came, he saw at once what might mean for his people. His ation for an immediate Czech revolt was treason to the Austrians and not popular even among many of the Czechs. In 1914 he fled to London, where a year later he was appointed to a chair in the University of London, and from there continued his efforts to bring his nation in on the side of the Allies. By this path freedom was to be gained, the Battle of the White Mountain was to be avenged. We remember the story of the Czech legions, mutinying in the Austrian ranks into which they had been conscripted, cut off from return to their own territory, escaping in the midst of a furious battle from their oppressors to the forces of the friendly, loyal Russians, and later battling their long way against the Bolsheviki across the vast stretches of Russia and Siberia. This was the flame which Masaryk had lighted, and before the war was over the whole nation had turned to him. As a spokesman of his country he made numerous journeys through European countries and to America, seeking always to hold his countrymen to their high idealism, to acquaint the world with their aims and purposes, and with the nature of the oppression which they had suffered.

This had indeed been long and bitter. Their masters, German and Magyar, have never been a people who easily loosen their hold, once it is fastened upon subjects. And the Czechs, cut off from the great Slavic mother nation, shut in among Teutons, were fully sensible of their helplessness under a power that had for generations so completely diverted the rich Slovakian harvests to their own uses as to leave countless numbers of the peasants in the grain-producing districts permanently deformed from lack of nourishment when children; that had

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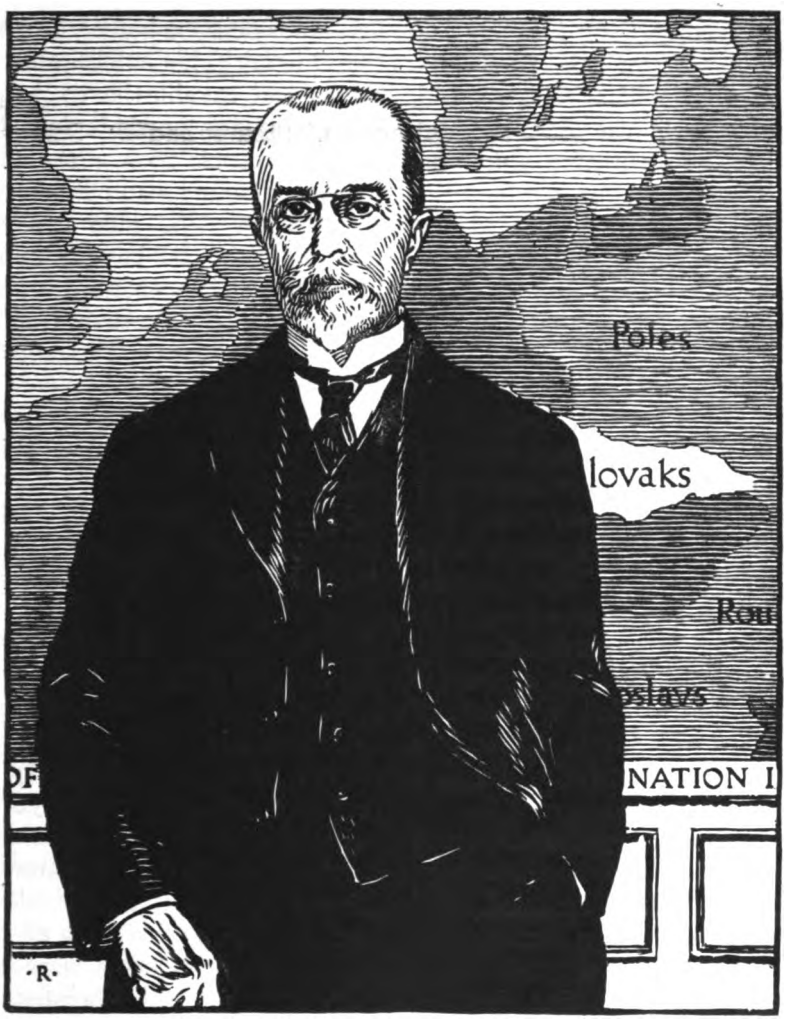

Thomas G. Masaryk

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forced the young men into service under foreign officers; that had ground down wages in mill and mine and factory past the point of life; that had thrown every preferment of place and position into the lap of a foreign aristocracy while the native men of ability and genius went unrecognized or were even banished or executed.

But there is something sublime about a people's national self-consciousness. Once, long ago, Bohemia had had a life of its own, distinct and honorable. The consciousness of this was the light in the heart that never went out. When, therefore, the hour of liberation came, the people were ready. The National Czech Council, formed during the war, stood ready for action and almost a month before the armistice was declared, took over the new state and called a National Assembly. This met in November, 1918, and so intensively did the members work, so easy was it, apparently, to give expression to those ideals of justice and freedom upon which they had long dreamed, that within three months a constitution had been drafted and adopted.

The story of those first days of freedom is a thrilling chapter in the after-war history. Tool and task dropped where they were; men and women, young and old, high and low, forgathered to sing out their joy: "We are free! We are free!" All day, all night, they met together, saying the words, listening to others say them, afraid lest the dawn might prove it an illusion, needing the presence of one another lest alone they wake from their dream.

To Thomas Masaryk, as with one voice, they turned. No one else was considered. Upon his principles the new state must be built. His inspiration, his faith, his indomitable enthusiasm, had caught the whole people. Surely there is nowhere to be found to-day a people so inspired with the business of founding a new state as are the Czechs. The men and women engaged in the task have a fire in voice and eye which is shaming to one accustomed to the duller routine of the older democracies. The enthusiasm of a new life has got hold of them. They ask a thousand questions about what other nations have tried and accomplished. Their every-day reading is books of philosophy, treatises on government, studies of social problems. They want to know everything, try everything.

The officials are to be found at their desks at seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the morning. And nine times out of ten when you arrive—your appointment may be at eight-thirty in the morning—you find not anything resembling a professional politician, but a former professor. Apparently Dr. Masaryk has glorified the whole profession. The prejudice is all in their favor. Many of them were actually former pupils or associates of the president. And their business just now is to find some way of putting into practice those theories which they formerly professed.

But though they may be holding themselves with some rigor to a 7:30 or 8 o'clock opening hour, there is one thing for which the officials always have plenty of time: they want you to know about the new Government, to know their great men, to understand their history. They want you to know, also, how they are taking stock of their past, choosing experts for the job, sending to America for specialists, men and

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women, to make social and industrial and economic surveys and give a careful diagnosis of their needs.

And there has been between parties, groups, individual men, an eager rivalry to do justice to all, except where justice would have carried retribution, when we are given the spectacle of a modern application of the golden rule. In setting down ideals and principles in their constitution, they went far. "The people are the sole source of all the power of the state"; "Universal suffrage, equal, direct, secret"; "No privilege of sex, birth, or profession is recognized"; "The right to take part in all elections and to hold all offices, state or local, without distinction of sex or race"—all simple, direct, unqualified. And there is something more than justice to be found in that phrase, "without distinction of race," for within its boundaries the new state finds many members of the old oppressing Germanic and Hungarian families, so many in fact that Germans and Magyars have each formed their distinct political parties, which are granted complete freedom and which, through a system of proportional representation, elect to both national and municipal legislative bodies their proper proportion of members. The Czechs have a just pride in this evidence of their belief in democracy, just as they have in the fact that the equality of the sexes for which they have declared has been brought down from the realm of theory and put into practice. Women sit in parliament, are members of municipal councils, and in almost every office in every department of the government there is to be found an able woman standing beside the chief, sharing his work and his responsibility.

The task of fitting the laws to this model of constitutional justice goes rapidly forward. One after another have been passed or are now in process of preparation laws which seek to prevent night work except in essential social occupations; to provide for expectant mothers six weeks rest before and after child-birth, physician, medicine, nurse, and hospital if necessary, sixty per cent. of her regular wages for thirty-nine weeks, or entire support for six months if she nurses her child; insurance for old age, for sickness, and for unemployment; widows' pensions; special protection for emigrants; a venereal-disease act that wipes out state regulation of prostitution, sets up free clinics, makes notification and treatment obligatory, and declares for the single standard; a law that allows illegitimate children to inherit equally with legitimate children; an education bill that will secure vocational training for both boys and girls with special emphasis upon that for girls as an aid in the solution of the problem of the heavy female majority of population which the war has left.

To nothing are they giving more serious thought than to the matter of education. "The very idea of nationality," says Masaryk, "is for an enlightened person a whole cultural program." The new Government, with none too much money for the many tasks before it, has the difficult problem of building and equipping a whole chain of schools for the country, though in this work it can count upon the widest popular coöperation. In Prague, where there was great need of dormitories for the university students, the city contributed a building site, the state gave the timber from the state forests, one of the departments

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made an appropriation of funds, and the entire work of building and furnishing was done by the students themselves, boys and girls, under the direction of one or two experts. Through a system of credits the student was thus enabled to carry on his studies, earn his way, and make his contribution to the great educational undertaking of the state. But the religio-political principles of Thomas Masaryk become most important to the world when they are coined into foreign policy.

We know how the aptitude for war and bloodshed which we have been accustomed to think of as characteristic of the Balkan States seems to have spread over all central Europe and even to have touched the whole continent, and it is as a fortification thrown up against this tendency that the foreign policy of Czecho-Slovakia becomes of concern to us all.

A more difficult hour and environment for testing out theories could hardly have been found. Probably every visitor who has gone to Europe recently has come back impressed and depressed by the great tide of hate which is still surging through that continent. This was to have been forseen, was perhaps unavoidable; but it multiplies many-fold the difficulties of any state which, declaring for peace and brotherhood, sets itself against the obsession. And one quickly realizes that, powerful as such righteous forces are, there would be needed in such an hour a great directing mind to undertake the task of fitting principle to fact.

The powerful directing intelligence for this new movement, Czecho-Slovakia has found, is her secretary of foreign affairs, Dr. Edward Beneš. He stands very close to the president, his former teacher, with whose ideals he is in complete accord, and he has no less an undertaking than that of establishing a new order of international dealing among peoples trained for centuries in the old school of diplomacy. No man in the country, outside the president, enjoys greater popularity. And nothing could be more refreshing or inspire greater confidence than the clear, succinct expressions of policies that come out of the Czech Foreign Office. The aims of the new Government are to pacify, to reconstruct, to conciliate. The policy is not merely to declare friendship for their neighbors, three out of five of them former enemies, but to give proof of this friendliness in very material ways. As a result we have the economic and commercial treaties which Czecho-Slovakia has put through with Jugoslavia, Rumania, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Poland, England, and Hungary. Beneš realized that no mere political friendship would do. To be effective, friendship must cut down into the economic and commercial side of life, for the border difficulties were more economic than political. The Beneš economic and commercial treaties, founded upon the principle of mutual interdependence, were the outcome of this demand, and have perhaps done more than anything else toward stabilizing the new governments not only of Czecho-Slovakia, but of the other states as well.

But this is by no means all. The Petite Entente, that little league formed soon after the establishment of the new Czech Government and looked upon with some skepticism and distrust at the time of its creation, is also here. Indeed, at this moment noth-

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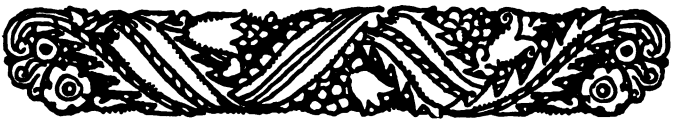
ing that the governments of Europe have done since the war is of more concern to the whole world than is the Petite Entente, for which Beneš and Czecho-Slovakia are largely responsible. This, too, is based upon the recognition of the principle of mutual interdependence. Composed of only three friendly powers, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, it is in no sense a purely military combination indicative of an active antagonism toward the other states of central Europe. The grant of complete political independence and equality to foreign minorities within the Czech state gives proof of tolerance toward former enemies. Now that the war is over, the enemy defeated, and peace declared, they do not hate the enemy; but they do know him, and they mean to take no chances. There is something almost amusing in their philosophic acceptance of the situation, and something distinctly impressive in their stout determination to hold to the freedom they have dearly purchased. Tolerance in principle and practice up to a certain point; after that, the Petite Entente.

But it was not, Beneš declares, created merely to oversee and assure the application of the terms of the peace treaty. Something larger than this, larger even than the safeguarding of the heritage of the Revolution, has inspired it. It aims to reach out and touch the destiny of all central Europe, and from there the fate of the world. For its founders declare for no less high a purpose than the reconstruction, political, economical, and social, of the central Europe of the future. It is to be "the backbone of the new political and economic system of this region, an instrument of collaboration offered to a world in process of reconstruction."

And this reconstruction, Beneš believes, must inevitably follow the lines of federation—a federation first of Europe (a United States of Europe) and then of the world, the purpose of which will be international friendship, brotherhood, peace. The League of Nations as it exists to-day is a beginning. Though aware of its flaws, its weaknesses, Czecho-Slovakia is giving it her enthusiastic support. It helps toward that important new conception, the pacification and reconstruction of the world as a whole.



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The Unexpectedness of the Inevitable

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, *Author of "*THE WILES OF SEXTON MAGINNIS,*" etc.*

THERE is a story told of Pope Julius, who was looked on by some of his conservative compatriots as a too tolerant patron of Michelangelo. In his "Last Judgment" the great artist, like Dante, had, in depicting the horrors of hell, shown himself to be no respecter of persons; he had even dared to put a cardinal or two into the sulphurous flames. It happened that one of these outraged princes of the church accompanied his Holiness to view the unfinished picture.

"The miscreant!" the cardinal cried, "I recognize myself in hell!"

"Unexpected and premature," the pope said, with calmness, "but perhaps inevitable."

If we meditated more, we should probably not find the inevitable so unexpected. The practice of meditation has gone out of fashion because the old mystics like St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are not read to-day; and Fénelon, who much simplified the practice of meditation, is only a dim name in English-speaking countries, and a disappearing shadow among the devout in his own country of France.

Meditation is almost unpractised in modern times, because of the lack of tranquillity in our lives, and of the belief that one must be active all the time.

Of all popular hymns, except "I Want to be an Angel," the most detestable is "There 's Something in Heaven for Children to Do." An old Englishwoman of my acquaintance, who had never done anything in the world but live beautifully, heard it in a New York public school, with a crash of elevated trains as an accompaniment. She was very polite about it. She said that it was "Quite American," and let it go at that!

It is more the peculiarity of Americans than of any other persons to be shocked by the inevitability of the unexpected, not because we do not think enough, but, as I have already said, because we do not meditate enough.

Who dares to take an hour off every day and apparently do nothing? Even your loafer at the rural grocery shop, whose mind is as idle as his body, will pretend to an occupation by whittling a stick. Nowhere in Europe do you find this pretense. A man is frankly idle and contemplative, or he does something worth while with his hands. Your Bavarian or your Tyrolian will carve a flower or a figure from wood while he lets his mind "loaf." In France a man takes his meditative half-hour or his hour after his meal as a part of his life; to ask him to work, to be restless for the sake of appearing to work, would be sacrilege. He manages during his seeming idleness to prepare himself for whatever might happen; this may be a subconscious practice, but it produces its results.

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The Turk is proverbial throughout the world for not being surprised at anything, and the North American Indian was equally prepared for whatever might happen through that process of contemplation and meditation which we crudely put down to idleness. Curiously enough, with us it is only the women who were idle when they wanted to be polite. Before the war it was considered extremely coarse for the mistress of an American "home" to sew or to knit in the presence of guests.

§ 2

The male of the species, however, was always expected to do something. It was considered natural that he would remain silent while his wife did all "the entertainment," but quietude of body was looked on as almost criminal; his social duties were many, from picking up dropped handkerchiefs and gloves to pulling out bridge tables, looking after the radiator, or bobbing up and down every time a woman rose from her chair. Since smoking has come into nearly all circles, a man is permitted to be more placid and tranquil. But in the old days, when he was not calling carriages or listening with absorbed attention and active signs of enthusiasm to the lady whose duty it was "to entertain" him by ceaselessly talking, he was looked on as unactual as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

But there was a slow and effective change in the social atmosphere. The gentler sex began to take up the occupations of men as far as they could, and then the unexpected and the inevitable happened. The women began to complain that good manners had gone out of fashion. The delicate old formula, "May I smoke?" became unnecessary, as the ladies had taken to smoking themselves. The athletic girl was expected to find her own little electric car, after a wedding in the country, even when it was embedded in a mass of other devil-wagons, while the men finished their last cigars quietly on the veranda.

The majority of clerks in offices, at least in New York, seem to be women; and while familiarity does not breed contempt for a class who hold a monopoly of contemptuousness, the bloom on the rose, the dewdrop on the lily, the soft pollen of the jasmine flower, phrases which still linger in the vocabulary of ancient Southern colonels, have entirely gone out of fashion.

Whether the exquisite outward devotion of men to women which existed in American society before the feminist movement became a great fact was admirable or not, it gave women a certain advantage which must have been very pleasant.

It is a question, however, whether the change in manners in the United States is a decay of good manners. We are wrongly supposed to be the most democratic nation in the world, and the theory that every man is equal to every other man, while it has abolished the kind of manner which was dependent on class distinction, has replaced it by a general attitude that every man is entitled to the same kind of consideration. But there are large groups of ladies who discover that the attitude of equality, taken up by them without thought of the future, has unexpectedly produced the inevitable. If a woman is equal to a man, if she can do the same things as a man does, if her muscles are developed and her energy increased, she hardly needs

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that exaggerated deference in society which arose from the man's opinion that she needed protection.

There is a terrible rumor among those habitual travelers, the smoking-room lizards on the Pennsylvania Railroad, that a young woman entered their favorite den, which was crowded, lit a cigarette, and looked around for a seat. The first impulse of a youth near the door was to rise and make way for the accursed innovatress. All the older men in the room felt that he was making a precedent; if he yielded to his natural impulse to give his seat to the intruder, it meant that the sacred precincts might at any time be filled by smoking ladies. The youth, under the pressure of ten or twelve basilisk eyes, blushingly sat down again; and the young lady, in a soft whisper, expressed her surprise at the ill breeding of her compatriots. Her previous training and education had not prepared her for this inevitable act.

§ 3

One of the most amazing and horrible examples of the unexpectedness of the inevitable was the opening of the war in 1914. There was not a diplomatist in Europe who did not know that war between the Central powers and Russia was inevitable. It was a matter of daily talk. I began recently to doubt this myself, until I found among my papers a private letter to President Roosevelt, in 1908, in which I reported that my colleagues believed that war between Germany, probably plus Austria, against Russia would open in a few months. It seemed to me that, judging from a certain statement of Iswolsky's, the date was put too early. And yet when the war did come, how unexpected it was!

To the diplomatists it seemed as inevitable as death, for nearly every man holds somewhere in his heart an intuition that, though everybody else must die, there is some chance of escape for himself. Despite all the talk of the kaiser's desire to dominate the world, England, with better means of getting information than the Government of the United States, hesitated to promise to support France. The French ambassador to Great Britain, Paul Cambon, writes:

> Sir Edward Grey, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a tragic figure. He has the soul of a philanthropist, of a pacifist. His generous, idealist disposition makes him attribute to others sentiments which he cherishes himself. During that terrible week two opposing impulses and convictions struggled for mastery in his heart. As Foreign Minister, receiving reports from all his ambassadors, he could not fail to see that we were drifting speedily toward war; as an idealist, he could not bring himself to speak a word or to do an act which might involve England in hostility. So there was a conflict in his own heart. He suffered acutely. He could not decide what course to take.

Lloyd George hesitated, too; Cambon says that he was "temperamentally impressionable and mobile, very responsive to any influences brought to bear upon him." It was understood in Europe that Germany and Russia would fly at each other's throats as soon as they were financially able to do so. It was presumed in the beginning that Germany would seize Denmark, and make the North more useful for her fleet; but as soon as it was known or guessed that she intended to bleed France white in order to pay a certain amount of the cost of the war, it was

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presumed that, Belgium being threatened, England must fight.

The Germans were of a different opinion; they did not think that England would fight. France believed that she would and must. She could not afford to repeat the mistake of 1870. Ballin, in Berlin, pointed out that the war would be an economic disaster, and that there would be an irreparable loss of values following it.

On July 30, 1914, a committee of the most important London financiers waited on Lloyd George, and told him the same thing, only with much more emphasis.

In their opinion, Great Britain should keep out of the conflict and become the great protector and economic savior of mankind. The news of this economic deputation sent a thrill of horror throughout all Europe not interested in German success. Whatever may be said against an aristocracy, it was the aristocracy of England that repudiated this self-interested doctrine, which for three days Mr. Lloyd George seemed about to follow; and, if it had been followed even for a week, Winston Churchill, acting on a hint from the Marquis Imperiali, might not have been able to keep the British fleet mobilized.

Mr. Winston Churchill has the reputation of being erratic, but he knew how to accept the inevitable, and he saved his country. War was as sure as death, and the end of England's sea-power as sure if she did not fight; and yet she still delayed, looking for the end of the rainbow. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Berlin, telegraphed to his brother:

The uncertainty here regarding England's action is encouraging the military party. If the British Government is able to come out firmly in favor of Russia and France, Germany may decide not to make war.

Sir Edward Grey continued to vacillate. Sir Edmund Goschen had forced out of the German chancellor that Germany might be compelled to invade Belgium in order to repel a chance attack. In view of all this, Sir Edward Grey and the cabinet would give no assurance that France would be supported. This lack of foresight, this political prudence, made a war which might have been prevented or at least delayed until world conditions changed and the conflict been arbitrated. In the United States peace was supposed to be a static condition; we believed what we wanted to believe for lack of knowledge or want of that legitimate curiosity which might have induced us to obtain a better knowledge. Despite all, the inevitable happened.

§ 4

The unexpectedness of the inevitable makes it hard to take it philosophically. The spread of the republican ideas, based on Rousseau in a measure,—there were many Rousseaus before Rousseau,—has not produced the earthly paradise promised by his prophets. If I remember rightly, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre tenderly led the world, *à la Rousseau*, to a return to nature in "Paul and Virginia." But he little dreamed that under the perfection of a system which declares all men free and equal his modern *Virginias* would wear "one-piece" bathing-suits. Now, as we all know, *Virginia* would have died rather than thus attire herself. *Paul* let her perish beautifully with much the same idea! Rousseau, from his point of view, and

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Saint-Pierre from his, would have been shocked at the result of that breaking away from the formal etiquette of dress, whose existence they deplored.

Simplicity and republicanism had come to regenerate the world; but it was another thing to discover that the maiden, forsaking artificial conventions for bloomers, and then—one can see *Virginia* blush!—kick off her socks to enter that ocean which *Virginia* treated with such gentle modesty. And yet our present republican simplicity in regard to clothes is the result of that republican simplicity which means a return to nature, advocated by the authors of the school of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre!

Similarly, the republican ideals which were supposed to regenerate the world —the ideals of Washington and of the demigods who made the Republic of the United States—have met with the inevitable. Cincinnatus was their model. A politician must be poor. "What can you do with a man who can be content to eat porridge from a pewter basin?" asked the corrupt Philadelphians who would have bought Benjamin Franklin.

When your patriot had served his country, there was the big, but homely, farm at Mount Vernon, or a comfortable house in Market Street, not so far from the wharves of Philadelphia, where a man with a few pieces of silver plate on his table might live as an honest burgher.

The determination of Mistress Franklin that her husband should not always eat from metal inferior to her neighbors' was a sign of the inevitable breakdown of pure republican practice. You remember the great day when Mrs. Franklin produced the silver? Franklin recalls it as an episode of honor in his peerless "Autobiography." It was a sign of that competition for comforts and delights which makes politicians in republican China—which is perfect, of course, because its government has broken down—grab all they can, and continue to be mandarins even when they have chosen to buy and sell their country's property.

Political theorists, as a rule, lose sight of the fact that human nature is neither static nor perfectible. Label anything with the slogan, "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," and you made it "safe" during the great French Revolution. Label anything now "Democratic," and you make it "safe," according to the *doctrinaire*, who has never realized that rigid republicanism never lasts long, because, while it makes the state free—except from parasites—it limits individual freedom; and therefore the inevitable happens: the pendulum swings. We know that the pendulum will swing,—it is a platitude to say that it will swing,—but when it does swing, how shocked and astonished we are!

The republicanism of Rousseau has broken down. Jefferson accepted it with reservations; he was not so foolishly democratic as to permit his principles to assume that simpleness—passing for simplicity—which abhors beauty, as being above the understanding. Witness his life at Monticello.

The cult of various forms of beauty had reached a high point in the earlier part of the reign of Louis XVI, but people were beginning to grow tired of the great garden spaces, of the modulated trees and the artificial fountains, though the colors and forms, approved by the Pompadour, still delight us, and will, unless ultra-republicanism, run wild, reduces us to savagery.

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When the ladies of Paris and Versailles acclaimed Rousseau and longed for the savannas they did not know that there would be nobody in the swamps forced to silence the frogs at night. It is related, as a mark of benevolence on the part of that grand seigneur, St. Francis de Sales, that he would not oblige his tenants to stay awake all night beating the ponds on his demesne that he might sleep. The ladies of the court, like the Princesse de Lamballe, played with the new powers of destruction; no matter how dismal and wild the forest, there would always be somebody to keep the frogs from annoying delicate ears.

The unexpected happened because the inevitable was not taken seriously. Beauty perished in France for a while, its votaries having refused to accept the syllogism of life, on which they should have meditated. Like the terrestrial salamander,—you will find him in New Jersey,—we hide our heads and our bodies and leave our tails to be nipped off. Nearly all salamanders are minus a tail before the end of the summer. Other salamanders might lose their tails, they thought, but not they.

We know that some kind of aristocracy is inevitable, but how shocked the intellectuals and the vested interests are when they find that labor has become autocratic!

"No," said the honest industrial worker in the drama of the seventies, "I spurn riches and luxuries. Give me my hot dog, my cup of coffee, and my Franklin stove, and a few things of the mind. I am the real aristocrat."

§ 5

Versailles has gone,—think of the *bourgeoisie* gathered in the *salle des miroirs*!—the English dukes are going, the fine flower of the ladies of the ballet of Russia no longer wear sables, Newport does not dare to flaunt too much champagne before the servants, and labor wants all the luxuries that it thinks it ought to have.

"It is damned surprising," said Sir Pompous Plutocrat, Bart., at the American club, where he was a guest. "We helped to make the aristocracy democratic because money was worth more than land; we encouraged labor —and now labor wants all we have!"

Labor will one day be pushed out of its place in turn. "Le temps passe. Tout meurt." Le marbre même s'use.

Who expects the marble to grow thin? But it does.

In daily life we find the privileged ones taking liberties with no fear of the future. It is a long way to Omaha, and during the journey there was on the train, when "the boys" were coming home, an aged farmer who sang doleful hymns in a bad voice; he likewise very often gave his opinion in a loud tone as to the fate of the other passengers who had not "got religion." Everybody hoped something would happen. There came in a young bride and groom; the car was half full of returning soldiers. The bride bit off the end of a cigar and gave it to her husband. The old farmer rolled his eyes; he opened his mouth to denounce her; she took out a cigarette-case, offered it to "the boys" in the seats near her, and then lit a cigarette for herself. The old man's eyes flamed.

"Stop that!" he cried out, as John Knox rebuked Mary Stuart. "Jezebel! Think of your mother!"

"My mother smoked a pipe," the bride replied gently. The inevitable, for which we had been hoping for many long hours, had come!

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The Theater of Let 's Pretend

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

Scenes from the "Chauve-Souris" by NICOLAS REMISOFF

COME with me to the theater of "Let 's pretend!" Nikita Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" from Moscow, which has conquered New York, will suffice until we construct one of our own. Maybe it will seem strange and confusing at the start. We are accustomed to sitting aloof in the playhouse. We let the actors do all the pretending, and we ourselves maintain a bleak and rigid detachment. We take our seats in the auditorium with chips on our shoulders, as much as to say: "Fool us, if you can, into believing what you tell us. Kindle our emotions, break down our complacency, if you dare. And convince us, if you are smart enough, that this is a slice of life that we have come to see." We are so used to this attitude of challenge and non-participation that it will take a considerable wrench to lift us out of the rut. But the fascinations of the theater of "Let 's pretend!" are sufficiently alluring to tide us over any initial period of awkwardness and self-consciousness.

The theater of "Let 's pretend!" is simply one in which the audience takes part—an eager and active part. It is an ancient axiom of the theater that no play is a play until it is acted before an audience. But this theater we are considering requires something more than mere passive attendance. It requires something more even than sympathetic and tolerant observation. It demands participation, coöperation, mutual creation on the part of both spectator and performer, a natural, instinctive blending of the functions of entertainer and entertained, with the former in the rôle of pace-maker.

§ 2

Out of all the discussion of the esthetics of the theater in the last decade two main concepts have emerged. On the one hand, there is the theater of illusion, the theater largely as we have known it in recent times, but perfected and enriched by new appeals to the intellect and the imagination. The theater of illusion is an objective affair, and its success is measured by the extent to which we forget that it is a theater at all. It may be realistic or symbolic or abstract. It may copy and represent the superficial and fundamental facts of life, or it may seek out and present the hidden soul and halo of life. Its distinguishing feature is that it is nominally self-sufficient, that it would be the same with or without an audience, and that its audience is a passive and receptive factor in its

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existence. To this theater belong the drama of ideas, the literary drama, the drama of persuasive story, the drama of impressive fantasy, the drama, in short, as we understand the term.

But there is another theater that makes no attempt to disguise the fact that it is a theater, which glories in that fact and sets out unashamed to make the most of it. It is not a new conception, this theater of "Let 's pretend!" In reality it is the oldest form of dramatic art known to man, a form which has recurred periodically throughout the course of civilization, and which persists to-day unhonored and unrecognized, as I have pointed out, in numerous humble byways and back-waters of our contemporary scene.

Like a poor relative, this theater has been banished from the artistic calendar. The dons and the signores of our esthetic aristocracy will not deign to notice its existence. It is common, vulgar, trivial, beneath contempt. What has the clown in the circus, with his slap-stick and his practical joke, to do with art? Art is refinement, austerity, reserve. Where is the refinement of our musical comedians? And what have the Billy Sundays, the William Booths, the Vachel Lindsays, and the athletic cheer-leaders to do with the theater, not to mention the high calling of the artist?

The reëstablishment in grace of this despised vagabond has been a difficult task. It would be about as effective to try to convince most composers that a worthy musical tradition can emerge from jazz or to persuade most artists that the bill-boards and the comic supplements can yield a significant sense of design as it was to insist that art could spring from circus and revival-tent, from variety stage and foot-ball field. We had heard of the experiments of Meyerhold in Petrograd and Reinhardt in Berlin with a theater in which the audience participated, though it all seemed rather difficult in theory. We needed and lacked a concrete example until Balieff came.

With the droll countenance of the born clown and the mock dignity of the clown as artist, Nikita Balieff promptly banishes from the playhouse illusion, cold reserve, and all the other bodyguards of the traditional theater. In their place he puts warmth, cordiality, zest, alert expectancy, and the spirit of play. The orchestra has finished the overture. There is no darkening of the auditorium, no sound of bell or gong to put the creative faculty of the spectator to sleep. Instead, the house lights are left burning. There is a moment of tiptoe silence. Cautiously, the pudgy form of the proprietor of the "Chauve-Souris" slips through the curtains. Leisurely, silently, with a complacence that commands the same expectant silence on the part of his guests, he surveys them, from the bald-headed row to the highest god in the gallery. When the chuckles have died away until a rustling program can be heard all over the house, when he has every one in the theater agog with eager attention, he speaks:

"Good evening, leddies and gentlemen. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Balieff, director of the *conférenciers* of the 'Chauve-Souris.' It was the duty of my manager, Morris Gest, who brought me to this country, to introduce me. But he is timid of the stage, and besides he spiks bad English. Therefore I introduce myself. I, too, spik bad English, but I give you my word, in ten or twenty or forty years I will spik better English as you."

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Then with the distended lungs of the barker in the circus, "The first number on the program is Porcelaine de Saxe!" A further moment of ruminative and amusingly awkward silence, and the director retires in favor of his *conférenciers*.

What Balieff accomplishes in these quaint and unconventional introductory remarks amounts simply to saying, "Let 's pretend!" He does it a little less baldly and more provocatively. But he has established an intimacy with his audience that could not be heartier or more friendly if he had called from midstream in leafy August, "Come on in; the water 's fine." The mood of reserve is broken. The spirit of challenge is forestalled. The chip on our shoulder is forgotten. The circle of entertainers has been extended to include the entertained. We have shaken imaginative hands with the captain, and his game is ours. He has made us participants, willing and morally responsible participants. And if the result is n't satisfactory, the fault will be partly ours, just as the credit will be partly ours if all goes well.

The program proceeds. It might be any one of many kinds of program. With Balieff it is a disconnected succession of episodic numbers in song and dance and pantomime, now exquisite, now grotesque; naïve, sentimental, sophisticated, by turns. There is a solemnly satiric "Parade of Wooden Soldiers," as perfectly impersonal as Punch and Judy; a polka of the 1860's, "Katinka," blood-brother of the barn-dance of to-day in vocal and physical abandon; a masterpiece in mock heroics, "The Sudden Death of a Horse or the Greatness of the Russian Soul," a hilarious travesty on the conventional elopement by a dramatist we are accustomed to consider grave and somber, Anton Chekhov; a wild and sensuous burst of Romany harmonies when the Gipsies entertain the diners at Yard's restaurant in Moscow, 1840; a Tatar dance in solo borrowed from the "Ballet Russe"; and odds and ends of song, both grave and gay, each delivered against a snatch of characteristic background, from the courtly ballades of Glinka to the roistering tunes of the muzhik.

All this, of course, sounds like a gala bill of vaudeville, or, as some one has put it, a glorified Sunday-school entertainment. And in skeleton it is just that. In two respects, though, the "Chauve-Souris" differs so widely from the ordinary or even the extraordinary variety program that the classification is misleading. For one thing, each of the numbers is so freshly conceived, so expertly and deftly worked out, and so shrewdly combined with the rest into an unobtrusively effective ensemble that the result would amount to an original form of theatric art even if there were no other distinguishing feature. But there is another distinguishing feature, the fundamental feature of the "Chauve-Souris," far more important than its sheer technical excellence. And that feature is the note of intimacy which knits entertainer and entertained into a mutually exhilarating and exciting unity.

Balieff, you must understand, is not content with his initial mental handclasp. Like a Puck in evening dress, he parts the curtains before each act and comes out to shake hands all over again. He resembles nothing so much as a breezy and garrulous guide in a picture-gallery. As he moves from

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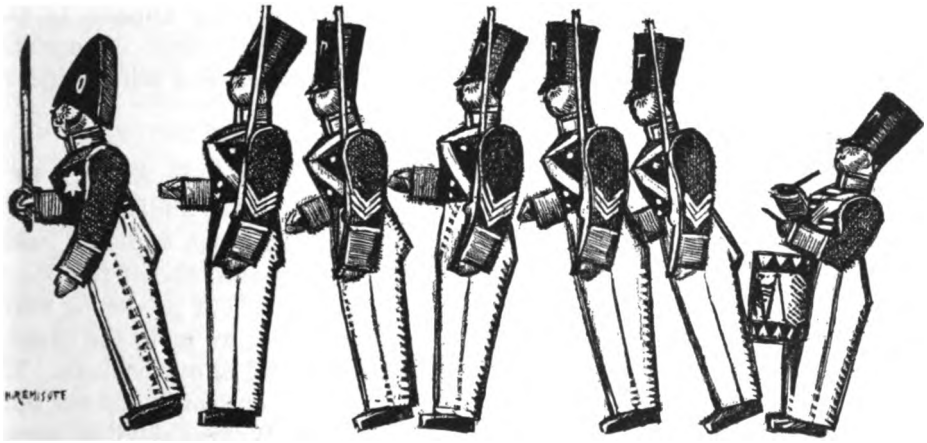
one exhibit to the next, he shouts with ever-increasing rapidity and with a ludicrous impression of boredom, "The next number on the program is—" He ridicules his own wares; he praises them with unabashed extravagance. He announces the "Quartet of Merry Artists" "over which the two biggest theaters in Russia disputed. The Theater of Petrograd wished them to sing in Moscow, and the Theater of Moscow wished them to sing in Petrograd." Heralding the Tatar dance of Kotchetovsky, he steps vocally on each consonant and then exclaims, "What a name!"

"Stage-autocrat," Balieff calls himself, and he might as well add, "audience-autocrat," too. But he is a benevolent despot. He permits, nay, he even encourages, his guests to talk back at him. And when they have done so, he is never at a loss for the last word. It is a game of give-and-take with a pace-maker who makes you wonder sometimes at the possibilities of your own nimbleness when you are pressed to it. Balieff is startlingly autocratic, too, in the shameless way that he patronizes his guests. When they applaud, as they do more spontaneously and less self-consciously than they have ever done in a theater, he remarks blandly: "Very good audience. Audience that understands a-art. 'S no compliment. 'S no flattery. From the heart." And he is never more autocratic than when he dispenses and withholds encores. Quieting the storm-tossed auditorium after the "phooden" soldiers have paraded, it is he who shouts "Encore!" just as if his guests had never dreamed of such a proceeding. "The human voice is a thing very fragile," he explains in his effort to save the Gipsy singers from exhaustion. "The human voice is a thing very fragile," he repeats with sober solemnity in denying a repetition of the Tatar dance. His murderous assaults on the English language are an excruciatingly funny addition to the entire affair, but they are not really essential to his method; as he proved in Moscow, where he treated his native tongue with suave respect.



The rôle this droll Russian really plays in his "Chauve-Souris," then, is that of mentor, interpreter, liaison

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officer between his players and his patrons as coöperative participants in a game of make-believe. "Let 's pretend," he says in effect, "that these assistants of mine are soldiers, Gipsies, peasants. I know they really are n't, and so do you. Their voices are very fragile, especially those of my women when they sing. When they speak, that 's not so fragile. But see what a lark it will be if we take them at their word when they pretend to be soldiers, Gipsies, peasants."

And just as the "Chauve-Souris" is something more than a super-vaudeville, so, too, it is something more than a holiday for a clever monologist. Those who suppose that Nikita Balieff is the whole of the "Chauve-Souris" and that nothing else matters much, would find a vital factor missing if he were to discard his performers and mount the lecture platform alone. There are three collaborating elements in this strange theater: the entertainers who provide the stimulus, who toss the ball in the air; the entertained who stand ready and expectant to receive the stimulus, to catch the ball and toss it back; and the coach on the side-lines who directs the play and keeps the excitement at fever pitch.

I half suspect that when we are better trained, when we are more familiar with the rules and the tricks and the fine points, we may be able to dispense with the coach in person. He will be there in spirit, the subtle influence of his personality will pervade the theater from the moment we cross the threshold; but his physical presence may not be necessary. Meanwhile we have Balieff in fact and numerous others waiting around the corner to serve as amiable guides to uncharted pleasures.

We have Balieff, but just who else is there? Who, aside from mere imitators, could create interesting variants of the "Chauve-Souris"? What are the unconsidered trifles, the neglected and disdained institutions, forces, instincts, customs, predilections, which all bespeak our natural adaptability for such a theater? How can we overcome intervening obstacles, coördinate these forces, make use of them as foundation stones, apply the selective principle of the artist to them, change them from unconscious to conscious forms of expression? What can we find in the rich and varied past of the theater to serve as spur to our imaginations to-day? And what are the ultimate possibilities of this sort of theater? Is it limited to the gay and the ephemeral and the trifling, or has it potentialities for deeper, more profound expression, for appeals to the more exalted emotions of ecstatic passion, reverence, and self-sacrifice?

§ 3

The chief obstacle in America to a theater in which the audience participates is the American audience itself. As Arthur Hopkins, one of the ablest and shrewdest of our producing managers, has put it, we go to the theater with icicles in all of our pockets. We take ourselves, our work, and our play too seriously. We are a childlike people at heart. Witness our extravagant enthusiasms, our susceptibility to panic, our flaring newspaper head-lines, our flaming magazine covers, our fads of apparel and carriage and speech. But we like to pretend that we are very staid and grown-up and self-possessed. Our incessant busy-ness, whether real or artificial, induces a tenseness and a strain which admits of no genuine

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relaxation even when we have the opportunity for it. What we need when we go to the theater is to let loose, to give our minds, our emotions, and our imaginations full rein, to yield ourselves to the playwright and the player not passively and dumbly, but alertly and creatively, as so much sensitized paper on which they may record their message.

And if we need this unwearied, unprejudiced, wide-awake, creative audience for the traditional theater, how much more essential it is for the theater of "Let 's pretend!" An audience unhampered by lassitude on the one hand or by callousness on the other is absolutely requisite if it is to participate in the game of make-believe. No wonder, then, that it has taken a Balieff with the intriguing fillip of a foreign reputation, the provocative persuasions of novelty, and the arresting stimulus of an unusual personality to jolt us out of our rut, to reveal to us the unsuspected satisfactions of a new pastime, and to call our attention to our own undeveloped resources in the field of which he is master.

What are these resources, after all? I have already sketched them briefly, but let us examine them more carefully in the light of this fascinating and provocative object lesson from Russia. Our light musical and vaudeville stages abound in talents that need not fear comparison with the company and the repertory of the "Chauve-Souris." To cite at random, there are: Ruth Page among the dancers and, if she would submit to rigorous guidance, Margaret Severn; Rosalind Fuller in old English melodies and dances, assisted by Constance Binney; John Alden Carpenter's jazz ballet, "Krazy Kat," with Fred Stone or Leon Errol in the leading rôle; Ruth Draper in anything her fancy favors; the Rath Brothers, acrobats; almost any one in Benda masks; the Three Legrohs; Joseph Cawthorn, with his accordion; and the Six Brown Brothers.

Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, Lee Simonson, and Herman Rosse are ready to enter the lists as rivals of Balieff's artists, Nicolas Remisoff and Sergei Soudeykin. Robert Benchley, Brian Hooker, Alfred Kreymborg, George Jean Nathan, Heywood Broun, Don Marquis, Frank-

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lin P. Adams, George S. Kaufman, and Marc Connelly are a few of those who might be drafted to write lines and compose sketches equal to the unexpectedly ludicrous episodes by Chekhov which Balieff has disclosed. And such lilts as "Swing low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Has," "Inchin' along like a Poor Inchworm," and scores of other hauntingly beautiful negro spirituals; or the secular melodies, "De Massa Run, ha! ha!" and "Massa 's in de Cold, Cold Ground"; or even such collegiate chorals as "Bingo Farm" might hold their heads high in the presence of the ballades of Glinka and the folk-tunes of muzhik and Gipsy.

But all this, admirable as it might be in skilful combination, is not enough, as I have pointed out in analyzing the "Chauve-Souris." It is not sufficient to set on the stage these snatches of song and dance and pantomime and episode, no matter how dexterously, if the audience remains aloof and detached. The Neighborhood Playhouse discovered that fact recently with their experimental Mid-Week Interludes, or if they did n't, their patrons did. To sit through an evening with these Russians is to realize how diverse is the resulting satisfaction, how different the same material can be, when it is merely placed before an audience impersonally as in the traditional theater and when it is presented intimately with an invitation to the spectators to be participants. The gaiety of light-hearted moments is more buoyant, more sparkling, more spirited. The gravity of a sober episode is more tender, more sympathetic. Every one in the theater, therefore, must be enticed into the game of "Let 's pretend!" And inasmuch as we are novices at the game, we must have, at least in the beginning, a mentor, a guide, a coach—a Nikita Balieff.

Probably, those who have dismissed our revues and our vaudeville as vulgar and trivial pastime outside the range of art have begun to wonder since the coming of the "Chauve-Souris" whether they have n't neglected something. Certainly, the devotees of the various idols of our light musical stage are ready at this point to suggest to me candidates for Balieff's post in our own "Chauve-Souris." I hear, for instance, the name of one of the Russian comedian's stanchest admirers and steadiest patrons, Al Jolson. Raymond Hitchcock is placed in nomination? Yes. And Will Rogers. And Frank Tinney. Remember "Watch Your Step!" And Ed Wynn and Fred Stone. A member of the Lucy Stone Club suggests Elsie Janis and Fannie Brice, but I would save them for *conférenciers* in our "Chauve-Souris." Admirers of our guests and visitors from abroad will propose Mme. Guilbert, Sir Harry Lauder, Albert Chevalier. But have n't we enough of our own? Personally, I am inclined to trust to Jolson, Hitchcock, or Rogers. Who knows what they might do if they had half a chance? And who could say that they would hold out for fabulous salaries if they had a whole chance? How about Stephen Leacock or Vachel Lindsay, if salt could be placed on their timid tails? And I am not so sure we could not trust one of those swaying comedians from "Shuffle along," that throbbing and vibrant example of the negro's instinct for the theater which has been packing an obscure music-hall since last May.

America, I am confident, is ripe for the experiment, riper and readier than

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staid and conservative and formal France and Great Britain and Germany. It is riper, even, than Balieff's own Russia, where the Intelligentzia share the inhibitions of western Europe and where the peasantry are still groping their way, though with virile instinctive equipment, toward a conscious appreciation of art of any kind. It is we who have created the modern circus, we who permit the clown to penetrate the stands and play practical jokes on us. It is we who have dramatized religion and carried it from the formal pulpit and the mysterious shadows of the cathedral into the tents and the tabernacles of Moody and Sankey and Billy Sunday. It is we who have made our athletic sports into huge dramatic spectacles, with the spectators as active participants, a custom which, with the exception of the Spanish bull-fight, requires a trip back to ancient Rome for parallel. Few if any modern popular and variety stages can show as many undeveloped talents as ours for a theater conceived in this same spirit.

Why, then, have we not taken these talents in hand, applied the process of selection to them? Why have we not borrowed the impetus of our other mass expressions of the same spirit and applied it to the theater? Why have we not made these forces conscious and deliberate and pointed, instead of letting them go to waste as random and contemptible by-products of our civilization? Why, in short, have we not garnered in the playhouse these virile and deep-seated emotional reactions and made them obey the rules and perform the services of art? Is it because we disdain the familiar? Have we so pedantic and artificial an idea of art that we can not conceive of its springing from the market-place, the music-hall, the foot-ball field, the church? Or is the Puritan tradition still so potent that we yield to the theater only a grudging attitude of detached observation and refuse to release therein a free and creative spirit?

Whatever be the reason, it seems as if we were on the eve of correcting our neglect. A new spirit is moving in the theater, and this theater of "Let 's pretend!" is likely to be one to which we Americans will pay heed at least as much and possibly more than to the subtler forms of realistic detachment which delight the esoteric and intellectual audiences of Europe. Balieff has broken the ice. He has brought to a head a swarm of vague, unconscious desires, hitherto suppressed. And if we really mean our enthusiasm over the "Chauve-Souris" and really wish to construct our own, there is plenty of evidence at hand waiting to guide us, such as the records of the experiments of Meyerhold in Petrograd and of Reinhardt in Berlin. They need not be recounted here, for they are at hand in books. Equally available for those who wish to carry their research further are the chronicles of the theater of "Let 's pretend!" as it was practised at the dawn of the drama among the Greeks, before the chorus became the vicarious participants, with the actors in place of the audience, who had originally fulfilled the rôle of chorus. And within still easier reach is the story of the commedia dell' arte and the medieval theater in Europe, progenitor of Balieff's "Chauve-Souris."

I for one am not willing to stop with the "Chauve-Souris" as an instance of the theater of "Let 's pretend!" As I have said, the program that follows Balieff's introductory hand-clasp

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might be any one of many kinds of program. He happens to choose a light, highly amusing, and diverting program, because that is the expression of his own personality. But the range of this theater is not limited to the droll and the humorous, although that is likely to be its most popular and prevalent aspect, considering that humankind is humankind.

There is no inherent reason why the guiding spirit should not be satiric or philosophical, passionately esthetic or patriotic or religious. Prokofieff's opera, "The Love for Three Oranges," might have been the bridge from the comic to the satiric theater of "Let 's pretend!" if it had had a personal master of ceremonies, or if we were yet ready to dispense with the presence of a Balieff. The experiments of Percy Mackaye and Harry Barnhart in such productions as "The Will of Song" are groping steps toward a passionately communal theater of "Let 's pretend!" And think of the opportunities in wartime to lift an entire people to sublime heights in such a theater! Remember Paris in August, 1914. Recall the *Lusitania*, the draft, the armistice! Any phase of human experience can be dramatized, and within the framework of this theater it can be made a creative instead of a passive experience by enlisting the participation of the audience.

It would be absurd to claim for the theater of "Let 's pretend!" that it will displace the traditional theater. There is room to spare for both. With its development, however, our tense and constrained modern life will find a gracious and effective servant. Instead of a sedative for overwrought nerves, it will provide a source of spirited relaxation, a refreshing stimulus to new endeavors. Instead of an audience passively and inertly accepting its pastime on a platter, as in the ordinary motion-picture and the ordinary stage-play, it will train up an audience responsible for its own entertainment, an audience keenly alive to life.

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The Realm of Villeneuve

By T. Morris Longstreth

M. Guay had introduced me to the family Villeneuve—at least to a proper fraction of it—on the wharf, said *au revoir*, and probably pledged a candle to St. Vitus for having whisked me off his hands so succinctly. He had gone, and I was left in the midst of eighteenth-century France, on a little tug which was to transport me to the seventeenth in a few hours' tugging. My fellow-habitants began to bring their personalities into focus.

The tug-owner and father of the group, my pilot and host, was a tall, thin man of seventy-one, with hair that would have intrigued a home-hunting mouse, a face that expressed a toleration of things, though without any foolish blindness to their irony, and a temperament that had to relieve itself in a burst of song or a jig every little while.

Basile Villeneuve's son, thirty-two, was more reserved than his father, but also with a tendency to song, and that in a warmly agreeable voice. Dark, unshaven, spare, and strong, he yet had a certain Celtic softness of demeanor, suggesting that he would not be rough with *les jeunes filles*.

These two were the crew. In addition I was introduced to the Bouchards, father, mother, and Thaddée, who were also about to visit St. Basile; and a young man studying at the seminary, Arthur Fortier, affable and headed priestward. The rest of the boat-load, about a score of women and children, were part of a family whom we should drop *en route*.

"Circumstances; I make circumstances," was Napoleon's favorite chirrup at fate. I should like to have seen him try a hand at those Canadian circumstances called the weather. It never rains but it interrupts something. We had no sooner got clear of La Reine's skirts and out into the current, which is far from despicable when the tide is ebbing, than a thunder-squall opened upon us, the Saguenay rose and beat upon our tug, and we flew. It was all very well as a spectacle, but I had desired to see the shore instead of the ship's hold, into which half the parish seemed to have crowded. I went up into the little wheel-house, where M. Villeneuve was singing to himself. *"Je suis gai—toujours gai,"* he said naïvely, and that was no mere boast.

In the unaffected blackness of the night we drove before the wind, old man Villeneuve's three score years and ten on the river making him certain of his course. The swish of the waves, the slashing of the gust, did not drown the merriment from below. What the French-Canadian cannot endure, he laughs away. And presently I wandered thither.

It was like the diminutive of one of le Sieur de Champlain's excursions. I found a cabin atmosphered with tobacco-smoke instead of air, lighted with a bracketed lamp, the wall-bunks

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carpeted with babies and bundles, the sitting-places filled with habitant women, and the few males leaning against doorways, singing to an accompaniment of chatter. I began my interrogations on young Thaddée Bouchard, a pleasant-faced youth of twelve, and soon found out why he was entirely charming. He hailed from St. Joseph d'Alma. It is useless to pretend that communities have not their own esprit, which dyes all dwellers therein. St. Joseph d'Alma has; Roberval has. Otherwise, what would be the use in having grandfathers?

My evening passed between listening to the cabin chorus and visits to the pilot solos, with an occasional peering into the murk. I learned that we were to tie up at La Descente des Femmes to await the dawn. This place has been named after some *sauvagisses*, who, their spouses being ill or injured, were enjoined to go for help, and since the shores of the Saguenay are somewhat steep, they descended at "La Descente" with gratitude, I supposed, in their hearts for its facilities. My imagination, always rather fervid in the dark, had pictured the place thus vividly named as a site on the cliff where a somewhat smoother precipice than most might have enabled the squaws to wrap their aprons behind them and slide to freedom. Nor was I dispossessed of the notion at once; for when we drove to shore I saw lanterns high above, heard enough shouting and social pother to dock a *Lusitania*, and observed that the tide, which rises some twenty-odd feet, had slunk away, leaving innumerable rungs of a slippery ladder as our only means of exit. *L'ascente des femmes*, it struck me, would be far more ticklish than any amount of descending, and I wondered just how we were going to hoist the babies from the hold. But, stopping their chorals for a moment, the women and children clambered up without a whimper, the men expedited the bundles and babies after them, and the whole incongruous host of us marched at midnight on an unsuspecting household.

§ 2

The habitant of the Saguenay is by heart a social creature, but by nature he is rendered solitary. His farm is separated by space and the seasons from intercourse with every other farm. To be sure, he is not lonely on his own plot of wilderness. His own progeny is plentiful, and a homestead sheltering a family of twenty, say, cannot be considered a hermitage. But on the annual or even semiannual occasion when he gets away from home and takes his trip to town he is bound to lose no moment of that occasion in sleep. This I was now about to find out.

We entered the roomy and well-lighted kitchen of a cousin Villeneuve. I had had a long day and already a longish night, and hoped that couches or at least places on the floor would soon be shown us. Instead, the daughters of the family began to spread the table, a desultory song arose from here and there, the men were already comparing crops, the women gossip, and I, disliking to fly in the face of unanimity, joined the children in a brave effort to keep awake. Of these I could not decide which were the most stoic, the babies on the floor, the youngsters on the stools, the children on chairs, or Thaddée and I, the travelers, on a lounge. All were equally pop-eyed and uncomplaining.

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It was after midnight; we were supposed to catch the tide at three. To bridge the interval we were treated to a taste of dandelion wine, so good that I inquired the receipt, which was one pint of dandelion flowers, two pounds of sugar, one gallon of water, half a cake of yeast, and ten days of waiting. Then it can be bottled, cooled, and served.

Soon we were summoned to the communal meal. Large bowls of curdled milk were passed around, thick slices of the best white bread in the world, pots of wild strawberry or wild raspberry confiture, the most delicious known, and pitchers of fresh milk. Whereupon the spirits of all rose, and a communal hubbub with them. Never have I seen such enthusiastic conversation. Instead of the ordinary give and take of repartee, the sides seemed organized to out-chatter each other. An innocent remark would be responded to by a volley of objection, and that in turn stemmed by a platoon of men and women up in cackling arms. My helpless ears were deafened by it. Having reached the apex of their vocal powers, they began to call their limbs into play. It seemed as if I were listening to devastating revelations of wickedness, one side refuting them as preposterous, the other backing them up. Suddenly the squall blew by, and both sides paused to take a drench of milk. I asked Thaddée what it was about, and he explained that the salmon season had begun on the twentieth of June last year according to one crowd, and on the twenty-first according to the other. So much for Celtic chat.

By now, I thought, I could rightfully hope for bed; but it seemed we were to have music first. And real music it was, coming from the heart, the racial heart that beats as warmly on the Saguenay as ever on the Seine. Closing my eyes, I fancied myself in this family's ancestral kitchen in Normandy as there followed one another the old songs, "Sur le pont d'Avignon," "A la claire fontaine." In deference to my language, they attempted that song just then sweeping the Saguenay, "It 's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and we parted for our respective berths in the best of humors about one A.M.

Oh, how gray it sometimes is the morning after, especially when only two hours after! Thaddée woke me. I stumbled into my shoes and the *chaloupe*, and remember my first astonishment at the sight of la Descente des Femmes. Instead of a female-flattened slide, I saw a vast sloping meadow backgrounded by cliffs as imposing in the dawn as the Yosemite's. And there in the green lap of rolling pastures nestled five white-painted homes, with their incurved roofs, their ovens of clay, their multitudinous outhouses; a miniature settlement, guarded by the eternal granite on three sides and the stark river on the fourth. Herein the life-blood of the Loire country was safe from molestation by the world. As we cleared the harbor, the sun tinged the gray dawn with rose. I realized that I had found a new kind of buried treasure.

The next hour was very interesting to me, for I was approaching a place intended for an indefinite stay. In the shifting lights of the fresh morning the Saguenay, now utterly without habitation, seemed a wider, wilder, stormier, prehistoric Hudson, and I was momentarily glad that I had not tried it in a canoe. I had been dis-

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couraged from canoeing it by people as far away as Montreal. And the French in Quebec, Roberval, and Chicoutimi, disliking water, had urged its dangers on my imagination until I felt the very fool for having suggested it to them. "You will be drowned," was the common first expression, "or at least marooned." "Do not consider such a thing," had said good Colonel Scott, finally dispelling my fond dream of going from Lake St. John to the St. Lawrence by canoe. It is true that the thunder-squall of the evening before, the present tossing tides of sullen gray, had argued with them. "Idiot to have conceived it," thought I, "but—" And the "but" stuck. Instead of finding the shores of the river at right angles to the water, as I had been led to expect, it seemed to me that there were many grassy retreats where one could outstay bad weather. My thought was cut short by our lurching around a promontory, whereupon St. Basile swam into my ken, a tiny harbor, a hill, a cozy little chapel, a farmhouse and barn, and, behind all, the mountain-sides rising into cloud. Except for the wavering column of blue smoke from the farm there was small sign that others existed in this world. There were no means of withdrawing from this place other than by the brackish, cold, and treacherous Saguenay, for beyond the near mountain lay others, with no road.

§ 3

The rest of this article is written of another world. From the moment I disembarked with the family Bouchard —the rest of the travelers had remained at Descente des Femmes—I was in New France. The period was of the last great Louis, but the place was so far removed from even him that no edict could ruffle the remoteness of our realm. We were invulnerable alike to misfortune and to the transportation companies. Nobody, I learned to my consternation, would likely leave the place for months. They had not answered my queries in Chicoutimi so clearly. I was squattered there on a St. Helena slanting at an angle of thirty degrees into the hostile river. No mail arrived, no groceries, no bills. We were sufficient unto ourselves. And that this may be more easily comprehended, let me tabulate the items that go toward the making of a realm.

Take a tidal river, preposterously deep and two miles wide, two mountain-ranges that admit a fertile valley, and a vast hinterland of game-rich wilderness, and you have the raw materials. Choose a cove between the ranges, build a boat-house, a shrine, shelters for your family and your animals, and arrange a plot of ground for cemetery. Near the house plant your tobacco and your kitchen garden; farther back, your wheat. See that Noah supplies you with two of all domestic cattle. Your belled cows will browse in the bush, your sheep in an upper pasture, your pigs in the dooryard, and your poultry about the door. From the stream in your valley you draw trout, and from the river, salmon; wild strawberries grow on the slopes, and other berries on the clearings. There is kindling at hand, and logs for the drawing from the forest. Partridges accommodate themselves to your gun in their season, and venison in plenty, while afar range caribou and moose and wolves. The realm is yours. You have your flocks and herds, your women and your other

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beasts of burden, and when the twilight gathers, while your wife is doing the last chores, you can sit on the porch and ruminate on the wealth of your lands, the work of your hands, and the beauty of a world undisturbed by tax-collectors. I know of no other place in the world to-day where the conditions of ancient freedom are to be enjoyed like this—the wide liberties of Daniel Boone unshadowed by the dollar-mark, unflecked by the frothings of the Bolshevik. This was to be my realm for as long as I chose.

I mounted the semi-precipice that led to the farm-house and met my hostess, a well-preserved old lady, as agile as a granddaughter, with a fine carriage, a finely furrowed face, and an almost Indian-like beadiness of eye. Then I stepped out on the porch and into the presence of such a view as only those who live on the east shore of paradise can comprehend.

It was still early morning. Deep shadows from the cliff, on which I was to live, still lay on the river far below; and the two protecting ranges that inclosed our valley still harbored sunny clouds. Far across the noble stream rose a great palisade, one bit of which, a sheer wall of granite hundreds of feet high, is called le Tableau. An orange light bathed this wild rock, and filled with an uncanny radiance the primeval forest on its head and shoulders. Up the river, down the river, as far as the near ranges would let me see, swept a huge panorama of ever-changing color on cliffs that never changed. Not joyless, but stern, gods had shaped those shores. Great bays and greater heads of virgin stone not yet decked with the fussings of humanity ran into the distances. These grim headlands seemed like shafts from the incorruptible and central earth. And that they might not be too severe, they had been clothed in flowing shadows and overflowing sun. It was like the sweep of a vast eagle's wing, this view, and had seemed good to the eternal eye. To mine it seemed a very thunderbolt of scenes, and I knew that I should live much on that porch.

Now I set about learning how to be king of a realm. I had opportunity to educate myself in everything from colt colic to—I was going to say midwifery, though that particular exigency did not arrive. Only twice in the history of the family had a doctor stopped at the place. We breakfasted late for farmers; the habitant does not compete with the sun or anything else. After our pork and tea Thaddée and I made the rounds of the various sections of the family, watching, perchance helping. Down at the harbor they were setting salmon-nets and painting the tug. Up in the raspberry-patch droves of children were picking berries. On the mountain-side trees were being felled for an additional clearing, which would soon be burned. The mother was in the cold kitchen making butter, the grandmother was spinning, the daughters ranged from milking the cows to cooking the next meal, and the sons in the hundred outdoor occupations consequent to realming it. All were incredibly industrious, all appeared happy, and when any two were gathered together they became voluble.

"Tell us how your ladies live in New York," said Mme. Basile one afternoon; "perhaps we should like to change our residence."

So I strung together the events of a society matron's day from her breakfast in bed, through bridge party,

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theater supper, and all the social press of it to the headache on the morning after.

"*Hein,*" sniffed the good old lady, "I think we shall stay here. It would wear us out." I smiled, for she was about to cook a meal for eighteen of us, after which she would scrub the floor in case the daughters were all milking. I wondered whether the charming old ladies of seventy in New York would not think that their chores of opera and chaperonage were the less arduous.

All leisure hours of the women were spent in floor-scrubbing, and it made me indignant. After chapel in the evenings the men of the realm would assemble, eight or nine of them, in the kitchen to talk and smoke and spit. There were lots of spittoons, but the callous males ignored them, preferring to maculate the floor, which would be rendered immaculate the next morning by the elbow and back aches of the women. Why these overworked creatures did not knife their males in the night I did not know. Certainly, their day's toil in the necessary round was long enough to have made unnecessary labor poison to their souls.

Alas! reality, even in one's own monarchy, is not an Arabian Night's dream! From morning till night these people wrested a living from the lively hours of summer in the hope that it would put them over the eight months of winter, when death lay on field and river. In King Basile's castle there was no bath-tub, no furnace, no magazine, no book, no telephone, no art, no music, no little thing with which to bridge those hours of tedium and melancholy that must come to souls about to gird their loins for further flight. How I longed to give them a desire for one of these! But it would have been acting Satan's rôle in the garden. A talking-machine might have precipitated a revolution, and of those there are enough in the world. A book might have stirred up an exodus; the place itself was paradise.

§ 4

And in this paradoxical paradise that lacked all the comforts they were happy. There was no doubting that; smiling was the key in which their life was lived. From child to grandmother everybody smiled. The children were a never-ending amazement to me, being healthier, handsomer, and happier than any race I had ever come across. I got to know them well. Thaddée, Etienne, Georges, and I comprised a fishing-squad with a purpose. It was on the third day that I got this up. Those days were very hot, but at each meal pork came to my table swimming in its own fat. It was incomprehensible to me, with chickens, ducks, geese, trout, salmon, sheep, calves, and the wilds to call on for variety—incomprehensible and loathsome. So the fishing-squad spent its afternoons, first on the near-by brooks, then on remoter lakes, which were sprinkled about the land. And it was on these hikes that my knights prattled to their lord of everything under the sun in surprisingly pure French. It was their elders who garbled their tongue and cut the corners of its idioms and drugged it with Anglicisms; the youngsters drew from a deeper well.

Never shall I know such deference again. The scene is noon. The squad is not sure that I may want to fish. But do you suppose they dance around and plague me with questions? Then

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suppose again. They are lapping up their inevitable pea-soup with great round eyes upon me. But they are silent, cheerful, and as beautiful as always. The little girls have eyes of deep and entrancing loveliness, as if they knew that now was their time of life, before they are saddled with a hulking master. They will go a-berrying. Will we go a-fishing? That is the question which the squad long to know. It is fun to tickle their anxiety just a little.

"It seems really too hot for any trout this afternoon, don't you think, Etienne?"

"Not at the Lac aux Foin, Monsieur Maurice," says Etienne, with a breathless look in his blue eyes.

"But that is pretty far, is n't it, Georges?"

"I will carry the rod, monsieur," he says very quietly, but very earnestly.

"What do you think, Thaddée? Is it worth while trying it this afternoon?" I pretend to be very much on the fence. Their instant anxiety is unloosed a peg; they know what he will say.

"It is worth trying if you would enjoy it," says Thaddée, and of course I, thereupon, would. Instantly, the squad deserts its strawberry tart and rushes for the rods that line the outer wall of the kitchen, I get the bottle of fly-dope, thread my way through the maze of brats upon the floor, the trout-squads of coming years, and breathless we mount the trail, they with joy and I with the slope. Bare-legged, barefooted, they fly up that wall of rock in the amazing manner of the children of Pan, chattering like red squirrels all the while. For manners I recommend our butlers to them.

Next to the saint who sponsors Canadian pigs, the saint who looks after the children must have a busy time. I shall never understand how the mothers could keep tab on them. The marvel is not that one should be missing, but that they should miss one now and then. But in a lonely realm there are advantages in having a family of thirty; help in the berry-season, lots of birthday parties, a major league of ball-players if you like, and a greater distribution of the flies in any given room. Consider, however, the disadvantages: thirty beds to make a day, sixty potatoes to peel for dinner, ninety cups of tea to brew per meal, and, if every one does his duty at Christmas-time, 870 gifts to be exchanged, in addition to the stream of maladies, bruises, tears. In no matter how well regulated a household some child is always squalling. Some of the part-songs of grief which rose to the Villeneuve roof when the flies were bad or when some one was choking on a cooky—*O mon dieu!*

All sanitary rules seem to fail in the backwoods. A little bother with some cheese-cloth in the spring would eliminate the myriads of insects. Insectlessness, however, is a mark of civilization.

Another is man's regard for woman's pleasure. One evening young Basile was out sailing alone in his boat. Two of the female slaves, having worked their fourteen hours, were down at the river's-edge trying to cool off. There was room in the boat, no errand that conflicted, and they stared at it with the wistfulness of the marooned.

"Would n't you like to go with him?" I asked them.

"Oh, yes; we never get away from here," said one.

"Then why in heaven's name don't you?" I asked, impatient at the petty

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selfishness of the man. For answer that helpless Celtic shrug, the most maddening motion of an ineffective will on earth. It always kills in me any sympathy for the shrugger.

§ 5

In contrast to the incontestable brutishness of the life to which I was a witness, there were nuances without number of charm and loveliness. At the beginning of the twilight time we went to chapel, the little private tiring-place for souls perched on the momentous cliff. For twenty minutes aching backs, fretted minds, despairful spirits, found solace in the symbols of eternal good. The satisfaction that these people got from their simple ritual and the telling of beads seemed but another proof of Christ's great statement, "The kingdom of God is within you." Their faces shone with the inner light, and we left the little chapel in more charitable mood, as is the inevitable blessing that attends a pause at God's threshold, whether one be Catholic, Quaker, or lonely Indian.

And after chapel the men usually sat on that world-envisaging porch, smoking, telling tales, until day had resolved itself into night. Sometimes they sang for hours. I shall never forget those evenings; far more poignant than the folk-song of Norwegians in their green valleys, more alive than the crooning of our negroes in the South, were these airs that they sang with full-voiced abandon. Despite their lilting rhythms and gay words, they were full of pathos. They seemed to me the songs of a race without a country. For these French loved passionately the France of yesterday; the France of to-day is no longer theirs. When France disestablished the church, she alienated these century-old patriots. They are Canadian now; but Canada lies broad from sunrise to sunset, and only a fraction of it is French.

"Do you speak English?" I once asked of a habitant.

"Do you speak Canadian?" he replied sullenly.

They are only a part of Canada, wherein they once were all; and they are no longer a part of France, for whom their fathers suffered incredibly. Consequently, these intensely loyal souls have only their ancient faith on which to lean; the church is their only nativity now. So when I listened to their songs, beautiful with unexpected turns of melody, I heard the heart of old France, sad beneath her gaiety.

Cheerfulness certainly puts the thumbscrews on fate. I usually awoke to laughter down-stairs, and always to chatter. The women would be cooking the breakfast pork, and the elder daughters combing the youngers' hair, the men shaving by the kitchen mirror, old man Basile in stocking feet and furzy beard doing a jig, scaring the pigs from the pantry, or dislodging the hens from the sill. You might have supposed that we were living on the fat of the land instead of on sempiternal sow-belly. You might have surmised that fortune had nothing more to offer, that the future could contain nothing of disquiet, naught of disaster. Fate had been cornered by a smile. Only their minds were asleep; their hearts were awake and hopeful. How much better than to have busy minds, but calloused hearts! Of such is not the kingdom of God, and that 's sure. On the contrary, how near was St. Basile's realm to the kingdom, and yet what worlds away!

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Adventures of an Illustrator

VI—With Hewlett and Crawford in Italy

By Joseph Pennell

Drawings by the author made at the time

One day Sir Frederick Macmillan sent for me to ask if I would like to illustrate a series of big travel books which his firm proposed to issue. There would be two, to begin with, one on Tuscany, which Maurice Hewlett would write; the other on Venice, which Marion Crawford wanted to do. Crawford had already published one book on southern Italy; a great success it was, too, illustrated by some friend of his, whom he thought wonderful, and Sir Frederick and I agreed was contemptible. But Crawford, for the son of an artist, was more charmingly ignorant of art than any author I have ever met.

The Hewlett scheme came off first. We worked out a definite plan—just exactly where we should go, what we should see, and what we should do. I have no hesitation in saying that I paid no attention whatever to his ideas, and Hewlett ignored my suggestions also. I knew that my point of view was quite as important as his and, as always, I intended to draw what I wanted, and he could write up to the drawings or not, as he pleased. On his part I must give him the credit of always having a definite idea where he was going and then never going there. So by carefully concealing what we really meant to do, we got on perfectly. Only two things mattered: Hewlett really did not want me to do the illustrations, and I hated his books.

He started for Florence before me. I purchased a fiery motor-tricycle and came after him. It was arranged we should meet in Pisa, and there I stopped, though I had been doing that all the way out, owing to breakdowns; but that is another story. I had just been getting run in, as usual, for running over a boy on the Lungarno; but I arranged that, or the landlord of the Nettuno Hotel did, and the boy was not hurt.

One afternoon as I loafed, or worked, on a parapet, waiting for Hewlett, who for days had been promising to come, a gorgeous carriage and pair passed, with feathers on the horses' heads, bells on their necks, a peacock plume in the driver's hat, and, inside, a lady and gentleman lolling back on the cushions. They were the admiration

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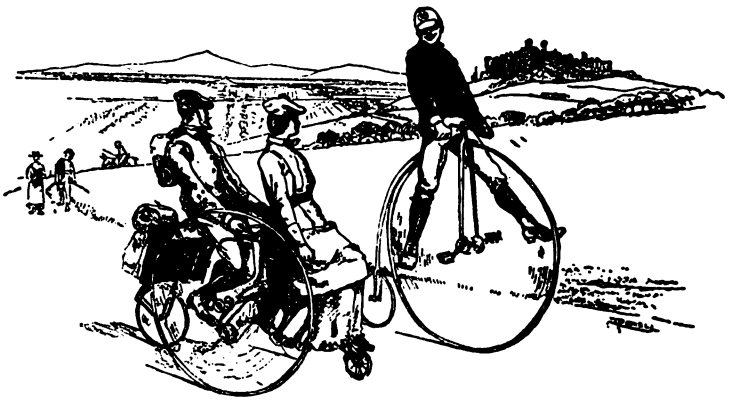
of the city, the real Ruskinian Milor Inglese turnout up to date. After the Angelus, when the glow had left the marble mountains, and the lights had drawn the windings of the river, I went back to the hotel and found Hewlett's card. He was at a hotel round the corner, and there I went. And there with him were the Milors, and the carriage was his, and they were his guests. Needless to say, we—I because of having been arrested, he because of his turnout—were the sensation of Pisa.

Hewlett went to Florence by way of Empoli and Lucca, and was going on to San Gimignano. I was to cover this route in the reverse direction.

Again, after twenty years, I took the same road to Lucca which I had driven over with Howells in an early spring morning, and again before noon the red-walled, tree-embowered town came out of the plain, then the hills, then the marble mountains rising behind it. That day there was life in the town. It was crowded as I had never seen it. All the hotels were full, and nothing but a tiny room was to be had, and all because of the trial of Musso-lino, the last and, I believe, the first brigand who ever existed; at any rate, the last ever captured in Italy.

I came back by Empoli, crossing a fortified bridge over the Arno, and I rode on to Certaldo, Poggibonsi, and up the long, winding high road to San Gimignano. There, in the middle of the *piazza*, I ran into Hewlett. San Gimignano is best from the hills around it; at least I like it best, and that 's the important matter. From a convent a mile or so out from the Volterra Gate it is wonderful; and again from an old cross on the short cut down to Certaldo. Now, after seeing them again, I find the pictures by Gozzoli wonderful, too. But it has taken me twenty years to see what Vernon Lee, Berenson, and Pater thought they saw and wrote they saw at once, and proved they have never seen and never will see.

We made up our minds finally to leave the hotel, the watchman who still cries the hours in the night, and the Gozzolis, and climb to Volterra. The road to Volterra is the longest, wildest, the most desolate in all Tuscany. But away on the horizon, high on the mountains, is Volterra, always above and beyond. I waited at the foot of the mountain for the carriage, which I could see coming far away, winding



among the crevasses lining the narrow road. And when it came, we climbed the long, straight incline to the gate. The great plain lay below, and as we climbed, the Maremma appeared, and in the distance the Mediterranean. Then a sharp turn and a gate, a little piazza, and, beyond, the hotel.

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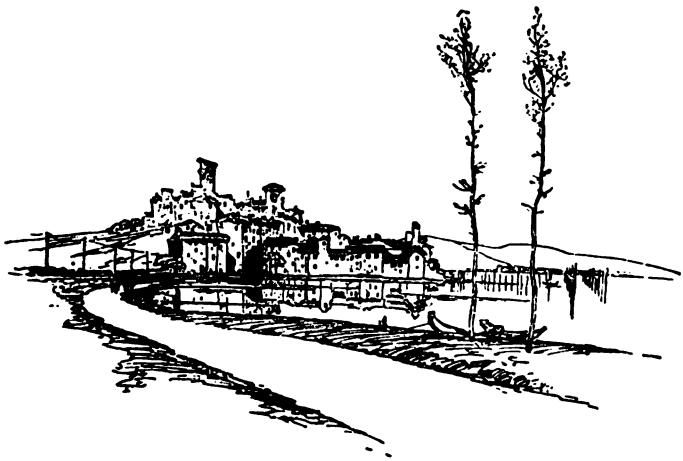

No one waited for us or met us at the door. We found a weeping maid at last. The dining-room was full of official-looking men, but it was not till we had got our rooms did we learn that the entire family had typhoid fever, smallpox, cholera, or something, and that some of them were dead in the house, and the official-looking people were doctors and coroners. As it was growing dark and the horses were done up, and no other hotel within twenty or thirty kilometers, we stayed on, keeping mostly out of doors. But Volterra is not cheerful. If we went in one direction, it was to be greeted from one barred window by the curses of the brigand hero Mussolino, from another by the shrieks of a mad woman. A little farther it was almost to fall headlong down a yawning gulf, into which a good part of the mountain-top and some of the town had already gone. If we went into the churches, it was to see life-size carved martyrdoms and crucifixions so real that they frightened us. And when we came out, it was to meet muffled, cloaked creatures: we could n't tell if they were men or women, for all wore the same hats and shoes. Small wonder if daylight saw us off. Still, I made two or three drawings on the spot.

I went first, and the memory of that long coast all the way down to Colle is with me still; the wind was behind and I went. I came out to do "The Road in Tuscany," and I did it, but not with charcoal. Just near the Casa del Diavolo, a storm caught me, and by the time I reached the Albergo Toscana,—I should not have told its name if Hewlett had not, and so ruined it,—I, the tricycle, and everything were soaked. But in the landlady's blouse, the landlord's trousers, and, I think, the waiter's coat, I was able to greet the carriage, all its occupants quite as sodden as I. They were sodden; the feathers and the plumes draggled and dripped. Trombino, the driver, drooped, the only time I ever saw him droop; for was he not the biggest man in Ponte a Mesola, hired by Hewlett because he had killed more people than there were left in the place —quite "A Little Novel out of Tuscany" himself. His stories would have been most useful to Hewlett, only the famous author's Italian more or less stops short with the cinque-cento period. And that was one reason why Giacomo and the signora had places in the carriage. The great event in Siena was the arrival of Mrs. Hewlett. No, I don't think it was; it was the advent of the Sienese Anglo-American historian. He was a wonder. We saw him looming up on a specially built bicycle. We could n't miss seeing him.

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We met him coming back from a picnic in the country somewhere, where we had gone to see a battle-field. The book contains a drawing of the battle-field, almost the only one I did

as an illustration of anything that Hewlett wrote about, and I suppose there is a description of the battle in it, but the book was not written till afterward. But I do remember the picnic by a spring, the charming day it was, and that we met the historian by the Porta Romana as we came back, mounted on his strengthened bicycle.

We stayed days in Siena, and were fêted by the historian, who at a certain hour of the evening used to announce to Hewlett and me, one after the other, that we had saved his life. When or how we never found out.

From Siena we went to Monte Oliveto, by Buonconvento. There is now a new and excellent road to the monastery, instead of the paved path over which I shoved our tricycle long ago, up the steepest part of which Mrs. Hewlett, a saint, shoved my machine while I made notes.

Hewlett went and unpacked uneaten luncheons, intended for the day before or the poor, and we devoured them, and then he and his party left. But I stayed on. Never was I allowed to dine with the monks, scarce to see them save in the one unspoiled place, the great whitewashed chapel, where probably the whitewash covers frescos. But the glory of Monte Oliveto has departed, never to return again.

Sadly in the twilight I coasted down to San Giovanni d'Asso, and put up at the inn—one of those inns on the upper floor, of which but few are now left. To the late supper came three or four local celebrities and drummers, eager to know about *"gli ski scrapi"* of New York and their friends, of whom they had not heard for ages, not since they had left for fortune and the United States. But had I met them?

Thence I went down to—oh, I forget and have n't Hewlett's book—and up to San Quirico, and on to Pienza, and then over the mountains to Montepulciano, where, in the inn that dominates the whole valley of Lake Trasimeno, I found Hewlett, who had had a splendid ducking again at San Quirico, and found a noble landlord, though I had missed him and stayed in a dreary inn. Then we jogged on to Arezzo, and Hewlett had adventures at the inn, and I had another good look at the Piero della Francescas. And so down the Arno almost all the way to Florence, and then we dined, and that was the end of the first journey.

The Hewletts went back to London, but I stayed on for months in Florence, and the results are in the book. To me it is delightful to get to know a city intimately, to walk its streets, to climb the hills about it, to go up and down its river-banks and quays. It is all quiet, peaceful, endless work, endless hunting for subjects, some days finding too many, others none at all, trying to

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get the character of the place, sometimes thinking I have got it, sometimes knowing I have failed. Whether I got Florence or not, the book is the proof. I started drawing early in morning, lunching where I found myself, working all the afternoon, trudging back to a good dinner, then the café and bed—and so day after day, scarcely speaking to a soul, and not wanting to.

Next year I started again on a motor-tricycle, which, I may say, broke down completely at the foot of the pass before Spezia. So I left it in pawn, and took an ordinary push bicycle. This year we were to do the outlying parts of Tuscany. Hewlett had at least a dozen times planned the route from his old road map and other maps and guides, but when he changed it for the thirteenth or the thirtieth time, I determined to give him a route. Some one had told me of the wonderful mountain road between Carrara and Lucca. There was nothing about it in the guide-books. No one in Spezia knew. So I determined to go. From Carrara, apparently inhabited altogether by the representatives of American sculptors and architects, and where, if you climb into the quarries, you get the most extraordinary subjects, I walked the next day up a pass, or rather a road clinging to the side of the mountains, coming out at last on a great castle, a perfect ruin, dominating a thousand feet above the plain. After that the road, winding higher and higher, turned into the mountains, and at last got so high that I could look on either side down to the Mediterranean and to the Adriatic. Then it wound down to Fivizzano, a little-known city in the mountains, and then up and down, over pass after pass, a splendid broad road, till late in the evening I came to Castelnuovo di Garfagnana, at the head of the valley that leads down to Barga and Lucca. Nothing more pictorial and unspoiled have I seen in Italy, and I imagine it is unspoiled yet, for the tourist or motorist of to-day never looks up anything for himself. I believe it was damaged or destroyed in the last earthquake. To us of yesterday the joy was, and still is, in discovery, in the unknown road and the untried inn.

Then I zigzagged about through the Apennines, and came out at Lucca, and eventually the whole of Tuscany, from Orbatello to La Verna, was covered. La Verna is wonderful, but it is an inn. The road is appalling, the climb horrible, the views of the tiny Tiber and the smaller Arno lovely, like Piero della Francesca's landscapes; for it is his country, the forest divine, filled with nightingales. But the Monsignore Stonor, who was there, and who smoked most excellent cigars, had no use for the monks and, apparently, they had

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no use for him, or for me either. So I took my way down the mountain-track after two days, and so to Florence by the ever-growing Arno, which, like many other rivers, I have followed from the source to the sea.

Hewlett is a difficult proposition, as nervous and sensitive as I am; a sufferer, too. After the second trip I saw little of him. There was a scheme for a book on northern Italy, "The Lombard Plain," and we were to walk from Venice to Genoa. As he had a motor, I refused to walk. Then we were to do Fontainebleau, but did n't. And now we have drifted apart, and unless he wants something, and he has not wanted anything for years, I never see him or hear from him. And no more of the books were done; such books are not made now. There are no such publishers and no such authors and artists, or, if there are any left, they don't get the chance. Hacks and photographers do the work.

The book, and especially my part of it, was extremely well noticed, and I don't think the author was too well pleased; they never are. But some time afterward Commendatore Biagi, the Laurentian librarian in Florence, came to see me, and complimented me on the drawings; whereupon, to return the compliment, I said, if he would care for them, he should have some of the Florentine series for his library. He was delighted, and said he would write me. For some time I heard nothing. Then came an official letter from the director of the Uffizi, Dr. Ricci, asking for the whole collection for that gallery. As I was the first modern artist to be so honored, I accepted the invitation, sent the drawings, and they are now in the Uffizi. Naturally, I expected something to be done for me in return; but save an acknowledgment from the Italian Government, I have never received anything, though clerks, hacks, politicians, and such like sport decorations to which I have a right. However, my works are in the Uffizi, some hundreds of drawings, and if I am not covered with decorations, I am covered with the glory of knowing that the drawings will remain forever in that great museum, or as long as it lasts.

I worked on the Florentine drawings two springs, and during the summers and autumns I was in Venice, working on the Venetian book—"Gleanings from Venetian History."

Marion Crawford, the author of it, turned up soon after I got there, a magnificent giant who lived up to his magnificence. Still, he was one of the expatriated who, though they pass their lives in Italy and talk the language perfectly, really know nothing of the country and the Italians. How many of those sad cases have I seen! I had met Craw-

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ford once or twice before. On one occasion he dined at a little club, and among the other guests were Sir F— M— and Sir C— D—; and Harold Frederic who was of the same type, said that after a few drinks he could not tell which was himself and which was any of the others, for they were like four twins. I lunched with Crawford at his hotel, and he introduced me to his gondolier, who knew everything about Venice and would take you to exactly the spot where the Cook or the illustrious Ruskin or some other bore had made their drawings, and he brought prints and books from under the gondola-seat to prove it. Crawford approved of him. I hated him, and to my great satisfaction one day in a storm we were shipwrecked on a log near the Casa degli Spiriti, and I saw him no more, save steering a Bisoni at a function. I hate gondolas, too; they are vile to work in, and you can get almost everywhere from the shores, anyway. Crawford also tipped all the people with boat-hooks at the landings, and the Venetian tradition is merely to thank them, and that branded him. But he got it one day. A boy begged from him in Venetian, which Crawford could not understand, and Crawford retorted in Neapolitan; whereupon the boy replied in good Italian, "What 's he trying to talk, the ugly big foreigner?" He made a list of things for me to draw. I did those I liked, and ignored the ones I did not. Some were impossible, others ridiculous. To have a father for a sculptor does n't make one an artist, though it may produce a successful story-teller. Crawford hardly ever, in the few days he was in Venice, though he had scarcely been there before, came to the piazza; or, if he did, he foregathered with Hop Smith and things of that sort. He naturally did not like my drawings, and rejected one of the Bridge of Sighs at night which the Italian Government, I think it was, later bought. After he left Venice, where for his book I spent

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two summers, I don't think I even saw or heard from him again.

"Hop" Smith—F. Hopkinson Smith—I never could stand personally, nor his work either, save "Colonel Carter." He was always turning up in Venice in the summer to make water-colors, and they were extremely clever, and his charcoals better. He, too, never associated with mere artists, but he worked, at any rate, according to his lights, and he had another redeeming quality. Though he prided himself, I believe, on having passed twenty summers in Italy, I don't think he had twenty words of Italian. One day, in a brand-new check suit and a helmet, a Turkish decoration and spats, he arrived in his gondola at the Piazzetta, and his gondolier unpacked his paint-box and water-bucket and sketch-block and put them down by a lamp-post, and as Hop moved his camp-stool so as to have the lamp-post as a rest for his back, a policeman came and waved him off. I was passing, and Hop cried out:

"What 's the matter with the Dago? I 've been here twenty years and never been treated like this. What 's he saying?" I asked the policeman, who replied:

"Yes, we all know the illustrious and distinguished foreigner who was probably here before I was born, but I noticed that he has got a new suit of clothes on to-day, and as the lamp-post, too, was painted green this morning, why, if he leans against it, the clothes will probably be spoiled."

As somewhat of a crowd had gathered, Hop departed when I translated the policeman's advice amid applause, in which he did not join. It was almost as good as Bunce's reply to the Englishman who found him early one morning on the public-garden wall painting moonlights by sunrise.

"Why, Mr. Bunce, how long have you been here?"

"Forty years," said Bunce. And the Briton went his way.

But if I was to start telling Venetian stories I should never stop. E— has enough in her "Nights," but no one has read it. Will any one read this?

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Hapsburg, Hungary, and Horthy

By Joseph Szebenyei

A man who has had no personal experience with the rule of the Hapsburgs cannot appreciate the great tragedy that surrounds the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty, culminating in the sad end of the last exiled Hapsburg ruler on the island of Madeira. Men who have not served as officials or soldiers under the Hapsburgs cannot so much as imagine the force of the whip they held and the power they wielded. Even the Russian czars, though they were autocratic rulers of all the Russias, without the restraining force of parliamentarism to stay their hands, were less powerful in their own domain than the Hapsburgs within the boundaries of their ill-fated monarchy.

They ruled through parliaments, but these "constitutional" bodies were only a hoax. They could pass no laws without the previous consent of the rulers, and no government, not even an opposition, could exist without their approval. They created their own opposition merely for the purpose of soothing the left wings and the radical factions; but as a matter of fact none of these oppositions ever counted. The Hapsburgs ruled ostensibly by parliaments, as I have said, but these parliaments were elected according to the choice of the rulers; there was no secret ballot, and the buying of votes was a recognized affair. If any of the elected parliaments by some mischance were constituted of elements that did not suit the emperor, he had the right to dissolve them and order new elections to take place. True, only parliament could pass on money appropriations to run the Government, and if a parliament was dissolved by the emperor, its successor could again refuse to pass money bills. Then the emperor could take recourse to extra-constitutional measures. A budget was constructed, taxes were imposed, and money was printed "*ex lex*" at the command of the emperor by resolution of the ministry. The emperor's soldiery and his gendarmes dominated the elections. Rebellious communities that could not be bought or terrorized into voting the "right way" would simply be surrounded by gendarmes and prevented from appearing at the polls. If this was an inadequate measure, they would set fire to the village and keep the voters occupied during election day in putting out the fires.

The writer was present at an election in Transylvania in 1910 when such an incendiary affair took place. The danger that threatened the emperor's Government at that place was the probable election of a Rumanian priest by a solidly Rumanian constituency. The priest was a dangerous nationalist agitator who, if elected, would have caused trouble for the Government. Half of the community was in flames before the day was over, and only such villages were allowed to vote as were "true blue."

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Apart from this there was a moral force behind the Hapsburg dynasty that derived its strength primarily from the Roman Catholic Church and its head in Rome, who never failed to support the pious dynasty of the greatest Catholic country in Europe. The old Emperor Francis Joseph, a strong man and a diplomatist, even succeeded in gaining sympathy and respect abroad despite the fact that his misrule of the dual monarchy was well known. As long as he was successful in keeping his power he commanded the respect even of Western democracies; for nothing succeeds like success, and Francis Joseph was successful. But as soon as the Hapsburg dynasty fell, those very Western democracies immediately discovered that their respect was misplaced. Charles VI of Austria, or, as he was called in Hungary, Charles IV, the young man who has just died of pneumonia, broken and penniless, after his abortive efforts to regain the throne of Hungary, had become a general laughing-stock of the very best of democracies, whose leaders and aristocrats were only too happy to sit at the same table with him a few years ago.

The Hapsburgs were actually the aristocracy among other royalties of Europe. The Hohenzollerns of Germany were only upstarts in the eyes of the Hapsburgs, the proudest and the most exclusive princes in Europe for these last four hundred years, and their wealth and their influence all over the world were incomparably greater than those of any other royal family in history. How could any one who never saw and never suffered under the power they wielded measure the depths to which they had fallen? All European royalties, beginning with those of the little Balkan families, and including the Bourbons, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs, the Saxe-Coburgs, and even the English royal family, were at their feet. They owned or controlled a quarter of the land, immense territories within their realm, as these lands were either royal lands, state lands, or church lands. Thus, for instance, almost one half of the land in Hungary was owned by the royal family, the clergy, the state, and the aristocracy. All this is a matter of common knowledge.

§ 2

The problems following the death of Emperor Charles are of interest to mankind to-day. As far as Austria is concerned, she disposed of her emperor for good. There is little danger of any Hapsburg reinstatement in the newly created Austrian republic, for its people are sick and tired of the misery they attribute to the ambitions of the Hapsburgs; also, being in the main a nation of industrialists, its temperament is more republican than imperialistic. But Hungary is royalistic throughout, and ancient tradition draws its people toward the idea of royalty. They cannot imagine themselves as ruled by anything but a king. They are mostly peasants, and it is characteristic of them that when the people's republic was proclaimed by Count Karolyi in October, 1918, some of the peasants remarked, "It 's all very well, but who is going to be king?" Apart from this predisposition of the peasantry, Hungary is possessed of an unusual number of families belonging to a nobility of the most ancient lineage, who would feel lost without the glamour of the court life to which they were accustomed. Apart from the fact

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that the present Government under Regent Horthy seems to them most unsatisfactory, owing to the terroristic policy of the "detachments" of military that keeps the population in constant fear, the very institutions that are rooted in the monarchical system demand the restoration of the monarchy.

Still, there are two different factions of political thought within the country, though both are monarchical in sentiment. The majority are the so-called legitimists, who hold that, according to the Pragmatic Sanction, the Hapsburg family cannot be constitutionally dethroned, not even if the dynasty is left without a male member. They hold that no laws passed by the National Assembly are valid without the signature of the ruler. As the law passed last November, which declared that no Hapsburg can occupy the throne of St. Stephen in the future, has not been ratified by the ruler himself, the law has no legal power. The other faction contends that the nation has the right to depose any dynasty. They declare that the Hapsburgs, being a foreign family, should be banished from the Hungarian throne and a Hungarian king should be elected in the same way as it had been done before the Hapsburgs held Hungary as one of their dominions. These two political parties constitute the sole antagonistic units in Hungarian politics. There are no parties who advocate a republic. The legitimists are paving the way for the return of the Hapsburgs, and the party of free electors demand the election of a national king, having, it is understood, Admiral Horthy, the present regent, in mind for the post.

Horthy is not one of the acknowledged nobility and is not even a baron or a count. Among the nobility there are families descending from ancient royalty, such as the Hunyadi, Szechenyi, Apponyi, Andrassy, Esterhazy, Karolyi, Batthyani, Sigray, and many others, each of which claims a right to the Hungarian throne. In fact, every one of them would have a better right to aspire to the dignity than Admiral Horthy. Yet all these nobles advocate the return of the Hapsburgs, most probably feeling that they could never agree among themselves as to which of them had the better right to the throne.

The return of the Hapsburgs is being barred, first of all, by the unanimous opposition of every nation surrounding Hungary, by the Allies as a whole, and by the law passed by the National Assembly last November. The election of a national king is made impossible by the great number of legitimists, or adherents of the Hapsburgs, and by the fact that out of sheer jealousy the nobles would not tolerate any one of themselves to be nominated. In these circumstances Admiral Horthy, as the head of the third party, which is in power to-day, and who has been elected to that post by the National Assembly under the pressure of the terrorists until a legitimate king is elected, stands a good chance of reaching his goal, while the two parties opposed to him are wrangling over questions of constitutional formality.

Meanwhile Admiral Horthy, seeing his chances, is organizing feverishly, for he has powerful opponents with which to contend. A great deal of the wealth and influence is in the hands of the nobles and the clergy. The clergy being Catholic and Admiral

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Horthy being a Protestant, it is only natural that the former should oppose his ambitions. The Protestant minority in Hungary is usually at loggerheads with the Catholic majority, and should the head of the state be a Protestant, the Catholics would be at a disadvantage. It is a case of Ulster all over again in the east of Europe. All that keeps Admiral Horthy in power are the bands of military outlaws, known as the White Terrorists, under Colonel Pronay and Captain Hejjas, two uniformed bandits who stop at nothing, and whose men, at the time of the last royalist coup, were responsible for the failure of the late King Charles. These two men are the actual rulers of Hungary to-day, although it is well known that they have committed murders by the hundred, in which crimes they took personal part, and that they have blackmailed people by the method of torture. No court and no authority ever dared to indict them. Admiral Horthy and his national army protect them.

§ 3

The death of King Charles seems to have made very little change in the internal political situation of Hungary as far as the settlement of the most burning question, that of the monarch, is concerned. The legitimists simply declare that, according to the constitution, the eldest son of the deceased king succeeds to the throne. The ten-year-old Francis Joseph Otto is regarded by them as the legitimate King of Hungary, who has been prevented by circumstances from receiving the crown of St. Stephen, the first Hungarian king of a thousand years ago.

Admiral Horthy, upon the other hand, denies this. So does his government; for if it should be of another opinion, Admiral Horthy would dismiss it for disagreeing with the head of the state. For Admiral Horthy as a regent is continuing the very policy of the Hapsburgs not only in silencing opposition by terroristic means, but also by directing the election of representatives in the very same manner as was done by the Hapsburgs, as outlined before. The universal suffrage and secret ballot, passed by the parliament of the first revolutionary period of 1918, were simply abolished by Admiral Horthy. Voting by ballot without revealing the name of the voter would not serve his purposes, and voting openly will certainly make people cautious; for the terrorists are standing behind the voter, and the Danube is not yet overcrowded with the bodies of victims killed by Horthy's soldiers. It is their custom to kill people and throw them into the Danube.

Everything tends to show that Admiral Horthy will ultimately defeat any opposition, and will have himself elected King of Hungary, with hereditary rights. The widow of the late King Charles, who, according to the Hungarian Constitution, is the guardian of his minor son, and consequently the Regent of Hungary, despite all her ambitions, and she is said to be a very ambitious woman, stands little chance of ever ousting Regent Horthy from the stronghold in which he has barricaded himself with the arms of his loyal terrorists. His good fortune found unwitting allies in the dread with which the Little Entente views a possible return of the Hapsburgs. Another royalist coup by Zita and her

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minor son would undoubtedly result in the invasion of Hungary by the three Little Entente states, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, to whom two thirds of Hungarian territory were allotted by the Trianon peace treaty. These states are naturally anxious to keep those territories. A Hapsburg return would endanger their possession of them, as the oath of royalty demands of the king to "keep the territory intact and to regain those lost in consequence of wars." To allow a Hapsburg to return to Hungary would inevitably lead to a more intensive *irredenta* agitation, and the result would be a continuous danger of war—a danger which would demand everlasting readiness on the part of the states concerned, and these countries know well that continuous preparedness means financial bankruptcy. Even now they are all well on the way toward it.

§ 4

This being the position as far as the chances of the Hapsburgs are concerned, it may be imagined that the legitimists of Hungary have an uphill work in trying to reinstate the Hapsburgs on the throne. They have not only the opposition of the Allies and the Little Entente to reckon with, but also that of Horthy and his terrorists, the latter still more to be feared than the diplomatists of the Allies and the Little Entente. These terrorist captains would lose their power under any Hapsburg ruler, and they will not agree to that if they can help it. Under Horthy they are allowed to thrive; for he is one of them, and he owes his present position to them. If he should be elected King of Hungary, he would be in the position to elevate them to the ranks of the aristocracy, and to give them lands or anything else they desired.

Judging from these conditions, Hungary is in a bad state indeed, and the people find themselves between the devil and the deep sea. To become republicans and elect a president would be a way out of the difficulty; but republican sentiment is just as foreign to their nature as it is to that of the English people.

For an American it is not so easy to understand the cravings of a nation for a monarch whose kindred had oppressed it for centuries. Why should they desire the whip? It seems strange and almost incredible. It reminds one of the ox which is so used to the yoke that it willingly bears it. But so it is; the peasants of Hungary are just as royalistic in sentiment as their nobles who fed at the tables of their kings. Their ancient legends, their ballads, which sing of the valor and power of their kings; their pride in the sparkle and glamour of royalty, add to their infatuation for monarchy.

Then there is the force of habit. Cultivators of the soil are conservative the whole world over. The more Oriental they are, the more conservative they are. The Magyar peasant came from Asia. Magyars are Tatars by race, and their conservatism is proverbial. The late King Charles they adored; Francis Joseph they feared and respected. He had them hanged in 1848, when they rebelled against his rule, though he was only eighteen years old at the time. He had thirteen of their rebel generals hanged on one day, October 6, 1849. Still, when it came to fight his battles against Italy and Bismarck, in 1866, the Magyar peasant and the nobles were ready to

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do so. There was in them a fascination for royalty, and that did the work; they would endure anything for their king. They are like the Russian peasants, who were flogged, and would kiss the hand that flogged them. It is the psychology of the peasant. The rough toiler of the soil, indeed, enjoys being ordered about and beaten now and then.

The late King Charles was a youthful dreamer, a lover of his people, a modern ruler in a way, who would even talk to his peasants, shake their rough hands, offer them cigars, and question them about the well-being of their families. During the war he lived constantly among them at the front, he visited hospitals daily, he suffered with them, and shared their privations. Other advantages he possessed were his youth and the fact that he endeavored to bring the war to an end as soon as he mounted the throne. His people knew of his efforts and of his struggles with Kaiser Wilhelm. They knew that he even risked the disapproval of the War Lord of Germany to bring about peace. And they appreciated his effort. He was a dreamer and an enthusiast, he was young, and ambitious to gain the love of his people. That he was weak and without talent, a visionary who could not believe in misfortune, was not his fault. That he was well meaning and honest, no one, even his enemies, could deny.

His death will, no doubt, make things more difficult in Hungary for both parties, for his death has made him a legendary figure. He is now looked upon as the king who was exiled and could not live through it. The peasants will say that he was poisoned and that Horthy is to blame for his death. His son will take his place in their hearts, and there will be a bitter struggle for his recognition.

Whoever it is who will ultimately become King of Hungary will have a very difficult time in eliminating this ten-year-old boy as a pretender to the throne; for he will be recognized by most Magyars as their legitimate king as long as he lives.

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The Month in World Affairs

By LOTHROP STODDARD

The Crisis in India—The Bolshevist Revolt in South Africa—Italian-Jugoslav Frictions—Where Government Ownership Loses out—Progressive Canton—Things Worth Watching

WHILE Europe at Genoa endeavors to put its troubled house in order, events in Asia and Africa remain highly critical in character. The vast ferment which pervades the entire Orient from Morocco to China becomes steadily more acute. One of the Oriental storm-centers, Egypt, was discussed in this department last month. This month I shall discuss another Oriental storm-center —India.

In India the political barometer is falling fast, and the storm-clouds are banking heavily upon the horizon. The arrest of Gandhi and many other Indian leaders, both Hindu and Mohammedan, are portents of troublous times ahead. For the moment the spring crops absorb the energies of India's agricultural millions, but when the crops have been garnered and the fiery Indian summer comes, there may be a different story to tell. At any rate, the British authorities are taking no chances. All over India troops are being massed at strategic points, the European civilian population is being armed, and the Government is issuing warnings that sedition will be sternly dealt with. In other words, India seems to be facing the gravest crisis since the Mutiny.

The outstanding feature of this Indian crisis is its prodigious complexity. We are too apt to think of India as a "country"; a very big country, perhaps, but still a country like our own. That, however, is not the case. India is not a country; it is virtually a continent. Sundered from the rest of Asia by giant mountains and washed on its other boundaries by the ocean, this huge triangular mass is virtually a world in itself. With an area of 1,800,000 square miles, two thirds the size of the United States, India is inhabited by fully 320,000,000 people. These people are of many different races, speak over fifty distinct languages, and profess virtually every known religion. It is, in fact, religion even more than race or language which forms the chief dividing-line between the various elements in the population. The two main religions in India are Brahmanism and Mohammedanism. The Brahmanists, usually known as "Hindus," number 217,000,000, or more than two thirds of the population. The Mohammedans, numbering about 67,000,000, one fifth of the population, are an aggressive minority, making up for their numerical inferiority by their spiritual unity and their fighting power. The Hindus, on the other hand, are divided into hundreds of castes, which regard one another as unclean and will neither intermarry nor meet in most of the other social relations.

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These exceptional conditions have produced a situation quite unlike anything else in the world, and have kept India for ages divided and impotent. India is, in fact, a gigantic paradox. Possessing a fundamental geographical unity, India has never known real political union save that recently imposed externally by British rule. Full of warlike stocks, India has never been able to repel invaders. Occupied by many races, these races have never fused, but have remained distinct and mutually hostile, sundered by barriers of blood, speech, culture, and creed. Thus India, as large and populous as Europe or China, has neither, like China, evolved a generalized national unity, nor, like Europe, has developed a specialized national diversity; but has remained a formless, unstable indeterminate, with tendencies in both directions which are never carried to their logical conclusion.

For more than a century Great Britain has ruled India. This British Raj is a system of government unique in the world's history. Until the reforms of the last few years, when Indians have been given an increasing share in the administration, it was a government by a few hundred highly skilled British administrative experts, backed by a small professional army, ruling a vast agglomeration of subject peoples. It was frankly an absolute paternalism, governing as it saw fit, and with no more responsibility to the governed than the native despots whom it had displaced. But it governed well. In efficiency, honesty, and sense of duty the Government of India is probably the best example of benevolent absolutism that the world has ever seen. It gave India profound peace. It played no favorites, holding the scales even between rival races, creeds, and castes. Lastly, it made India a real political entity, something which India had never been before. For the first time in its history India was firmly united under one rule—the rule of the *Pax Britannica*.

Yet the very virtues of British rule sowed the seeds of future trouble. Generations grew up, peacefully united in unprecedented acquaintanceship, forgetful of past ills, seeing only European shortcomings, and, above all, familiar with Western ideas of self-government, liberty, and nationality. In India, as elsewhere in the East, there was bound to arise a growing movement of discontent against Western rule—a discontent varying from moderate demands for increasing autonomy to radical demands for immediate independence.

Down to about twenty years ago the discontented elements in India were confined almost exclusively to the Western-educated "intellectuals," who were also mostly Hindus. The Indian masses in both town and country were too much preoccupied with the ever-present problem of getting a living to bother their heads much about the British Raj. Furthermore, the Mohammedans were suspicious of the "Nationalists," because the latter were dreaming of the glories of the old Brahmanical India before the Moslems came. The Indian Moslems were, to be sure, also exhibiting "Nationalist" symptoms, but these were of a Pan-islamic character, looking toward a Mohammedan-ruled India in close touch with the rest of the Moslem world. Thus the first result of political unrest in India was a revival of those smoldering animosities between Hindu and Mohammedan which had torn

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India to pieces before the establishment of British rule.

For this reason the first wave of open sedition against British rule, which passed over India between the years 1906 and 1909, was almost entirely Hindu. During those years the malcontents committed many acts of terrorism, answered by stern repression by the British Government. However, the party of violence proved to be a small minority, the conservative Hindu leaders condemning terrorism and urging their fellow-countrymen to seek the realization of their aspirations by peaceful means. The British Government, on its side, passed the Indian Councils Act of 1909, granting a considerable measure of local self-government and enlarging the share of Indians in the administration. These concessions, while by no means satisfying Indian political aspirations, were accepted by the moderates as a first instalment of wider concessions, and revolutionary agitation died down. King George's visit to India in 1911 evoked much loyal enthusiasm, which augured well for the future.

This era of good feeling persisted substantially unaltered down to 1914. Seditious unrest did exist, but it was confined to a small element. When the Great War broke out, India rallied to the empire and contributed her full share of money and men. However, these very sacrifices inspired the Indians to ask for a much larger degree of self-government. So impressed was the British Government with the extent of these demands that in 1917 it sent out Mr. Montagu, then secretary of state for India, to make a thorough investigation of conditions in India. For months the problem was carefully weighed, and the upshot was a monumental report recommending concessions far beyond any hitherto made. As a matter of fact, this report was substantially enacted into law by the British Parliament in 1919. By this legislation India then received a modified home rule, and it was explicitly stated that further concessions would be made a decade hence if the new reforms should have worked well in practice.

Unfortunately, before the "Montagu-Chelmsford reforms" became law at the end of 1919, a series of events had plunged India into a turmoil of unrest graver than that of the years 1905–09. To begin with, the war had had a profoundly unsettling effect upon India, as it had elsewhere, and on top of this were a number of special factors: a terrible epidemic of influenza, devastating crop failures, wide-spread famine, an Afghan war, and Bolshevist propaganda. All these factors encouraged the extremist faction, which had of course denounced the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms as a delusion and a snare, and demanded nothing less than immediate independence. The upshot was a fresh wave of militant unrest, displaying itself in an epidemic of riots, terrorism, and seditious activity. So alarmed were the authorities that they felt compelled to enact special legislation to combat sedition. This new law, known as the Rowlatt Act, aroused a storm of protest. Stigmatized as the "Black Cobra Act," its repeal was demanded by monster mass-meetings held in many parts of India. These meetings gave place to wholesale rioting, assassination of officials, and destruction of property. By the spring of 1919 India appeared to be almost on the verge of revolution.

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The Government, however, stood firm. Violence was met by stern repression. Riotous mobs were dispersed by rifle- and machine-gun-fire or were scattered by bombs dropped from low-flying aëroplanes. The most noted of these occurrences was the so-called "Amritsar Massacre," where British troops fired into a seditious mass-meeting, killing or wounding over two thousand persons. In the end the Government got control of the situation. Order was restored, the seditious leaders were swept into custody, and the revolutionary agitation was once more driven underground. Moral peace, however, was not attained. Indian public opinion remained sore and resentful at the Government's drastic measures, and the revolutionary elements, though temporarily silenced, were strengthened for future trouble.

Thus, when the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms were enacted into law in the autumn of 1919, they encountered a popular state of mind most unfavorable for their successful application. As a matter of fact, affairs in India continued to go from bad to worse. By 1920 a new complication arose—Mohammedan unrest over the settlement of the Near East. Hitherto Indian unrest had been almost purely Hindu. But the way in which the Ottoman Empire was partitioned at the peace conferences and the sultan-calif was shorn of his spiritual power infuriated Moslems everywhere, notably in India. Feeling that Islam was in danger, the Indian Moslems tended to make common cause with the Hindus, and these in turn backed up the Moslems in their demands for better treatment of the Turks. Here, obviously, was a development highly alarming to the British authorities. Once before in Indian history Hindus and Mohammedans had made common cause against their British rulers, and the result had been the Mutiny.

It was at this moment that there appeared the extraordinary figure of Gandhi. Rejecting violence, Gandhi was, nevertheless, an extremist, demanding nothing less than virtual independence for India. In fact, Gandhi protested not merely against British rule, but also against the whole spirit of Western civilization. Gandhi proposed to attain his ends by wholesale passive resistance, or, as he termed it, "non-coöperation." His idea was a gigantic boycott of everything British. No attention was to be paid to the Montagu-Chelmsford political reforms, voters were to stay away from the polls, and thus elect no members to the new legislative bodies; lawyers and litigants were to avoid the courts; taxpayers refuse to pay imposts; workmen were to go on strike; shopkeepers to refuse to buy or sell British-made goods; even pupils to leave the schools and colleges. This wholesale outcasting of everything British would make the English in India a new sort of pariahs—"untouchables." The British Government and the European community in India would be left in absolute isolation; and the Raj, rendered unworkable, would have to grant the extremist demands for virtual independence.

Such was the non-coöperation idea. In practice it has not disrupted British rule, but it has thrown India into confusion and has intensified unrest. In fact, despite his great moral authority, Gandhi has not succeeded in preventing violence, which is increasing steadily. The most ominous feature of the

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situation seems to be the tendency of the masses to break away from their own leaders and fall into anarchy. It is against this dread contingency that the British authorities are to-day preparing the sternest measures. At the same time they are trying to rally the moderate elements in India to the cause of order and are endeavoring to placate the Mohammedans by concessions to the Turks and to the Egyptians, as narrated last month.

What the near future will bring in India, no one can say. Unquestionably, the next few months will witness events of great importance. The thing to be remembered is that India to-day faces the acutest crisis since the Mutiny. In fact, the present crisis is intrinsically much graver than the Mutiny, because the issues involved are much more complex and profound. The Mutiny was, in the main, a revolt of dissatisfied native troops and native princes, which remained more or less localized within certain areas, the rest of India continuing undisturbed. The present unrest involves every part of India, and is not merely political, but economic and social as well.

The truth of the matter is that India is to-day a battle-ground between the forces of evolutionary and revolutionary change. It is a supremely critical time. The old order is obviously passing, and the new order is not yet fairly in sight. The hour is big with possibilities of good and evil, construction and catastrophe.

THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLT IN SOUTH AFRICA

The bloody revolt in the gold-mining districts of the Transvaal, South Africa, is one more symptom of that militant social unrest which to-day afflicts the entire world and which crops out in the most distant regions. The Transvaal gold-fields have more than once been the scene of bitter industrial strife, but the recent outbreak was far more revolutionary in character than previous disturbances had been. General Smuts, the prime minister of the South African Union, has stated categorically that nothing less than a Bolshevist revolution and the establishment of a Soviet republic was contemplated, and all the evidence seems to prove that he was correct.

The Transvaal gold-fields, known as "the Rand," are an extensive district surrounding the large city of Johannesburg. The Rand is the largest single gold-producing area in existence, nearly one fifth of all the world's supply of gold being there produced. The ore, however, is not of particularly high grade, so that, despite the large aggregate output, the expense of extraction is great, and the margin of profit not particularly high. This makes the wages factor an item of capital importance. And, unfortunately for industrial peace, the labor problem is complicated by an acute race problem. South Africa is a land inhabited by two races, whites and blacks. The whites are a minority, the census of 1911 showing that out of the union's 6,000,000 inhabitants only 1,300,000 were white, while 4,700,000 were colored. Furthermore, the whites are divided among themselves. The majority are of Dutch descent, the so-called Boers, while the minority are mostly of British origin, with certain other European elements in the towns and mining regions.

Throughout South Africa there is a strict color-line, which applies to industry as much as to social relations.

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Whites and blacks do not work together in the same trade. On the contrary, trades are run along race lines. The skilled occupations are reserved for whites, and no black man is admitted, whatever his personal qualifications. On the other hand, no white man, however hard pressed, would drop to an occupation conducted by blacks. Such occupations are called "Kafir's work," and would degrade a white laborer engaging therein into a social outcast. Furthermore, wages are likewise determined on race lines. The black standard of living is so much lower than the white standard that whites would starve on what is ample for the blacks. Generally speaking, white labor is paid about three times as much as black labor.

Bearing these general facts in mind, we are now in a position to understand the reasons for the industrial crisis which arose on the Rand a few months ago. During the war gold was at a premium in the world-market. Accordingly, the Rand prospered, and high wages were paid. But since the war the value of gold has lessened. Thus, with profits turning into losses, the mines were faced with the alternative of shutting down or cutting wages. The mine-owners proposed to do this in two ways—by cutting wages all along the line, and by opening certain lines of work to colored labor. This latter method was perfectly feasible, because it had been shown that blacks could do many of the semi-skilled jobs fully as well as the whites, who were holding the jobs by custom or agreement and were drawing two or three times the wages which blacks would accept.

Naturally, this spelled trouble. The white workers, solidly organized, not only rejected the proposed changes, but countered with a demand for the nationalization of the mines, precisely as the coal-miners of England and Wales had recently done. Feeling rose steadily on both sides, compromise failed, and the mines were tied up by a general strike.

Thus far the affair had run along industrial lines. But the strike had scarcely begun when symptoms of political revolutionary agitation cropped out. The basic cause for this seems to have been a change in the racial make-up of the white laboring population itself during the last few years. Before the war most of the white workers on the Rand were of British origin. During the war years, however, when the demand for labor rose and high wages were paid, many Boers entered the mines. These Boers were mainly of the poor-white-trash type. They were at once densely ignorant and politically disaffected, since they tended to belong to the irreconcilable element which had never forgotten the Boer War and desired to smash the union and set up their independent republics once more.

To these Boer irreconcilables was added another radical element—the aliens from eastern Europe. Even before the war their numbers were considerable. After the war their numbers were increased still further by immigration. Many of these new-comers were professed Bolshevists, while some of them were skilled agents of the Third International of Moscow. To these agitators the Boer laborers, together with the more radical workers of English extraction, lent a ready ear. The result was the formation of a genuine Bolshevist party, supported from abroad and ready for revolutionary action. That a revolutionary

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movement had long been premeditated is proved by the rebels' excellent military preparations and adequate supply of arms, including machine-guns.

The revolt was suddenly sprung at a moment when the authorities thought the strike crisis had passed. A desperate attempt was made to capture the city of Johannesburg, which was held by only a small force of soldiers, police, and hastily armed loyalist volunteers. For a short time Johannesburg was beleaguered on three sides. The crisis was very grave, for the capture and looting of Johannesburg by the rebels would have had incalulable consequences. The rebels were counting on a rising of Boer irreconcilables throughout the country-side, and apparently did receive some small reinforcements. Furthermore, there was the even more terrible danger of a native uprising. The rebels at once began to mistreat the blacks, and these were with difficulty kept within bounds.

Fortunately, South Africa's fate was in strong hands. Premier Smuts is not only a fine soldier, but a popular leader. At his summons the great majority of South-Africans, Boers and Britons alike, rallied loyally to put down the rebellion. Striking swift and hard, Smuts and his subordinates closed in on the rebels as the latter had closed in on Johannesburg. For a short time there was a siege within a siege; then the rebel lines were pierced, and the rebel strongholds were overwhelmed by artillery, tanks, charging infantry, and low-flying, bomb-dropping aëroplanes. It was real war while it lasted, for the rebels fought well, the Boer element in particular displaying its usual dogged courage. But in a few days it was all over; the rebellion was crushed, and the peril was averted.

How great was that peril may be gathered from the official statement of Premier Smuts made before the South African Parliament after the crushing of the rebellion. General Smuts is not given to exaggeration; therefore his statement should be received with full confidence that he has weighed his words and knows whereof he speaks. He stated that the revolutionists had aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a Soviet republic and had planned a wholesale slaughter of their opponents. "The country," he said, "has escaped a tremendous danger, the gravity of which has not been sufficiently made clear." The premier went on to say that the labor organizations that had originally declared the strike were not free agents; that there was another agency in the background. The results of a capture of Johannesburg by the rebels would have been terrible. Mass executions had been planned, and there would have been a "blood bath" of the most horrible character.

Order is now fully reëstablished throughout South Africa. The rebellion has been crushed, and the leaders will unquestionably be dealt with severely. Nevertheless, the revolt has been a disquieting revelation of the explosive elements which lurk beneath the surface of South-African society. This becomes all the more serious when we remember that those subversive elements denote profound disunion among the whites, who, after all, are merely a minority among a restless, warlike black population outnumbering the whites nearly four to one. South Africa is a country of great possibilities, but it is also a land of great problems and grave contingent perils.

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May the destinies of the union always rest in hands as strong as those of General Smuts!

ITALIAN-JUGOSLAV FRICTIONS

That picturesque and historic body of water, the Adriatic Sea, continues to be ruffled by disputes between the Italians and the Jugoslavs. All down the eastern Adriatic, from Fiume to Albania, the two peoples are in conflict. Gabriele D'Annunzio has, to be sure, retired from the stage, but his followers continue his strenuous methods. Fiume, the scene of D'Annunzio's piquant labors, presents a truly extraordinary spectacle. This apple of discord, coveted by both Italians and Jugoslavs, is nominally a free city. In reality it is a free fight, where hot-headed "Nationalists" from both Jugoslavia and Italy come to fight out their quarrels with bombs, knives, revolvers, and kindred arguments. Naturally, all this does not improve the state of Fiume, which is in a deplorable condition, its former trade and commerce virtually dead, and its unfortunate inhabitants left with no occupation except politics.

The latest revolution in Fiume was precipitated by the action of the governor, Mr. Zanella, who had endeavored to form a police force composed of Jugoslavs as well as Italians. This enraged the militant Italian Nationalist groups, the Fascisti, Arditi, and others, who promptly showed their displeasure by rising in revolt, throwing bombs at the governor, besieging his palace, and engaging in fierce street fighting with the Jugoslavs. As a result, Mr. Zanella resigned, and the revolutionary leader, Mr. Giunta, established a Fascisti government.

Of course all this has roused feeling among the Nationalists both in Italy and Jugoslavia, and has made it more difficult for the governments of the two countries to come to an understanding with each other. The trouble is that Fiume is not the only sore point in Italo-Slav relations. Farther down the Adriatic coast lies Albania, a land of rugged mountains and equally rugged mountaineers who spend most of their time fighting one another, thus keeping their country in a state of weakness and anarchy, which is a constant temptation to covetous neighbors. Offhand it may seem strange that anybody should covet Albania, for it is a small country of barren mountains which produce little except trouble. Nevertheless, Albania is coveted by both Italy and Jugoslavia. The Jugoslavs want Albania because Albania has a fine seaboard on the Adriatic, with excellent harbors, which the Jugoslavs at present do not possess. The Italians not only want to keep the Jugoslavs away from this seaboard, but would also find Albania a fine base for economic and political penetration of the Balkan peninsula, a matter which, needless to say, does not commend itself to the Jugoslavs.

As a result of these conflicting ambitions Albania is a battle-ground for rival Italian and Jugoslav intrigues. These intrigues are undoubtedly behind the current political troubles in Albania. Albanian politics are just as hectic as, and considerably more bloody than, Fiuman politics. Recently a revolution was attempted against the Albanian "Government," which, it may be remarked, does very little governing, most of the population, divided into highland clans, refusing to tolerate any government at all.

With two such disturbed areas as

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Fiume and Albania, and with unpleasant incidents cropping up along other portions of the east Adriatic coast, the relations between Italy and Jugoslavia can hardly be termed cordial. The chances are that friction between the two nations will continue to be one of the disturbing elements in the European situation.

WHERE GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP LOSES OUT

In these days, when government ownership is widely advocated as a panacea, it is interesting to observe one important instance where the opposite process is taking place. The French Government is apparently about to quit railroading. For the last fourteen years one of the five systems into which the French railroads are divided has been government-owned. This system is the so-called Ouest Etât, which, as its name implies, serves the western part of France, including many of the Paris suburban lines. When the Western Railway was taken over by the French Government it was thought of as an experiment to determine whether the other railway systems should be likewise government-owned. The experiment, however, never worked well. Not only was it run at a financial loss, but its service was notoriously the worst in France, so that the Ouest Etât became a favorite subject for cartoons and music-hall comedians. Of late years the drain upon the public treasury has been growing heavier. Last year the Parisian suburban lines alone showed a deficit of over 100,000,000 francs.

Spurred by urgent necessity to cut out all waste, the French Government began to consider this perennial leak in its finances. A parliamentary commission was appointed to make a thorough investigation, and its report advocates the abandonment of state ownership and the turning over of the Western Railway System to a private corporation on terms similar to those on which the other French railway systems are run. The Western System, it may be remarked, has a trackage of 5626 miles, out of the total French railway trackage of 24,744 miles. Of course the decision is still in the hands of parliament, but the state of French finances is so bad that the recommendations of the commission will probably be accepted.

PROGRESSIVE CANTON

Everybody has heard about "changing China." Many of these changes, however beneficent they may ultimately prove, seem as yet to have caused little but confusion. It is thus a pleasure to point out one point where the new order of things in China has achieved notable success. This is the city of Canton. Canton, the metropolis of South China, has been exhibited to generations of Western tourists as the typical Chinese city. Girt by massive walls built a thousand years ago, its population of nearly a million souls was squeezed into a congestion rivaled only by our subways. Its streets were mere crevices meandering through a wilderness of buildings, jammed with sweltering humanity, and penetrable only afoot or by sedan-chair. Through this dim labyrinth the tourist passed, assailed by tumult, squalor, and smells that were famous even in the East.

To-day all this is fast passing away. The revolution of 1910 brought to power a group of Western-educated leaders, many of them educated in

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America and the result of a decade of consistent effort has been a surprising transformation. The old walls are gone, their sites being occupied by broad avenues, well paved and well cared for. These avenues are only part of a modern highway system already totaling more than twenty-four miles, over which passes a bustling traffic composed not merely of rickshaws and carts, but also automobiles, motor-trucks, and even motor-buses running on regular schedules. Meanwhile blocks of crazy old structures have been demolished, to be replaced by handsome modern structures built on Western lines. "Town planning" is distinctly to the fore. Three city parks have been laid out, one of these, in the middle of the city, being almost completed. The largest park is to contain a spacious public athletic field.

Behind all these improvements stands a city government of high public spirit and proved ability. The mayor, for example, is a product of American education. He studied first at the University of California and later at Columbia University, where he specialized in municipal-government courses. He has certainly applied the lessons he learned, for the Canton municipality is run on the most up-to-date lines. It is divided into twelve police wards and six sanitary districts. The police force numbers over four thousand patrolmen, besides an efficient detective service. The sanitary department has installed a good water and sewer system in the improved quarters of the city, and employs about a thousand laborers for the daily cleaning of the streets. Education is far from being neglected. One fifth of the municipal appropriations are allotted to the public schools, and about forty thousand children are attending the graded public schools, which already number sixty-one. Last, but not least, Canton has a very modern municipal budget, expenditures so far exceeding receipts that the city is acquiring a good-sized debt.

THINGS WORTH WATCHING

The European political and financial situation centers around the Genoa Conference. Every country in Europe is directly or indirectly involved, while America, though determined to take no part in the deliberations, is keenly interested in the conference's decisions. At this writing the outcome is not determined; therefore comment will be here withheld.

All over eastern Europe, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, there is a most interesting exchange of diplomatic views going on between the various governments of the "New Balkan" States with a view to settling both their political and economic relations. As yet the only tangible result is the "Little Entente," the diplomatic understanding between Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. About this understanding, however, are grouped various diplomatic exchanges between members of the Entente and other states like Poland, the Baltic nations, and Greece. Whether this network of understandings and negotiations will result in a large diplomatic alinement is as yet uncertain.

England and France are making a serious effort to end the war between the Greeks and the Turkish Nationalists. Here again comment will for the moment be withheld.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK FOR WESTERN CIVILIZATION

THE next twenty-five years will be challenging years to the man who has any sense of intellectual and spiritual adventure, for they will mark a turning-point in human history. Will they be the beginning of another Dark Ages or the springtime of a new Renaissance? The politics and the religion of the future are alike involved in this question.

For more than the lifetime of most of us the chill winds of materialism have been blowing across Western civilization. Its spiritual fires have been banked, if not burned out. Unscientific observers have tried to keep warm under the cloak of their uncritical optimism, meeting all doubts with their will to believe in the myth of automatic progress. More scientific, but equally unimaginative, onlookers have turned unqualified prophets of doom, merely hoping against hope that the relative security and comfort of the present order will last their lifetime. Outside these circles of incorrigible hope and inveterate despair men have resigned themselves to such bleak satisfactions as they can find in what seems to them at best an uncertain future.

Of these last George Santayana is a good example. In his "Character and Opinion in the United States" he ventures the prophecy that civilization is perhaps entering one of those long winters that overtake it from time to time, that a flood of barbarism from below may soon level all the fair works of our ancestors, as another flood two thousand years ago leveled those of the ancients. But even such a black future is, for him, touched with light. "Such a catastrophe," he bravely asserts, "would be no reason for despair. . . . Under the deluge, and watered by it, seeds of all sorts would survive against the time to come."

Every honest student of contemporary affairs appreciates the fear if he cannot agree with the prophecy of Mr. Santayana. The civilization that preceded and precipitated the war was at best a thinly veneered barbarism that was slowly consuming the life of the race in the poverties of peace no less than in the perils of war. Pagan ideals of power and pleasure had spread their nets anew for the capture of our souls. Power was the goal of the state; pleasure was the goal of the people. Political life had become paganized by its passion for power at any price; business life had become paganized by its scramble for profits at any price; and social life had become paganized by its devotion to pleasure at any price. In this re-

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luctant indictment little, if any, discrimination can be made between allied, enemy, and neutral peoples. We were all guilty of the sin of surrender to pagan ideals. We practised paganism while we professed Christianity. All of Western civilization was thus a sort of corporate hypocrisy. And this meant that it had no inner peace. For a generation before the war it stirred uneasily in its dreams, and pricked by an accusing conscience, it shivered with a sense of impending disaster.

The verdict of history will be that Germany caused the war, but for a deeper reason than propagandists or politicians have yet guessed. As Charles A. Ellwood, in his highly significant book on "The Reconstruction of Religion," points out, the pagan program of self-interest, material satisfaction, and brute force was dominating all Western civilization before the war. This program simply came to a head in Germany first. Germany caused the war because Germany led in repaganizing the world. Germany caused the war not because she alone had sinned, but because she sinned more perfectly than the rest of us. The basic paganism of politics, of business, and of social life that the rest of the world denounced and practised, Germany openly adopted as her creed and practised. Germany was the Samson that pulled down the pillars of the temple, but the temple was rotten. Not in the cheap sense of war-time hysteria, but in a very real sense, Germany was the antichrist, the perfect embodiment of the pagan and antichristian ideals that were leading all of Western civilization straight to destruction. All this is said in no sense of apology for Germany, but only that we may see ourselves more clearly and repent while it is yet time.

The war brought a brief armistice between the new paganism and the old spirituality that had been battling for control of Western civilization. Every country, of course, had its profiteering and patrioteering traitors, but for the mass of common men and women politics became for a season the supreme spiritual adventure of the race. It was everywhere predicted that the most ruthless war of history would result in the spiritual regeneration of Western civilization. But this colossal paradox was not to come true. After Versailles the search for the Holy Grail of a new world degenerated into a sordid struggle for existence, with little thought of the quality of that existence.

And so men are again speculating upon the possible breakdown of Western civilization. Dean Inge closes an essay by saying, "I have, I suppose, made it clear that I do not consider myself specially fortunate in having been born in 1860, and that I look forward with great anxiety to the journey through life which my children will have to make." About a year ago a group of distinguished leaders of religious thought in England issued a statement the burden of which was: "No lover of mankind or of progress, no student of religion, of morals, or of economics, can regard the present trend of affairs without feelings of great anxiety. Civilization itself seems to be on the wane. . . . Never was greater need of all those qualities which make the race human, and never did they appear to be less manifest. . . . It is becoming increasingly evident that the world has taken a wrong

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turn, which, if persisted in, may lead to the destruction of civilization." There is a whole literature of despair from which I could quote.

Now, nothing can prevent Western civilization from entering the long winter of Mr. Santayana's prophecy except a vast spiritual renaissance, a vast process of moral renewal sweeping through the world like another Reformation. Only it must be a more fundamental reformation. Personally, I believe that we are in the morning hours of such a renaissance. I believe that the raw materials for such a renaissance are lying all about us, waiting only for some truly great spiritual leader to bring them together and to touch them into life.

Let me make clear what are *not* the grounds of this hope. I am not reviving the exploded notion that the war stimulated in the soldiers a spirituality that will be the basis of a religious revival. I do not believe that war ever ministers to spirituality. Much of the apparent spirituality of men under fire is a mere scurrying to cover under the lash of fear, an attempt, as H. G. Wells phrased it, "to use God as a gas mask." The spiritual renaissance that will redeem Western civilization will not spring from war-stimulated emotions.

I am not resting my faith upon the new mysticism that has swept the world in the wake of the war. I do not believe that the new popularity of mediums and all the current hammering at the gates of the other world have any basically spiritual significance for our time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is our guest as I write. Sir Oliver Lodge was with us a while ago. They bring us what they regard as indisputable proof of contact with the other world. Our printing-presses pour out a stream of spiritualistic literature. Never was there such wide interest in spiritualism. All this is only natural when a great war has left empty chairs in millions of homes but it has nothing to do with the spiritual and moral renewal of which I am writing.

In fact, this next great revival of religion will not be a religious revival in the accepted sense of that term. Many of its most striking episodes will not occur in the carpeted aisles of cathedrals or in the sawdust aisles of evangelistic sheds, but in laboratories, in school-rooms, in factories, and at political headquarters. I do not mean to suggest that the church will play no part in this spiritual renaissance. The church should furnish the leadership for this adventure in the depaganizing of Western civilization; but before the church can do this, it must have the vision and the courage to substitute the religion of Jesus for the Christianity that has for long taken its place. Intimations of such vision and courage are not wanting. On a shelf, within my reach as I write, are a dozen books that would usher in this moral renewal of Western civilization if the church really followed the paths they blaze. At one end of the shelf stand Walter Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis" and "Christianizing the Social Order." By them is a little volume on "What Must the Church Do to Be Saved?" by Ernest Fremont Tittle. Next is Charles A. Ellwood's "The Reconstruction of Religion," a volume that is finely illustrative of the spiritual renaissance of which I am writing, for it is concerned with something beyond speculative theology and the coddling of private souls; it is a challenge to the

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new paganism and a summons to the church to fit itself for leadership in the political, industrial, and social regeneration of modern society.

When the church has scrapped its ancient vocabulary and begun to talk to the men of this generation in figures of speech they understand; when a ceaseless search for truth has supplanted dogmatism; when the church spends more thought upon its service than upon its services; when denominationalism has been recognized as the twin brother of the nationalism that has plunged the world into its periodic wars; when the church has undertaken the redemption of institutions with as sincere conviction as it has brought to the redemption of persons; when the church adds to its preaching of abstract virtues a continuous moral analysis of modern social, political, and industrial life in order that men may know the new and subtle ways that ancient sins may be committed; when, in short, the church becomes its severest critic and takes the whole of modern life for its field, it will be on the way toward effective leadership in the depaganizing of Western civilization.

The renaissance of which I write, however, will not be essentially a church movement. Its prophets will not thrill the world with any new doctrine. Their service will consist rather of the bringing together in a new synthesis the new idealisms that have been springing up as a by-product of the "secular" thought and investigation of creative-minded scientists, educators, industrialists, and statesmen. This spiritual renaissance will not mean the imposition of an alien idealism upon the secular activities of mankind, but will consist rather of what, for want of a better phrase, I shall call the recovery of the lost spirituality of public affairs.

The John Wesley of this moral renewal, perhaps, will not appear in surplice or gown. The man who lights the fires of this renaissance may be a statesman. When the partizanship of our time—sorry product of small minds—has had time to die, some man may arise who will lead the world past the bogies of covenants, entangling alliances, and sovereignties into a creative internationalism that will be the rallying-point not only for the political, but for the social and spiritual, hopes of mankind. The leader may be an educator who will transform the sterilities of scholarship into the creative adventure of helping students to make themselves at home in the modern world, of giving them standards of civilized values, of equipping them with hopes as well as with habits. Again, this new reformation may find its Luther in some biologist who will rid eugenics of its barn-yard and stock-farm implications, and put behind it a racial conscience that men will recognize as a logical development from the individual and social consciences that have preceded it.

At any rate, whatever may be the point of departure for this renaissance, it will draw its power from two sources—science and religion. As Dean Inge has put it, "The spiritual integration of society which we desire and behold afar off must be illuminated by the dry light of science, and warmed by the rays of idealism, a white light but not cold. And idealism must be compacted as a religion, for it is the function of religion to prevent the fruits of the flowering-times of the spirit from being lost."

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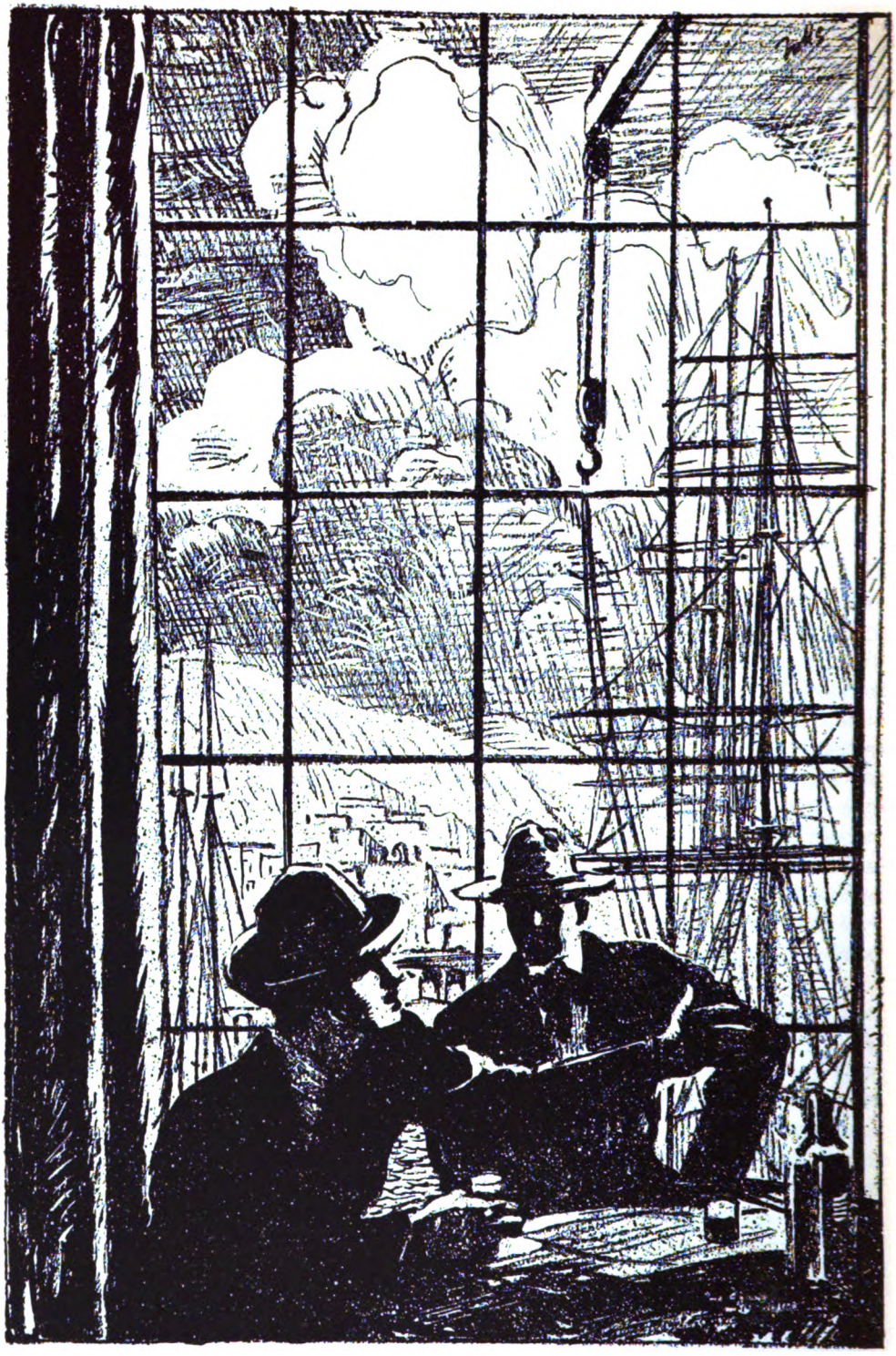

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My Friend Julio

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Drawings by C. B. FALLS

JULIO and I were fourth-form boys together at Winchester. He came from Chile and was one of those who always talk in a cheery way, who accosted his fellows with a freedom in which there was no insolence and gave the general impression of having led what may be called a spacious life. He talked English well, had a gentle, aristocratic manner about him, and his eyes were bright and shining, for he was always eager, always full of astonishment and vitality. So we became fast friends.

When I was leaving for Frankfort, packed up indeed and seated with my bags and things about me within an hour of starting, he rushed in to bid me good-by. While we talked, it began to rain, but we did not notice the weather, engrossed as we were in plans to meet in some indefinite future. Then he waved a hand at me and darted out, to return in a couple of minutes.

"Raining cats and dogs," he said. "Sorry I came without an umbrella. Very silly, you know. If you don't mind, I 'll borrow your mackintosh." And he disappeared. That was quite typical of him. Years after, I met him in Montevideo, but it was only for a day, he leaving that night for Valparaiso overland, and I for Punta Arenas by steamer; and the next I heard, he had gone to Peru.

I pass over a period of travel in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia to come to a day when, sitting at a window in Mulach's saloon with a glass of wine before me, I found it amusing to watch a certain Rosita returning from mass with her new lover. She has nothing to do with the story directly, but in a way started the whole affair. The fact is that she had slighted one Blomgren a day or so before, and he had taken the matter very seriously indeed, going on a glorious spree, then, at the close of day, rowing out to the coal hulk to spend the night with his friend Tom, the cook. But his host he never saw, for, stumbling along the deck, he tripped and fell into the hold and so broke his neck.

But so complex are human activities, in so extraordinary a manner do things fall out, that I, the amused spectator, idly seated at the door of my own unfoldment and anticipating nothing more than a trip to the Andes presently, was snatched up as by a whirlwind,

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twisted and tossed and swept along willy-nilly by strong currents into new and strange channels.

It was this way. Blomgren's death having been reported, his schooner, *La Chilota*, was sold publicly in the plaza the next day at noon. I, lounging idly, bought the boat for a mere song, as I thought, not that I needed a vessel, but because Captain Ruiz, governor of the town, who acted as a kind of self-appointed receiver in the matter, owed me some fifty-odd dollars, and it seemed to me that my sole chance of balancing the account lay in the possibility of deducting the amount due me from the purchase price.

Now, this Ruiz was a puffy and heavy and pallid kind of man, one ordinarily slow to act; but he showed emotion when I explained the matter to him pleasantly after the sale. Indeed, he seemed to put it aside as a something too painful to dwell upon and passed to the consideration of other matters by no means pertinent. So, in his room adjoining the *cuartel*, he and I sat awhile over a bottle of wine, as is the custom of the country, and I think that we talked almost an hour about mutton and the best way of cooking it. It became a kind of academic discussion, and I spoke with passing indifference, but diplomacy called for some show of interest on my part. Still, it struck me presently that he seemed depressed, so I, though itching to get at the matter I had in mind, spoke of his health.

"It is," he said musingly, "my heart. True, I am but an instrument, a machine, a little part of the Government, but I have my feelings." He laid his finger-tips on his Adam's apple for a moment, then, with his eyes fixed on me, pulled a folded bunch of papers out of his pocket. "For you I grieve. This Blomgren fellow— By the law of the port, you as buyer of his property are liable for the cost of the funeral."

It struck me then that there was a curious modified zeal about him, but I affected light interest and said:

"But why not? It is doubtless just."

There was a little pause, and it seemed no business of mine to urge him.

"Also, there are sales dues," he went on tenaciously. "Doubtless that is satisfactory."

"Such things must be," said I, airily, both to mollify him and, if possible, to shorten the catalogue, for his mood seemed best met by a show of sympathy.

"The sales dues go to my office, and, what I did not before mention, anchorage dues also. In all—" and he went on to name a sum that was truly astonishing, and I gulped, seeing that the purchase price bade fair to become a very oratorio, as it were.

"I should have expected—" I began, continuing to humor him; but he interrupted, putting up a hand to stop me, and observing that laws were wonderfully framed; said that each day's delay increased the expense. At that, I thought, his eye brightened.

"I have here the full details," he said a little solemnly as he opened a bundle of papers. "Would it please you to have them proved and a fair copy made?" He poured out a glass of wine with great care, then added, "I imagine that you would, in the interest of business."

"It would but unnecessarily add to the costs," said I; and at that he nodded sympathetically, and emptied his glass. Then, speaking quite calmly,

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he told me that much as he loved me, he loved his country and her laws more, and could not, in the interests of friendship, deaden his patriotic conscience; so that it had been with grief most keen that only that morning he had ordered my horses impounded as security.

"Of course," said I, gulping very hard. But a sinister shadow had fallen about me, and my sense of cosmic humor became edgeless; yet our parting had every appearance of cordial friendliness.

§ 2

I had some difficulty in paying the *vigilante* who called about bedtime to collect the poundage fees and the cost of fodder, nor, considering the latter, could I but fail to be struck with the evidence of a voracious appetite that my horses seemed to have developed since their withdrawal from active service.

So, next morning, as I sat by the little round table and drank my coffee, I had within me something of the feeling of one to whom had come a king's magnificent gift, which I could in no way maintain, and it was with no friendly eye that I beheld my little ship riding at anchor.

Like a rift of sunshine, then Julio came, and he was gay and debonair and all in white, with a bright scarlet sash about his hips and a red rose at his coat lapel. I was a little startled, supposing him to have been in Valparaiso instead of in the Magellan country. Upon my so saying, he looked radiant, and said, "And I must return north soon," and bade me drink his health. So he went on to tell me things, as a man in love will do, singing the virtues of his sweetheart, a girl, as he said, tall and deep-chested, with soft, dark hair that lay low on her forehead; whose face was tanned and whose deep-set eyes were blue, and who was silent and self-possessed and of good family. His theme was *crescendo*, but he fell to a sudden *pianissimo* and said:

"We are to marry, and the day is set. I am here to settle up a few things."

I murmured congratulatory words, though I was very weary with his tale, and passed swiftly to matters of closer concern, telling him of my ship purchase and of my plight. He regarded the matter lightly; then, in his large and opulent way, said that it was all most fortunate.

"For," said he, "we are surrounded by coincidence. I have time to kill. You have a ship. We will settle these bills and cruise north. Up the channels, you know—Concepcion Strait, Tres Montes, Ancud, Valdivia, a mere thousand miles. Or, being in ill luck, we hail a passing steamer. Moreover, you may sell the boat at a gain. Fate favors us indeed."

He had hurried on, giving me no time to talk, and taking it for granted that all would fall out well. While I somewhat doubted, yet the way out looked fair to me. Still, I did not entirely assent without putting up some feeble defenses for him to knock down, such as the provisioning of the ship, the getting of two safe men by way of crew, and so on. But he brushed all aside, and, presently, we waited upon Captain Ruiz, who seemed glad to see us.

"Alas!" said he with great dignity, after all was paid and many papers signed, "I had no power to do otherwise for our excellent friend," indicating me with a little sweeping motion

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of the hand in which he described a kind of recumbent "S" in the air. "It grieved me. Sleep I lost. In my heart lay grief and anxiety. Here my friend, there my country—a dilemma most vexing."

Though remembering the fifty-odd dollars still due me, I forbore to say anything, thinking that countercharges in the way of release expense might be imminent. Then it came out that we purposed to make the northern trip, and on our preparing to leave, Ruiz insisted that we should stay to a light meal, the more, he said, because the captain of the soldiers would be interested.

§ 3

There were nine or ten at the little supper, each representing some arm of government, and I find it hard to recall the main outline of things. The fact is that Ruiz kept the bottle moving in so lively a manner that my memory speedily became irregular. I have a dim impression of a long, low room, a revolving book-case, and some soldiers who seemed to appear from nowhere; but there is nothing very clear-cut. A man named José Maria Lopez detached himself from a haze presently, and I remember being aware of his steady, gray eye watching me, and I found that the company seemed to be expecting my assent to something.

Julio leaned forward and said quite gravely, "You assent, of course," and I raised myself into a sitting position; for I seemed to have been lounging very far back in my chair.

I got a clue next morning when Julio told me that the ship had been commandeered, and that we were to take José Maria Lopez and another down to Ooshia and deliver certain silver bars to a steamer. Indeed, most wonderfully, we had become involved in the Chilean civil war and were loyal Balmacedistas. In the meantime we were to pay all the expense and to be wonderfully rewarded when Montt was defeated.

"It 's no end muddle," Julio said. "Circumstances to be overthrown and all that kind of thing. Besides, she is of the Montt family. Obviously, something must be done. To go south would mean that I would not be on time for the wedding, and that is paramount. Day 's set, you see."

We were seated in the hollow of a sloping cliff, and at our feet was a great concave opening to the sea. Up the great green bowl, borne on a soft, cool wind, came the faint sound of the summer waves. Sunshine and silence, sea and sky, and the green earth. Julio had chosen the place for our talk, because there would be eyes and ears and tongues in town. Then he outlined his plan.

"But it 's absurd," I objected.

"So is life," he said. "It may seem supremely silly, this proposition of mine; but if you consider it, it is order in muddle. And the glory of laying the treasure at her feet! Think of it!"

"But what about the crew?" said I, still objecting.

"It is done already. Safe men—Bill Potter and Rip Nelson." Then he stopped suddenly, and I watched him, listening intently. "Say no more. Here comes José Maria Lopez himself. Mind you, he 's a decent fellow."

Lopez came down the slope, greeting us pleasantly enough, so we fell to talking of theaters, of the divine Sarah, of women and feasts, and, as we talked, idly pitched little pebbles down the slope.

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So we started one day at noon, and there was a great fuss. The populace observed the day as a *fiesta*, and the town was flag-dressed. The band played patriotic airs, and there was a parade to the mole, where there were speeches, and the changes were rung upon all the familiar phrases of political oratory with flamboyant boastings and resonant sentences, and, in parenthesis as it were, queer mechanical bursts of applause. With all the paraphernalia of dignity the strong boxes containing the ingots were placed aboard, and the two officers followed. Then, anchor weighed and sails hoisted, the town fell away, and the hill behind vanished into blue haze; the shoreline straightened, and we were outward bound under a cloudless sky, with a breeze that was disagreeably chill to me. So we crouched as best we could in the narrow hatchway, and Lopez opened a bottle.

"To the health of Balmaceda, and success to *La Chilota* and the good cause!" he said; and arms stretched out and glasses clinked.

"To the good cause!" repeated Julio.

§ 4

Now, it took us two days to get to Axton Island, which is in altogether an opposite direction to Ooshia; but that neither José Maria Lopez nor his companion knew, for what with the cramped and crowded quarters, the battering and plunging of our little ship, and the intolerable air below, with the coarse food at the start, for they partook of nothing but a first meal, they were very seasick. Nor was I in much better case, poisoned as I was by too much idleness and eating and drinking ashore.

We dropped anchor in a little cove at the foot of high hills, although there was a gap in which the woods came down to the beach, almost in the manner of an evergreen shrubbery. Then our passengers came on deck, and, as they looked about them, very glad to see land, Potter, at a sign from Julio, slid the hatchway across the opening. That did not escape José Maria Lopez, who asked very pleasantly:

"Is it Ooshia?"

"No," said Julio, suavely. "You will pardon us in time, I trust. There are certain exigencies. You will do me the favor to land here."

"I do not understand," said Lopez.

Julio was all politeness.

"Will you be good enough to go ashore? Necessity demands. It is a quiet island, and it will be only a ten-day stay, for the *Gulf of Akaba* must touch here and anchor. They will take you off. It is true that there may be slight inconveniences, for which I am sorry; but doubtless you would rather suffer inconvenience than that a lady suffer mortification."

José Maria Lopez looked serious.

"But it is incredible," he said. "I had accepted as a fact our doing as was planned."

"One remembers the instability of accepted facts," said Julio. "There will be no inconvenience suffered by you that I can foresee or forestall. A tent will be erected. There will be provisions, blankets, all that can be necessary."

"As for the slight hardships, they are as nothing," said Lopez. "I am not unfamiliar with camp-life. But what you propose is unheard of."

"I regret what must be, but there is a matter that is imperative; nor do I see an alternative," said Julio.

There was a pause.

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"And the silver—" began Lopez.

Julio laughed a little, very low.

"We will doubtless meet again, and I will account for it."

"You amuse yourself," said Lopez, sternly. "I should counsel greater care."

"Let us, then, drop the subject," said Julio. "It is not, in the main, a matter of money or of reward or of patriotism. I should have taken you south in honor, as you say; but there is a larger honor. A lady—the queen of a city—a day is appointed, and she must not sit sad on a rose-twined balcony because of the unseemly quarrel of two men. Further, her banner is the banner of Montt and not Balmaceda. And so, *basta!*" Then, immediately sorry for his brusqueness, he made apology.

"Then," said Lopez, "it would seem to me that a meeting—an encounter on the sands—" and stopped after flinging his half-finished challenge. Julio looked at him, whimsically, and made swift reply.

"That, señor, is your right, and I thank you. But it is now impossible. I trust the next time we meet—wherever it may be. But just now a greater honor must be sought."

"*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace,*" said Lopez. There was a change in his manner. He drew himself up proudly, and there was the Castilian air of mastery. "We wait, señor. Have your men prepare things for us."

So the amazing affair was settled, and five hours later we set sail again, and the little tent on the beach rapidly shrank to a white dot.

"Good riddance to them Dagoes," said Potter, but Julio curtly bade him hold his tongue.

Things went merrily, and we scudded through Mozier Channel before a half-gale. It was exhilarating to watch the foam-tipped waves and the slow, ever-changing picture of the mainland, with its black, jagged points, its cones of snow, its blue glaciers, and the strong, sweeping line of the Andes marked on a lurid sky. Later, massive clouds piled up against the dark blue, and across them black, ragged sheets of vapor were rapidly driven. Toward evening the skies became grayer, and thick clouds rolled down the mountain-sides like threatening wraiths, and there were distant thunderings.

§ 5

As we shaped our course to round Japan Point and I saw the waste of water ahead, my heart fell within me. Out to the west the spars of a great ship, laboring heavily, were outlined against a patch of angry sky, and the hull of her sank in mighty heaves. Yet she was not far distant, for our horizon was narrowly limited by the sheets of spray borne by the wind, and the sea itself was like a dreary, snow-patched plain, upheaved by hidden giants.

The gale catching us, we being out of the shelter of the island, a great sea broke, washing us from stem to stern, and everything movable went by the board. The *Chilota*, trembling at the shock of it, for a moment refused to obey her helm. A copper-colored cloud was rushing at us with amazing speed, and the wind smiting us with renewed fury, our little ship seemed to leap and bound from sea to sea. Then, as the sheltering headland of the outermost island fell away and the Andes sank, we staggered into a new fury,

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where two winds battled, and there was a short, quick, angry sea, so that the waters were lashed into ungovernable fury. It was a sea of heaving, writhing, screaming demons who fought with demons of the air. A wave struck us like a battering-ram, and the ship heeled over, the foaming waters rushing up the deck, even to the foot of the masts.

Julio swung past me like a gymnast as I, with jaws fast clenched, hung to a stanchion, praying as cowards pray, and it cheered me in my utter misery to see him work his way aft to Potter at the wheel. I caught sight of Nelson at the mainsail halyards, and he had a knife and seemed to be motioning to me; but I was unable to move.

There came a wild, snapping sound and fierce slashings, and the world seemed to spin. The jib fluttered a moment, fluttered with cracks as loud as pistol-shots, then disappeared, and

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a moment later we were climbing up lofty slopes, to slide, after a tense agony of doubt in a welter of frantic white, down into the depths, with the world hidden. And after us leaped monstrous black, roaring masses moving at a prodigious rate. Ages passed, ages of paralyzing expectation and fear. Then up loomed a mighty cliff whose head was shrouded in black—a waiting giant that roared. A lightning flash revealed the narrow strip of beach and the lashing white of rock-split wave.

A crash, a tearing sound, and a rending of timbers, and our boat was picked by an invisible hand, held a moment, and dropped. The shock of it tore me from my hold, and the masts and the splintered booms swept past me, and, stunned, breathless, crushed, I found myself jammed in the angle of the bows, with swift white waters all about. Sea after sea swept us, and the solid mass of each water-wall pressed me in my corner. Nor could I pierce the dense obscurity. Once I tried to work my way aft, for in my fear I needed fellowship, but was flung back savagely and with a vicious jerk.

Of a sudden it was easier. Things no longer bruised, and a peace filled me. How could it be? No noise. No buffetings. Then I was swimming somehow, and the dark was rent with sudden lightnings. Once came a flash of insufferable light, but I was swimming.

A dull shock awoke me, and it was pain to come to life—life, pain, and battle, whereas I had been at peace. Then, vividly, I knew that I was being dragged back, and at that dug my hands into the unstable sand. Yes. I had gained, but not enough, and must rest. And the black waters reached me again, reached and overwhelmed. Then came fury and fierce anger. This thing that tugged should not conquer. Should not! Should not!

Once I saw dimly, and, looking like a long, gray snake, the line of land above high water, and at that a great hunger for life seized me. Fierce then was desire—the desire for life and the firm land; but my legs were heavy and numb, and when I had almost touched the yellow sand, the sea demon dragged me. And then came the rock. It crawled to me, crawled up from the waters, and the crawl became a fierce rushing, so that it was as if it split the sea into a white froth to get at me. It struck me so that my body was bent about it, and though the sea fiend tugged and strained, it held me fast, and to feel the sharp-edged mussel-shells cut and stab was life and almost joy. It held me and bore me onward, onward and up the beach. Fast and secure it held me, and I loved it, clung to it. So came a breathing space. Then came the pursuing, tenacious wave again, then a lull. Now to dash on! No! Too late! Again a wave, this time flinging my coat about my head, so that I was almost smothered. Another lull and a fierce scramble, with foot braced against the protecting rock, and the yellow strip was gained. Then a new dash, and the sea demon scarcely touched me, though the breaking spray was like a hail-shower. And the world seemed to reach out a hand, so that I grasped something firm and lay awhile. And then my ears were opened, and I heard once more—heard the wild wind-wail and the cracking thunderings and the tumult of frenzied furies at war.

My whole body was vividly awake and my mind active, though I lay un-

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able to move a finger. My brain was tortured with the burning idea of things to be done, huge tasks, vast problems. It seemed incumbent on me to keep a whole world of anxious faces alive, and I made frantic efforts, but was swept into a hollow void.

§ 6

The noise of a falling mass of earth and brush awoke me, and I found with vast astonishment that I was stretched out at the foot of a huge cliff, down which a man was clambering cautiously, but whom I failed to recognize as Julio for some moments. So I sat up to see the open gulf, the laughing sea, and a clear, unclouded sky streaked with filaments of silver. I threw myself flat again, for I was stiff and weary, but Julio urged me, and, on my refusal to rise, dragged me to my feet with convulsive force. Awhile he stood looking at me, biting his under lip. His expression, one of bewilderment, changed slowly.

"We may as well go," he said gently, laying a hand on my arm.

"Where?" I asked, quite dazed and a little angrily.

"North, of course," and there was a swift contraction of his brow "I came back for you. I walked over the ridge. The *Chilota's* gone. Probably got adrift on the tide."

"The devil!" said I, only partly comprehending. "But the others? Potter and Nelson."

His frown deepened as he made answer.

"Drowned," he said, and at that my brain reeled, and a vague fear possessed me. "Unlucky chap," Julio went on; "a good animal he was, Potter. But he lost less than he lost in life. Let 's go."

"And Nelson?" I asked weakly.

"Went overboard just before we struck," he said. "Both knew how to obey. Had you gone for'ard when he called, we might have made it. You did not respond. And the jib went."

He walked off as he spoke, and I followed mechanically, and nothing more was said for a long time. Coming to a little stream, he threw himself at full length on the ground, his feet in the water.

"We 're on an island," he said presently. "It 's Isla del Refugio. A couple of days more and we 'd have made Ancud. This island 's three miles from the mainland and uninhabited."

While the gloom had settled deeply on my spirit, yet what he said seemed to put a hopeful complexion on the matter, and some of my misery evaporated. Still, I was very faint and weary, and my tired feet were stiff, so that I limped. We struck inland across the island, and an hour's climb brought us to the ridge. Almost at our feet lay the strip of water that separated us from the mainland, and beyond that, at the end of a narrow bay, was what seemed to be a small house. So we descended the eastern side of the hill, and came to the narrowest part of the channel, where it must have been nearly two miles from shore to shore. I was deeply discouraged and spoke of the distance. He said it was well it was no worse.

"What troubles me," he went on, "is that there is so narrow a margin to prepare for the wedding, and, besides, I want to be at the ball if possible. Her ball." At that I was well nigh dumb with amazement. Then he turned on me sharply. "You swim well enough, of course."

"Yes," said I.

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"You were washing around in the surf last night. I gave you a hand," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Anyway, when it is low water, the distance will be less." At that he hollowed out a place in the dry sand under the lee of a rock, and prepared to sleep. Presently, with closed eyes, he said, "If you can't manage it, I 'll see that help comes to you," but to that I made no answer.

Aching and trembling in every limb, not so much with physical suffering as a kind of inward fever, I tried to compose myself, but in vain. So it was in a semi-unconscious state that I passed the hours, my body but slowly recovering from the strain it had endured, until the dusk of the evening came, and the black rocks showed the fallen tide. Mightily though I tried to steel myself, things that were trifles in themselves assumed a vast importance. The cold chill on entering the water, the probable strength of the tide, the unknown things that might befall on the other side, if indeed it should be reached—these things loomed fearsomely.

"On!" said Julio, leaping to his feet and preparing to take off his clothes, seeing which a new fear assailed me; for that I must land well nigh naked on a strange shore had not occurred to me. I had to hurry matters, to drag off my boots, to tear at my coat, to rush down the bank swiftly and plunge in to outrace my fears.

Thanks to the turn of the tide, we made the farther shore in better condition than I had dared to hope. Merely to touch the grass after the experience was intense delight. I said something of the sort, and Julio made remark to the effect that a mere dog or a Tierra del Fuegian savage did similar things every day. That annoyed me much.

It was a good half-mile to the little house, and, weary as we were, it was an exhausting effort. Only once we sat down, but immediately got up and struggled on. Short though the distance, it was an hour's weary work to compass it over the loose sand, for we kept to the water's edge, our feet, cut and blistered, shrinking at the grass. Now and then disturbed water-fowl set up a noise, but otherwise all was quiet.

The sorry house was a one-roomed affair of corrugated iron and a floor of beaten earth. Its owner, a hairy, bearded man, was a Chilean shepherd whose lonely life had set its mark on his face. I knew the sort, and knew the pity and derision with which they were regarded. Though startled at our appearance and plight, he did what he could for our comfort, bustling about in bare feet and drawers to kindle a fire and prepare a meal of boiling hot coffee and fried mutton. After the meal we sat naked before the stove, fired to a cherry red, while our shirts and trousers dried. There was desultory talk, and it came out that the shepherd had a small boat with mainsail and jib, and Julio was all for borrowing it; but no persuasion could make the fellow part with it. Indeed, the very notion of putting to sea in such a craft seemed to terrify him, for he had only used it on the bay for fishing purposes. I made some appeal to him, promising much in payment in good time, but I seemed to see a threat of latent anger in his face, and when I had finished, he roared out a refusal, swearing by the Virgin that nothing could move him, and his voice was a voice to shake the hills.

"You must not howl like a wild

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beast," said Julio. "Without that your refusal is annoying. How am I to get to Ancud without a boat? I have an engagement."

"What care I for your Ancuds?" was the reply, and the shepherd grinned and regarded us sidelong, his beard on his shoulder. Then, without more ado, threw himself on his bed, pulled the blankets close about him, and said no more. At that, our clothes being dry, we dressed, piled sheepskins on the floor, and slept soundly enough.

Again in the morning I tried to soften his flinty heart, but without success.

"It is unfortunate," said Julio as we sat at table, "but my affairs are pressing. It is an affair of the most ultimate and a promise to a lady. I must reach Ancud to take steamer from there north, and obviously I cannot fly. So I must have your boat whether you please or not. Further, the boat must be provisioned, and we must have something in the way of clothes and blankets. There is no more to be said. So you may prepare the boat. In time you will be well repaid, as my companion has said."

"Then," said the shepherd, blandly, "if you talk thus, you talk as a robber and a thief; for I will in no wise sell, nor will I lend."

"*Amigo mio,*" Julio said almost kindly, "much as I regret the necessity, yet it is imperative. True, you cannot comprehend, for to you there is no completeness, no system, no organization in all this. Nor, I fear, will explanations suffice. Of such spirit was Domingo, who for silver delivered up Juan Moreira to his enemies. Still, if you hope to dissuade us, let that hope die. And so, *Basta!*"

Certainly, for a moment, the shepherd was filled with inexpressible bitterness, and he twisted his beard and chewed the end of it, but the mood soon passed, and there was a note of both resignation and defiance in his tone as he made reply, saying, "Only once does a man die." The native dullness of him disappeared, and his eyes grew astonishingly bright and piercing, and there was a peculiar air of softness and determination in him as he sat cross-legged like a Chinese idol on his doorstep, facing us.

"Now that," broke in Julio, emphatically, "is what I like," and, so saying, he took a turn or two about the little room, then stood, his feet a little apart and with his hands on his hips. "A man after my own heart are you. So hear what I have to say, and bear in mind, too, that it is in strict confidence and as one man of courage to another."

Then there was sheer brute lying, picturesque lying, dramatic lying. A story was told of crime, and a vein of sentimentality woven into it, for, as Julio always held, if cant is but added to crime, the crime seems lessened in the eyes of the ignorant. Yet what was told all seemed lucid and simple. There were patches taken boldly from the lives of criminals; there were pickings and stealings from the romances of *Juan Moreira,* of *Robin Hood,* of *Dick Turpin,* of *Cartouche,* of *Jack Sheppard,* of *Captain Kidd,* of *Jesse James.* There was a touching story of a brutal governor "over there," a ravished home, an abducted sister, a mythical father dying in defense of some wrong, and all subsequent misfortunes seemed to depend upon that. Always Julio was the suffering hero, and I, the faithful servitor, was often called on for confirmation. Somewhere, too,

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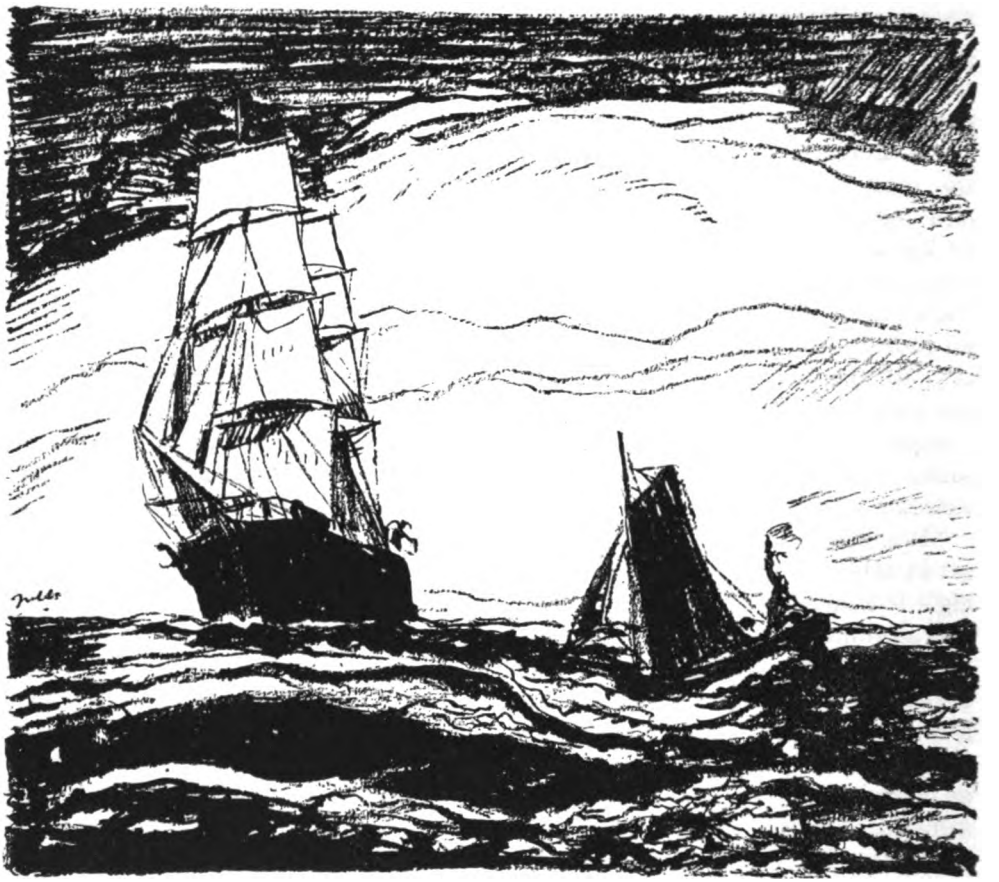

was indicated an indistinct figure, one of high family, a charming and cultivated youth who loved to distraction a shepherd's daughter, and while apparently the evil machinations of a government official had resulted in the outlawing of Julio, yet his great sense of rectitude, he said, impelled him, and, in virtue of a great oath, an oath worth the oath of twelve men, he must do the task that lay before him.

At the beginning of the tale the shepherd looked bewildered, but, as it went on, he sat open-mouthed, sometimes ticking off on his fingers the catalogue of crime of this character or of that, and as the history proceeded, he rose to his feet facing Julio, and looked at him with unmoving eyes, his face pained and wrinkled.

"By Santa Maria!" he then said, crossing himself, "your pardon, señor. Henceforth I am with you. A marvelous tale is this that you have told. And now, though dangers befall, I stand henceforth with you; for we must see this to an end. The boat will hold the three of us, the saints protecting."

"Brave heart!" said Julio, kissing him. "No stouter friend or follower could I wish. But greater things I ask of you. Well is it said, wisely, too, that whoso waits, also serves. It is indeed the greater task. Our pursuers follow close, and you alone can put them off the track."

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"As you will," said the honest soul, thoughtfully, but with a fallen countenance. For a brief moment he hesitated, struggling with himself, then, his voice cracking with indignation, he showered curses on all governments, on all officials, on all authorities everywhere, swearing by his patron saint that the house and all it held were ours. Then followed some talk of high principles and abstract theories, of an aristocratic society in conspiracy against the poor, of guilty thieves in high places, of uniformed despots and rascally governors, and of masters who stripped men of their dignity.

All that morning the shepherd helped us good-naturedly, meanwhile laboriously explaining his motives, and soon, provisioned and clothed, with water aboard, we hoisted the little sail, which a gentle breeze filled, and after the misery, the excitement, and the exertion of the last few days, it was intense rest for both body and mind. The listless waves lapping at our bows made silvery music, and the slender filaments of white cloud and the rise and fall of the little boat as it rode the wavelets lulled me to unconsciousness, so that while physically awake, I mentally slumbered. The shore was a dozen miles behind, a blue cloud indeed, before I took the tiller, and Julio stretched himself out and dropped asleep as if he had been dead.

The night was soft and warm, and the southwest breeze moved us rapidly, nor was there change the next day; but at dusk, when the southern headland of Chiloe Island, all wooded to its ridge, rose against the sky, we saw, headed our way, a small bark. She burst upon us suddenly, a living thing of grace, standing against a sky of blue and green and purple, over which the setting sun had laid a light gold, and she moved along a rose-tinted path, a path that was a sheen of light. The black hull glistened, and at her bow was a thin line of moving silver that curved like a plume.

We hailed her, and were taken aboard.

§ 7

At Concepcion—for we were there in a couple of days—I told Julio that his frailty was fastidiousness. There was reason, too, for he insisted on going from the dock to the Hotel Londres in a barouche, and, being where he could have his checks honored, kept bell-boys, servants, valets, and messengers on the move.

He talked as he tried the effect of different ties, standing before the cheval-glass.

"It is not fastidiousness," he said. "I have a profound dislike to being interfered with. Not necessarily people, but chance things, odd things, a tricksy fate, a *spottgeist*." Then he went off into absurdities. "These annoying obstacles, now—shipwreck incidents, objecting shepherds, and so on. The fact that we are here in time for the ball is most interesting, and the moral is simple when you come to look at it. Of course there 's a certain amount of tosh about ethics of conduct. Really, one helps himself, and everyone helps him. One must avoid the appearance of weakness and know when enslavement begins. But, Carlos, *amigo mio*, I rant."

He regarded me with an air of critical proprietorship.

"Dress suit becomes you better than that cross between Buffalo Bill and Walt Whitman that you affected down south. You may as well stick around

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in the city a little and enjoy things. We 'll have a few functions to get the right kind together, though of course, after we are married, it will have to be Europe for a time, I suppose. That silver business went wrong, and might look awkward if it came out. José Maria Lopez is a good chap, and it 's too bad that he had to be discommoded. I like him."

We sat and smoked then, and from the palm-garden there floated up through the open window the music of harps borne on the merest whisper of the summer air, and, bending over, I saw the host of well clad men and women, heard the soft confusion of conversation and the ripple of laughter, and it carried me back to another garden, where I walked with a companion, and I felt again the thrill of inexpressible delight when her soft, warm lips met mine.

"Give me the pampas and the free life," I lied, for I was very comfortable.

"*Chacun à son goût*," he replied, with a shrug. "For me the finer things, the sunshine, love, music, pleasure, and nights all silver and dark blue and silent. I want to live forever."

"Sentimentalist!" said I.

"Calvinist!" he retorted.

§ 8

The scene in the ball-room, the very uselessness, the superb superfluity of it, all took my fancy. We had not stood many moments when a young man in uniform, a fellow with the air of a fine, slender harrier, saluted Julio in a plangent tenor: "Ah, Julio, we began to fear you would not come." That was our welcome and our passport. So there were introductions and engagements, and I found myself dancing with a girl with olive complexion and large blue eyes, a pair of soft, parted lips, and dazzling teeth. And music, incredible music, golden music, came from behind a screen of ferns—music of rich, dark colors, fine-spun webs of tone; music so glorious and faint that I shivered as I recalled the harshness of accordian and the raucous voices of the pampa and the *boliche*. She took me to her mother, a blond, loquacious, welcoming elderly lady, who greeted me with warmth and made me sit by her side; then, discovering that I was a friend of Julio, told me that he was superb, and began questioning me as to our recent doings, rapping me with her fan the while.

So, with new friends, I forgot Julio until nearly midnight, when I caught sight of him dancing with his love. I was following them with interest when the young officer who had first greeted us beckoned to me very courteously and asked the indulgence of a private word. So we withdrew into the conservatory, where he led me to a palm-hidden corner. There was a seriousness in his tone that hurt me like cold steel.

"It seems," he said, in answer to my inquiry, and with a solemnity altogether out of keeping with the surroundings, "that you are of good family, though things have happened that are most unfortunate."

Puzzled and perplexed, for having seen Julio only five minutes before, it seemed impossible that he could be concerned, I begged for particulars, to learn that not only was José Maria Lopez in town, but also at the ball, and that he and Julio had met. Indeed, they had come together, each begging the favor of a dance from the same lady, but, "happily neither had permit-

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ted the señorita to guess that anything untoward was afoot." But the dance being ended, they had again met, and severe things had been said, which Julio resented, and a challenge had followed.

"A challenge?" said I, amazed.

"A duel," was the reply. "And to-night."

Then my mind leaped to conclusions. I saw the significance of things, the prospect of arrest and disgrace, a charge of piracy, perhaps, but certainly of treason. So it was with a strange sense of vagueness that I went about that which I had to do, under the direction of my fellow-second, who seemed strangely businesslike. I found myself in the garden, and there was a thin moon, and the bushes were turned to black velvet, and there was a careful pulling of blades of grass to signify weapons, rapiers or *facones*. I shuddered that the *facon* had fallen out to be the weapon, for the terrible long knife, keen and lithe, seemed peculiarly hateful. It was incredible that so sickening a business should come to pass while the diamonds of the Southern Cross blazed overhead, and while the perfumed air throbbed with unseen music. But the two men, still in their evening attire, seemed unconcerned.

"Sorry I got you into this, Carlos," said Julio. "Very silly, you know; but it must be faced."

I could say nothing, but I heard very plainly the music of harp and violin, and a girl's golden laugh rippling somewhere, and from out in the harbor the diapason of a steamer's horn.

As each divested himself of his coat and wrapped it about his left arm by way of guard, I was impelled to rush in and stop the fantastic business. A moment later I did not consciously breathe. Warily, half-crouched, each as lithe as a cat, they circled about each other. Lopez made a slashing cut, and Julio leaped aside. Again Lopez slashed, and Julio parried his blow. Harder then he pressed, movements incredibly swift, and Julio but barely escaped, only preventing a cut at his neck by catching the blow on his enwrapped left arm. But Lopez pushed on, and at a moment the snake-like blade of Julio touched him, so that his jaw-bone and teeth were bared in all their hideousness. In his agony of pain he whirled in the air, and Julio, seeing the bloody business, flung his knife to the ground.

"God! Lopez, forgive me!" he said, and stepped forward, hands outstretched. But Lopez, his senses fled, saw nothing, heard nothing. His scream was a scream of agony, and his rush the rush of a mad tiger. Straight at Julio he leaped, while his second ran forward to stop him. By an inch Julio missed the blade, and I saw him grasp the sword hand of Lopez in both of his. But of that Lopez knew nothing. Fiercely he dragged back the knife, dragged it through Julio's bare hands, who, faint with the pain and the horror of it, fell to his knees. Again Lopez rushed and leaped. I saw Julio, with his bleeding hands pressed to the cool grass, his face upturned, and when I looked again, my friend was prone, his body a sheath for the other's knife, and Lopez, moaning most terribly, as a shadow among the shrubbery.

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A Hind in Richmond Park

By W. H. HUDSON, *Author of* "GREEN MANSIONS," *etc.*

OCCASIONALLY when in London I visit Richmond Park to refresh myself with its woods and waters, abounding in wild life, and its wide stretches of grass and bracken. It is the bird life that attracts me most, for it is a varied one, although near to the metropolis, and there are here at least two of England's few remaining great birds, the great crested grebe and the heron. The mammals are of less account, but I have met here with at least two adventures with the red deer that are worth recording. Stags are aloof and dignified, if not hostile, in their manner, which prevents one from becoming intimate with them. When walking alone late on a misty October or November evening I listen to their roaring and restrain my curiosity. A strange and formidable sound. Is it a love-chant or a battle-cry?

One afternoon in late summer I was walking with three ladies among the scattered oak-trees near the Pen Ponds when we saw a hind, a big beautiful beast, rearing up in her efforts to reach the fully ripe acorns; and on my plucking a few and holding them out to her, she came readily to take them from my hand. She invariably took the acorn with a sudden violent jerk; not that she was alarmed or suspicious, but simply because it was the only way known to a hind to take an acorn from the branch to which it is attached with a very tough stem. To her mind the acorn had to be wrenched from me. My friends also gave her acorns, and she greedily devoured them all and still asked for more.

While we were amusing ourselves in this way, two ladies, accompanied by a little girl of about eight or nine, came up, and looked on with delight at our doings. Presently the little girl cried out, "Oh, mother, may I give it an acorn?" And the mother said, "No." But I said, "Oh, yes; come along and take this one and hold it out to the deer." She took it from me gladly and held it out as directed. Then a sudden change came over the temper of the animal. Instead of taking it readily, she drew back, looking startled and angry; then slowly, as if suspiciously, approached the child and took the acorn, and almost at the same instant sprang clear over the child's head, and, on coming down on the other side, struck violently out with her hind feet. One hoof grazed the child's cheek and dealt her a sharp blow on the shoulder. Then it trotted away, leaving the child screaming with pain and fright.

For a few minutes I was amazed at this action of the hind; then I noticed for the first time that the child was wearing a bright red jacket. "Oh, unseeing fool that I am," exclaimed I to myself, "not to have noticed that red jacket in time!" I think my hurt was as great as that of the child, who recovered presently and was duly warned by her mother to feed no more deer.

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I have seen the effect of scarlet on various other animals, but never before on deer. It affects animals as a warning or a challenge according to their disposition, and if they are of a fiery or savage temper, it is apt to put them in a rage.

In the other adventure with a hind there was no sensational or surprising element, but it interested me even more than the first. Seeing a hind lying under an oak-tree, chewing her cud, I drew quietly toward her and sat down at the roots of another tree about twenty yards from her. She was not disturbed at my approach, and as soon as I had settled quietly down, the suspended, vigorous cud-chewing was resumed, and her ears, which had risen up and then were thrown backward, were directed forward toward a wood about two hundred yards away. I was directly behind her, so that, with her head in a horizontal position and the large ears above the eyes, she could not see me at all. She was not concerned about me; she was wholly occupied with the wood and the sounds that came to her from it, which my less acute hearing failed to catch.

Undoubtedly, the sounds she was listening to were important or interesting to her. On turning my binocular on her, so as to bring her within a yard of my vision, I could see that there was a constant succession of small movements which told their tale: a sudden suspension of the cud-chewing, a stiffening of the forward-pointing ears, or a slight change in their direction; little tremors that passed over the whole body, alternately lifting and depressing the hairs of the back—all of which went to show that she was experiencing a continual succession of little thrills. And the sounds that caused them were no doubt just those which we may hear any summer day in any thick wood with an undergrowth: the snapping of a twig, the rustle of leaves, the *pink-pink* of a startled chaffinch, the chuckle of a blackbird, or sharp, quivering little alarm-notes of robin or wren, and twenty other sounds besides.

It was evident that the deer could not see anything except just what I saw—the close wood two hundred yards away from us on the other side of a grassy expanse; nor did she require to see anything. She was living in and knew the exact meaning of each and every sound. She was like a dog, as we are accustomed to see it in repose, lying down, with chin on paws, seemingly dozing, but awake in a world of its own, as we may note by the perpetual twitching of the nose. He is receiving a constant succession of messages, and albeit some are cryptic, they mostly tell him something he understands and in which he takes a keen interest. And they all come to him by one avenue—that of smell; for when we look closely at him, we see that his eyes, often half closed and blinking, have that appearance of blindness or of not seeing consciously which is familiar to us in a man whose sight is turned inward, who is thinking, and is so absorbed in his thoughts that the visible world becomes invisible to him. The dimmed eye in the reposing dog and the absent-minded philosopher is in both cases due to the fact that vision is not wanted for the time and has been put aside. The resting, but wakeful, deer and dog differ only in this, that the first is living in a bath of vibrations, the other of emanations.

To return to our listening hind. The sounds that held her attention were inaudible to me, but I dare say

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that a primitive man or pure savage who had existed all his life in a state of nature in a woodland district would have been able to hear them, although not so well as the hind, on account of the difference in the structure of the outer ear in the two species. But what significance could these same little woodland sounds have in the life of this creature in its present guarded, semi-domestic condition—a condition in which the herd has existed for generations? It is nothing but a survival, the perpetual alertness and acute senses of the wild animal, which are no longer necessary, though still active and shining, not dimmed or rusted or obsolete as in our domestic cattle, which have been guarded by man since Neolithic times. But, as I have seen on the Argentine pampas, these qualities and instincts, dormant for thousands of years, revive and recover their old power when cattle are allowed to run wild and have to protect themselves from their enemies.

§ 2

A lifelong intimacy with animals has got me out of the common notion that they are automata with a slight infusion of intelligence in their composition. The mind in beast and bird, as in man, is the main thing to me. Man has progressed mentally so far that, looking back at the other creatures, they appear virtually mindless to him. Their actions, for example, are instinctive, whereas in the case of man reason has taken the place of instinct. How funny it is to find these hard and fast lines still set down by some modern biologists! Alfred Russel Wallace maintained that there were no instincts in man. The simple truth of the matter is that our instincts have been more modified and obscured, as instincts, in us than in the lower animals. But though the instincts of animals are less modified and obscured, they are also interwoven and shot through or saturated with intelligence. In what do the ordinary occupations of hunting, fishing, shelter-building, rearing and protecting the young, and so on differ in the animal and the savage or primitive man? There is mind stuff, or, let us say, intelligence in both; neither beast nor man could exist without that element, although, no doubt, the man in a state of nature has somewhat more of it than his four-footed neighbors.

My only reason for touching on this question is that I want to say that I recognize a mind life in animals similar to, though much lower in degree, than that of man. And the subject was suggested by the behavior of the hind during the whole time, which was not far short of an hour, while I sat there intently watching her with interest and with surprise as well. And the surprise was at the intense interest she, on her part, was taking in the little sounds coming to her from the wood. These sounds, as we have seen, were of no import in the creature's life. It can even be said or supposed that she knew they were without significance, since there was no fear of any danger from that direction; and so wholly free from fear was she that even my presence at the tree's root behind her was disregarded. Surely thus in her listening she was experiencing a sort of mind life, amusing herself, we might say, in capturing and identifying the series of slight sounds floating to her. Or one might compare the animal in that state in which I watched her, resting after feeding, chewing the cud,

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and at the same time agreeably occupied in listening to the little woodland sounds, to the man who, after dining well, smokes his cigar in his easy-chair and amuses his mind at the same time with a book—a fascinating story, let us say, of

"Old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

The last paragraph is pure speculation, and if any sober-minded naturalist (and they are virtually all that) has already said in reading it, "You are going too far," I agree with him. The poet Donne has said that there are times when we, or some of us, think with our bodies, and it is truer of the lower animals than of us, perhaps; but the small outward manifestations are not enough to show us the mind, and the gentleman in his easy-chair, smoking his postprandial cigar and enjoying his novel at the same time, may be on a very different plane from the deer chewing its cud and catching little flying sounds in its trumpet ears, or from the dog dozing in the sunshine and capturing winged scents, even as the garden spider, while peacefully reposing, captures small gilded flies in her geometric web.

But what follows is plain fact. This same hind gave me yet another surprise before I had finished with her. After sitting there for a space of fifteen or twenty minutes, sufficiently entertained by watching all those minute motions I have described, it came into my head to try a little experience, and I emitted a low whistle. Instantly the ears, which had been pointed forward all the time, were thrown back, and remained in that position about a minute; then, no further sound being given, they went forward again. Then the whistle was repeated, and the ears came back and remained a longer interval, but finally went forward again; and the whistle and movement of the ears was repeated five or six times. Then came the surprise. When I whistled next time, one was laid back while the other continued pointing forward at the wood. It was as if the hind had said, for she no doubt knew the whistling came from me, "I 'm not going to be cheated out of my woodland sounds any more; I shall keep on attending to them, and at the same time keep one ear on you to find out what this whistling means."

The surprise was that she was able to do such a thing. I had not known that an animal with trumpet ears could use them in that way, receiving impressions from two sources, taken in and judged separately and simultaneously, as a bird receives sight impressions through the eyes, placed, as in most birds, at the sides of the head, each with its own distinct field of vision. Or as the chameleon, with eyes mounted on rods, is able to keep one eye on the movements of an insect in its neighborhood, while the other looks at some other object.

I soon found that by refusing to whistle as long as an ear pointed back at me, it would at last go forward once more to assist the other; and when this happened, and I then whistled again, the one ear—always the left ear—was instantly thrown back again, the other always keeping steadily on the wood.

This went on until the hind got up, shook the dust and dead leaves off, and slowly sauntered away without even a parting look at the person who had interfered with her pleasure by behaving in that eccentric manner. But she had taught me much. Did the

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hind, I wonder, with its beautiful trumpet ears suggest the ear-trumpet? Watching how this deer moved her pair of live trumpets about to catch passing sounds, it amused me to recall an old lady I used to see in a Hampshire village church who sat in a pew before mine during the Sunday morning services, and the deft way in which she manipulated her trumpet to capture the preacher's precious wingèd words. His manner in preaching was curious, if not unique. He would begin each sentence in a quiet natural tone, then raise his voice, then higher still, then let it drop back to the opening tone. Thus there were four changes in tone fitted to the four clauses composing each sentence, and there were also four bodily attitudes and movements to correspond. Thus the first clause was delivered standing in a stooping attitude, the eyes fixed on the manuscript. In the second he rose to his full height and fixed his eyes on his congregation. In the third the upward movement culminated by the preacher standing up on his toes, supporting himself by placing his fingertips on the pulpit, and then having launched the words of clause three in his most powerful tones, he would sink back to the lower attitude, downward bent eyes and low voice. The difference in the man's height when he delivered clauses three and four must have been about nine inches, which would of course make a very great difference in listening to the sermon by a person hard of hearing. There the old lady's ear-trumpet came in. There were four changes in its direction for each sentence, from the first and last, when it was directed straight before her, to the second and third, when it rose, automatically as it seemed, and at the third it would appear like a crest above her head.

I was told, if I remember rightly, that he had been vicar above a quarter of a century and had always preached in just that way, and that the old lady had attended the church for many years with her ear-trumpet; long practice had made her so perfect in its use in following the sermon through all the preacher's bobbings up and down, that she could almost do it with her eyes shut and never miss a word.

§ 3

The subject of the hind and her ears set me thinking about the outer ears in man, and how they compare with those of other mammals, especially with the trumpet ear.

The ears in primitive men were free, hinged, not nailed, to the head, but never so free as in the deer, horse, and many other animals, which are able to point forward, backward, and sidewise. They were built on a different principle, though it may puzzle us to know why a long, narrow head, as in the horse, or a broad head, as in foxes and other animals, should have ears placed like pinnacles on the top, while man's are against the sides of the head. One can only say that it is so because they grew so, or they happened by chance to come in that position.

The ears in early man were also undoubtedly very much bigger than ours; and by ours I mean the ears of the refined, cultivated races of man, the higher classes, who with little "shell-like" ears flat against the head always exist side by side with those of a less improved type, who have big ears standing out, and their correlatives, big hands and feet. I dare say the Palæolithic man's auricle was about

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the bigness of a tea-cup half-saucer, and being hinged, it could lie back flat against his head when listening to sounds from the sides or the rear; or, as in other mammals, to express anger. The other movement was forward; it could stand out, as in the elephant, at right angles to the head to catch sounds coming from the front. Judging from the position of the ears in new-born babies, one might suppose that the ears ordinarily stood out from the head like the two opposite handles of a round pot.

No doubt there have been instances of atavism in the human ear observed from time to time, just as in the case of the twitching-muscle. There are those who have this twitching power all over the head instead of in the forehead and muscles of the face only; so vigorous is it in some instances that the man is able to throw or shake off his hat by a sudden violent movement of the head-muscles, like that of a dog shaking himself. I also suppose that primitive man had the teeth-gnashing faculty, as I have known one man who had it as powerfully as it exists in the dog, peccaries and pigs of all kinds, and other fierce mammals. This man was a Spanish Basque, a workman, and as he was musically inclined, he had utilized his wonderfully strong teeth and teeth-gnashing faculty by turning his mouth into a musical instrument. Planting an elbow on the table and resting his chin on his hand, he would start the performance, and go through a number of marches and martial airs far in advance, as music, of any performance on the bones I have ever listened to; and while the teeth were grinding, rattling, and crashing together, the lips were rapidly moving to soften, deaden, and louden the sounds. It was an astonishing kind of music, but not agreeable to me on account of an apprehension I felt that at any loud crash or finale the teeth would fly into pieces all over the room, like two large china vases brought violently into collision.

We know that the earliest man who has left traces of his life and mind in the holes he inhabited was an artist, that with rock and bone to work on he was able to express the sense of beauty and wonder in him, and to leave pictures of the wild life of his day, deer and mastodon and wild horse in flight, which move the admiration of the ameliorated man of over a hundred centuries later. Doubtless he had his music, too, his composers, and "instruments of unremembered forms," and it is highly probable that, like my friend the Basque, he used his large powerful teeth and the teeth-gnashing faculty in his winter evening concerts, when the family sat round the fire in Wookey Hole or Kent Cave or King Arthur's Cave and other dens where they had their homes and hearths.

I have never come across any one with a free or movable ear, but I once met a man who, when conversing with another person sitting by him or walking in the street, would always draw down the upper part of the ear on the other side of the head and hitch the curve of the top lobe over the lobe at the bottom, thus closing the passage to sound from one side.

The question I am concerned with just now is to what extent does the outer ear in its present condition, glued to the head and diminishing in size, help our hearing? Some physiologists have said that it helps us not at all; that but for the look of the thing, we should be just as well off if

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our ears were all removed in infancy.

The light of nature or experience shows us that it is not so; that when we listen intently to sounds difficult to catch we almost instinctively put up a finger and push the ear a little forward; and it is possible the movement *is* instinctive and dates back to the far time when the ear began to lose its freedom of motion. Thus, in "Adventures of an Atom," we read: "Soon as Gotto-mio stood up every spectator raised his thumb to his ear as if it were instinctively," a good observation worth rescuing from the dullest as well as the obscenest "classic" in the language. We have also the habit of holding an open hand behind the ear when listening. The hand, thus held open, and the fingers curved forward to make a hollow pan, is a substitute for the primitive ear, when it was swung forward to listen to sounds from the front. It would not be difficult to ascertain by experiments just how far the outer ear does help us in the hearing. Thus the ear could be done away with by sinking it in and covering it smoothly over with wax, leaving the passage free. And it would perhaps be an agreeable experience to face the wind for the first time in this virtually earless condition, to find that it had lost its sound, though still possessed of its full fury.

The noisiness of the wind when it blows in our face is a defect in us. Has it not been made so or aggravated owing to the ear having become fixed? Our ears, which we are incapable of moving at will, are like the iron guttering, the loose tiles, the slates, and the weathercock on the roof of some high exposed house on a windy coast. The wind beats unceasingly on the exposed roof with a succession of blasts or waves which vary in length and violence, causing all the loose parts to vibrate into sound. And the sounds are hissing, whispering, whistling, muttering, and murmuring, whining, wailing, howling, shrieking—all the inarticulate sounds uttered by man and beast in states of intense excitement, grief, terror, rage, and what not. And as they sink and swell and are prolonged or shattered into convulsive sobs and moans, and overlap and interwave, acute and shrill and piercing and deep and low, all together forming a sort of harmony, it seems to express the whole ancient dreadful tragedy of man on earth—man and the noble, intelligent brutes he warred and preyed on—a story told in a symphony by some unearthly Tschaikovsky or wandering spirit of the air, so fascinating that one can lie awake long hours listening to it, as I have on many nights in rough winter weather.

But there is no fascination in the noises made by the wind in our ears when it beats upon the loose cartilaginous slates and tiles and gutters attached to our heads and sets them vibrating. It is a pure annoyance, a *flap-flapping* as of flags; murmurings and rumblings mixed with sibilant sounds; also a good deal of thunder. It hinders hearing, and to get rid of it we turn the head aside.

I take it that all animals with large ears are in some degree subject to this annoyance. It could not be otherwise, since their ears must vibrate in the wind like ours, and more than ours, and so create sound; but I also think that they are able to minimize the annoyance by slight voluntary, or perhaps automatic, movements of the ears to change the angle at which the wind strikes them.

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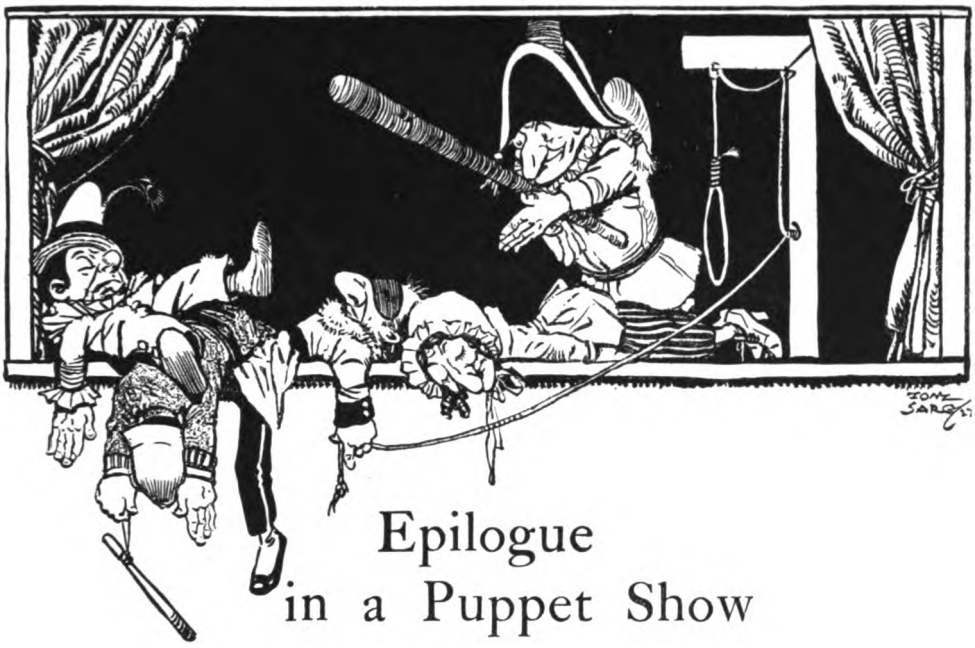

Epilogue in a Puppet Show

By J. D. Beresford

Drawings by Tony Sarg

Mr. Punch thoughtfully scratched his head with his stick and stared philosophically at the four limp corpses in front of him.

"People may blame me," he reflected, "but what else could I have done? It is not as if these creatures had any real existence outside my own imagination. And surely I may be permitted to change my mind?

"Here, for instance, is all that remains of my idea of Judy. Once she was my notion of a wife—a notion that I cherished as long as could reasonably be expected from a person of my imagination. She was a romantic conception, I am afraid, but for a time amusing. But I am too versatile to take delight for long in any one type of dream. The changes are too few, and as they become familiar, they begin to weary me. A man cannot live on a perpetual diet of sugar and cream. And Judy—well, it may have been in part my fault, but it seems to me now that the sugar lost its sweetness and the cream turned sour. No doubt my palate was cloyed.

"But why do I speak in this metaphor? These creatures are those of the imagination, to whose command all the senses are but slaves. And it was not the senses that tired, but their master. We artists—"

Mr. Punch paused, gave his cap a slight rake, and, grounding the end of his stick on the floor, leaned one elbow on the top of it and crossed his legs.

"We artists," he repeated, rolling his eyes, "can live only by variety. The new idea enthralls us for a time, but for that very reason we all too soon exhaust it.

"Yet, God help me, what beautiful ideas have been mine!"

He glanced thoughtfully at the

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drooping outline of the constable as he continued:

"That idea of justice, now. What an exquisite conception it once appeared, and how trite it has become! I made the common mistake, I see, in the attempt to universalize it. Universal justice! A magnificent idea, but in practice the thing is impossible, because your theory has to be administered by the lesser minds, dressed in a little brief authority.

"We give them a uniform," Mr. Punch went on after an interval of ecstatic contemplation, gently thudding the corpse of the constable with his stick as he spoke—"we give them a uniform to show that they are the slaves of an idea. They learn by rote and act by habit; and so it is that the essence of the idea is squandered. For we others have passed on, and have no longer the inclination to renew it. To us comes the moment and the conception. We make the religion and the law, and leave the lesser minds to their practice, which little by little falls steadily below the level of our inspiration until the last breath of it is dispersed.

"But it is better so, for their automatism is the means of change. I regret none of my killings. Once the thought has been crystallized into expression, it must inevitably die inch by gradual inch. And if I had clung to these old notions of mine, I, too, would have suffered a slow paralysis."

And with a sudden fury, Mr. Punch began violently to belabor the dull body of the constable.

"Oh, dead beyond any hope of recovery," he remarked presently, wiping the sweat from his hands on Judy's skirt. "We can no longer abide this foolish pretense of human justice. It reeks of the Sunday-school and the solemn inanities of the law-courts. It is a cloak for humbug and a defense against the greed of the disinherited. I will rid my mind of it, and walk abroad once more a free man.

"And with it goes, also, this foolish idea of retribution, this black menace of punishment decreed by some supernal judge.

"Lord! that I should have spent my youth in terror, bowed under the threat of that idea! Yet I reverenced it. Even now I can see that it touches the superb. Without it, tragedy becomes but a poor, mechanical thing, a mere invention.

"But you, also, my friend," Mr. Punch continued, thoughtfully prodding the ribs of the flaccid executioner, "are revealed to me at last as no more than an invention on a higher plane of thought. Higher than mortal justice you were, because you represented the poetic inevitable. You, in your mask and sable, were the enigmatical emissary of the unseen gods, the unescapable monitor, the final sentence of doom, and, incidentally, a great begetter of proverbs. None could avoid you in the end. You were death on earth and hell in eternity. And by anything that is greater than I, I am well rid of you, oh, last of the manacles!"

For some time after he had concluded this speech Mr. Punch leaned on his stick and meditated profoundly. Then rousing himself, he glanced suspiciously at the clown who lay at the end of the row in an attitude that faintly suggested the histrionic.

"Elusive creature!" Mr. Punch apostrophized him; "how many times I have spared you! But I thank Heaven that I am nothing if not consistent. Shall I discard my old ideas one by

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one and leave this single notion of the joy of life to hamper me?

"Impossible! For it comes to me, now, with a great certainty that I am at the beginning of a new road. No man can be as great and free as Zoroaster until he has discarded the idea of joy, so rightly tricked in the motley of a clown. And so long as I pay it one lingering tribute either of respect or desire, I am, myself, no more than a puppet and play-actor.

"But let me once be sure that this idea, also, has been truly and undeniably killed, and I can walk out of this loathsome prison that I have called home into the ultimate freedom of the enlightened."

And, with that, Mr. Punch spat upon his hands and took a strong hold of his stick. But as he was in the act of striking he paused to gaze with an earnest scrutiny at the drooping body of the clown.

"But he is already dead," Mr. Punch remarked a trifle uneasily. "Why, then, should I tire myself in so redundant a task as killing the slain? And yet shall I ever have peace of mind unless I am absolutely sure? Strange that I should have hesitated to make this last small sacrifice, I, the greatest of all men. Nor will I. None shall hereafter call me puppet."

When he had assured himself of the death of the clown, Mr. Punch rested awhile to recover from the physical effort. His ears still rang with the sound of his own blows, and the virtue had momentarily gone out of him.

But after a few minutes his pride began to reassert itself. He rose, and walked to the door. The sun was shining on the road. The world was open before him.

"And now," said Mr. Punch, tucking his stick jauntily under his arm, "what 's to do?" He hesitated a moment before he could find the answer. Then, "Why, obviously," he said, "I must seek a new idea, and kill it."

The tassel of his cap swung valiantly as he stepped over the threshold.

And straightway the clown arose from the floor and followed him.

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Vanguard, Rear-Guard, and Mud-Guard

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

TIME was when age meant dignity, authority, and power, while youth was helpless slavery. The child was the property of the father. If he did not like its looks, and the new-born are often far from handsome, he could take it away from a never-so-reluctant mother and "expose it," just leave it out to die. Children could be set to work, their poor little earnings parentally appropriated; they could be sold as slaves; they could be chastised in any manner and degree pleasing to the temper of an outraged parent.

Strange indeed was the domestic court, for the offended parent was the plaintiff, the prosecuting attorney, the judge, and the executioner. For the child there was no law, no justice, no shadow of protection from the whim, the ignorance, the cruelty, or even the affection of the parent.

This absolute autocracy of the aged was accompanied by an insufferable arrogance. The father in particular put on airs as the life-giver, a gift in which the mother's share was merely that of parcel delivery, and the child was expected to feel boundless gratitude for the disinterested benefaction.

All this overwhelming of children by their domineering fathers is due to the anomalous position of the human male as owner and master of his female and, as a matter of course, her progeny.

The mother is nature's chief agent in that race-improvement business, and she, unless a diseased or criminal type, does not maltreat her child. That is, not intentionally. But she has done her share in the benevolent despotism of the family, an affectionate tyranny often harder to escape than a harsh one. The unmarried daughter was her special prey. Many a mother has absorbed the whole young life of such unappropriated blessings, leaving them at last elderly orphans, hopelessly dependent.

It was not to parents alone that youth had to bow down in the past. Age as age claimed respect, the elders assuming that wisdom accrued with the passage of time with no effort on their part. Age represented the past, worshiped the past, maintained with all its force the ideas and customs of the past, opposed as stoutly the natural push of youth toward the future.

Throughout virtually all our historic period, and even back of it, as far as we can tell, we find age dominant, an immovable rear-guard, doing its venerable best to keep mankind hitched to the starting-post.

§ 2

But now the scene changes—changes beyond recognition. The male parent has lost his prestige. He can still threaten disinheritance; he can still, if unusually foolish, "cast off" an erring daughter with that melodramatic and baseless disavowal which reflected so needlessly on the mother, "You are no longer a child of mine."

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But the disinherited son merely earns his own fortune, and the erring daughter laughs and continues to err. Erring has become fashionable.

Children are no longer personal property. The law protects them. Social parentage insists that they shall go to school when personal parentage would rather set them to work. As to that authorship of being that the father was so proud of, the youth of to-day talks about the life force, and laughs at any claim to far-seeing benevolence in the beginnings of fatherhood. The daughter no longer looks forward to marriage as her only chance of escape, succumbing to the demands of filial duty if she misses it, but has her own salary and her own latch-key, perhaps her separate flat. The hour of the aged has passed, and the hour of youth has come. This ought to mean to the world a new and splendid day—"Day of hope and day of glory." It will in time.

The long artificial preservation of ancient errors we owe to the dominance of age, and the eager looking forward to new and better things is natural to youth.

Age, rich in memory and strong in habits, with slowing energies and the dragging back-wash of reversionary tendencies, stands as the rear-guard of an advancing society.

Youth, fearless and hopeful, each generation more fully charged with the social spirit, more justly impatient with the repeated follies of the past, pushes on as the vanguard of that long, slow, advancing column; at least it should. It is certainly free to-day to lift the world as far and fast as it is able, and is loudly announcing its purposes.

The young women have, in the words of the hopelessly stammering lecturer, "totally repudiated their two tutelary deities" of past times, Duty and Decorum. They seem to acknowledge no duty, visibly practise no decorum; and as to marriage, once their only goal, many prefer what they proudly describe as "free union."

Youth has escaped from the benumbing clutch of the rear-guard, but hardly meets our hopes as an onward-moving vanguard. Indeed, if we are to judge by the most conspicuous behavior of some of our present-day youth, what the world most needs is a mud-guard, if it is to be clean.

Gay and proud and impudent, they have escaped from authority and duty and decorum, and, like Humpty Dumpty, have had a great fall. Vainly do the aged strive to scrape them up and cram them back into the shell. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can put Humpty Dumpty together again.

A wisely ambitious egg should escape the nest by hatching, not smashing. Criticism of these eggs, be they prematurely cracked or merely addled, is met by loud cries of "Injustice!" "Prejudice!" "Prudishness!" and, worse than all, "Mid-Victorianism!" from those criticized.

Others, young or old, but calmer, say: "This is too sweeping. You forget the intelligent, courageous, really progressive young people and those honestly groping for something better." These are not forgotten, but they are not distinctive of our time.

What does glaringly distinguish this period, among those who consider themselves most "advanced" and superciliously condemn the nineteenth century, is an unchecked indulgence in appetite and impulse; a coarseness and looseness in speech, dress, manner,

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and habit of life; and a wholesale resistance to any restraint more worthy of a fractious young mule than a reasonable being. If even this were accompanied with some strong effort toward social improvement, it might be overlooked. No matter how bad a man's personal habits, if he is of high social service, much may be forgiven. But social service, either in the legitimate functions of a normal society or the necessary therapy of an abnormal one, does not come from shallow self-indulgence.

§ 3

Excuse, or at least explanation, is offered by laying all this foolish conduct to that universal scapegoat, the war. And has the war, in this comparatively untouched country, obliterated the knowledge, paralyzed the will, and perverted the impulses of the leaders of the new age? No, these are not leaders; they are only followers of a current back-wash of fashion.

There is no excuse for age, now that the common learning of the world has shown it its place, that it should boast and strut and claim honor merely because of the passage of time. A turtle may be older than a dog, but is not the more valuable animal on that account. Age, as age, does not necessarily mean wisdom despite Mr. Shaw's vain visions. There is no fool like an old fool, and age without wisdom commands no respect.

But youth without wisdom is no more respectable. That common knowledge of the world, now open to all of us, should give to fifteen and eighteen a much broader knowledge of life than used to belong to fifty and eighty. The young people of to-day know more, much more, than the old people of past ages, and that is why there is so little excuse for their behavior. They repudiate age as being conservative, as maintaining the past, and they themselves, in their wildest flights toward what they consider freedom, have merely reverted to the behavior of ten thousand years ago.

We find in the broad upward movement called evolution a predominant current pushing forward, the main stream making for progression. But there are eddies, swirling back-waters, a drift to the rear here and there, and always, close to the surface, sudden sink-holes of reversion, where the slow gains of many ages may be lost in one.

The particular form of social reversion so patent among our "advanced" young people is the commonest of all. It consists simply in releasing all cerebral interference with personal desires and frankly giving way to impulse. This in itself has not the slightest element of novelty. There were always some people lacking in cerebral control, notably idiots, commonly savages, and, in civilized countries, the various degrees of defectives and the criminal classes, both rich and poor.

But the strong new charm attached to this ancient and familiar weakness, the commonest mode of misbehavior, is the cult that is made of it. What those lamentable old forefathers of ours considered wrong, even when they did it, these misguided children consider right. St. Anthony was beset by temptations of the flesh and strove mightily to resist them. Our modern youth hear the call of the "life force" and fly to obey. Has not the learned Freud told us that it is unhealthy not to do what we wish?

That may at times be true, but it needs no psycho-pathologist to teach

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us that it is sometimes unhealthy to do what you do wish. Some of the most hideous diseases known to man we ourselves have made, and we ourselves deliberately re-acquire in the simple process of doing what we wish to. It is not "suppressed desire," but indulged desire, that writes the foulest chapter in human history. Those Puritanical forefathers and foremothers of ours were sturdy and efficient under considerable difficulties. It is yet to be proved that unbridled indulgence makes a more vigorous people.

Youth is a complicated condition, carrying at the same time the burden of the past and the push of the future. The child from the hour of its conception must live through the previous stages of physical evolution up to the high-water mark of human birth; and again, in growing up, cover the stages of social evolution.

As a lion cub outgrows the spots of an earlier stage of feline development, so does the child outgrow the marks of our long ages of savagery and barbarism. The child is, from one point of view, the past incarnate; and the parent, if successful in surmounting that past and living in the present, is in so far ahead of the child. But, on the other hand, each new generation represents the very forefront of the human race, carries the world's whole hope for a better future. Youth, with its holy enthusiasm, its boundless courage, its passionate demands for a broader, higher, happier life, is the lifting force of the world, or, as was sadly said before, it should be.

What hope is there for the world if youth itself becomes corrupt, turns traitor to its duty of leadership, and sinks to a level of behavior resembling senile decay? Can they not read, these eager young people? Have they no knowledge of history? Do they not know as a mere matter of record that sudden outbreaks of licentious behavior are a mark of social decadence, not of progress? There is no novelty, no glory, no improvement, in a promiscuous indulgence of appetite, whether it be in literal "free union" or such indiscriminate familiarities as rob any union of much of its dearest charm.

This is no plea for what used to be fondly called "morality," as if morals were of but one kind. The morals, which are merely the sanctified customs of a people, may change, do change, with advantage. But in the very interests of freedom and pleasure it is suggested that there is more happiness, more continuing deep delight, in the lasting love of two persons than in the casual experiments of changing scores.

These children complain of the methods of their parents. Have they given any thought to what their children will think of them? There was that high claim put forward by Ellen Key, and devoutly accepted by many followers, "the right of every woman to bear a child." Check it off with this, the right of every child to have two parents.

Of course every normal woman ought to bear children. That is what the female sex is female for, and not, as seems to be widely supposed, for enjoyable preliminaries. But motherhood is not a process invented for the gratification of the mother, but for the good of the child. If these brave young women would really face their splendid opportunities, their racial authority, their power to rebuild humanity by a discriminating motherhood and a method of child-culture

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which should set free the human brain for normal growth, they would have something of which to boast.

§ 4

The young men give less cause for discouragement than their sisters. When they do not behave well, we have only to remember that this is no news. When they show a rising interest in the affairs of the world, condemn war, move for a wider, sounder organization of the people, start liberal discussions among undergraduates, and so on, we can be glad of the new age.

But this new age makes itself singularly ridiculous by its unstinted scorn of the one just past. With an amusing lack of vision they have named a whole glorious century after a quiet little queen who happened to live in it, a method of dating as old as the Pharaohs. A quaint tribute, too, to the ideas and limitations of this one widowed mother, that her special taboos and fetishes should be held distinctive of the age.

Measuring by England alone, if you must, there are many names far more distinctive of that splendid century than hers. The greatest single perception that ever came to the human mind is that of evolution. Many thinkers worked it out, but no one name is more closely associated with it than that of Darwin. If we called it the Darwinian age instead of the Victorian, we should show more intelligence.

No single century has meant so much to the world. Its main glory is in the freeing of the human mind from immovable clamps of religious doctrine and legend by which it had been fettered for many changeless years. In this new freedom appeared the crowding ranks of world-lifters who have pushed us on, the inventors, the discoverers, the pathfinders in many lines. Humanitarians, right, wrong, and middling, came forward as never before. Such far-reaching doctrines as those of the various schools of socialism, of the freeing of women, of the child-garden instead of the prison-like school, of a broader physical culture, of temperance, of abjuring slavery, of trades-unions and all their outgrowths, the breaking up of conventions in all the arts, the manifold expressions of new religious thought, as well as the rapid development in the natural sciences and the multiplication of inventions of the first importance, from sulphur matches to electric light, and all the great mechanical advances we know well, marked that century.

This movement, this unbounded courage, this freedom of advance in unknown fields, this breaking of the chains of ten thousand years, this outpouring of human love and service, distinguishes what our scornful children are pleased to call "the Victorian age." If this age does better, it must begin soon. Is there a movement that they are so proudly making which was not started in the age before them? Is their free verse any freer than that of Whitman, and is any of it to be named in the same rank?

The trail-breakers behind them made easily possible the amazing steps they take. These girls that are so "free," a freedom that costs them nothing, are either forgetful or frankly ignorant of the strong, daring, patient women who opened the doors of university and professional school, who strove more than sixty years for the ballot, who worked their way into art and science

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trade and business, till there remained no obstacle before these ardent young folks except themselves.

§ 5

Of what do the older and the wiser of the young people complain as objectionable in the conduct of the unwise to-day? That its "freedom" is not used to any noble end; that its "protest" is against good things as well as bad; that its commonest expression is in a somewhat flaunting adoption of ordinary vices and vulgarities.

Here is a world needing the deepest thought, the broadest understanding, the most concentrated action, needing above all things precisely this power of youth which is being spilled on the ground before us. By a strong, well informed, rigidly selective motherhood the young women of to-day could cleanse the human race of its worst inheritance by a discriminating refusal of unfit fathers. Instead of which their concern seems to be chiefly in mastering birth-control and acquiring "experience."

With a proud ambition to improve our stock, we might see these "free" young women grow straight and strong, with trained, active bodies and well filled, well used minds. What we do see is the "débutante slouch," whitewashed noses and painted lips, plucked eyebrows obscured by hats worn like the caricatures of an old-clothes man, and legs whose scanty shelter is a skirt having almost the frankness of the ballet without its freedom of motion.

There is no "freedom" in these over-present legs; the skirt is far too tight to allow them to do more than twitter along the sidewalk like an active clothes-pin; and if the skirt did allow of any grace and speed, the shoes would forbid it.

As women their dress, their facial decoration, their behavior, show no hope of better motherhood, which is what they are women for. As human beings, companions and equals of men—

. . . . . .

By all means let us throw off the arbitrary shackles of that lagging rear-guard which has so long and so successfully kept the world back. Show no respect for anything merely because it is old. The young world must stand alone, must think for itself, must develop new ideas and new conduct if humanity is to go on. The growing social consciousness of to-day, confronted with the hideous tangle of this century's most distinguishing exploit so far, the World War, needs wiser, stronger, more self-governed powerful people than it had before.

But this acceptance of foolish fashions, this adoption of old vices as modern advances, this "protest" which has no more direction than the bounce of a ball, the infantile delight of an ill trained child in doing what he has been told not to—all these promise nothing for our future.

Perhaps they will learn presently that there is no date to the laws of nature, and that youth as youth is not in itself a guaranty of anything except the exceeding importance of its own impressions. Then we may hope to cut loose from that rear-guard forever, to have a vanguard that will move ahead instead of reel around in one place, and to erect a mud-guard, strong, effective, permanent, against the ancient weaknesses of an undeveloped race.

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The Professor of Dreams

By HANIEL LONG

Drawings by ROSE O'NEILL

PRESIDENT BURBAGE was inclined to be discouraged. Was college education a success or a failure? If a success, how came it that among his students was never a poet, a dreamer? History had indicated a certain usefulness for such persons; colleges, thought President Burbage, should produce them now and then, if only out of reverence. But how? As he thought of such matters, his heart grew heavy.

One day he was aware of a stranger. Where he was at the time or what doing he could never afterward remember; somehow his path had crossed another's, and his suddenly hesitant eyes had beheld a young man with indelineable features.

The stranger introduced himself as Greenlaw by name, a writer, a traveler, a teacher of the art of dreams. Burbage was pleased with the young man, and they conversed, though whether for minutes or hours the president was later unable to calculate. The upshot was that Burbage tendered Greenlaw the professorship of dreams, and that Greenlaw accepted.

Dr. Greenlaw had escaped the hand of time, as one would put it; one felt that he was not so young as he appeared to be. Indeed, he appeared regrettably young. But to grow accustomed to his youth was not to grow accustomed to him. He was apart from his youth, was more than youth. And how, unless he had somehow duped time?

His was the lurking smile of centuries, which waited and waited. It was a smile hard to abandon; a smile which, when one saw it no more, left the world celibate and poor. His eyes, even more, made one suspect Greenlaw of years fraudulently obtained: they were not contemporary. The Woolworth tower crumbled before their gaze, in them the jungle grew upon the streets of Nineveh, and the ancient sea beat on its ruined shores.

The young man could hardly be mistaken for a commercial traveler selling electric flat-irons. The streets of our age were not at home with him. His speech was that of nations and of ages. His clothes—but no one ever looked. Horses and dogs liked him. He had ways of enticing.

President Burbage had said to the young man:

"Observation, imagination—these, above all, I want my students to see, to feel. Go at the matter as you desire, but produce the results."

"You are a man after my own heart," returned Dr. Greenlaw, with his slow smile.

The teacher kept his students from slumber. Sometimes he entered the classroom through the window with an agility that made him admired. Sometimes, wishing to stretch his legs,

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he would say, "Let us walk out to the wood and talk."

Dr. Greenlaw opened pages of the heritage of literature which had never been opened in a classroom. Where he obtained the old volumes, the time-stained manuscripts, no one knew. Before his students he unrolled the fabulous, the beautiful, the tragic. He kindled the imagination. Leaning upon the broad desk, his face toward his class, he would read a ballad with commentary that made the students vibrate to dialogue dead three hundred years. He would rehabilitate a demigod, a god, as old as history. To his classes Prometheus, with the vultures at his breast, became a fierce symbol.

One day the doctor appeared with a strange lady in a leafy hat, who had come, he said, from the ends of the earth. The visitor smiled oddly. Then she spoke to them as follows:

"Lads and maidens, it does not matter that the university is built on the profits of iron bath-tubs, that the town is the junction of railroads, that it has such and such a number of hotels, garages, and warehouses. It matters not at all that you sleep in beds, eat at tables, that your teachers make you study, that your friends and parents give you advice. What does matter is that you live in the light of the sun and its companion stars, and shrink not from the moon of dreams, or from shaggy music in the woods at daybreak.

"Youths and maidens, nothing can harm you so long as you are will-o'-the-wisps, animated alibis, averted faces, dwellers in your own wildernesses, saviors of yourselves and others."

She smiled oddly again, and the class, which had hardly caught the import of her words, smiled oddly back. A dark-haired boy in the back row looked at her and quivered.

Greenlaw's students began to write, and they were not frugal with their fire. The teacher read aloud to them with spirit the best of what they wrote, pointing out how the description of a certain ghost could be made more disturbing; how the head-lights of a doomed motor-car could be brought more uncannily to bear upon the lurking terror of a midnight road; by what verbal insinuations the mood of the woods in autumn could be thrust into the mind of the reader.

The students withdrew more and more from the every-day world; the neighboring streams, the little hills, the elm-trees along the highways, the moon, began to have for them an agitating import. One boy wrote home of a conversation he had held with the night, and was withdrawn by his father, a manufacturer of dentifrice, who put the boy under the care of a physician. A girl sent her landlady into hysterics by narrating to her truthfully what she had heard voices say under her eaves at daybreak.

Boys went about with "Doctor Faustus" in their pockets. Girls recited to one another Shakspere and the dirges of Li Po. The booksellers were pestered by orders for rare and unheard-of volumes, while the "best-sellers" of the day, conveniently at hand, lay unsold.

Other teachers began to complain. One touch of imagination made the whole university tremble. Late hours made it impossible for Dr. Greenlaw's students to be prompt at early classes; in afternoon classes they were apt to sleep. Surreptitiously reading "Hydriotaphia," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," or "The City of the Sun,"

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they survived lectures on the history of American business and the psychology of salesmanship. For Dr. Greenlaw's class that uncertain teacher became the college, and the world from which he had abducted them was superseded by literature, the world of the passionate mind.

But when Dr. Greenlaw was alone? Walking restlessly before his fire on cold November and December evenings or stamping his heels before a bookcase, with a hovering hand unable to choose where any choice would exclude so much, he would say:

"It seems to be getting rather long. Is the seed being sowed?" he would ask himself. When he had glanced through the latest sheaf of papers, he would run his hands through the locks that vined above his forehead and murmur:

"Not yet. But excessive stimulation in an American college cannot differ from excessive stimulation in the groves of Thebes or the gardens of Bagdad."

Before the evening passed, he habitually wandered into the night along the bank of a river, where there were great trees. Late pedestrians might have seen his ambiguous form there, and heard him whisper in a voice like wind-swept trees:

"What is your substance, whereof are you made, that millions of strange shadows on you tend?"

He came back sometimes as late as

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daybreak. His landlady said he slept amazingly little, occasionally not for three or four nights running. It was beyond her how a body could get along so. Yet Greenlaw was always alert, as resurgent as the dawn.

Before school he would select books from his shelves, and perhaps a picture or two from an overflowing store. As he did, he would say with that most perplexing smile:

"Mixed drafts of stronger potency, 'wine that never grew in the belly of the grape.' By Zeus! I shall make these youths stagger, whether I persuade them to my ends or not."

The doctor little guessed to what extent the liquors he distilled had affected his students in their other studies. He hardly knew by sight his confrères of the faculty, but it had pleased him had he known how Rogers, sent to the board in calculus, stood like an idiot, his tongue forming the words of *Rosalind*, "I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart." Or how behind the dark brows of young Burbage, the president's son, *Sancho Panza* jostled *Falstaff*, and *Desdemona* wept upon the bosom of *Scheherazade*.

Of these things he knew nothing. Nor did he meet young Burbage prowling about among the trees at night. He never heard of the landlady who had hysterics or of the slender lad who conversed with the night, and was therefore under the doctor's eye.

Otherwise it is doubtful whether he would have said absently to his class one morning late in March:

"At dawn there were cloven prints in the soft garden ground beneath my window. Yet I have found no cloven imprint on all you have written since last September." Young Burbage changed his attitude, and searched his teacher's face with a sidelong eye.

The days grew longer, and the first flowers bloomed in the wood. Breezes soft with moisture and the smell of

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springing vegetation stole through the open windows of bedrooms at morning and evening.

Dr. Greenlaw sat beneath his oak-tree late one afternoon in a somewhat melancholy mood.

"The year will soon be over," he said to himself. "Strange that I am unable to spread the magic carpet; that I send no spy across the walls of the magic city."

He glanced through the papers he held on his knee. He opened one that bore no name. He leaped to his feet with a suppressed sound. Within was the black imprint of a hoof, a goat's hoof, neat, small, and cloven. He brought the paper close, his fingers trembling.

"Is it a jest," he asked himself, "or is it the word of the wood?"

Now he noticed a few lines of verse faintly inscribed at the bottom of the page. He read them:

I sat me down to write for you,
And write for you I did;
And now, across the close-knit page,
My written words are hid
Beneath an unexpected hoof
That stamped itself unbid.

"Burbage, beyond a doubt," said Greenlaw; "but Burbage writing verse, and trampled by the cloven hoofs of spring?"

At the conclusion of the next class Greenlaw asked Burbage to wait. Burbage lingered warily.

"My dear boy," said the teacher, curving about a chair, "what is the meaning of this?"

Young Burbage, with an eye remoter than Arabia, answered:

"If they dance below your window, sir, why cannot they dance across my page?"

There was a pause, a long pause, rich in mysterious things.

"I am not doubting you, foolish boy," said Dr. Greenlaw at last; "I merely ask how it happened."

"I fell asleep, I dare say; when I awoke, the mark was there."

Dr. Greenlaw was on his feet, walking up and down the classroom with his hands up, as though holding something to his lips. The boy sent a piercing look after him. There ensued another remarkable pause.

The teacher became quiet, and pursued his eager inquiry:

"Have you had other intimations of them?"

"Not before you came,"—the youth gave a long sigh,—"but this spring five or six times."

"What other marks have they left?" The teacher put an impetuous hand on Burbage.

The boy considered the question, perplexed. He could not answer it directly, but he pulled a note-book out of his pocket, and handed it to Dr. Greenlaw.

The doctor seized it and read:

The goat that rubbed my knees last night
And left his ancient smell
Maddened my heart that I was what
A hornèd goat could tell.

For if his favor singled me
Out of the passing crowd,
I know I 'm not too well disguised
Nor yet too worldly proud.

Most difficult it is to-day
Beneath a coat and vest;
I feared my old identity
Might fade with all the rest.

But I 'll go back to hill and sky,
And hold a colloquy;
I need those ancient presences
Whose tumult still is me.

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Dr. Greenlaw smiled in a way one hardly dared to look at. It had the brightness of the sun.

"I 'm glad you caught the real language of the goat," he said. "The goat, like the lizard and the lion, speaks in the tongue of dreams."

Burbage walked over to the open window and sniffed the breeze.

"Speak," said Dr. Greenlaw, dropping into his chair.

The boy went on, with no change of posture:

"When spring came on,
Why did the satyrs dance, and who were they?
Last night I thought a satyr danced in me:
The curtains of a hundred centuries
Were drawn away; and as he stood revealed,
I started, for the satyr's limbs were mine!"

Dr. Greenlaw smiled again.

"The satyr, too, has been misunderstood," he said. "One strain more, brother, and I shall be satisfied."

"I 'll tell you of an adventure." And the boy began:

"Oh, the night was mist enfolded,
And my body was n't molded
To resist it.
So it twisted,
So it tiptoed down the stairs,
And on the porch I found it, unawares."

"Absolutely true," interrupted Greenlaw, imperiously. "Go on!"

"Oh, I leaped into the mist
As a lover to be kissed;
And my hundred days of trouble
Fell away as froth and bubble.

"The mist was dense and blinded me,
The mist was silk and winded me;
Oh, it was everywhere upon me,
Folding me and holding me.

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So I laughed and I danced and I wept
and I sung;
And I kissed the leaves where syringas
hung."

Dr. Greenlaw rose, and took the boy in his arms.

"Another star has risen," he said. "You are mad, charmingly, evasively mad. I have sown it, the ancient seed. Nothing now can do you hurt. Now you will grow; you will throw this head back and sing like a myriad birds; you will bellow like— But enough." A shade of sadness went across his face. "I must go."

The boy searched his teacher's ancient eyes, chilled by the words.

"Go away?"

"Yes; for nothing now remains to do," he replied.

The boy stood silent.

"Where will you go?"

"Up and down the earth," answered Greenlaw.

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, lad."

The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"I shall come back," said Greenlaw, softly.

With a tremendous cry of liberation, and before Burbage knew what he was about, Dr. Greenlaw had leaped through the open window and was gone. Burbage stood riveted to the floor. A moment later he rushed to the window, but his strange teacher had disappeared. The boy searched the ground to see where he had alighted; and when he found the marks, he remained a long time, staring.

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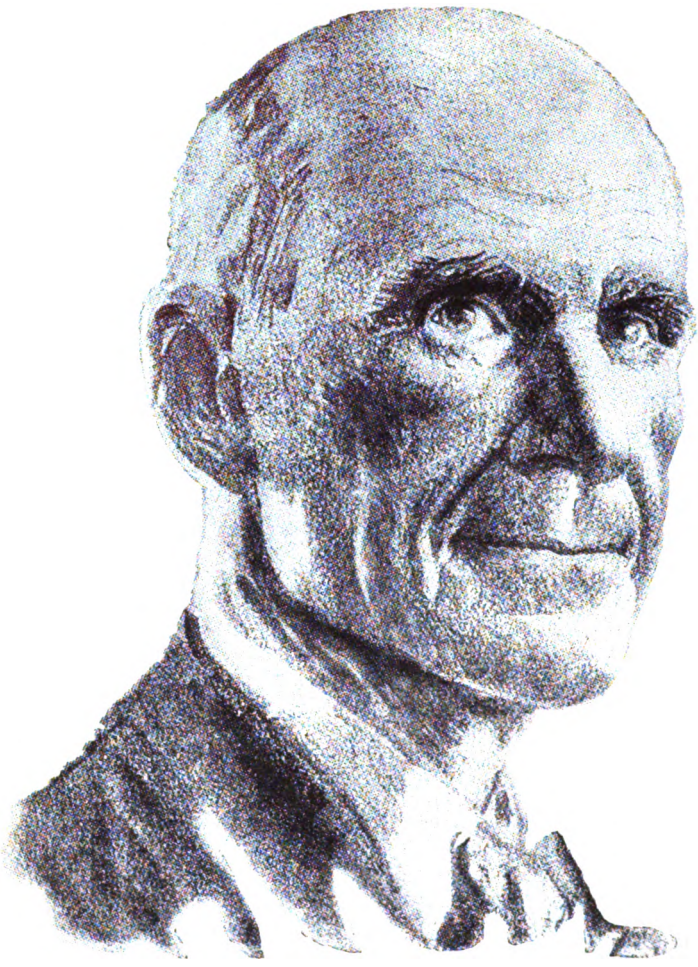

Eugene V. Debs

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Behind Prison Walls

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Drawing by BOARDMAN ROBINSON

WHEN I was a boy, the very word "penitentiary" had a shocking effect upon my sensibilities, and of course I did not dream that I would ever serve a sentence as a convicted felon within its walls. I had never seen a penitentiary, but I had seen the filthy county jail in the town in which I lived, and through its barred windows I saw the imprisoned victims and heard their foul and damning imprecations.

This gave me some idea of what the penitentiary must be like, and I wondered even then if it were not possible to deal with our erring fellow-men in a more humane way than by committing them to foul dungeons and treating them as if they were beasts instead of human beings.

Later in life, when I had become active in the labor movement and had a part in the strikes and other disturbances of organized workers in the course of which the leaders were not infrequently arrested and sent to jail, I came to realize that the prison could be used for purposes other than confining the criminal; used as a club to intimidate working-men and -women after their leaders had already been incarcerated; used as a silencer upon any expression of opinion that might not happen to be in accord with the administrative power.

So I understood from the beginning that all men who were sent to jails and penitentiaries were not criminals; indeed, I have often had cause to think that the time may come in the life of any man when he may consider it necessary to go to prison if he is to be true to the integrity of his own soul, and loyal to his inherent God-given sovereignty as a human being. Such thoughts would come to me after my visits to jails and penitentiaries to call upon friends and associates, in the labor struggle, incarcerated there.

It was in the railroad strike of 1877 that I had my first experience in seeing my associates in the railroad union sent to jail, and I began to realize that if I continued my activity, I might some day go there myself. Less than twenty years later I had my first interior view of the jail as an inmate, and this experience awakened in me a keen interest in the prison and its victims. The penal question has been to me an absorbing study ever since.

The notorious old Cook County Jail, in Chicago, for years the choicest picking for grafting politicians, reeking with vermin and infested with sewer rats, comes vividly to memory as these lines are written. It was there that I was initiated into the moralities and mysteries of prison life. I saw at a glance what that filthy pen meant to those unfortunate creatures, and

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at once my sympathy was quickened, and I felt myself drawn to them by a fellow-feeling, which grew stronger with the passing years.

Soon afterward I was sentenced to the McHenry County Jail in Woodstock, Illinois, to serve a term of six months upon the charge of contempt of court for the violation of an injunction issued by the Federal court during the great Pullman strike in 1894. I had pleaded in vain for a jury trial.

Fortunately for me and my convicted associates of the American Railway Union, the filthy Cook County Jail was overpopulated at the time we were sentenced, in consequence of which we were transferred to the county jail in Woodstock. The farmers in that neighborhood did not relish the idea of my being "boarded" among them even as an inmate of their jail. They had been reading the daily newspaper and had concluded that I was too dangerous a criminal to be permitted to enter the county, and it was reported that they would gather in numbers at the station on my arrival and attempt to lynch me, or at least prevent me from disembarking. When we arrived at Woodstock a number of them were at the station, but they had evidently been advised against carrying out their enthusiastic program, for they made no hostile demonstration.

The jail at Woodstock was a small affair and fairly clean for a county lock-up. I soon had a satisfactory understanding with the sheriff, a veteran of the Civil War, and got along without the least trouble. During the latter period of my term there I conducted an evening school for the benefit of the prisoners, and on my leaving they gave me a set of resolutions expressive of their gratitude, which is still a cherished testimonial in my possession.

Some years later, when I was touring the country as a Presidential candidate, I made a special visit to Woodstock and received a great ovation from the visiting farmers and the townspeople, among whom was the sheriff who had been my jailer and had become my friend. On another occasion I was invited there to address a meeting at the city hall, the daughter of the sheriff, as head of the relief corps, having charge of the arrangements.

§ 2

Almost twenty-five years passed before I had my next prison experience. The World War was in progress, and the excitement was intense. I had my own views in regard to the war, and I knew in advance that an expression of what was in my heart would invite a prison sentence under the Espionage Law. I took my stand in accordance with the dictates of my conscience, and was prepared to accept the consequences without complaint. The choice was deliberately made, and there has never since been a moment of regret. It was not because I yearned for imprisonment that I took the position that human beings had a higher call and a nobler purpose in life than slaughtering one another and hating those they could not kill, but simply because I could take no other, realizing fully that the choice led through prison-gates.

A sentence of ten years followed my trial at Cleveland, in which I permitted no witnesses to testify in my behalf and no defense to be made.

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When the Government's attorneys were satisfied that they had concluded their case against me, I addressed the jury not as a matter of defense of the speech that had resulted in my arrest, trial, and conviction, but in an attempt to amplify and supplement it, so that there could be no possible mistake as to my beliefs and opinions with respect to the subject in controversy. It was an unusual and surprising proceeding in a court-room. I was entirely prepared to receive the sentence of ten years pronounced by the judge. I had stood upon my constitutional right of free speech, and in this attitude I had the sanction and support of tens of thousands of people who had no sympathy with my political views.

On the evening of April 13, 1919, I was delivered by United States Marshal Lapp and his deputy of Cleveland to Warden Joseph Z. Terrell of the West Virginia State Penitentiary at Moundsville to enter upon my sentence. I was permitted to serve only two months at Moundsville, when the order came from Washington for my transfer to Atlanta Federal Prison. My brief sojourn at Moundsville was entirely satisfactory as a prison experience, for after my arrival there I was introduced to the various officials, and came into intimate and pleasant contact with all the prisoners.

These experiences were preliminary to my adventure at the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta, where I was taken on June 14, 1919, and served as an inmate until Christmas day, 1921.

§ 3

With this introductory sketch, I shall now enter upon the story of my actual prison life and my study of the prison as an institution, the inmates confined there, the rules and conditions under which they serve their terms, and the effect of their prison experience upon their subsequent lives.

Personally, I feel amply rewarded for the opportunity that was given me to see and know the prison as it is, for while I was a prisoner at Atlanta I learned more of a vital nature to me than could have been taught me in any similar period in the classroom of any university.

A prison is a wonderful place in the opportunity there afforded not only to study human nature in the abstract, to examine the causes and currents of motives and impulses, but also to see yourself reflected in the caricatures of your fellow-men. It is also the one place, above all others, where one comprehends the measureless extent of man's inhumanity to man.

I hate, I abominate the prison as it exists to-day as the most loathsome and debasing of human institutions. Most prisons are physically as well as morally unclean. All of them are governed by rules and maintained under conditions which fit them as breeding-places for the iniquities which they are supposed to abate and stamp out.

When I entered the Atlanta Prison it was on a common footing with all the rest of the prisoners. I expected no favors and would accept no privileges that were denied to others. From the moment I entered there I felt that I was among friends, for the prisoners accorded me an enthusiastic welcome, which I knew was genuine on their part. I at once made up my mind that it would be my constant endeavor to serve these fellow-prisoners of mine in every way that I could and

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at every opportunity that presented itself. I was not there long before I realized that my attitude toward the convicts was understood by them and reciprocated in ways that will always remain in my memory in tender testimony of the human fellowship that can blossom even in a prison if nourished by kindness of heart.

When I was put into a second-hand prison suit of blue denim I felt myself one with every prisoner in Atlanta. During the first two months I was placed in a cell that was already inhabited by five other convicts, and these inmates did everything that human beings could possibly do to make me comfortable and my stay a pleasant one. They were constantly seeking ways and means to share with me whatever they had, and from these simple souls I learned something about unselfishness and thoughtfulness and respect for another's feelings, qualities that are not too common in the outer world, where men are more or less free to practise them without being watched by brutal guards with clubs in their hands eager to proclaim their authority with the might of the bludgeon.

We sat side by side and ate the same wretched food together, and after our evening meal in the general mess we spent fourteen consecutive hours together, locked in a steel cage. I found my cell-mates to be just as humane as any men I had ever met in the outer world. I have heard people refer to the "convict countenance." I never saw one. The rarest of human beings, the most cultivated and refined among us, might in time become brutal by the blighting and brutalizing influence of the prison if they should permit themselves to yield their spirit to the degrading and debasing atmosphere that permeates every penitentiary in the land.

By far the most of my fellow-prisoners were poor and uneducated men who never had a decent chance in life to cultivate the higher arts of humanity, but never in all the time I spent among those more than two thousand convicts did one of them give me an unkind word.

There is vast power in human kindness. Every one of those convicts without a single exception responded in kindness to the touch of kindness. I made it my special duty to seek out those who were regarded as the worst specimens, but I never found one who failed to treat me as decently as I treated him. My code of conduct toward my fellow-prisoners had the same efficacy in prison that it had elsewhere. In dealing with human beings I know no race, no color, and no creed. At the roots I think we are all alike, governed by similar impulses that have more or less the same results, depending upon the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed, and considering the conditions that attend us. I judge not, and I try to treat others as I would be treated by them.

But in prison the human element is sadly discounted, and men are made by cruel and senseless rules to fit into the criminal conceptions of them which prevail under the prison régime.

The prison, above all others, should be the most humane of institutions. A great majority of the inmates are there because of their poverty and the direct or indirect results of poverty. Their misfortune in life is penalized, and they are branded as convicts for the rest of their lives.

If an intelligent study could be

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made of every individual case in a federal or state prison and the result truthfully placed before the people, the nation would be horrified at the cruel injustice that would be revealed. Most of the victims of prison injustice are without friends of influence to intercede in their behalf, and society in the aggregate has no concern in them whatsoever.

The average prison is in the control of politicians who know little and care less about what takes place behind the walls. Prison officials are placed in responsible positions to reward them for their political services and not with reference to either their character or qualifications for the office. The warden and deputy warden of a prison should have exceptional qualities to fit them for the discharge of their important duties, and they should be among the most humane of men.

§ 4

One of the first things I discovered in Atlanta Prison was the wretched food provided for the prisoners and the disgusting manner in which it was cooked and served. The menu was confined to a few poor articles, which palled upon the appetite and was the source of general daily complaint and dissatisfaction.

Soon after I entered prison the question occurred to me, Why are men who work here not paid for their labor? They are here under punishment for having stolen, perhaps, a few dollars, and promptly upon their incarceration the Government or the State proceeds to rob them of their daily earnings, compelling them to work day after day without a cent of compensation. The service which the State exacts from a convict should be paid for at the prevailing rate of wages, to be placed to his credit on the books, or shared with his family, so that on leaving the prison he would not have to face a hostile world in a shoddy suit of clothes and five dollars in his pocket as his sole capital with which to start life anew.

The clubs and guns in the hands of guards present a picture well calculated to reveal the true character of the prison as a humanizing and redeeming institution.

As a matter of fact, the prison is simply a reflex of the sins which society commits against itself. The most thorough study of prison inmates that I was able to make in the course of my intimate daily and nightly contact with thousands of them convinced me beyond all question that they are in all essential respects the same as the average run of people in the outer world. I was unable to discover the criminal type or the criminal element of which I had heard and read much before I had the opportunity to make my own investigation. That there are moral and mental defectives in prison is of course admitted, but the number is not greater, nor are the cases more pronounced, than may be found outside of prison walls.

However, in dealing with these imprisoned and helpless beings in the prevailing prison spirit and under the omnipresent iron-clad regulations, they must necessarily be regarded as a dangerous and vicious aggregation in order to justify the brutal and corrupt system which, under the pretense of reformation, preys upon their misfortune. There are many flagrant abuses and evils in the present prison régime and these have their source and incentive primarily in the power and control of

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politicians who wax fat out of the misery of convicts by delivering them, in many States, to heartless contractors who in turn sweat and rob them not only of their labor, but of their health and their very lives. The prison-labor contractor is the most merciless of slave-drivers.

I have seen enough of this shocking cruelty to damn forever the institution in which such an outrage upon unfortunates is practised. In the matter of convict labor the State virtually sells its outcast citizens into abject slavery, so that thieving contractors, the pals of politicians who control the prison, may fatten upon the proceeds of their crimes against so-called criminals.

Are the vultures who thus prey upon the helpless, robed as they are in the soft raiment of respectability, not actually lower morally than the victims of their inhumanity and piracy? And if men should be sent to prison for robbery, are not these official mercenaries the very creatures who, instead of controlling the prison, should themselves be under its brutal regulations?

That the vicious and corrupting abuses herein set forth were recognized years ago by men who honestly attempted to correct them is clearly stated in a report to the New York state legislature issued more than half a century ago by Professor E. C. Wines and Professor Theodore W. Dwight, then commissioners of the Prison Association of New York, from which I quote as follows:

"Upon the whole it is our settled conviction that *the contract system of convict labor, added to the system of political appointments,* which necessarily involves a low grade of official qualification and constant changes in the prison staff, renders nugatory, to a great extent, the whole theory of our penitentiary system. Inspection may correct isolated abuses; philanthropy may relieve isolated cases of distress; and religion may effect isolated moral cures; *but genuine, radical, comprehensive, systematic improvement is impossible.*" The italics are mine.

As long as the prison is in the control of politicians and under the supervision of their creatures, its indifference to the inmates, its internal vices and abuses, and its external reaction in furnishing society with a steady stream of criminals trained in its own institutions will continue, and isolated instances of superficial improvement will not materially reduce the evil and corrupting power.

§ 5

I am not at all inclined to exploit my personal prison experience, and should prefer to omit that element entirely were it not necessary to the purpose of this article to include some reference to it. It is to be doubted if there was ever before in prison history a case parallel to my own in point of experience and the results issuing therefrom.

I had been four times the candidate for President of the United States of the party representing the class toiling in penury and suffering from whose ranks are recruited, under the lash of poverty and misery, with but few exceptions, the victims of penal misrule. Since my early boyhood, and virtually through my entire life, I had been in intimate association with working people and those who are generally regarded as the "lower class." My understanding of

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their conditions, my perception of the basic social causes that had preceded their predicament, and my sympathy with them even in their transgressions, which is usually the result of their wretched lot, had preceded my entrance through the prison-gates.

The entire prison seemed to join in the sympathetic reception accorded me. The question was frequently asked, sometimes sneeringly by the guards, and sometimes in a spirit of wonder and admiration, by what magic I held the interest of my fellow-prisoners and won their affection and devotion? The answer is a simple one. I recognized in each of them my brother, and treated him accordingly. I did not moralize or patronize my fellow-convicts in the least. Men who are caged and watched, spied upon and hunted like animals, develop certain latent instincts that become amazingly keen and discerning. Among these is the instinct to divine what is in the heart of those who approach them. They have been robbed of their respectability and forever denied the chance to regain it, and, sensitive as they surely are to this circumstance, they are not apt to be impressed by those who pose before them as their moral superiors.

They recognize no redeeming influence in moralizing rebuke. They resent being patronized, even the most ignorant of them, unless in the prison atmosphere they have degenerated into stool-pigeons. No one who *condescends* to serve these prisoners can win their graces or exercise any salutary influence upon them. They hunger for sympathy, but it must be genuine, human, warm from the heart.

The late Father Michael J. Byrne of the Federal Prison at Atlanta was in all respects the finest prison chaplain I have ever known. I had no church affiliation, and for reasons of my own I rarely attended devotional exercises at the chapel, but I loved Father Byrne, and we would talk together many hours in my little room in the prison hospital.

Devotional offerings in the name of the merciful Jesus, who loved the poor and freely forgave their sins, on an altar presided over by grim-visaged guards with clubs in their clutches ready to fell the worshipers, was not compatible with my sense of religious worship. Before I entered Atlanta Prison attendance at chapel was compulsory. Almost from the start I declined to go myself, partly because of the hideous mockery which the scene and setting made of sincere worship, and I think that as a result of my resolute protest the rule was modified and attendance became voluntary, though the guards with clubs remained.

Father Byrne ministered in the spirit of loving service to all alike, no matter how low some might seem in the eyes of others, and that is why he and I instantly became friends and coöperated with each other to the full extent that my restrictions as a convict would allow. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that not only do the prison rules not countenance inmates being kind and helpful to one another, but, on the contrary, they forbid their being so, and encourage their spying upon, betraying, and hating one another, so that all may the more readily be kept in subjection.

In the prison hospital an inmate may be dying, but the rules forbid him being visited by his fellow-prisoners; each convict must keep to himself, no matter how great may be his desire to

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clasp the hand of a fellow-prisoner whose affection he may have won in the course of their suffering and struggling together against the cruel and senseless regulations. This is one of the prison rules that I confess violating with impunity. I should have preferred going to the dungeon, known in prison parlance as "the hole," on bread and water rather than obey that rule. As a matter of fact, nearly every prison rule is violated by every convict who stays any length of time in prison. If he would remain a human being, he must of necessity break the rules in order to live. Men cannot, and will not, be unsocialized even in a prison whose rules attempt to wreck and ruin human character and personality in the quickest possible time by the harshest possible methods. But the group psychology prevails, and the rules go by the board, though often at the expense of great suffering on the part of those who transgress them.

Almost every prisoner who came to the hospital expressed an immediate desire to have me come to see him. Invariably, I did so as soon as possible. I was able in many ways by voluntary ministration to ease their suffering and brighten their wretched days. Father Byrne observed a remarkable change in the moral atmosphere of the hospital after I entered there. Men no longer used foul language or told smutty stories. The relation between the guards and inmates had completely changed. It was as if the hospital building was now occupied by a harmonious human family instead of a lot of sullen and incorrigible convicts. Both the warden and his deputy commented on the change, which none appreciated more than Father Byrne.

A visiting reporter asked Father Byrne how it was that I held such moral power over the prisoners. His answer was:

"He just loves them; he talks to them, and then they 're different. There is something about him that wins and changes them." There is nothing mysterious or occult about the "something" to which Father Byrne referred. It was merely an active manifestation of human kindness, which all of us possess, but which we are prone to smother beneath a crust of indifference to the suffering of our fellow-men.

The day before the death of this noble-spirited chaplain he sent me a beautiful and touching telegram congratulating me upon my release from prison. The message read:

"Heartiest congratulations and well wishes from your best friend. God bless you! Michael J. Byrne, Catholic chaplain, U. S. Penitentiary."

Father Byrne is at rest. His memory will be cherished by the thousands of convicts to whom he gave himself as freely and ministered as lovingly as the Nazarene Himself might have done in his place.

Love and service constitute the magical touchstone; they are, when fully developed and truly expressed, one and inseparable, and more imperatively needed in prison than in any other place on earth. There is where Jesus Christ would be His perfect self in tender and sympathetic ministration, and He would require neither guns nor clubs to protect His person from insult or assault.

It is when men are most prosperous in their individual pursuits that they are more apt to be thoughtless and in-

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different to the fate of others, but when they are plunged into a common abyss of misery and suffering they are likely to become sympathetic and responsive to the touch of kindness, and there is more redemptive influence in a word of love and sympathy than in all the harsh rules ever devised and all the brutal clubs ever wielded to enforce them.

§ 6

There was never a moment of mine in Atlanta Prison that was not mortgaged in advance. Many of the prisoners could neither read nor write, and they would come to me to have me read and answer their letters, or to fill out their blanks for pardon, parole, or commutation, although much of this had to be done by stealth, as it was in violation of the rules, and was several times arbitrarily forbidden by the guards, especially when prisoners were caught leaving my room. I heard their sad stories, listened in sympathy to their tragic appeals, placed my hand on their shoulders, and counseled them as an elder brother; and while I was able to do but a mere trifle of what my heart would have done for them, I sensed the appreciation and gratitude that embraced the entire body of prisoners of all colors, creeds, and conditions.

The scene that occurred upon my release, when these 2300 prison victims clothed as convicts, yet with human hearts throbbing beneath their tatters, spontaneously burst their bonds, as it were, rushed to the fore of the prison on all three of its floors, and crowded all the barred window spaces with their eager faces, cheering while the tears trickled down their cheeks—this scene can never be described in words, nor can it ever be forgotten by those who witnessed that extraordinary and unparalleled demonstration.

In that brief moment prison rules were stripped of their restraining power, and men, though in prison fetters, gave lusty expression to their beautiful human impulses. It was the most deeply touching and impressive moment and the most profoundly dramatic incident of my life. Men and women on the prison reservation, including the officials who bore witness to that unusual scene, stood mute in their bewilderment. Never before had such a thing occurred, and never in the wildest stretch would it have been deemed possible.

There was a reason for this unheard of demonstration, and it was not of a personal nature. I arrogate to myself no importance whatever on account of having won the friendship of these convicts. They did vastly more for me than I was able to do for them, and the only point I make in this connection is that if the prison were conducted in the spirit and with the understanding that we convicts had for one another, the whole penal system would at once be revolutionized; instead of being a Bastile for debasing and destroying the unfortunate, it would become in the true sense a boon to society as a reclamatory and redemptive institution.

§ 7

The prison as a prison in the common acceptance of that term will always be a tragic failure. It is not only anti-social, but anti-human, and at best is bad enough to reflect the ignorance, stupidity, and inhumanity of the society it serves. But this is

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not to say that improvement of the prison while it lasts should be discouraged. On the contrary, until the time comes when social offenders are placed under scientific treatment instead of being punished as criminals, every effort should be put forth to improve the moral and physical condition of our county jails, our state prisons, and our Federal penitentiaries.

For myself I heartily commend all that is being done to arouse the people to a consciousness of the festering evils which now thrive in these places. There needs to be created a public sentiment that realizes that for its own self-protection the community must clean up the prison as far as that may be possible, and make it a place where criminal tendencies may be checked and overcome instead of being encouraged, as they now are, to the ruin of their immediate victims, and their increasing detriment to society.

Space will not permit more than a brief summary of the fundamental changes required to humanize the prison. First of all, it should be taken out of the hands of politicians and placed under the supervision and direction of a board of the most humane of men with vision and understanding. This board should have absolute control, including the power of pardon, parole, and commutation. Such a board as this would at all times be in immediate touch with the prisoners and have intimate knowledge of prison conditions and possibilities for improvement.

The contract system, wherever it prevails, is an unmitigated curse and should be summarily abolished from our prisons.

Prison inmates should be paid for their labor at the prevailing rate of wages, which should be placed to their credit in the books of the institution or shared with their families, so that when the convict is released he will not have to return to a sundered home and face a hostile world.

Not a gun or a club should be in evidence inside the walls.

The prisoners themselves, at least seventy-five per cent. of whom are dependable, as every honest warden will admit, should be organized upon the basis of self-government and have charge of the prison, select their own subordinate officers, their own guards, their shop and other foremen; establish their own rules and regulate their own conduct under the supervision of the prison board.

Under such an organization the morale of the prison would at once improve, the spirit of the prison would be humanized, there would be better discipline, more incentive to work, and better results in every way, and all at a greatly reduced expense to the community.

There will be men to challenge these proposals as visionary, if not vicious, but I should prefer nothing more than the opportunity to vindicate my faith in human nature by being permitted, without any pecuniary compensation, to make such a demonstration.

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Where Presidents Have No Friends

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Drawings by WINOLD REISS

LET me first repeat to you a story about Carranza told to me by a young Spaniard, Mexican born, who had identified his fortunes with that régime which ended with the sorry flight and death of its chief executive in the month of May, 1920.

A civilized creature was this Spaniard, suffering with a complication of spiritual disgusts. He maintained a nicely ironic tone of amusement in relating his adventure, wherein he had followed the high promptings of a fealty that led him into a situation gravely dubious, false, and pitiable. Because of this, he permitted himself an anodyne gesture of arrogance.

"Be as Anglo-Saxon, as American, as you like, madame, but try also to understand a little."

"I do not know whether this is understanding," I told him, "but whatever you may tell me, I promise you I shall not be amazed."

"That is good. I ask you to regard it as a *macabre* episode outside of all possible calculation of human events. I desire that you may be pleasantly amused at the picture I shall make for you. Here is a wide desert, harsh with cactus, the mountains glittering under the sun-rays like heaps of hewn brass. Hot! *O Dios!* our early summer! Many trains of coaches crowding upon one another in their gaudy and ridiculous colors, a little resembling the building-blocks for children, miles of them, you understand, attached to busy engines madly engaged in the ludicrous business of dragging a Government, equipped and encumbered, into exile.

"As Carranza goes, driven out by one of his own generals, he takes the *matériel* of government with him, and means to reëstablish it in Vera Cruz. There are gold bars and coins, guns and ammunition, soldiers and women and horses, furnishing and silver from the castle, postage-stamps, champagne, jewels, a confusion of things seized in frantic emergency.

"His cabinet, his personal friends, were with him. I had the honor, having been recalled suddenly from Washington, to share this calamity with my chief. We numbered in all sixteen thousand people in those trains, officials, soldiers, friends—and enemies. How could a president fail to have enemies among sixteen thousand persons?

"Lupe Sanchez, general in the Federal Army, was waiting for us with his men along the way. Later there would be little Candido Aguilar, son-in-law of the chief. We were not without hope.

"If for a moment, madame, we thought escape possible, put it down, please, to that persistent naïveté of faith in the incredible which is in the

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heart of every Mexican. *La Suerte* will not fail forever! And still *la Suerte* betrays us, and still we are faithful to her. It is our happiest fidelity.

"Some one performed the simple feat of disconnecting the air-brakes of the first train. While we waited many hours on account of this, we smiled, for we had wondered what the first treachery would be, and it was this—trivial and potent, anonymous and certain. When we moved on slowly, revolutionary troops were stationed, waiting for us. We ran through a gantlet of bullets. We listened to the noise of firing, and drank champagne. The chief was silent, composed. We had nearly ten thousand effective soldiers. If he doubted them, no one knows to this day.

"The attacking forces were defeated, though our soldiers were disconcerted by rifle-shells refusing to explode. It was not surprising to discover that nearly half the shells were filled with sand and pepper. Who did it? It was convenient to blame it on the Japanese munition-makers.

"On the third day we met Lupe Sanchez, who had changed his mind, and had diverted his troops to the defense of the revolution. We had a battle with him all day, and in the morning he was joined by the troops of deserted little Candido, left armyless in some village to the south. Trevino came also with a fresh army. They attacked together.

"That was all. Now we were certain of failure, and we did what we could toward the destruction of the train we must leave with the enemy. We dynamited and set fire to the coaches, and all of us gathered what gold we could for flight into the United States and Europe. My brother and I had each a satchel of gold, thirty thousand pesos, maybe; not much. Only for the moment, you see.

"All of us who had arms joined the soldiers for a while. Two little revolvers and a belt of shells do not go far. We were beaten, and the chief gave orders for each man to go for himself. He released them all from their loyalty to him. He knew how to value it, you see.

"I found a small horse, very lean, standing with his saddle on, a dead man hanging by one heel to the stirrup, head down. I rode with a group of soldiers. They were trying to desert to the enemy. I said to the leader:

" 'Why do you desert the chief? I shall kill you!'

" 'If you are not a fool, you will come with us,' he replied very amiably. 'This is a lost day.' I let him go. Well, it was his own affair. A man's honor is his own, no?

"The soldiers spread flat over the earth behind cactus and hillock, firing at one another, no man knowing whether the other was friend or enemy. Carranza was riding away on horseback, followed by several hundred of his men. I gave my brother place behind me in the saddle, and we set out after the party. Our bags of gold were too heavy for the little horse; so we buried them under a boulder (I could never find that place again!) and later we joined the old man.

"I remember him in this way, riding always ahead of us, without a word, his white beard blowing over his shoulder. I loathe all causes, madame, and all politics, but the man inspired admiration. At dark we stopped before a hut to buy tortillas, and mind what I say, the old man had

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A peon

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not a centavo. One of us loaned him the few pennies needed. We made a dark camp that night, and all the next day we rode between hill and cactus.

"Men were falling away from the party. One or two at a time, they saluted and left him, or turned back with no sign at all, or pleaded fatigue and promised to overtake us. But not one came back.

"In the early evening we entered a friendly hacienda and there slept. At midnight I heard a continuous tramp of horses passing the outer wall under my window. I stood listening. I felt some one breathing beside me in the dark. One of the other men stood listening also.

" 'They are bandits hunting for the Old Man,' he whispered, 'on their way into the mountains.'

" 'We should wake the chief and tell him,' I said.

" 'Let him sleep,' said the man. 'What is the good of disturbing him now?'

"In the morning my brother and I decided to go no farther. The chief was a dead man; well, we would not be implicated in his death. So we saluted, and turned back also on our one little pony."

His eyes fixed themselves steadily upon me, a bitter regard of inquiry.

"Madame, it was a desperate little jest, played out. There are, no doubt, causes worth dying for, but that was not one of them."

"Who killed him?"

"It could have been any one of that group who went on with him. It could have been the bandits I heard passing in the night. Maybe an enemy who made this his special mission, or a friend who found himself in a situation he did not care for. He might, you see, go back to the new people in power and say: 'See, here I am, your servant. I have just escaped from the bandits of Carranza.' A poor chance, but an only one. Maybe the newest chief would believe him, maybe not. A President of Mexico can trust no one."

That final corroding phrase is the point of a cynical truth: a hundred years of revolutions have taught the President of Mexico that he can trust no one except his enemies. They may be depended upon to hate him infallibly; they will be faithful in contriving for his downfall.

In Mexican revolution the cause and the leader are interchangeable symbols. A man has his adherents, who follow him in the hope of arriving, through him, one step nearer to the thing they want, whatever that may be. Obregon is the leader, and his followers are the proletariat. The proletariat being for him, naturally the other classes and subdivisions of classes are opposed to him, acting on the curious theory that what is good for the laborer must logically be very bad for everybody else. Obregon's proletarian recalls that what was good for everybody else was very terrible for him, and he has set about evening up scores with more enthusiasm than justice, probably. Obregon has difficult work on hand. Himself a man of hardy good sense, an intellectually detached point of view, and civilized instincts, he must deal with the most conflicting welter of enmities and demands, surely, that ever harassed a holder of the executive office.

His Indians, his revolutionist mestizos, are filled with grievances and wrongs, suffering cruel exigencies; they turn the tragic, threatening eyes

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of their faith toward him, and wait for him to fulfil his promises to them. Those promises mean realities, immediate benefits, if they have any meaning at all: land, work, freedom. He must deal with these honestly and without delay.

As an Indian, exceedingly insular in his political views, he must deal in the subtleties of international finance and diplomacy with foreign politicians and capitalists who think in terms of continents and billions, and who are leagued powerfully with his chief enemies of his own country, the landholders, the church. These in turn may be divided again into delicate classifications: the aristocracy, the wealthy upper-class mestizo, the middle-class shopkeeping folk, and the great body of Indians who cling to their religion. For the sake of sufficient identification, they may call themselves reactionary or conservative or liberal. It does not signify. They have also a label for this present governing group. They call them bandits. It means nothing, and has a disreputable sound.

The chief complaint among the anti-Obregon factions is that the new Government is acting on the theory that the lands of Mexico belong to the Indian, and that it is to the interest of the country to care first for this prodigious majority of its population. This is true, and it is revolutionary enough, indeed. But all the men now concerned in the Government are frankly nationalists. Only three of them have ever had a glimpse of Europe or this country. They studied in text-books the forms of government in other countries. But when the time came, they went about their business with their eyes fixed on their native earth. Only afterward their international point of view, such as it is, was formed, when they had come into power.

For the first time they found themselves dealing not with the fervent episodes of battles fought out with personal minuteness of detail, where a general lay in ambush and fought beside his men, but with the gigantic and implacable facts: Mexico, a backward and menaced nation, dangerously rich in resource and weak in defenses, was in actual relation with a world of hostile, critical governments, all more powerful than Mexico herself, all more than a match for her in organized pillage, more nicely adjusted in a cynical freemasonry of finance, diplomacy, and war, the three Graces of civilization.

In selecting his cabinet Obregon announced his belief that De la Huerta, radical philosopher, would work harmoniously with Alberto Pani, friend of the American Senator Fall. That Calles, Sonora revolutionist, would somehow make his terms with Capmany, millionaire reactionary. That Vasconselos, radical minister of education, and Villareal, revolutionary minister of agriculture, could both be counted on not to be too extreme in moments of crisis. As an act of faith, this was magnificent. Faith in what? Watching Obregon's methods of disposing of his enemies each according to his degree, I believe his faith is in himself.

With this cabinet he set about the gigantic task of bringing order to a country in which order has been the least regarded of all laws. He had against him four tremendous opposing forces, the reactionaries against the radicals, the foreign against the native,

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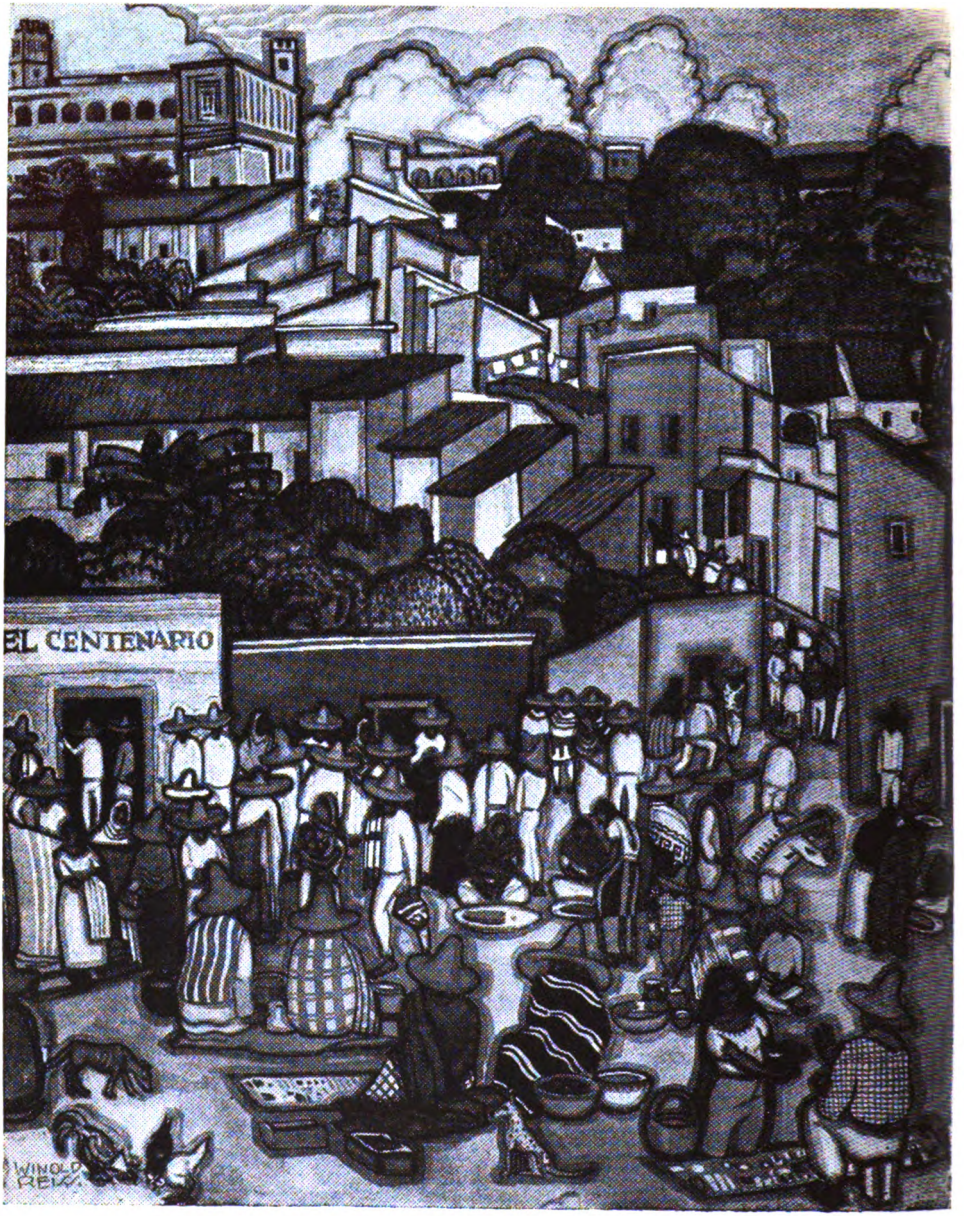

Mexico

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an inextricably tangled mass of conflicting claims, any one of which he cannot afford to ignore. With a treasury virtually empty, he shouldered a national debt which, though not hopelessly large, is still enough to be a weapon in the hands of his opponents. And when he set about dividing the land, as he had promised, and collecting funds from the oil products to add to the national treasury, he cited Article Twenty-seven of the Mexican Constitution as amended by Carranza in 1917, and announced that it should now be made effective.

That has caused all, or nearly all, of his trouble. It delayed recognition from the United States. It has been the peg upon which to hang many promising little counter-revolutionary schemes. It may yet prove fatal to his Government.

Briefly, Article Twenty-seven gives to the Mexican Government full title to all the lands of Mexico, both surface and subsoil. It empowers the Department of Agriculture to break up unwieldy landholdings, and to divide the acreage among the Indians. It provides for a tax on all subsoil products, and thereby diverts to the national treasury and to the common life the fruit of the nation's labor and products.

This was the ideal which Obregon as President of Mexico designed to carry out. It had the noble simplicity of a hermit's vision of beauty, and it was about as sympathetically related to practical politics.

The oil interests were unanimous in opposing this article. Oil should be Mexico's greatest asset, but the Guggenheims and Dohenys have made of it a liability almost insupportable to the country. It is the fashion now to blame all the present difficulties between Mexico and the United States on the Obregon régime; but it was Carranza who redrafted the Mexican Constitution, aside from a detail or two, to its present form. It was his administration that set the tax of ten per cent. on the selling price of oil, with a fifteen per cent. royalty payable in produce on all oil obtained. The land partition had been one of his political plans. He did not carry it out, it is true. It is one of the reasons why he is not now President of Mexico. But Obregon inherited all his problems, dead ripe.

El Aguila petroleum, a British company, and the Guffey interests made their peace, and announced their intention of complying with the national regulation of oil export. The Doheny interests, most implacable of all Mexico's interior enemies, together with other companies, have sidestepped the payment in this way: they admit that the tax is nominal; they will pay taxes cheerfully on the price paid them for oil by the boat companies, which they allege is about forty cents a barrel. The boat companies claim they buy the oil outright, and, once loaded into the tanks, Mexico has no further claim of interest. The price they sell for in foreign markets is their own affair.

This would be quite simple if the oil-producing companies and the oil-transportation companies were separate interests. But the case being what it is, the Government says pipelines shall have meters, the oil shall be measured as it flows into the tankboats, and the amount shall be taxed at the selling price of oil, which fluctuates with the market. And there the matter sticks.

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The Doheny interests are the source of eternal unrest. They want Obregon out, and nothing less will please them. A man of the old guard, say Esteban Cantu, is the choice of the Doheny faction. A good man, Cantu. Enormously wealthy, mixed upper-class blood, interested in oil. "Emperor of Lower California" they used to call him. When Obregon became president, Cantu was required to disband his standing army, was given to understand his vast estates would be repartitioned when the time came for it. Now, sporadically, he makes counter-revolution, designed to keep the oil and land question prominently before the eyes of the American public, or, I should say, the American politician.

That much for the subsoil controversy. The surface lands are needed for agricultural purposes. The country must be fed on its own fruits. The drain of import is too heavy. The farming lands are held almost exclusively by Spaniards who have held the grants for centuries, by oil companies, and by the church. These three are in effect one. If the Government continues to carry out its drastic plan, it means that the old haciendas will be destroyed, church lands confiscated, and every foot of earth will be subject to government control. The entire question of recognition hangs on this one sword's point.

In the meantime, so far as the oil people are concerned, they cheerfully admit it is cheaper to keep a few minor revolutions going than to pay taxes. So Pablo Gonzales and Esteban Cantu and all that restless body of Mexicans with political ambitions and no love of country can be sure of a measure of support and aid in their operations.

You see what Obregon has in the way of organized opposition. Even in the Chamber of Deputies he has a minority. In his own cabinet he can with difficulty strike a balance in his favor at moments of crisis. Yet he has held the Government together for two years, and appears to be growing steadily in strength. The currency exchange is at par; gold is the circulating medium; business is good; banks are steady. What is the source of his power?

He has, as I have said, the organized proletariat, the labor-unions. They are for him exactly as long as he is for them. He encounters no obscurities of motive there. His influence has wavered precariously at moments when he was threatened from foreign sources. His followers watch him, and criticize him savagely when he decides on compromise as preferable to extermination.

The unorganized proletariat follows, as a rule, the organized. There are his federal troops, a loose body of men not given to loyalties. As soldiers they follow the leader. They followed him at a time when they were theoretically loyal to Carranza. He has them—maybe.

There are the Yaqui Indians, a fierce and evil tribe who fight like demons lately unchained from hell. Obregon is the only man who has ever succeeded in taming them to regular warfare. His humanizing mediums were land and food and decent treatment. He has them—maybe.

The socialist bandits of Morelia are his. They are the most promising of all the radical groups, a fantastic mixture of doctors and lawyers and poets and teachers who took to the high roads against Carranza, soldiers

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who detached themselves from the army without leave and engaged in a personal pursuit of glory, plain road-pillagers converted to the revolutionary ideal. They were the remnants of Zapata's horde, those fanatic highwaymen who used to make speeches to their victims after this manner, poking them in the ribs with revolvers to emphasize the moral points of their discourse:

"In giving up your gold to us you are honored in contributing to the cause of freedom. These funds shall be used to further the revolution, to bring to our downtrodden brothers justice and peace and liberty. Be happy, brother, that we do not blow out your capitalistic brains."

These men are now engaged in running the state of Morelia on an outright socialist program. The state is at peace except for May-day battles between Catholics and Socialists and an occasional riot on feast days.

Yucatan, also a revolutionary state, is loyal to Obregon. It is a nation by itself, removed by language, by tradition, and custom from the rest of the country. The last of the Mayas are there, a spectacular, insular people, up to the eyes in social and economic grievances, who make their state a battle-ground. Felipe Carillo, a Maya, was elected governor by sixty thousand majority, and if he lives to take the chair, we shall see revolutionary theory practised freely in Yucatan.

From high to low, this is the strength of Obregon. He works quietly, slowly, holding his ground as he gains it with a tenacity that cannot be stampeded into action even with his mob of revolutionists growling at his heels, demanding that he ignore the claims of foreign capital and politics.

He gives personal interviews to all manner of strange persons who track him down indefatigably: reporters and magazine-writers from the United States; delegations from chambers of commerce; representatives of every type of promotion scheme under heaven, all designed to benefit Mexico; walking delegates from the labor-unions; unofficial diplomats and business men who wish to establish some sort of trades relation with Mexico.

Take this sort of thing to illustrate: Mexico has a body of lawmakers known as the Chamber of Deputies, which functions somewhat in the manner of our House of Congress. On one occasion the conservative faction went openly to war with Carillo, then deputy from Yucatan. The disturbances became a riot. For three days the lawmakers went on a debauch of dissension. A committee of deputies appealed to the president to put an end to the disgraceful episode. Acting through the governor of the district, Obregon ordered that the riot be quelled after the ordinary procedure against disturbances of the peace. Whereupon the city fire department went down to the white-pillared Chamber of Deputies, turned on high-pressure hose through the open windows, and the disorderly deputies were drenched to the bone. The disturbances stopped.

It would be absurd, comic, if death were not in it. The rôle of dictator is strangely associated with a civilized perception of government. Wherever generals playing the counter-revolutionary game are captured, there they are executed, usually within twelve hours. Pablo Gonzales has escaped

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so far, but only one of his numerous small forays recently resulted in the execution of five men, two of them being generals in the president's army.

If the revolutionists were all Mexicans, it would be, possibly, a local business. But Mexico has been hospitable to political refugees from all parts of the world. They have come making mischief each after his own taste, arrogantly bringing their diverse doctrines to a land already overborne with doctrines. A sudden flurry of anti-radical sentiment resulted in a few of the more obviously annoying of the aliens being set gently over the borders of their native lands, in accordance with Article Thirty-three of the Mexican Constitution, which provides that a too impossible guest may be thrown out.

The foreign radicals, bereft of the security of government toleration, declared the Mexican Government was betraying its highest revolutionary ideals by way of currying favor with the United States. They accused the cabinet of taking orders from the American chargés d'affaires. Maybe so. Oddly enough, it did happen that most of the deportees were received hospitably by the American jails on their return from exile. But one might believe also that the long-suffering Mexican Government had grown humanly sick of gnat-stings, and had rid itself of a few minor curses in order to concentrate on greater ones.

Every foreign opportunist with a point to make can find the support of other opportunists in Mexico. The result is a hotbed of petty plotting, cross purposes between natives and foreigners, from the diplomats down to the unwashed grumbler who sits in the Alameda and complains about the sorrows of the proletariat. In all this the men in present power are struggling toward practicable economic and political relations with the world.

Psychologically, we are as alien to them as we are to the French, and in much the same way; for the Mexican upper class social and business customs are to-day more French than Spanish.

The hope of the Labor party is to establish an interdependent union with the South American states, leading naturally to clear avenues of trade and communication with Europe. It is the logical sequence of events, and would be a tremendous source of strength to Mexico. But if the union is established, it will be an achievement of finesse which Mexico may take pride in; for the idea is rankest treason to our high financial rights in that country.

Luis Morones, present chief of munitions for the Government, is the leader of this Labor party. He is wholly Indian, a leader by temperament, executive, and powerful. His pride is in his factories and plants, where the working conditions are ideal, and the wage is the highest paid in the republic.

In the educational work Vasconcelos, minister of education and president of the National University, has begun an intensive program of school founding among the Indians, with special attention to industrial and agricultural schools, his intention being not to oppress the Indian with an education he cannot use, but to fit him for his natural work, which is on the land.

Vasconcelos is, despite what we would call radical tendencies, a be-

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liever in applied Christianity. He might be called a Tolstoyan, except that he is Mexican, and the doctrine of non-resistance does not engage his faith. He claims in his calm way that the true purpose of higher education is to lift the souls of men above this calamitous civilization. We cannot outwear it until we have fixed the aspirations of our souls on something better. He publishes a magazine of religion, philosophy, and literature in Mexico City, giving translations from the works of Tolstoy, Rolland, Anatole France, and Shaw.

Other men, in no wise connected with politics, are each in his own individual manner deeply concerned with the rebuilding of his country. Widely separated as they are in caste and political sympathies, they are strangely of one mind with the others in their will to be of service to their shattered nation. There is Manuel Gamio, archæologist and writer, wholly Spanish, but born in Mexico, whose research work and restoration of the Teotihuacan pyramids is sponsored and financed by the present Government. Mr. Gamio is studying race sources in Mexico with the sole aim of discovering the genuine needs of the Indian, and the most natural method of supplying them.

Jorge Enciso, also Spanish, is an authority on early Aztec art and design, and is making a comparative study of motives used by the early and widely separated tribes. Adolfo Best-Maugard, a painter, has spent eight years in creating a new manner of design, using as a foundation the Aztec motives. He has done valuable work in reviving among the Indian schoolchildren the native instinct for drawing and designing. His belief is that a renascence of the older Aztec arts and handicrafts among these people will aid immeasurably in their redemption.

Redemption—it is a hopeful, responsible word one hears often among these men. Strangely assorted are the true patriots of Mexico, and few as numbers go. But what country has many faithful sons? These men are divided as only social castes can divide persons from one another in a Latin-minded country, and yet they share convictions which, separately arrived at, are almost indivisible in effect.

They all are convinced, quite simply, that twelve millions of their fifteen millions of peoples cannot live in poverty, illiteracy, a most complete spiritual and mental darkness, without constituting a disgraceful menace to the state. They have a civilized conviction that the laborer is worthy of his hire, a practical perception of the waste entailed in millions of acres of untilled lands while the working people go hungry. And with this belief goes an esthetic appreciation of the necessity of beauty in the national life, the cultivation of racial forms of art, and the creation of substantial and lasting unity in national politics.

As a nation, we love phrases. How do you like this one? "Land and liberty for all, forever!" If we needed a fine ringing phrase to fight a war on, could we possibly improve on that one? The tragic, the incredible thing about this phrase is that the men who made it, meant it. Just this: land, liberty, for all, forever!

They fought a long, dreary, expensive revolution on it. As soon as they had it fought, they began to translate the phrase into action. Their situation to-day is as I have described it to you.

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The Sinning of Jessie MacLean

By Lorna Moon

Drawings by John R. Neill

Jessie MacLean felt that their romance belonged also to her, for she had seen their first meeting. It was on a Sunday morning after service, and Jessie was returning from her walk along by Skilly's wood. She was wondering as she stepped daintily, rustling her Sunday-best alpaca gown, if the gold chain she wore had marked her neck, and whether the gimlet-eyed Mistress MacKenty had seen it as she sat behind her in kirk. Well, it was n't all gold, but, as Jessie protested defensively to herself, "Pure gold 's that soft ye have ti mix it."

On hot Sundays it was always a race between the sermon and the chain; about the time the minister got to the "thirdlies" and "lastlies" Jessie was in a fidget. She could wear the chain a bare hour and a half without it marking if the weather was cool, but this had been a very hot Sunday. Out of the sight of inquisitive eyes she stopped and spread her handkerchief between the chain and her neck. Then she turned along Skilly's burnside, intending to cross it at the stepping-stones; and it was here she came upon them. So flustered was she, that she forgot the dangling handkerchief; but, then, she might have worn ram's horns, and they would not have noticed it.

Gawky and shy, they were exchanging their first "It 's waurm the day" and "What 's yer hurry?" which in Drumorty may mean, "Who is this gallant youth who stirs my bosom?" or, "Fair maid, eternity were too brief, could I but spend it gazing into your eyes."

Jessie understood, and, seeing their embarrassment, blushed in sympathy, and tilted her parasol between herself and them. She had meant to cross the burn at the stepping-stones, but, her heart pleasantly a-flutter with a sense of being a sharer in a secret, she kept on down the burnside until she was out of sight; and there she sat down and removed her shoes and stockings before hitching her dress to her knees and wading the burn.

Jessie's own romance, laid away in the lavender of memory, stirred again at the thought of the two. Walking home, she pondered who the lad might be. He was a stranger in Drumorty. The lass was Bella Toucher, the kitchen wench at Skilly's farm, a well favored lass, and hard-working, rosy, and full-bosomed although barely sixteen.

So engrossed was she that she went all the way home without remembering to remove the telltale handkerchief from her neck, and never gave it a thought until, as she was turning in at her own door, Mistress MacKenty leaned over the gate and, sweetly malicious, called, so that Jessie would know she had seen:

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"Ye do weel ti guard ag'in' blood-poisinin', Jessie lass."

Next Sunday Jessie did an unheard of thing: she stayed at home from the morning service and watched the road to Skilly's farm to see if the lad would come back. She had fortified herself against disappointment by boiling dumplings in the broth. No matter how keen the edge of disappointment, Jessie had proved that dumplings in the broth could ease it a little. And after spending all morning watching at the window, with a bandage bound about her neck to advertise to the curious that a sore throat had kept her at home from the kirk, she was just about to turn to the dumplings for solace when he came by, whistling and heading up the road to Skilly's.

"My certies," she cried, pretending to herself that she was shocked at his ardor, "he 's back again! Does na gie the lassie time to draw a lanely breath."

Feeling the need of some one to rejoice with her, she gave the cat a dumpling. The cat sniffed it, and showed her contempt for Jessie's frivolity by crossing to the other side of the fireplace and seating herself with her back to her mistress. Jessie, taking this rebuff with unusual spirit, retorted, "You 're a persnickety old maid, and there 's no' a romantic hair on yer head." And to show that she

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would n't be browbeaten by the cat on this joyful day, she opened the glass-door of the what-not with a loud click, and later ate her dumplings off the best willow-pattern china.

§ 2

Through that winter Jessie did n't need the dumplings to fortify her. The lad was attentive enough. She would see the two by the hayricks, or wandering with fingers entwined by the burnside every Sunday evening. But in the spring he stopped coming, and Bella would stand for hours watching the empty road; while Jessie, in an anguish of sympathy, would watch both the girl and the road from her corner window.

Bella was listless and pale. There was something pathetic in the way she made no pretense of doing anything but watching. This was intolerable to Jessie, who wanted the girl to save her pride; so when she would see a neighbor coming, she would whisper fiercely: "Walk along as if ye were looking for gowans! Dinna let them see yer looking for the lad." But only the muslin curtains heard Jessie's advice. Bella, dazed with despair, was indifferent to gossip.

Then it was rumored that "Bella Toucher's lad had gone to Edinburgh to the soldierin'," and after that Bella watched the road no more.

It was Mistress MacKenty who said: "I 'm thinking Skilly's will be needing a new kitchen wench afore Whitsuntide; and there 's them that will learn that nae guid ever came o' gallivantin' wi' a strange lad on the Sabbith day." And having delivered this darkly meaning speech, she pursed withered lips with vindictive relish, only adding: "I hae lassies o' my ain. It ill becomes me to speak; but mark my words, there 'll be an elders' meeting in Drumorty afore many weeks."

Jessie now understood the pale, watching face of Bella; and understood also the despair that made her watch for him without pretense.

"Puir wee lass!" she whispered. "Watching for her man, and him awa' to no' come back."

When Mistress MacKenty came in that evening to say that "Skilly was sendin' the shameless limmer packin' the morn's mornin'," Jessie furtively hid something white and small upon which she had been sewing. She stood up while Mistress MacKenty spoke, and no line of her figure or any tone of her voice could be taken to mean that she invited Mistress MacKenty to take a chair.

"It 's a sore disgrace to the whole parish, and harder forby on Skilly himsel', and him an elder o' the kirk." Mistress MacKenty's voice was dulcet with sympathy for the poor elder. She was looking around for a seat in which to sink and continue her lamentations when, in the chill silence of the usually sympathetic Jessie, she sensed something strange. Jessie was clasping and unclasping her hands in front of her thin waist, and her eyes were glinting. Could it be that the gentle Jessie MacLean was fighting to keep her hands from flying in the face of Mistress MacKenty? Mistress MacKenty must have shared that wild thought also, for catching sight of Jessie, she paused and backed away, suddenly remembering that she had "a pot o' kale on the fire," and was gone without even closing the door as she went.

Jessie closed the door after her and bolted it and drew down the blinds.

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The little bit of white sewing came out of its hiding-place. Mistress MacKenty vowed the next day that Jessie's light had burned all night, but added that she did n't know why, because "Jessie MacLean is *that* secretive her window-blinds fit all the way round."

All the next morning Jessie sat by the window watching Skilly's road, her head propped wearily on her palms, a bright red spot on the wrinkled apple of each cheek. All Drumorty was watching Skilly's road, but *not* with the tender purpose that was in the heart of Jessie MacLean. Drumorty was swollen with righteous wrath. The virtue of Drumorty was outraged, and it was waiting to visit its saintly indignation on the head of "the shameless hussy." But Jessie, shut up alone, knew nothing of this.

At noon she saw Bella coming along the road toward the village street, a bundle with all her belongings slung on her arm. She would proceed in little tumbling runs, then stop and sway, gather strength again, and run a little more. Sometimes she would drop the bundle, and have to get down laboriously to one knee to pick it up.

Then Jessie saw the thing that stilled her heart for a moment. As Bella turned into the street, the blinds of Mistress MacPherson's cottage snapped down and remained, like eyelids in death. Then down with swift vindictiveness came the blinds of the next cottage; Bella heard, and looked about her as blinds on each side of her hurried down to their righteous window-sills. She stopped and tottered feebly, then, as if blows were showered upon her, she flung her arm across her face and lowered her head and ran.

"Click!" went the blind of Mistress MacKenty's window as she passed; this brought Jessie to her feet with blazing eyes. Rushing out, she ran along the street after the fleeing girl, calling, "Bella! Bella Toucher!"

Thinking she was being pursued only to be taunted, Bella gathered her strength anew and ran faster. Sobs rose in Jessie's throat as she saw her reel in her efforts to get away; and she called her name again, trying to make her voice both loud and coaxing. As Jessie caught up to her and touched her arm, the girl stopped and faced her, panting, a driven thing, ready to fight if she must.

"Come back to my house, Bella," Jessie urged breathlessly.

"So ye can take yer ease while ye tell me I 've disgraced the parish o' Drumorty? So ye can tell me I am justly punished for my sins?" Bella's voice rose in hysterical gasps; her white face twitched piteously.

"Na, na," urged Jessie, speaking in soothing accents. "Come so I can show ye the wee shirts I 've been makin'."

It was the tone of her voice and tears on Jessie's cheeks, not her words, that brought the answering sob in Bella's throat and softened the defensive lines of her form.

"Come back an' stay wi' me." Jessie's tone was tender.

Responding to it, the tears streamed down Bella's face, but she shook her head.

"I winna stay an' face the elders." She sobbed. "I 'll walk till I drop first."

"Ye 'll no'—I 'll face them for ye. Come awa'," Jessie coaxed; then in a warning whisper she added: "The blinds are down, but they are keekin' out below them." She put an arm round the girl and reached out a hand

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for the bundle, saying tenderly: "Ye 'r' nathing but a bairn yersel'. Come!" Bella relinquished the bundle to Jessie's urging hand, and, faltering like a tired child, turned back with her along the street of drawn blinds.

With what terror or with what bravery these two met the turmoil of that night we may not tell. Nor may we echo the brave words that a gentle spinster used to hearten an erring child in her hour of sore trial. These things are written by the angels, and only mothers may read them.

But we may look in with dawn, and see the puckered, pink-velvet son of Bella Toucher as he lies on Jessie's lap, screaming, for he cannot see yet how near is Jessie's lap to the tender heaven of her heart. But we can see, and we are shamed to look unbidden upon the glory of a spinster's face when mother-love has wakened in her breast.

§ 3

There was defiance in Jessie's gait as she stepped up to the entrance of Mistress MacPherson's byre at milking-time that evening. She rattled the two flagons she carried challengingly,

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and forestalled any comment from Mistress MacPherson about the extra flagon, by saying cheerily, "I 'll need a quart extra ilka day now."

Her boldness had the effect of completely winding Mistress MacPherson, who had been waiting all day for milking-time, so that she could "gie Jessie MacLean a piece o' her mind." "Let her come creepin' up here askin' for milk for that hussy—" Mistress MacPherson had finished the implication with a grim-faced nod as she discussed the "goin's on" with Mistress MacKenty that morning.

But Jessie had n't "come creepin'," and Mistress MacPherson, ready to attack, hesitated with that confusion which comes also to a dog when it has got all ready to chase a cat that refuses to run. Jessie, palpitating with victory, airily handed over the two flagons, and Mistress MacPherson, unable to rally for the moment, took them, murmuring only, "Oh, aye."

But if it was a victory for Jessie, it only added to the virtuous indignation Drumorty felt toward Bella. Had Bella been found dying in a ditch that morning, the good women of Drumorty would have found pity for her in their hearts. But that Bella should have faced her hour with a roof overhead and a bed beneath her, and a kindly hand to meet her needs, that, in the opinion of Drumorty, was nothing short of "lauding the evil-doer."

"Rev'lin' in her sins," "Made o' and tended, as if she were an honest woman"—these and other denunciations flew rife at mart and meeting as the weeks passed, and it was reported that "Jessie MacLean was sleepin' on a shake-down, while that limmer was lying like a queen in Jessie's featherbed." But that was only hearsay, for not once did Jessie let one of them pass the door. Although many were the pretexts devised by Mistress MacKenty to gain admission, from the borrowing of an egg, which she returned the next day (the same egg, as Jessie could prove, for did she not mark it on purpose? For what use would Mistress MacKenty be having for an egg three days before Sunday?) to the bringing of a bottle of raspberry-vinegar to see if Jessie had a corkscrew that could get the cork out.

Bella sensed it all with sullen resentment, which would show in her eyes when the baby's cries forced its existence more sharply upon her. She

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hated her motherhood. Motherhood, that was thrust cruelly upon her while she was still a child; motherhood, robbed of its honor and covered with shame; motherhood and its pains, stripped of the love which makes its agony a glory—this was the motherhood Bella knew, and her heart was bitter against it. She felt trapped. Perhaps the child, helpless in her arms, crying to her for food, might have saved her from this, and have roused in her girl heart that compassion for the helpless which is mother-love; but Jessie, all eagerness to surround Bella with comfort, took the care of the baby upon herself, and as love for it fastened upon her heart, Jessie could not bear to let any hand touch it but her own. Its morning bath was a rite to be lingered over with exclamations of wonder and delight. If Jessie noticed at all that Bella did not share her ecstasy, she did not think it strange; for Jessie had quickly ceased to think of Bella as the baby's mother. Her feeling for Bella was in a smaller measure the same feeling she had for the baby. She felt herself mother to both of them. So while Jessie's heart was greatened and stirred by her care of these two, Bella, robbed of the saving outlet of service, became daily more morose. The memory of the drawn blinds seared her, and she knew that the day would come soon when she must face Drumorty again. She felt little gratitude toward Jessie, and just a cool wonder that a good woman could also be kind.

The baby was about six weeks old when Jessie came in one day with heightened color and her step brisk with excitement. She opened her hand to disclose three gold sovereigns and a half-sovereign.

"Three pounds ten, Bella; the gentry at the big hoose hae paid their sewing-bill." Then turning swiftly to the baby, she cried crooningly, "Jessie's wee lamb will no need ti sleep in the clothes-basket noo; it 's a pram an' a cradle he 'll be havin'."

Jessie dropped the money into the toby-jug on the mantel and was preparing to gather the baby up from the clothes-basket when she heard a step on the path outside. She glanced through the window, then dodged back with the warning whisper, "It 's Skilly!"

Like a flash she clapped on her bonnet and seized a basket, and was stepping sedately out at the door just as Skilly raised his hand to knock upon it.

"My certies, Skilly," exclaimed Jessie, shutting the door carefully behind her as she stopped, facing him on the step, "wha wid expect *you* to be visitin' this time o' day?"

"I hae come ti see Bella Toucher," said Skilly, looking suggestively at the closed door before which Jessie stood like a sentinel.

"Weel, I 'm vexed for ye," cooed Jessie. "Bella 's oot bye somewhere, an' I 'm on my way ti the flesher's."

Skilly was not deceived, and indeed Jessie did not expect him to be. She smiled grimly as she caught his eye glancing searchingly at the window as the muslin curtains moved under Bella's touch; but she continued to stand barring his way to the door, her arms folded militantly through the empty basket, which posed like a shield upon her breast.

Skilly lengthened out his gangling inches to a greater assumption of dignity, and, ignoring Jessie's hostility with a lofty tolerance, said in the tone

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he usually kept for reading the first lesson:

"As an elder o' the kirk it is my duty to speak wi' Bella Toucher aboot her misbegotten bairn, and wha we may name as the father o' t."

"An' it was yer godly duty as an elder, nae doot, that made ye turn her oot to die by the roadside?" Jessie's tone was the essence of sweetened venom.

But Skilly, not meaning to loose his impeachable superiority by bandying words with a woman, answered calmly:

"I hae no call to shelter a wanton and unrepentant woman. If Bella Toucher is minded to face the elders and make admission o' her sins—"

"Her sins!" Jessie broke in. "It 's no' her sins Drumorty is punishin' her for; it 's the evidence, Skilly. It 's the bairn. There 's them that sit on the elders' bench and gie judgment that ken more o' sin than Bella Toucher, but they dinna get found out; their siller in the collection-plate blinds the minster."

This was a home thrust, and Skilly reddened under it, but he clambered back to his official dignity by booming pontifically:

"It behooves us to deal kindly wi' the repentant. If Bella Toucher is humble of spirit and contrite of heart, I will see *mysel'* that her bairn is housed in the almshouse, an' I 'll take her back." Then, seeing the chance to make a bargain, Skilly dropped his oratorical tone, and added hastily, "But, mind ye, no' at the old price; I 'll gie her half o' t."

At that Jessie laughed, and two red lights flashed battle from her eyes.

"Yer a sainted and godlike man, Skilly, wi' a heart sweet wi' charity. Now that the lass is able to work again, ye 'll put her bairn in the almshouse at nae cost to yersel'; and ye 'll let her carry swill to yer pigs at half the siller ye 'd have to pay anither. It 's a forgivin' an' tender heart ye have."

Skilly bridled impatiently and turned away; the woman would try the patience of a saint.

"Aye, run, run, Skilly," urged Jessie, tauntingly. "If ye bide, I may let ye see yersel'; and the sight will make ye sick."

It was too much. An elder of the kirk could n't be expected to stand it any longer. Skilly left her and stalked down the path, his back as stiff as buckram.

Jessie turned back into the house all a-flutter. Nature had not made her a fighter. She could not have lifted a whisper to defend herself, but accident had made her play mother, and so she could fight like a tiger, although her knees might tremble for hours afterward.

"Did ye hear, Bella?" she asked the

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girl who sat stolidly on the bench by the window ignoring the whimperings from the clothes-basket.

"Aye." There was nothing in the girl's tone to indicate her thoughts. After a moment her eyes wandered up to the toby-jug on the mantel, and she said:

"How much will the pram an' the cradle cost?"

Jessie, with most of her attention centered on the commotion in the basket, answered:

"I can get the pram for thirty shillings, an' I 've been promised the use o' Maggie Duncan's cradle for nathing; but she kens fine I 'll make her next gown on account o' t."

§ 4

In the straggling light next morning Jessie slipped a long, thin leg out of bed, and her toes went searching with catlike caution for a crocheted slipper. Finding it, they wriggled into it.

Jessie was making one of her countless trips to the clothes-basket by the fireside in the next room to see if all was well. She clutched her long, pink flannellet nightgown to keep it from touching the floor, and was moving carefully past Bella's bed, when its flatness made her look at it again.

It was empty! Jessie hastened into the next room with fussy concern, sure that whatever Bella was doing for the baby was wrong.

But Bella was n't there! Her hat was n't hanging on the back of the door, where it had hung for six weeks. Her shoes were n't on the peat-backet, where she had put them last night.

The baby! Jessie gave a cry that ended in a strangled sound, half-laugh, half-sob, as she sprang to the clothes-basket and dropped down beside it. The baby was there. Jessie's heart resumed action again. She bent over the basket and tenderly touched the baby's warm, sleeping face; then her thoughts returned to Bella. She looked about for fresh proof that she had really gone.

Against the toby-jug a sheet of writing-paper was propped. Jessie reached for it and carried it to the window. In the graying light she peered at the words written upon it until they formed into things of meaning. And she read:

"I am going to Edinburgh. I have taken two pounds from the toby-jug; that leaves enough for the pram. It is ill done of me, but I will no' stay in Drumorty. If I get a place, I 'll send back the siller, and if Geordie will wed me, I 'll come back for the bairn. You have been kinder to me than I am deserving, and I will no' forget. You can send the bairn to the almshouse. It will be better there than with me if Geordie will no' have me."

Jessie trembled as she read. Bella had gone! And the baby was here, was hers to keep! Joy sent her heart racing heavenward. She turned and sank to her knees beside the clothes-basket, stretching greedy arms about it and whispering passionately:

"She 'll no' come back; she 'll no' come back; and ye 'll be my ain, my ain wee lamb!"

Then in the flush of her riches, kneeling there in the still gray morning, she thought of Bella and her poverty; Bella, stealing out loveless in the night; Bella who had borne the suffering and the shame; Bella with empty arms. And a great remorse for the greed of her own rejoicing tore at her breast, and she cried in anguish:

"God be merciful to her, and forgie me, a covetous sinner!"

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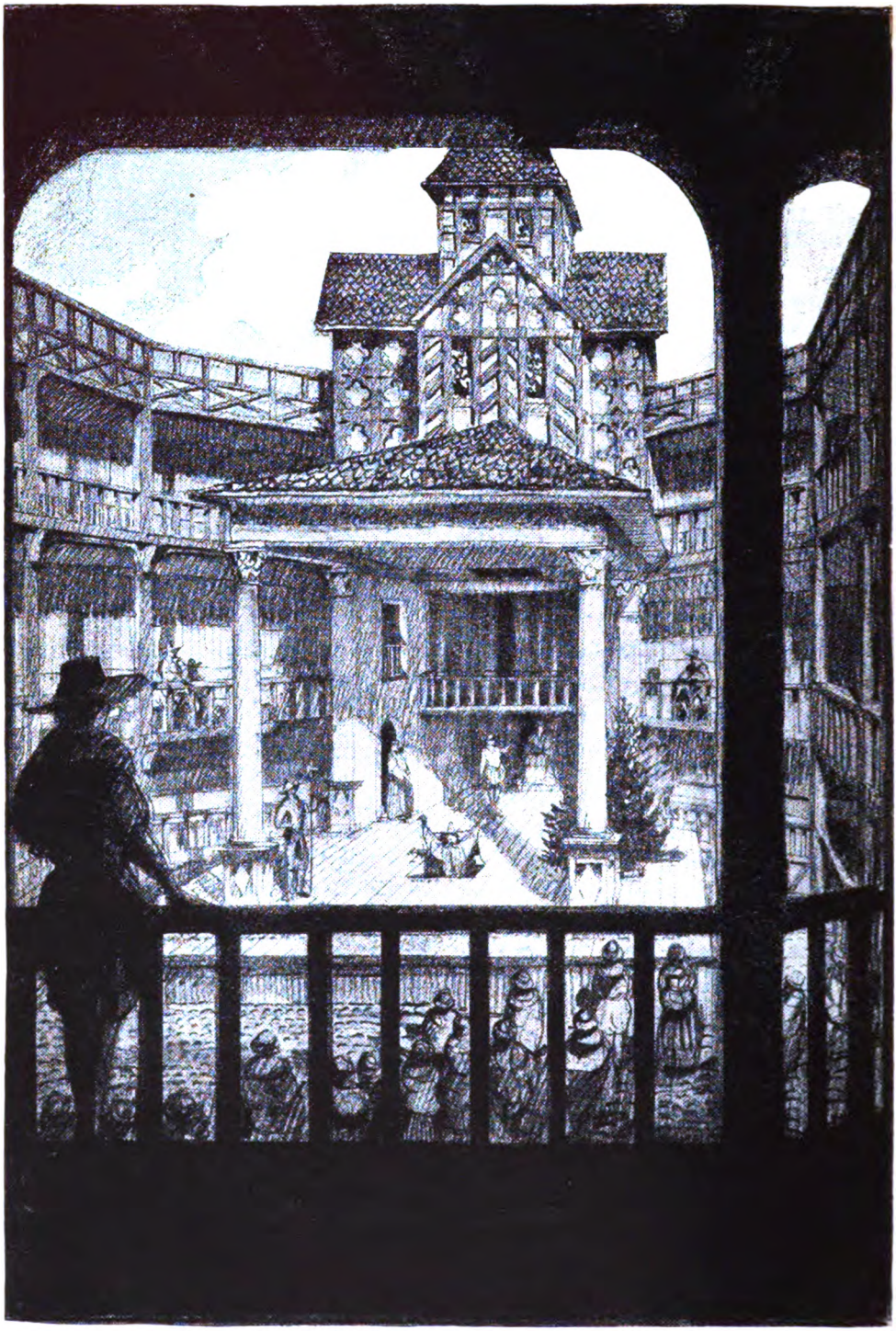

The Globe Theatre of Shakspere, in which the crowd stood in the courtyard, and the gentry sat in the shallow balconies on three sides. Note the permanent forest on right of stage and the hole in the wooden canopy through which celestial manifestations were lowered

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Back to Shakspere

A review of the attempts to recapture the theatrical vigor of the dramatist and his stage in the theater of to-day

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

Drawings by HUGH FERRISS

SHAKSPERE has been acted professionally in the United States from five hundred to a thousand times every season for the last fifteen years—seventy-five hundred performances at the very least, and not a hundred and fifty that have given any real idea of the theatrical power and brilliance and effectiveness of this great practical playwright. A good deal of the poetry has survived these productions, and some of the sheer melodrama and slapstick comedy, but almost none of the expert dramaturgy, the rounded sense of the theater, the deliberate skill in the organization of scene and plot which made Shakspere's plays popular successes three hundred years ago.

We have applauded half a dozen of our stars for keeping Shakspere alive when they were actually doing their best to crush the amazing vitality out of him. The indictment is long, but it can be summarized in five points. They have loaded down the plays with ugly realistic scenery. They have cut up and rearranged the plays to fit this scenery. They have ripped out whole scenes, episodes, and characters to make room for the long waits with which this scenery interrupts the swiftly running story. They have turned over all but one or two parts in the plays to inferior actors. They have permitted these actors to drone out the words which some one who knew a good deal about Shaksperian production said should be spoken "trippingly on the tongue."

We have sent our boys and girls from high school to see Shakspere thus hacked, tortured, and half dead after preparing them with a course in boredom which treats Shakspere as an apostle of culture instead of a playwright who is quite as likable and clever a story-teller as George M. Cohan or D. W. Griffith. The miracle of it all is that we should have a dramatist of such supreme genius that he can go through these tortures and come out with the breath of life still in him.

If we want to stop this horrid and inhuman spectacle, if we want to enjoy in Shakspere the full, tremendous vitality which his contemporaries felt, if we want to make his plays as genuinely popular in America as they are in Germany, we have only to recognize three facts and act upon them. We must recognize that Shakspere knew what he was about, and we must play his pieces as he wrote them. We

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must recognize that he wrote them for a very special sort of stage and we must give them a kind of production that approximates the conditions of this stage. We must recognize that upon Shakspere's own stage the plays were acted swiftly and lyrically, and we must ban producers who mangle Shakspere and "Shaksperian" actors who mouth his words.

"Back to Shakspere!" is the essential formula.

How distant he has grown in all the three hundred years in which English and American editors, actors, producers, and critics have dealt with him! It is an amazing history of distortion: plays pirated and carelessly and inaccurately printed in the playwright's lifetime, supplied with scene and act divisions years later by editors lacking both knowledge and imagination, rewritten and altered by a long line of busy inferiors, bewigged and knickerbockered by Garrick, smothered in scenery by Irving and Tree, cut up and rearranged to please the stagehands of the realistic theater; yet alive enough through it all to prove to a few German producers that Shakspere knew his business and that his disciples and parasites did not know theirs.

The problem of understanding Shakspere, of piercing three hundred years of obfuscation, of finding out what sort of stage he wrote for and how the conditions of that stage could be approximated in our own playhouses, was a terrifically hard problem, the hardest ever faced in the theater, the hardest perhaps in all literature. When the problem was first attacked, a hundred years ago, there were virtually no documents, no records, no pictures to aid in the research, and to-day there are very few. The task was a double one, doubly involved. It was necessary to reconstruct Shakspere's stage almost entirely from a study of his plays, and it was equally necessary to make over his plays, to bring them back to what must have been their original form, in the light of this knowledge of his stage.

Modern understanding of Shakspere begins with Goethe and ends with the movies. In the seventy-seventh year of his life, nine years after he had put aside the directorship of the Court Theater in Weimar, Goethe made a discovery. Reading one of the first editions of Shakspere, a quarto, he noticed that there were virtually no scene or act divisions; these had been supplied by editors of a later time. But, more than that, Goethe noticed that scene divisions were not particularly important. The play flowed along as well even though the word "*Exeunt*" took the place of "Curtain," and the castle of *Macbeth* or the forest of Arden was described in the dialogue instead of in the stage directions. This discovery excited Goethe inordinately, for it created a new picture of the poet's stage and the poet's method.

Goethe saw definitely, if not completely, the nature of Shakspere's method. It was a method of story-telling surprisingly like that of the movies. Shakspere played upon the mind of his audience with something of the logic which a scenario-writer uses to-day. He flung out scene after scene with no thought of the unities of time or place, but with a very clear sense of continuity in the developing narrative and emotion. He assembled his action bit by bit in a sequence of episodes that would contribute to the understanding of his audience. It did not matter to him whether they were

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episodes of only a minute's duration or scenes of half an hour in length. "Hamlet" is a play that we can divide into twenty scenes, "Macbeth" falls into twenty-nine in present-day texts; yet in "Othello" there is one episode that runs for more than half an hour of playing time. Shakspere tossed his scenes back and forth, piled them on top of one another with the same freedom that a motion-picture director employs. His only test was the movie test: Do these scenes build up plot and emotion, and is their sequence clear and logical to the audience?

There are certain devices of Shakspere's dramaturgy that parallel very closely the scenography of D. W. Griffith. For example, Shakspere took as great care as the picture-producer that the logic of time should be clear. He felt it essential that there should be no long and unexplained gap of time between successive scenes. If the hero was the last to leave one scene, he was not the first to enter the next; other characters appeared at the beginning and prepared the mind of the audience for his coming, or supplied an interim in which he could be imagined as making the journey. If the jump of time and space was too great, Shakspere thrust another scene in between, just as the movies do. For this purpose the sub-plot served admirably. By alternating the events of the main plot and of its subsidiary, this matter of logical time development was taken care of while the two plots progressed smoothly and went forward with equal rapidity toward their clash at the climax.

The result is not only a parallel with the time concept of the movies; it is also a parallel with the "flash-back." Griffith, in the climax of many of his films, "The Birth of a Nation," for example, keeps two plots running abreast and filling the interstices of time in one another, in much the same fashion that the main plots and the sub-plots of Shakspere developed. Another interesting parallel is provided by the chorus of certain plays of Shakspere and the "descriptive subtitles," or long explanatory captions, of the movies. In the episodic "Henry V" the chorus serves to bridge the gulfs in time and place. Between the ultimatum delivered by *Exeter* to the *King of France* and the beginning of the conflict at Harfleur, for example, the chorus steps forth to tell the audience of how the people of England rallied to the war and to bid them picture the fleet descending on Harfleur. The method, at least, is the method of the scenario-writer, though the language is miles above him.

When Goethe and Tieck and Immermann and other explorers of the technic of Shakspere went back to the original quartos to study his method without the intervention of later editors trying to fit it into the shell of eighteenth-century dramaturgy, they discovered that the many short scenes were so arranged that they could be played in rapid succession, and they made the natural deduction that the Elizabethan actors played them in this fashion without the intervention of curtain or intermission. They noted, in fact, that a drop-curtain was quite outside the conception of Shakspere. No characters were ever "discovered" upon the stage: they walked on. No one was ever left on the stage at the end of a scene, not even a corpse. The living walked off, and somebody was sure to give very explicit directions for carrying away the dead bodies.

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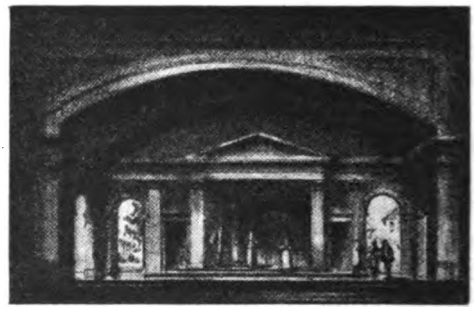
That was why the shorthand-writers hired by the printers to steal plays during performance set down the fact that So-and-so entered, and So-and-so went off, but never wrote "curtain."

The natural deduction was that Shakspere used a stage without scenery in our sense and without a drop-curtain, and that his plays were acted in a continuous stream. The players stepped out upon the stage from doors mentioned in the script of the shorthand-writers, played their scenes, stepped off, and made their exits. Other actors followed, impersonating other characters. And presently the first characters appeared again in later episodes of their story. Almost invariably one or other of the people on the stage would go out of his way, though not too obviously, to mention some feature of the place in which they were supposed to be. Unquestionably, the players were appearing upon some sort of scenery-less stage, which was without means of fully describing itself or placing itself in time. If this were not the case, Shakspere would simply not have taken the pains that he did to make clear the passage of time and the nature of the place in which the characters were supposed to be.

So far the German pioneers had a theory of the way Shakspere's plays were produced in his day, but no notion as to the exact structure of his theater. The problem was to create a method of production of their own which would keep the play whole and present it without intermissions in the same sequence in which it was written. Incidentally, this would bring some of the very long tragedies within the ordinary length of an evening's entertainment; for it is only the waits for changes of scenery that make so many of the dramas of Shakspere unplayable between 8:15 and 11 o'clock.

If Goethe had not died so very soon after he made his discovery in regard to the Shakspere quartos in 1826, he and the Court Theater of Weimar, instead of Karl Immermann and the municipal theater of Düsseldorf, would undoubtedly be credited with the first attempt to present a play of Shakspere's on a stage especially created to handle it. In 1840 Immermann, who was the *Amateurdramaturg* of the Düsseldorf Stadttheater, devised a graceful, efficient, and most interesting stage for the presentation of "Twelfth Night." As you will see from the sketch, it was without the usual proscenium or curtain. It consisted of a long, raised platform upon which most of the action took place. The ends were permanent doors leading from the town, the harbor, the orchard, the palace, or any of the half-dozen spots which figure frequently in the plays. *Viola* entered, for example, from the



The Immerman permanent stage, with curtained alcove in the center

coast and, after acting her scene with the sea-captain, went off through the door leading to the town and the palace of *Orsino*. Because there were references to curtains and "traverses,"

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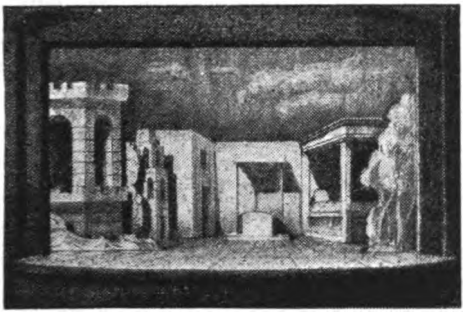
"studies" and tents in some of the plays, Immermann placed in the center, at the back of the platform, a curtained alcove which formed an inner stage. There he could display heavy



A medieval "multiple setting," showing in one set, from left to right, waves, a castle, a shrine, a bed, a forest

properties—tables, chairs, a throne, or anything of the sort—that might be needed for some single scene and which could be cleared away after the curtain had been drawn.

Immermann thus devised a stage which, though unsuccessful in stemming the tide of conventional productions of Shakspere, was not bettered or even equaled until the nineties. The discovery in 1888 of the DeWitt sketch of the Swan Theatre, made in 1596, set men trying once more to produce Shakspere on a stage somewhat like his own. From then onward experiments in Elizabethan staging were frequent and ingenious in Germany, and ingenious if not so frequent in England and America.

The main scheme of the Elizabethan theater is now fairly well known. It was an out-of-door theater, and performances were given by daylight. The model upon which it was founded was the inclosed yard of the English inn, a place which the traveling players had used to give their plays before a permanent theater was first erected in London in 1576. The building was usually hexagonal, sometimes square. It was a hollow shell, with two or three balconies facing inward, in which the nobles and the wealthy sat. From one side of the building, displacing the balconies, the stage itself thrust out into the open space of the center. The proletariat sat or stood upon the ground, almost surrounding the stage. At the back of the stage, where it joined the walls of the theater, were permanent entrance-doors, one on each side, and between them was some sort of inner stage with a curtain. Above the inner stage and side doors were balconies. The stage was partly shielded from the sun and the rain by a wooden canopy, or "heavens," thrust out from above the balcony. In its ceiling was a trap-door through which objects could be lowered to the stage or carried aloft out of sight. John Corbin has suggested that for ghost scenes or scenes of darkness, a canvas was stretched from the roof of the heavens to the outer wall of the theater. This seems an elaborate and awkward device; the producer could more easily have used the inner stage, well shadowed by the "heavens" and by hangings, to secure a certain amount of twilight or mystery.

There has been a great deal of talk about the Elizabethan theater as a bare and poverty-stricken place. The Puritans did not seem to think it such. They inveighed vehemently against its sumptuousness, and there are invoices of property-rooms to prove that properties and costumes were elaborate, rich, and costly. Unquestionably there was in our sense no scenery even on the inner stage.

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But that was merely because the whole conception of the theater was otherwise. Scenery had only just made its appearance in court masques, where it was used, first of all, to disguise the rooms and halls in which these shows were given. The theater, from Greek days onward, had been a naked platform upon which the playwright and the audience built up an imagined world. Because of a line from Sir Philip Sidney, which speaks of the word "Thebes" being written on "an old door," many have supposed that placards were used to indicate the place of action. The fact that most of the audience could not read and that the playwrights took so much care to announce through the dialogue the scene of action, effectually disposes of this sign-board theory. You may believe that the stage of Shakspere was not quite so poverty-stricken in brains or material.

Indeed, it could not have been poverty-stricken in physical properties, for the English stage, with its plays, was itself an outgrowth of the medieval theater, and the medieval theater was rich in physical trappings. The extent to which the Elizabethan theater was still medieval has never been properly emphasized. In 1547 we have a sketch of one of the French mysteries presented at Valenciennes. There, on the long platform-stage, which developed after the plays left the nave of the church, we find a dozen different settings stretching from heaven at one end to hell's mouth at the other. This was the "multiple setting," which continued in the booth theaters of Germany and the pageant wagons of England. People thought nothing of the presence of *Pilate's* house on the stage while a scene by the Sea of Galilee was being enacted next door to it. When scenery came into the indoor theater of France after Shakspere was dead, the multiple setting came with it. The stage might contain at one side the shore of a lake, behind it an orchard, at the back a palace, and at the other side a bedroom. It is unbelievable that the stage of Shakspere's day did not retain some element of this method of production. George Fullmer Reynolds has acutely pointed out evidence in the plays and in contracts and documents that at one side of the Shaksperian stage trees were nailed into place, while at the other a heavy throne might stand through all the performance. The players acted in one portion of the stage or the other, as the scene demanded, and ignored the rest.

There were two outstanding results of the physical nature of the Elizabethan stage. One was the rapidity with which scenes could succeed one another, and the play race along without waiting for changes of scenery. The other was the intimacy which the actor shared with his audience. Rich young bucks may or may not have sat upon stools on the stage, but they would have been little closer to the actors than were the groundlings, who thronged the edge of the platform, or even the nobles in the balconies. The stage was forty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, and the building itself was relatively so small that no spectator was more than thirty-five or forty feet from the scene of action. This intimacy of a great crowd with the players, combined with the rapid fire of action upon the stage, kept the drama whipped up into fiery emotion, and flung the comedy full into the face of the spectators.

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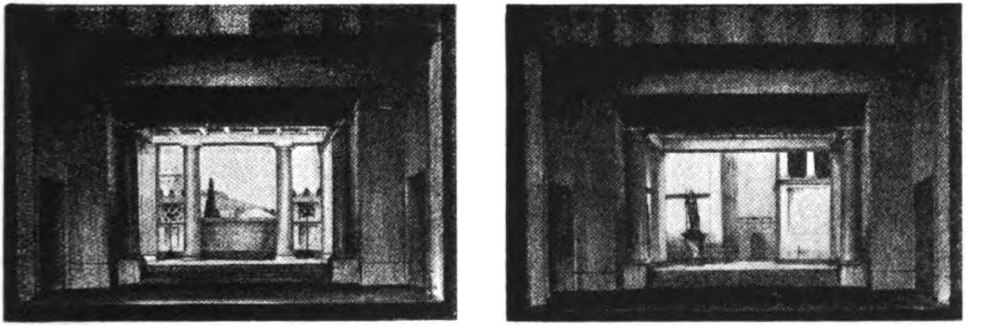
The problem of the modern producer of Shakspere has been to achieve as swift and intimate a performance as in the playwright's own day, and to give the plays uncut and in the original order of scenes. To do this the modern producer has devised different methods of presentation, which roughly fall into five classes. He has attempted to build something approaching an Elizabethan playhouse, done away with all suggestion of either stage or scenery by using curtains, used scenery in alternately shallow and deep scenes, used mechanical devices to make possible rapid changes of solid realistic settings, or has simplified and formalized the scenery in some way suited to the particular play.



The semi-permanent Klein stage changed from an interior, vestibule in the house of Aufidius, on the left, to an exterior, a street scene, on the right

The first notable attempt of this generation to recreate the condition of the Elizabethan theater must be credited to Munich. There, at the Royal Court Theater, about 1890, Intendant Karl von Perfall and director Jocza Savits superimposed upon the normal stage-floor what they called their "Shakspere *Buehne*." Behind the proscenium-line they built a permanent architectural wall, with an opening to an inner stage in its center, which could be closed off by curtains from the stage in front. It had doors and a space at the back where drops could be hung. In the architectural wall, at each side, were doors giving on to the main stage. Perfall and Savits reintroduced the apron, building the main stage out over the footlights into a forestage which brought the players closer to the audience. Steps led from the forestage down into the orchestra pit, which could also be reached at each side from doors under the boxes. Here was a pseudo-Shaksperian stage, which served well enough and was in use until 1905, after which it was replaced by a simpler and severer stage designed by Julius V. Klein.

Actual reproductions of an Elizabethan stage have been attempted with considerable success at various times. At Harvard, in 1904, Forbes Robertson played "Hamlet" in a replica of the Globe Theatre thrust into a college hall, and in 1908 Maude Adams presented "Twelfth Night" with excellent effect in the same setting. For the tercentenary of Shakspere, in 1916, an undergraduate society of the University of Pennsylvania erected a building reproducing the

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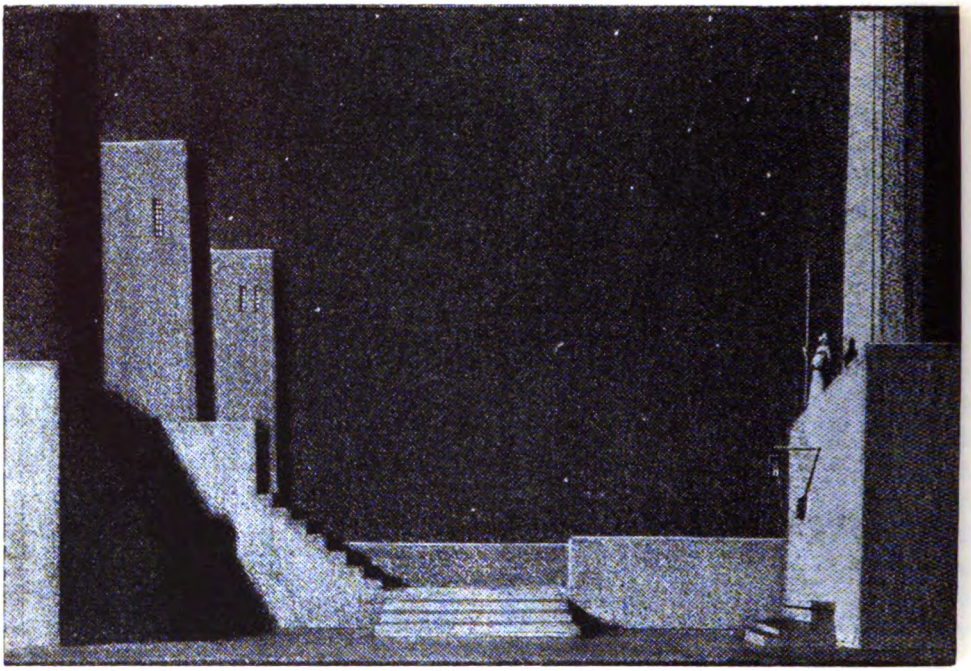

Claude Bragdon's parapet scene in "Hamlet," which is quickly changed to the throne-room, shown on the opposite page, by a few alterations

Globe and staged a play within it. During the short life of the New Theater of New York it put upon its own stage an excellent adaptation of the Elizabethan stage, in which it performed "A Winter's Tale" with fine illusion. Under John Corbin's direction the New York Stage Society produced "The Tempest" in a similar fashion in this same playhouse in 1916.

Outside of Germany, the greatest credit for the reanimation of Shakspere and the production of his plays as he wrote them must go to William Poel. In 1893 he founded the Elizabethan Stage Society in London, and from then until 1905 he gave frequent performances of the plays, uncut, and acted with splendid speed and lyric emphasis. Perhaps from motives of economy, but certainly from a conscious desire as well to eliminate modern scenic display, Poel gave his productions against a background of curtains. The same method was carried to America by Ben Greet.

The stage of Klein, which replaced that of Perfall and Savits in Munich, worked upon a scheme of alternately deep and shallow scenes, which has become widely used in mounting Shakspere. Klein merely set up an inner proscenium behind the normal proscenium, and made changes of setting behind the decorative curtain of the inner proscenium, while other scenes were acted upon the forestage down in front. This follows in general the theory of alternate scenes upon the Elizabethan stage, which was devised before the nature of that stage was fully known, and had to be discarded in the face of damning evidence against it. This theory supposed that Shak-

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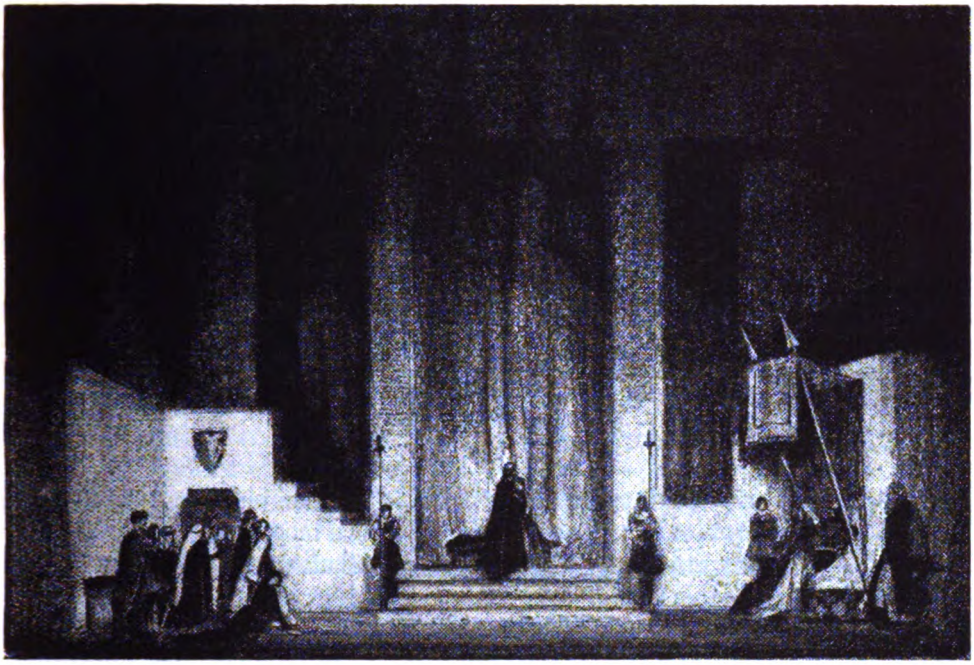

The throne-room scene in "Hamlet" designed by Claude Bragdon. Note that the main structure is identical with the parapet scene

spere employed a curtain, or "traverse," between the front pillars that supported the "heavens," and that while a scene was played in front of this, another was prepared behind the curtain. The fact that this curtain was impossible on a stage surrounded on three sides by the audience disposed of the general theory. The system of alternating scenes is perfectly plausible, however, on a modern deep stage, and has been used successfully by many producers. Granville Barker applied it to his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in London and in New York before the war. Curtains with conventional designs upon them suggestive of a forest or a sky served as backgrounds to the action of about half the scenes, while behind them stood various plastic settings, such elaborate scenes, for instance, as *Titania's* bower and the court of *Theseus*. In certain productions, made with the assistance of Livingston Platt, Margaret Anglin employed a modified form of alternate settings. Germany supplies an interesting variation of this method in what Karl Hagemann of Mannheim called his "Ideal Stage." He placed a row of two columns down each side of the stage, between which he hung curtains to serve as backgrounds and to hide changes of scene that were made in the deeper stage to the rear.

Upon the German stage a great deal of effort has gone into the devising of machinery, such as the revolving stage and the sliding stage, by which changes of scene may be made easily and quickly, no matter how elaborate or solid the settings may be. Max Reinhardt, who took the lead in applying

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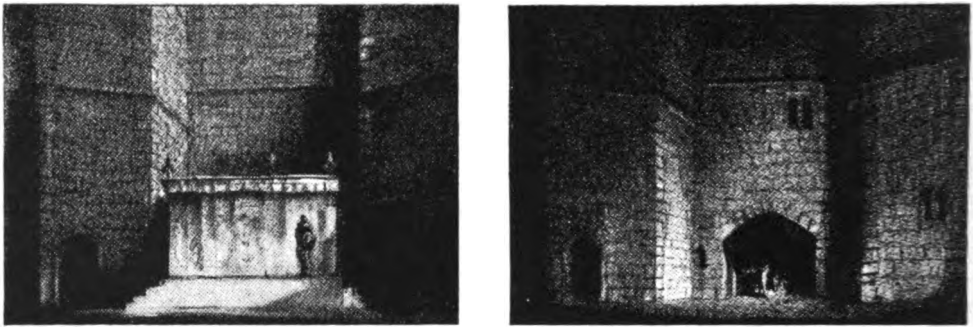

The addition of a single piece—a curtained bed, a throne, or a gibbet—against the permanent walls of the background, with modifications in the lighting, produce vastly different, yet unified, sets for "Richard III" as designed by Robert Edmond Jones. On the left, the king's bedroom; on the right, a street scene

these devices to the production of Shakspere's plays, built upon the revolving disk cut into the floor of his stage a complex of rooms and streets, each setting backing up against its neighbors. When the curtain or the lights were lowered, the revolving stage was turned, bringing the next setting into view with hardly a moment's intermission. The sliding stage, which works shuttlewise across the proscenium opening, carries a new setting into view as soon as the old has been used. No method of this sort, however, brings back that sense of unity which resides in the Elizabethan stage or in attempts to approximate it in our own theaters.

Something of this unity, but not swiftness in changes of scene, has been achieved by means of scenic design both here and abroad. Some of these efforts, like Fritz Schumacher's at Dresden, simply utilize different portions of a single "skeleton setting," with new elements added in successive scenes. Rapid change of scene is not always accomplished by this method. This was one of the drawbacks in Claude Bragdon's interesting skeleton setting for Walter Hampden's "Hamlet" three or four years ago.

By far the most satisfactory efforts to mount Shakspere within the limits of the modern theater stage seem to me to be such as Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins in New York and Emil Pirchan and Leopold Jessner in Berlin have made with "Richard III." In both cases the scenic artists sought to find a general symbol for the play that they could use as a background for all the scenes. Jones, working first upon the problem, chose the Tower of London, the bloody tower of Richard's executions. He surrounded the back of his stage with those frowning, gray walls. Within them and against them he placed very simple indications of the scene: a cage for the prison of *Henry VI*, a throne for the coronation, a gibbet for the scene of *Richard's* death.

Another and much debated attempt to revolutionize the stage of Shakspere, the Jones-Hopkins "Macbeth," points in its very failure the moral of Shakspere production. It was an attempt to reduce the setting to a symbolism that plumbed the depths of the unconscious mind; the castle became three rude arched openings in a screen, the

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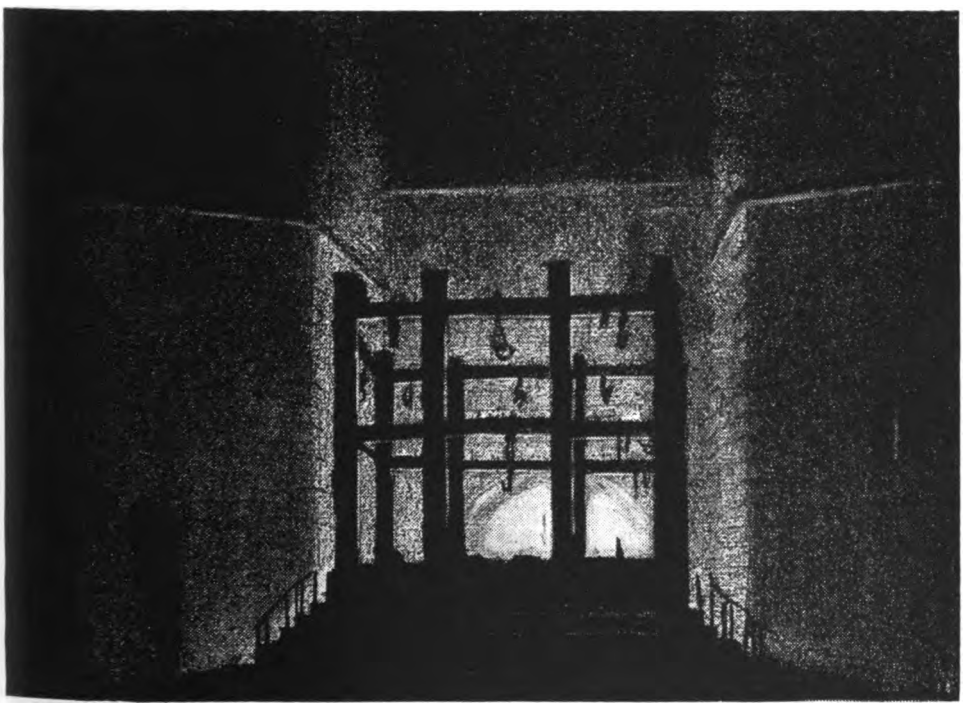
beginnings of doorways that took a shape suggestive of the murderous hostility of *Macbeth*. Except for indications such as these there was only the blackness of curtains. The effort failed partly because the symbols appeared too simple, too extreme, for the mind of the playgoer. They seemed too daring, I think, because they were presented where we expect elaborate scenery, on the flat floor of the stage. They lacked a fresh structure of floor or proscenium to set them off.

In the mounting of Shakspere it is essential to simplify whatever scenery is used to the point where it does not interfere with the rapidity of the presentation. It is just as essential to make this scenery speak clearly the meaning of the scenes. But it is even more essential to give the whole stage a large and solid structural quality, a design as a whole, a physical structure which makes the method of Shakspere's dramaturgy as simple and clear as day. It is impossible to escape the conviction that there must be some approximation to the formal nature of his own stage. That stage gave the plays of Shakspere the form they now have. Our stage to-day must take its form from them when it tries to reproduce their original spirit. They must dictate and they must be seen to dictate. That is the essence of their vitality.

The essence? Not altogether. For in any production of the plays of Shakspere the setting, the stage, like the characters, is merely the vessel for the action, which must be swift and lyric, and must recognize the audience as part of the play, and address itself to the audience as directly as it did in Shakspere's own day.



A black gibbet in silhouette against red light, thrown on the walls of the permanent set, form Robert Edmond Jones's death-scene for "Richard III"

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Silence

By THE FATHER OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

ON a mist-veiled afternoon in March, 1919, I drove to the levee at New Orleans and boarded one of the few steamboats that now disturb the quiet of the great river. While crossing the gang-plank I noticed, standing apart from the handful of passengers on the main deck, a young man in the uniform of a first lieutenant. His pallor told of long hospital days, and he carried a heavily bandaged arm in a sling; but more striking than either of these battle signs was the expression in the boy's eyes. Standing with shoulders drooped, he looked over and beyond the movement and hurry beneath him as if asking some unanswerable question, and though loneliness showed, I felt a deeper emotion smoldered behind his tired eyes than either an unanswered question or loneliness could evoke.

It was near sunset-time before the mellow blast of our deep-throated whistle sounded departure, and the stern-wheeler, every steam-pipe hissing, headed up the deserted waterway. Alone, I paced the deck until the red sun dropped suddenly into the wilderness that stretches away behind the levee banks in flat, endless miles. I halted then, and through the fast-deepening twilight looked over this vastness of rich delta lands, my mind on many things; but through all my thoughts the question in the lieutenant's eyes persisted, and I wondered if my own boy, left over there—

Then, while our craft churned the muddy waters of the wide river, this came, bringing some comfort:

America, what a country to fight for and, if needs must, to die for!

I left the deck, now dark in shadows, and passed into the poorly lighted "grand saloon," where I found the small ship's company already gathered beneath the single oil-lamp, swinging above one end of the long dining-table. They made up a cheery group; over his few passengers the captain presided like the father of the family, his wife at his right. Opposite this cordial lady were two pretty girls of about sixteen and eighteen, bound for their plantation home "up river." The wounded lieutenant sat next the captain's wife, one other passenger, of colorless personality, and I, across from the lieutenant, made up the passenger-list of this boat that could have cared for an hundred.

At first the table-talk, as always on a Mississippi boat, was of the river, and at once I learned that the soldier was of this country. The question in his eyes had not been caused by the strangeness of the scene at New Orleans. But before many minutes had passed, the big topic of early 1919, the World War, took its rightful place. The motherly captain's wife had cut the untender beef on the lieutenant's plate into pieces of manageable size for his one good hand, and all was going well when the younger of the

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girls smiled wistfully across the table at the wounded man and asked timidly:

"Did you get hurt in the Argonne?"

The lieutenant glanced toward her, his face flushed; then dropping his eyes, he answered:

"No; on the Vesle." Restraint was evident in his tone.

"The Vesle," boomed the captain. "Well, now, seems like I 've heard of that river before. Do they run boats on it?"

"No; we 'd call it a creek over here; it 's no larger than one of our small bayous." The lieutenant's restraint was less noticeable when he spoke of creeks and bayous.

"Then why was it so much trouble, and why did it take so long for the Americans to cross it?" the girl asked in her pleasant drawl.

The lieutenant's color deepened.

"Machine-guns and wire," he answered shortly.

The girl's slight frown showed disappointment, defeat. Not so the captain.

"Machine-guns," he repeated—"is that what got you in the arm?"

"Yes," the lieutenant answered, his eyes on his plate.

"Well, now, I 'd jest like to have you tell about them guns; how they fire an' all." The captain would not see his wife's signal, so the worthy woman leaned forward, tactfully blocking her husband's line of vision.

"You 're ready for your dessert now, ain't you?" she said kindly to the lieutenant.

Her husband took aboard the good half of a boiled potato and tried again.

"But I wanter hear—"

"Father!" His wife's tone was stern. "We 're almost ter La Place Landin', an' the pilot wants ter see you."

On the captain's good-natured face there was surprise, but it was now impossible to misinterpret his wife's eyebrow demand for silence. The lieutenant hurried his dessert, bowed in an embarrassed way to all of us, and left the table.

"Why in the world, Sally Fanny, did you ever start it?" the older girl asked.

"Because I wanted to hear him talk about it, sister."

"You ought to know by this time, Sally Fanny, that they just won't talk about it. Anything you get out of 'em is like getting one of those litty, bitty kernels out of a hard-shell hickory-nut; you 've got to *pick* it out!"

"Well, now, you don't say so, miss!" The innocent captain had not visited his pilot. "Nobody never had to pick nothin' outer a Civil War vet. Give one of them old fellers a chanct, an' he 'd talk your ear right off."

The manner of the lieutenant at mention of the war by those simple folk of his own kind had surprised me, and I wondered with our honest captain what the cause might be. Certainly he had nothing to hide; one look into his brave eyes, to say nothing of his wounded arm, was convincing. This fine boy had nothing to explain, much less to be ashamed of. In the earlier talk of the river he had taken his part without reserve. Then why, at the mention of the war, had his whole manner suddenly changed? Why his silence?

§ 2

For days the Southern girl's peculiar emphasis on that word "*pick*" stayed in my memory, a constant spur to the

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question of this silence, and the more I saw of the returned soldier, the more convinced I became that she had stumbled on a truth. Both the officer and the man from the ranks with whom I came in contact were reluctant to speak in detail of their experiences in France.

I spoke of this one evening to a friend who watches through unusually discerning eyes the march of passing events.

"We are just beginning to discover something that the English knew as far back as 1915," he said. "There 's nothing strange about this silence of the World-War fighter."

"But," I protested, "the old soldier talking with delight of his battles has been for ages an accepted figure in literature and a fact in life. Why this marked contrast between our boys and the soldiers of other wars?"

"Other wars were but kindergartens to the hell men went through in France," my friend replied. "This war has left the soldier mentally scarred, dumb before those who did not endure what he did. You have discovered nothing new." He brought a copy of the "Atlantic Monthly" from his shelves. "Let me read from an article called 'The Gulf,' written by Willard L. Sperry in 1918, months before our army in any considerable numbers had taken part. He writes:

" '. . . the mind of the Front, puzzled, thoughtful, speculative, interned. . . . They can only intimate by their silence that life there has certain qualities which may not be told.'

"And again: '. . . But amid all this noise there is a noticeable silence. It is the silence of the fighters. They are dumb: dumb by law, dumb by instinct and reason.'

"Here he quotes from 'Some Reflections of a Soldier,' published, I believe, in England back in 1916.

" 'I know how Rip Van Winkle felt about it. But his was a minor trouble. All he lost was a few years. But the man who comes back from the line has lost more than years. He has lost his original self. The home-folk do not know this and may not be told. . . . You are anxious to have a truthful account of the life of a soldier at the front; we should wish you to know them. Yet between you and us there hangs a veil.' "

"When I first read this article," my friend continued, "I thought the writer had drawn interesting, but improbable, conclusions; that while, of course, there would be reticent soldiers, they would be but a small minority of the men who returned. I was wrong. This silence is not the exception; it is general."

After this talk my interest in the question was aroused beyond mere curiosity, so much so that since the spring of 1919 I have studied the mental attitude of the A. E. F. man at every opportunity. As usual, when one searches earnestly for anything, be it postage-stamps or mental reactions, I was able to collect a surprising amount of material. Here are some instances I discovered of this silence. Two of these occurrences came from persons I know to be free from exaggeration; the others I myself witnessed.

§ 3

An afternoon in July, 1919, a returned officer, well dressed, alert, was swinging up Fifth Avenue in New York, accompanied by a friend to whom I am indebted for this story. As they crossed Fiftieth Street, a shab-

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bily dressed boy, wearing a ragged cap pulled over one eye, sprang from the seat of a waiting truck and hurriedly followed the two men. Overtaking them opposite the cathedral, the boy walked for a few steps in the rear, as if uncertain, then he called shyly:

"How are you, Cap'n?"

The officer turned. Instantly his hand went out to the truck-driver. His friend stepped to one side.

"Why, it 's O'Donnell! I am glad to see you, boy." The captain's smile proved his words.

Then these two men, so widely apart in every outward appearance, gripped hands as if they had been brothers long separated.

"Did n't see you at the last meeting of old Company D," the captain continued. "But, good Lord! man, how 'd you get that black eye?"

The truckman grinned.

"Ain't it a beaut? But, say, Cap'n, you oughter see the other feller; he got his all right."

"Did n't get enough scrapping over there, eh, you wild Irishman? What was the row about?"

"Aw, it war n't about nothin'. I just went dippy, I guess." The boy rumpled the hair above his swollen eye. "Say, Cap'n, don't it get your goat sometimes the way folks over here goes on? I was out with some guys; they was all talkin' about what they 'd done in the war, and then a friend of mine what worked in a shipyard somewheres he says to me how sorry he was about not gettin' to go himself. Well, I 've heard that kind of bunk about a thousand times, an' it sure gets my goat; so when for about the tenth time that night he tells me all over again what a lucky guy I was, all of a sudden I gets red-headed an' lands him a good one in the mouth, an' some time during the argument I gets this bum lamp." O'Donnell rumpled his hair again. "What gets me, sir, is that that feller 's a good enough guy. I like him all right. Search me if I know why I hit him." The boy looked up at his captain as if anxious for an affirmative answer and asked, "Do you ever feel that way, sir?"

"Yes, O'Donnell. I 've never gone as far as you did, but that envy talk they give us does rile me up sometimes."

These two men from the fighting-line talked freely together, and of the war, for some minutes longer. Then they shook hands, with promises to meet at the next gathering of their company, and the captain and his friend continued their way up the avenue; O'Donnell returned to the seat on his coal-truck.

Can we who did not fight in France fully comprehend this boy's sudden flare of temper?

§ 4

In December, 1920, I was reading in a corner of my club when two men I knew to be great friends, though one was much the older, took seats before the open fireplace. The older man, a Wilson-hater, began with every evidence of satisfaction to relate that story, then new, of the fancied attitude of our ex-President at the opening of the peace conference. Rolling the words with vicious joy from his tongue, he described the setting of the room, the dignity of the representatives from all the nations except ours, the secretary's manner when calling the first roll of the delegates. Reaching the crux of his story, the man declaimed dramatically:

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" 'Who represents England?' Lloyd George answered.

" 'France?' Clemenceau rose and bowed.

" 'Italy?' Orlando answered to this.

" 'America?' There was no response.

" 'America?' The secretary repeated. Still silence. The secretary spoke to a man sitting in a far corner of the room.

" 'Don't you represent America, Mr. Wilson?' "

Here suppressed laughter at his own joke overcame my fellow-clubman; it was some time before he managed to control his merriment and continue:

"Finally Wilson rose and answered: 'No, Mr. Secretary; I am here to represent the world.' "

The old clubman slapped his knee and, throwing his head back, broke into a laugh louder than it was long, for in the midst of his amusement he caught sight of his young friend's face. What he saw caused him to realize that this returned soldier was not hugely enjoying the joke.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you think of that?"

The younger man looked him squarely in the eye; his reply was unsoftened by any smile.

"I 'm glad," he answered quietly, though his face was flushed, "to know that our President is far-sighted enough to see something outside of his own country; that he is concerned over the terrible conditions that threaten all the world."

The older man gasped; he knew, as did half the club, that his friend was a Republican.

"But to look out for the world was not his job. We pay him to attend to America's interests," he said indignantly.

"Our President," answered the soldier, "has enough sense to know that this country cannot be prosperous as long as the rest of the world is disorganized. But aside from this rather selfish view, my commander-in-chief may also feel that though a man's first duty is to his own, he cannot stand aside and not at least try to stop a murder just across the road."

The older man sputtered, "Visionary, dreamer, idealist," and other familiar adjectives of the day and, unable to comprehend his friend's attitude, left the room.

Probably it had not occurred to the gentleman that this soldier had fought in the mud of France under President Wilson during long months which, without great discomfort, he himself had passed in his New York club.

§ 5

Let us go back to the spring of 1919, when the boy in uniform was everywhere about. A tall, thin man, civilian clothes hanging loosely from his bony shoulders, and leaning heavily on a stick, walked through the noonday crowds opposite the post-office on Broadway. Across from City Hall Park he waited on the curb and, seizing his chance, hurried through the traffic and sank down on a bench. The ill man gasped rather than breathed in the sharp April air; a racking cough followed; then he straightened and sat still, breathing hard.

"Better now, ain't you, Buddy?" a man beside him asked. He was stocky, freckled, young, and the sympathy of comradeship was in his voice. "Spotted you fifty yards away, an' when I hears that gas-whistle of yours,

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I knowed right off you 'd been there. What was your outfit?"

"The Seventy-seventh."

"The Seventy-seventh was a pretty good bunch. I was wid the Rainbow," the soldier said proudly.

Over threadbare citizen clothes he wore an ill-fitting army overcoat, the one bronze button still left held in place by a safety-pin. The wide mouth beneath the man's snub nose was friendly.

"Out of a job?" the ill man asked.

"Sure," the soldier said. Then, after a moment: "Officer? Well, say, Major, don't it just beat all hell—the difference! Why, it looks to me like most of these guys over here don't know there 's been any war." He moved nearer, sitting sidewise on the bench. "I 'll bet you 've found that out, too."

The major said that he had.

"Well, say, now, would you mind tellin' a buddy what 's struck you the hardest?" The soldier's tone grew confidential. "I 've been settin' here thinkin', but I can't comprenny the thing; I 'd like to get your slant on it."

This likable, shabby boy had a way with him; evidently he spoke the language the major understood. Both men were lonely.

"There 's been a lot of things, but here 's one that jolted hard," the officer answered. "I was discharged from hospital four days ago; reached the Penn Station about eleven o'clock at night. As I walked through Thirty-fourth Street a crowd of men, not one of them over thirty years old, was just coming out of the Waldorf. They had on evening clothes, some had fur-lined coats and silk hats, all of them looked overfed to me. Well, of course, there 's nothing so bad about that; but what hit hard was that all of them carried a dinky little pasteboard box tied up with pink-satin ribbon,—one of those damn-fool dinner-favors,—and I said to myself: 'Good God! is this the sort of thing American men are still doing?'"

The soldier, grinning, nodded his head.

"Yes, I get your range on that. I 'll say them pretty little boxes was some different from gas-masks. But, Major, you oughter have give' one of them fellers a nice soak in the eye."

The officer thought over this.

"No, Buddy," he said; "what 's the use? We 've got to remember that those who did n't see, did n't *feel* the thing, can never understand. They only got a faint whisper here of the big noise we heard over there."

"Maybe so,"—the boy rubbed his freckled forehead,—"but they think so different! Over there everybody thought the same way; nobody did nothin' except try to win the war. Here—look at 'em!" His arm swept a wide circle. "What 's makin' them thousand crazy people beat it both ways up an' down that street? What makes them cars run on their rails? An' what 's them guys away up there, hangin' onter that steel beam for? They 're all thinkin' about the same thing, too; but it ain't win the war. Not on your life! It 's cop the dollar!" The soldier laughed aloud. "An' you remember what a measly thing money seemed like to us doughboys. Play the game! That was the only thing. But now, over here, it 's, 'Ah, forget that game!' I just can't get it," he said hopelessly. "Say, Major, what 's a feller goin' to do, anyway?"

The old feeling of responsibility for

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his men must have stirred in the officer; he laid his hand on the soldier's worn sleeve.

"We must go through what 's known as adjustment," he said encouragingly; "we 've got to try to see things their way." The soldier shook his head. "Yes, I know it 's hard, but our old game is *fini*. We must start all over, learn a game that 's strange to us now, and play it for all we 're worth. Are you broke?" he asked abruptly.

"No; I got twenty bucks left outer the sixty Uncle Sam told me good-by with."

"I 'm out of a job, too, but I may be able to get one for you some day." The major took the soldier's address; they shook hands and parted.

This incident was witnessed by my stenographer while spending part of her lunch-hour in the park. Knowing my interest in the subject, she took down the words of the men verbatim.

If the returned soldier is silent before a citizen, this conversation would indicate that they talk freely and with sympathy to one another.

§ 6

One evening in November last—to be exact, on the seventh day of the month—I dined alone in a Broadway chop-house. My table was in a corner; the table next to mine was unoccupied, but set in readiness and marked reserved. I was far more interested in the book propped against the water-carafe than in my dinner when five young fellows took possession of the reserved table. My back was to them, but I had the feeling of being sharply inspected before they took their seats. That I was permitted to overhear their talk was probably due to my white hair,—I have found soldiers less reserved before the old,—or perhaps I owe my good luck to the genial effects aroused by the red wine they had brought with them. Whether it was one or both, I bless the cause; each brief sketch of some unforgetable experience I overheard that night stirred me as nothing else ever can.

They were a strangely assorted company. Two were evidently of good education, one of them assuredly well to do; another was a Jew; the fourth I took to be of Italian parentage; the fifth was Irish-American and had a fighter's jaw.

When their leader, who, I 'll wager, lived on or within a block of Fifth Avenue, showed the labels on the bottles, the interest of the entire group kindled.

"Well, I 'll be hanged! The very same *vin rouge* we got on the march back through Ste. Menehould!"

During the account of the difficulty of obtaining this particular brand the glasses were filled.

Then, without rising came the toast: "To the Seventy-seventh, the division that gained more ground than any of them!" Each man lifted his glass. "To the 302d Engineers!" Again they drank. Three names were then spoken in a low tone: . . . "the dead of the fourth squad of old Company B!" and the five living men silently drained their glasses.

As their dinner went on, there came to me astonishing things that will stay in memory all my days. Early in their talk I learned that these five boys, all that still lived from their squad of eight, were celebrating the third anniversary of gaining the Meuse at the end of their division's terrific drive north from Grand Pré. Here are some bits from their talk:

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"An' they kept me an' Jim wid our noses in the mud of that damned ditch, it seemed to me, for more 'n a hour, the bullets whizzin' so close my tin hat rang like a bell. Direct fire, you know; the bullets snap different as anything from the hum them indirect ones make."

"No, he did n't holler or nothin'. 'Damn 'em! they 've got me, Jake,' he says to me, natural' as anything, d' yer understand, an' slid back inter the shell-hole. The next minute he says I should give him a smoke. Shells was breakin' all round us, an' my hand was shakin' like all hell; but I gets a cigarette inter his mouth. The blood comin' out made it wet before I could give him a light. But old Frank should worry. I tried again; the new one got wet quicker 'n the first. 'Thanks, Jake; it 's no use; but you 're a damn white Jew,' he says, chokin' like, an' right away he stiffened all out, the cigarette washes outer his mouth, an' it 's good night for old Frank. . . ."

". . . In his pocket we found an unfinished letter to his wife and a picture, just an advertisement of a bassinet,—a baby's crib, you know, —with a lot of lace all over it. George was always talking about her; he 'd told one or two of us that he expected to be a father soon; was all puffed up over it, poor boy! He was the first one hit that morning; if he 'd driven that damned *boche* inside the dugout a second sooner, he would have been all right. Must have had direct observation on us; it was a little one-pounder that got him. He and the *boche* prisoner went down together, and neither of 'em made a sound."

". . . Them two had been acrost that river three days and nights, hid under a pile of sacks what was filled with charcoal. They only had two cans of goldfish [salmon] for the three of 'em; so when that was all et up an' their canteens dry, they made a try for it. Well, sir, when they tumbled inter our trench they was sure some sight—black as niggers from the charcoal, an' kinder wild-eyed, too. But they come through all right, an' brought that dippy infantryman along wid 'em. He jabbered somethin' awful'. Bill tells me afterwards that all the time he was n't asleep, him or Joe had to keep a hand on his mouth; they was scared the *boche* would hear the way he went on. On the way back Joe finished two Huns; they was wid a machine-gun, and Joe done it alone, quiet, wid his bayonet. I 'll say them two boys earned the D. S. C.'s they got, all right."

They ran on in this way, relating without reserve incident after incident of their fighting, until a young man stopped at their table. The two better-dressed boys, whom he knew, returned his greeting cordially enough, but instantly I caught the note of restraint.

"Talking over old army days?" he asked. "I don't want to butt in, but if you don't mind, I 'd certainly like to hear some of it."

"No, we 've got together to see if we can't get a man we know out of a scrape," the leader lied plausibly. "We were n't talking about the war."

The new-comer went his way.

"Was n't in it, eh?" one said.

"No."

The one word was all the explanation needed, and their talk was taken up again.

Some minutes later I rose.

"I want to apologize," I said to the

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leader. "I have overheard much that you gentlemen have said,"—I saw their faces harden; none of them rose,—"but I hope you 'll forgive me. My boy was in your division. He 's over there still."

Instantly they rose, their faces changed, and in turn five strong hands gripped mine. I left the room.

§ 7

Among my younger friends is an officer who saw most of the hard fighting done by our American troops. I see this friend frequently, and after much patient waiting there came, a few days ago, what I judged to be the right moment to question him.

"Now, John, I don't want you to shy off," I began. "I am anxious to get the fighting man's inner thoughts on a subject I have studied for some time. Will you tell me why you and apparently all ex-soldiers object to talking of the war with men who did not take part in it?"

"Do you think we do?" he parried.

"I know it. You yourself, John, balk before even so old a friend as I."

Without speaking he smoked for some time, thinking out his answer.

"I suppose you 're right," he admitted at last. "There are a lot of reasons; perhaps I can best explain by telling you some of my own experiences."

This was what I had hoped for; I gave him every encouragement.

"When I first got back," he began, "I dropped into the office of a large contracting firm whose principal men were friends of mine. The first thing I saw, hanging conspicuously in the outer office, was an elaborate poster affair headed in large letters, 'OUR WAR RECORD.' Beneath was a list of their war contracts. It struck me as—well, queer, that these friends of mine who had stayed behind and cleaned up something like two million dollars in safety and comfort should advertise their efforts with such bald pride. In the inner rooms, far more elaborate quarters than they had enjoyed before their patriotic war work, I met my former friends. After the usual talk of how much they envied me my experiences,—in which, by the way, they did not show enough interest to ask if I had had any,—they immediately began telling me the troubles they had undergone in handling government work. The war was of course very fresh then, and in the back of my mind, while listening to their petty complaints, were sharp memories of days and nights of sleepless strain, of mud and icy rain, the smell of gas and putrid flesh, and—oh, all the rest of that hell over there. And these men complained vehemently because the Government had refused to pay for a dozen pairs of rubber boots bought without an official order." He bit savagely into his cigar. "Does it seem possible?" he cried. "It was at this first meeting with my old associates that I realized that never again could the man who had not gone and I meet on common ground. I knew a score of fellows who to fight had given up their business and everything else, and been smashed to pieces besides. But here were stay-at-homes who had made millions, talking seriously about thirty damned dollars' worth of rubber boots!"

"Recently I met an officer at dinner who had been severely wounded in the attack on Château Diable," I said. "One of the other guests asked if he had ever found women chained to machine-guns. He replied that such

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stories were fiction. But this guest insisted that he knew from official information at Washington that women had been so found. To my surprise the officer, white with sudden anger, snapped out, 'All right, have it your own way!' After that he did not speak another word during the dinner. Why his anger?"

"That's easily answered. We fought against men—men who knew the game better than we, an enemy who fought with devilish cunning. Do you suppose any of us can listen patiently to that chained-woman fable? That we like to be told we fought and killed women?"

To how many of us, I wonder, has it occurred that such ridiculous reports belittle our own men far more than they discredit the enemy.

"I have a friend," he continued, "who makes a hobby of maps. He has, I think, the best collection of old and new maps in this country. Shortly after my discharge—before America had forgotten the war and had returned to money-grubbing—he invited me to dinner. As a special treat to him, I took with me a French war map, showing their own lines, gun emplacements, and that sort of thing in red; all *boche* works, secured from planes and spy information, in blue. I spread this map before him with considerable enthusiasm,—they are really remarkable,—and explained how exactly we found all the *boche* defensives had been located after we had driven the enemy back. Pointing to a blue square, I told him we had captured, at the precise spot indicated, over a million dollars' worth of war material; then I looked up to enjoy his surprise. But I got all the surprise there was. My friend was regarding the end of his cigar with a bored look. He had no interest in this map, which for me charted a thousand thrilling deeds of bravery, suffering, trial, and victory.

"Once after this, and for the last time," he said bitterly, "I voluntarily spoke of the war before men who had not taken part in it. Called upon at our college alumni dinner, I attempted to describe the rush of our division from Grand Pré to the Meuse; to give some idea of the strain our men endured with such wonderful spirit. I said that during those six days and seven nights any one who managed to get two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and that in a shell-hole or ditch half filled with water, was a lucky man. After the dinner a 'silver striper' said to me:

" 'You told that pretty well, old man, but you must n't expect us to believe men can go with as little sleep as you tried to make us believe.' So there you are!"

From these and other instances I uncovered I am convinced that none of us who did not see, who did not actually experience, front-line fighting can ever realize the frightfulness of it; that, try as we may, we can never think of battle in the terms that men of the A. E. F. think of it. On the subject of the war we who for whatever reason stayed at home and the men who fought in France are now, and will always be, mental strangers.

That these men shrink from talking of something they know will never be understood, often doubted, is not surprising. All the battle pictures that we can get must, I fear, as that young girl on the Mississippi steamboat put it, be "picked out." Had my own boy come back, would he, I wonder, have spoken freely to his father?

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Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

I—Are Commercialism and Science Ruining Medicine?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

One of the most distressing tendencies in American medicine is the decline of the old-fashioned general practitioner, and his replacement by the modern so-called scientific physician and group doctor. The doctor is rapidly losing his important rôle of comforter and friend; he is no longer considered to be privy to the secrets of black magic or to derive his healing powers from intimate acquaintance with gnomes, sprites, devils, or deities. He is venerated, instead, because of the growing belief that he is one of the chosen disciples of the new god of science. In the Middle Ages the brothers of the Rosy Cross befuddled their clients by their supposed possession of the philosopher's stone. At present the healer awes his patients by coming to them reeking of the laboratory, or by allowing them to see, as if by accident, his scientific proceedings with calorimeters, syringes, and guinea-pigs.

This is sad not because it will have a very perceptible harmful effect upon the average length of life or upon the general health of our countrymen. Indeed, it is possible that the services of the new physician may be in some ways more important than those of his predecessor; but there is cause to lament the passing of "old doc," because his going means the disappearance of a charming character, a wise counselor, a comforter in time of distress, a rock to cling to in the storms of disease and in the presence of death. His twilight must fill one with melancholy, because he was usually a figure of simplicity and sincerity and real dignity in our communities, which are already more than filled with hypocrisy, charlatanism, loud advertisement, meretricious efficiency, pretense, and vulgarity of all kinds.

The adorable figure of the doctor of the old type has been beautifully described by pens that put this one to

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shame. Oliver Wendell Holmes has painted the physician of the middle of the nineteenth century, Dreiser has characterized him admirably in his book, "Twelve Men." To the present writer one of his type will remain an impressive and altogether unforgetable figure, who helped him through the annoying maladies of childhood and advised him with priceless wisdom during the tortures of adolescence.

T. G. H. received his medical education in the early eighties at the University of Michigan, and settled down immediately afterward to practise in a village in the western part of that State. Here he remained for more than thirty-five years as the principal physician and as a figure of importance, doing incalculable good among the villagers and the inhabitants of the surrounding country-side. His appearance impressed one instantly with confidence. He was stockily built and of middle height. His head and shoulders were massive, and his jaw was clean-cut and strong; he gave the impression of crag-like solidity and simplicity. His expression was ordinarily thoughtful and stern, but his gray eyes twinkled at intervals with understanding of human sins and peccadilloes, and his rare outbursts of chuckling laughter were hearty and inimitable. He was religious to the point of fanaticism, yet his long experience and keen observation of human frailties made him in many ways a tolerant and wise counselor. When the writer, troubled with the collapse of his religious faith through secret readings of Ingersoll and Darwin, came to him with his doubts, the good doctor, instead of denouncing free thought and science, replied with a history of his own struggle with the enigmas of life.

His ability in diagnosis was of the first order. It showed that combination of careful observation, long experience, and rare good sense that led one to consider his judgments to be intuitive rather than based on memory of principles rammed into him in his college courses. He made little use of modern diagnostic paraphernalia. He was not acquainted with the technic of blood counts, Wassermann reactions, or determination of blood urea. He did not pooh-pooh at them as newfangled, but seemed impressed with their importance. Yet one felt that he was able by short cuts to arrive at fully as sound conclusions as those gained by the aid of these elaborate and expensive tests. His apparatus of diagnosis consisted of a thermometer, a stethoscope, a few test-tubes, and reagents for simple urinalysis. These alone aided his clear mind and intuitive judgment in arriving at diagnoses of astounding accuracy.

At the same time he was never afraid to admit that he was baffled in the study of some obscure malady. This characteristic, so much a part of his fundamental frankness and honesty, added to the confidence that every one had in him. He was like old Skoda in his refreshing therapeutic nihilism. He was no peddler of yarbs and simples, but was, on the other hand, a firm believer in the power of nature to cope successfully with many diseases. He constantly reminded his patients of this fact, and disdained to take the credit for cures that the universal mother herself had effected. So it may be imagined that he scorned the great majority of his quacksalving colleagues, who administered innocuous concoctions, and then took the credit if their patients recovered.

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T. G. H. is dead, taken away too soon from a community that loved him, and in the end killed him by its incessant demands upon his strength. General physicians of his extraordinary ability become more and more rare. Communities of the type that he served have now to be content with the mediocrities or sixth-rate graduates of modern medical colleges. The more promising students are lured from attempting the difficult, but useful, life that was his. They cannot resist the temptation of the rewards of money and notoriety that attend the successful metropolitan specialist or consultant of to-day.

The absorption of the best talent by specialties, consulting practices, and, finally, by that coalition of specialists known as the "group" is a phenomenon to be ascribed largely to the rise of modern surgery. Its augmentation of magnificence and importance is one of the most romantic occurrences in modern affairs. For, from his ancient association with barbers, the surgeon has climbed to an eminence of the utmost dizziness. He is the most prosperous of physicians. The general practitioner, who once scorned the knife as a weapon fit only for such humble persons as tonsorialists, is now at the beck and call of his former servants.

In the sixteenth century surgeons in general were said by Clowes to be "shameless in countenance, lewd in disposition, brutish in judgment and understanding." They were recruited, according to the same author, from "tinkers, tooth-drawers, peddlers, ostlers, carters, porters, horse-gelders, and horse-leeches, idiots, apple-squires, broom-men, bawds, witches, conjurers, sooth-sayers, and sow-gelders, rogues, rat-catchers, runagates, and proctors of spittle-houses." And strange were the remedies sold alike to kitchen-maids and fine ladies by the very flotsam and jetsam of humanity.

Indeed, for many centuries it took a considerable amount of courage to practise as a surgeon, and the endless dismal succession of quacks and rascals is lightened only by the occasional

Privy to the secrets of black magic

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appearance of men of talent and honesty, like Paré and Hunter. But with the discovery of anæsthesia in America, and, what is more important, the application of Pasteur's researches by Lister, a great change began to take place. Lister proved that the application of the principles elucidated by Pasteur permitted of the exploration of the deepest recesses of the body with comparative safety. The chances of death by microbes introduced by the surgeon's manipulations became remarkably fewer. This resulted in a great decrease in the appalling amount of homicide perpetrated for ages by surgeons of all ranks. Diseases such as appendicitis, inflammation of the gall-bladder, various tumors, etc., can be dramatically cured by surgical intervention.

The craft of the repair of the body developed with surprising rapidity, and it is natural that Americans, famed always for their technical ingenuity, should play a prominent part in the amazing growth of this now dignified occupation. Murphy, the Mayo brothers, Halsted, Finney, Nancrède, and Cushing are only a few of our countrymen who have played a prominent part in the development of surgical technic. These men, whether specialists or not, were in the first instance general surgeons of great ability. What is more, they combined a wide general knowledge of pathology and diagnosis with their mechanical and manual skill.

The technic and methods of surgery are to-day things to admire and to wonder at. In the hands of honest persons the craft is certainly one of humanity's most laudable boons. It is only the prostitution of this honorable and useful craft by an increasing horde of commercialists and unprincipled pirates that is to be deplored.

The success of the distinguished surgeons just mentioned stirred hordes of men of mediocre talent to attempt their emulation. Unable to master the wide field of knowledge covered ably by these protagonists, the imitators began to specialize in the absurd manner of the physician-priests of the dynasties of the Pharaohs, who confined themselves to the treatment and butchery of strictly isolated organs, or even went so far as to concentrate their supposedly beneficial manglings upon a single disease. What is still more foolish, the rank and file of the would-be wielders of the knife begin their specialization not after a comprehensive experience, but immediately following the admittedly insufficient four years in medical college and two or three years of hospital service. Their ignorance makes it impossible for them to take into account the intimate physiological relations existing between different parts of the body. They seem to be aware only of the appendix or the gall-bladder or the tonsils or the internal ear or the turbinated bones of the nose.

Each looks upon the organ for the slashing of which he has developed a *penchant* as his legitimate prey. It is a secondary consideration whether the part is healthy or plagued by a malaise. These specialists are inspired with a mania for indiscriminate incision. Some of them seem to believe that the general extirpation of certain appendages would result in an unheard of salubrity for the human race. The useful services of superior men of the type of the Mayos naturally brought a commensurate financial reward. And it is this increase in the emolument of

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deserving surgeons that has led to the unrestrained absurdities and excesses of imbecility that are perpetrated by the rank and file of the wielders of the knife.

"Why slave as a general practitioner," argues the medical student, "when I can become rich and notorious by a wholesale removal of tonsils?" This opportunity for venality has inspired the most daring and unheard of excesses of commercial brigandage, practised with the dignity and unction and respectability that allow it to flourish with hardly a word of protest. Operations are advised on the flimsiest evidence of their necessity. Frequently they are performed on healthy persons.

Strange remedies sold to kitchen-maids

The absurdities of specialization are becoming so palpable that surgeons begin to look about for some modification of their present status. They reason that if medicine has become so complicated and of so wide a range that an ordinary person can master only a small part of it, the logical procedure would be the formation of an association of men with different *penchants*, who might coöperate in the removal of the organs and in the resulting occasional relief of our suffering citizens. They begin to realize, also, that the time required to perfect the technic of the operations leaves none for the study of the art of diagnosis. They rightly argue that it would be a step forward to perform their excisions upon persons the exact nature of whose illness had been determined. This would be greatly preferable to the widely existing present practice of operating upon persons whose maladies had been cheerfully guessed at either by the surgeon or by some satellite practitioner with a shrewd eye toward the splitting of the surgeon's fee.

As a result of these sage cogitations, groups of specialists begin to spring up in the land. This group is essentially a business partnership of specialist surgeons who associate themselves with an internist, or diagnostician. The last determines the nature of the disease, and distributes the patients, let us hope with impartiality, to the various operators. The diagnostician surrounds himself, in turn, with a body of henchmen known collectively as "laboratory men." In large groups there may be several of these satellites, who are regarded a bit sniffishly by their chief, the internist, and who are beneath condescension by the surgeons.

The procedure, then, is roughly as follows. The patient appears before the internist, to whom he may have been referred as a last resort by some practising physician. The sufferer is examined thoroughly by the diagnostician, who causes an array of chemical, pathological, bacteriological, and radiographic procedures to be carried out by his corps of laboratory workers. These tests are important—and very expensive to the patient. The resulting data are now correlated, if possible,

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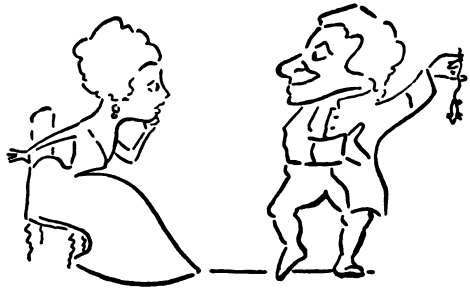
with the findings of the physical diagnosis, and out of this mélange of facts, which are sometimes obscure and even contradictory, comes some kind of determination of the client's malady. The sufferer is then referred to the appropriate surgeon of the group, who proceeds at once to the operation. Fortunately for the business affairs of the group, it is frequently necessary to perform a series of operations upon patients whom the various scientific tests show to suffer from a complication of diseases.

The effect upon the purse of a person finding it necessary to seek the ministrations of the group is devastating in the extreme. All of the various laboratory tests, the physical examination, the anæsthetic, the nurse, the operation, are carefully charged for on the itemized bill. Frequently he emerges from the frying-pan of his illness, his life doubtless saved by the laudable coöperative efforts of this group of scientists, only to step into the fire of a load of debt which is almost insupportable.



And sold to fine ladies

The quarters occupied by these associations of experts are the very antithesis of the untidy, dusty, modest sanctum of the old-fashioned "doc" of other days, so charmingly sketched by Opie Read:

"In this professional hut there was only one window, the glass of which was dim with dust blown from the road. The furnishings of the office were less than modest. In one corner a swayed bed threatened to fall, in another a washstand stood epileptic on three legs. Nailed against the wall was a protruding cabinet, giving off sick-room memories. The village druggist, compounder of essences of strange and peculiar 'yarbs,' might have bitter and pungent medicines, but old doc, himself an extracter of wild juices, had discovered the retching secret of the swamp. To go into his office and come forth with no sign of heaving was a confession of the loss of smell. Sheep-shearing fills the nostrils with a woolly dullness, but sheep-shearers could scent old doc as he drove along the road."

Not so the offices of the modern group of specialists. Their suites of rooms are situated in magnificent office buildings. Frequently edifices of many stories are devoted to the housing of collections of stylish doctors. The central waiting-room bears little suggestion of medical affairs. It is fitted faultlessly in expensive and luxurious antique furniture. It has that "subdued air of elegance and refinement" much sought after by those of our commercially successful countrymen who wish to shed their pristine vulgarities. Its walls are hung with portraits of famous physicians. Upon a central library-table repose neatly arranged copies of the better and more sober type of American periodicals, and there is a noticeable lack of the more vulgar type of journals that diverts the moments of

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waiting in even the best barber-shops. Around the walls are arrayed bookcases, garnished with fat medical tomes and with endless ranks of bound volumes of medical periodicals.

The place is presided over by a businesslike, yet discreetly sympathetic, being, usually in a uniform suggesting that of a nurse, who combines the function of reception committee with that of telephone operator and maker of appointments. The remainder of the suite, which includes consultation- and examining-rooms, minor operating-room, laboratories, ateliers for radiography and photography, has the same air of scientific austerity, of efficiency, elegance, cleanliness, and expensiveness.

It will be clear that the maintenance of an institution of this type is to be supported only at a formidable cost. The salaries of the staff and of such coadjutors as dentists, laboratory men, radiographers, nurses, technicians, bottle-washers, librarians, office girls, telephone operators, and charwomen add to the immense amount necessary for rent and equipment.

From this it naturally follows that the charges to the patient must be correspondingly enormous. The business organization of the group is usually conducted with a truly American efficiency, and with an impersonality and heartlessness necessary to all sound economic enterprises. For it is this, in fact, that medicine is rapidly becoming. The high fees obtainable by the expert doctor have made medicine what it has seldom been in the past—a paying business. This materialistic element is essentially foreign to the spirit of the true physician. Like the functions of the educator and the priest, that of the good doctor has been one of self-abnegation, of devotion to ideals. These ideals, which are necessary to a calling which should be altruistic and partly religious in its nature, have been rudely upset by the entry of economic enterprise.

It may be imagined that the services of these expert super-doctors are, for all the free work done for the poor, accessible in the main only to persons well endowed with worldly goods. The rank and file of us must be content with the ministrations of the more humble practising physician, who becomes less and less the idealist of the old days, and who represents now the mediocrity whose lack of ability or personality makes impossible his attainment to the dignity of the specialist. In addition to the rich, the services of the super-doctor are available occasionally to the very poor. These he attends as a teacher in a hospital clinic. For the title of "clinical professor" is an important adjunct to prestige, and, by the same token, a business asset.

The affluence of the specialist has of necessity reacted badly upon the general practitioner, who finds his more wealthy patients deserting him for the medical experts. Hence, deprived of his most important source of income, he is forced to be less charitable to his less fortunate clients. So it is natural that the ancient and praiseworthy spirit of altruism and economic negligence tends to disappear from the profession of medicine.

The inaccessibility of expert medical attention to the middle classes has led to the demand for the complete removal of the motive of gain from medicine by its socialization. The writer recalls an eloquent plea for this step, made by a brilliant and disin-

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terested professor on the opening day of the school year in an important medical college. The reception of his cogent arguments by both students and faculty was anything but cordial. The majority of the undergraduates had apparently never given the matter any consideration whatever. The clinical professors, most of them luxuriating in outside incomes of an agreeable corpulence, were manifestly unimpressed by the forceful appeal. It is highly unlikely that any important step toward the socialization of medicine will be made in America for some time to come. Should certain foolishly visionary and idealistic persons attempt it, the bitter opposition of the majority of physicians, and especially the superdoctors, may be safely predicted.

The question remains whether this new alinement of the medical profession results in an improvement of service commensurate with its increased emolument. Certainly the refinements in diagnosis, the blood counts, pathological tests, metabolic studies, bacteriological examinations, and X-ray plates afford facilities unknown to the physician of the *ancien régime*. On the other hand, the very presence of all these aids leads the modern physician more and more to neglect the careful and essentially simple methods of observation and physical examination notably developed by Laennec and Skoda, by Widal and Osler. The more heavily the physician leans upon the science of the study of disease, the more he is likely to neglect facts that might be directly and simply determined without an imposing and confusing array of modern gimcracks. The famous surgeon, Nancrède, expressed these thoughts when he exclaimed in an outburst of choler, "it is commercialism and science that are ruining medicine."

I have tried to sketch the blight commercialism has laid upon the profession. It remains to suggest the danger that lies in the assumption by the average doctor that he is prosecuting the scientific study of disease.

It is possible to study disease scientifically, but it is absurd to pretend that this can be done by the rank and file of doctors, who carry the dim torch of knowledge handed down to them by those predecessors who persecuted Vesalius and Servetus, laughed at Harvey, ignored Leeuwenhoek, and sneered at Jenner and Pasteur. Yet the confusion of the art of healing, which is the true function of the physician, with the science of the study of disease, which is the duty of the biologist, physicist, and chemist, is a wide-spread and, I believe, disastrous tendency. The physician should be venerated not for supernatural knowledge or scientific acumen, but for his understanding of our ills and troubles, for raising his patient's morale, and, last, for applying, as a technologist, the therapeutic discoveries furnished him by the small group of scientists who actually study disease.

The medical man, if he remains in the practice of his profession, must by temperament and because of the demands of his work lack the very qualities that are necessary to the investigator. It is well known that the scientific worker must be cool, disinterested, and impartial in making his experiments and recording his results. It is well for him to show imagination and fire at the birth of his ideas. But during the experiment he must weigh accurately and measure exactly; he must be completely impartial in

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recording the preponderance of one or the other of the factors revealed by his results. He must not hurrah for one or hate the other.

The function of the medical practitioner is to cure disease. His relation to his patient should be that of a comrade coming to the aid of a stricken friend. He must desire the successful recovery of his client. He must hate the microbe that malignantly harasses the sufferer. This state of enthusiasm for the patient and enmity toward the disease is clearly a highly emotional one. It has been remarked that such emotions are out of place in science, no matter how valuable they may be in other walks of life. Hence it is futile to bring the business of the physician into the scientific domain. When the practitioner of medicine ceases to be the optimistic and helpful friend of his patient and becomes the cold man of science, he loses a large part of his value.

Discoursing on medical education, a distinguished physician remarks that while disease must be *studied* in the modern university hospital, at the same time *nothing should be left undone to cure the patient.* This statement contains a contradiction which reduces it to absurdity. For in order to study the various phases of a disease with the requisite thoroughness, it is frequently necessary to abstain from any interference with its course.

It will be clear that when our friend demands that nothing be left undone to cure the patient, he asks, in effect, that the first principle of a valid experiment be abrogated. Some of the patients will of necessity have to remain without treatment if it is desired to conduct a sound investigation. This will be evident from the following example. The first principle of a sound experiment concerned, let us say, with a test of the efficacy of X-rays in the treatment of cancer would be the selection of a large number of patients having the disease in a certain stage. All of these persons would then be placed under identical conditions in regard to diet, nursing, and general care. Then a *part* of the sufferers would be subjected to accurately measured doses of Roentgen rays, while an equal number would receive no treatment at all save the general care just mentioned. Now, if the X-rayed group showed a large proportion of cures or ameliorations, while the majority of other subjects became worse or died, it might reasonably be concluded that the rays had a beneficial effect. The untreated cases, called controls, would then have sacrificed themselves to the progress of science. But if this were done, it would constitute a neglect of the demand of our good doctor that nothing be left undone to cure the patient.

Granted that such an experiment could be made on a large number of cases covering a long period of time, it is doubtful whether it would be feasible to make the attempt. In the present stage of civilization it would certainly not be advisable. Imagine the clamor and uproar that would ensue among the family and friends of the controls, that is to say, the untreated patients, should such an experiment be made public! Humanity in general is certainly not ready for a martyrdom to the progress of knowledge. It is not ready to take the place of the laboratory guinea-pig. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the generality will ever become the prey of such a disemboweled itch for knowledge.

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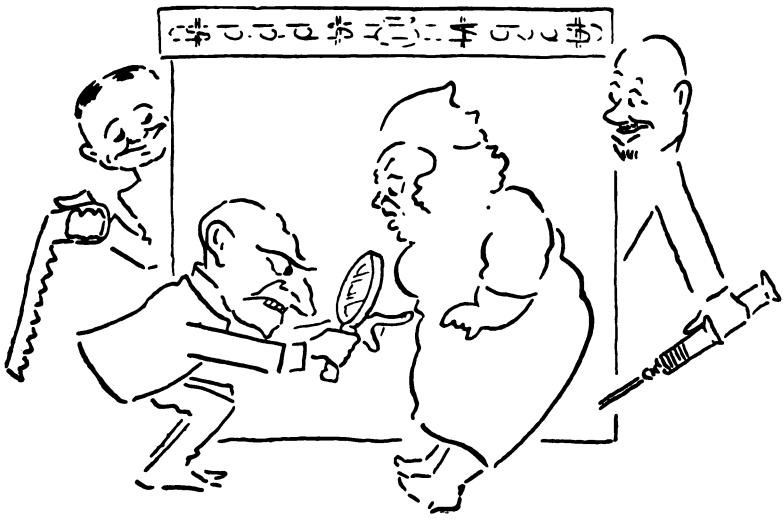

The modern group of specialists

Fortunately for us, the greater part of practitioners, in addition to being mentally unequipped for the logical conduct of such an experiment, are not of the judicial, unemotional nature necessary to its faithful prosecution.

Modern biochemical investigations have greatly increased our knowledge of those physico-chemical derangements of the body which constitute disease. When used with judgment and discrimination, and combined with accurate physical examination, these chemical methods have materially advanced the art of diagnosis. On the other hand, they are widely and idiotically misapplied by a large number of practising physicians, who have virtually no chemical knowledge or training or anything like a broad and accurate acquaintance with chemical physiology and pathology.

Yet, convinced that medicine is now a science, and eager to be regarded as savants, they do not hesitate to perform these reactions, which usually involve delicate technical manipulations. Those practitioners, who are so hopelessly inept as to be incapable of handling even a test-tube without dropping it, become scientists vicariously by having the reactions performed by commercial institutions known euphemistically as "clinical laboratories." It is here that the real evil of the pretension of doctors to science is most strikingly manifest. They neglect more and more the careful physical examination, the many maxims of medical folk-lore, the apparently intuitive knowledge that experience brings. All of these have enabled the doctors of other days to perform astounding feats of diagnosis.

It follows naturally from these considerations that the place for the study of disease is in the laboratory. Here the subjects of the study are animals in which the manifestations of the malady are as nearly as possible similar to those in the human body. Such investigations, to which it is now realized that physics and chemistry are absolutely essential, begin to bring the

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study of disease into the category of the fundamental sciences. It is clear that if humanity wishes to be rid of its ills, it should place every facility in the way of laboratories, apparatus, and experimental animals at the disposal of able and honest investigators. Rich men who set up laboratories out of altruistic or other motives deserve to be pardoned by their less fortunate and consequently envious countrymen who denounce them as commercial brigands. And if a genius should arise in the land who could make anthropoid apes as plentiful, healthy, and cheap as guinea-pigs, monuments should be raised to him, and his name should be sung in the epics of future generations. For it is natural that disease may be most advantageously studied in creatures that are closely akin, if not completely identical, to the human being.

In résumé it is unsound to consider the doctor as a scientist in his relation to the patients or to think of medicine as an independent science. The practice of medicine is something of an entirely different nature. It is to the greatest extent an art; it is part craft; it begins to smack of a technology or applied science.

Its craft is important in surgery, which depends largely upon the same dexterity necessary to goldsmiths, pianists, wood-carvers, watch-makers, carpenters, and sculptors. Its technology is important in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Here the physician should always be on the alert to *apply* the discoveries made by the student of disease in the laboratory. But in doing so, he should not consider himself a scientist. For, in diagnosing what ails a patient, he seeks to locate a hidden source of danger or annoyance in the body of the sufferer. To do this, it may be necessary to make use of discoveries, just as the famous detective Burns might employ a scientific discovery in hounding out a criminal who is a source of annoyance in the body politic. Yet no one would assert that Burns is a scientist. He is simply an excellent detective. The last and most important function of the physician is still his art, which consists largely in the emotional relationship he must bear toward his patient. In this all good doctors, from Hippocrates to Osler, have been proficient. This is in its nature antipathetic to the scientific attitude.

As for the study of disease, that should be left to those intellectually curious and largely heartless persons whose desire is incessantly to know, to discover, to find out the how of things. The best of them have scant interest in the ills of patients; their curiosity concerns itself with the sickness in itself. Contrary to their own occasional pretension, and to the invariable description of them in newspapers and popular gazettes, their desire is *not* primarily to relieve suffering humanity. They are driven to their task by that strange instinct that gave rise to the impudent and dangerous explorations of Henry Hudson and to the unholy and heretical probings of Galileo.

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The Drawings of Pamela Bianco

By Louis Untermeyer

When Pamela Bianco was four years old she began to make baby drawings so definite in intention, so precise in execution, that the sophisticated Picasso, who was visiting her father in Paris, was amazed. In 1919 a collection of Pamela's pictures, done between the ages of five and twelve, was shown at the Leicester Galleries to the even greater astonishment of many of the best critical and creative minds in England. During the next few months Walter de la Mare wrote twenty-six magical poems to accompany her exquisite drawings, and the following year the volume "Flora" appeared—that charming collaboration between a poet who has the clear intuition of a child and a child possessing the sudden vision of the poet. In 1921 Pamela, then fourteen years old, came to America, and her work, exhibited at the Anderson Galleries, again taxed the wonder and superlatives of the spectators. And then, without warning, this fifteen-year-old *Wunderkind* ceased being an infant prodigy and stepped into her artistic maturity. It is impossible to discover what sudden growth, what psychic change must have taken place in that straightforward little mind. The physical facts are, however, more easily ascertained. The Biancos removed to New Jersey, and Pamela, confronted for the first time with the American landscape, began to find a new quality in its, to us, over-familiar trees, to discover something that is at once local and exotic to these native hills.

Incredible it is that these pictures are not merely the work of a girl of fifteen, without technical instruction, but the product of one who less than a year ago expressed herself in an entirely different tonality. The dancing rabbits, the whimsical flower-sprays, the mocking Preraphaelite fairies, are gone, and a

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gravity, an almost somber restraint, controls her pencil. Not that the extraordinary technic has altered. Pamela's compositions were always as surely executed as they were conceived. The medium, that stubborn obstacle which resists and so often defeats the rest of us, has no terrors for her, not even a problem. Crayon, tempera, stone, canvas, ink, oil, gouache—she does not find one harder than the other; each is merely another mechanism to express what at the moment she considers best suited to the particular medium. There is no fumbling here, no hesitancy. One imagines that every line has been shaped, every mass balanced, every contrast and counterpoint arranged before Pamela's certain fingers allow themselves a single stroke.

It would be interesting to digress into general speculations, to examine the intricate relations of the child as artist. What are the forces that impel it, that supply it with backgrounds the child has never known? What directs its candor, sharpens its edges, illumines its clarity? Does the answer lie in its very immaturity? Is the child actually an emotional primitive, still free of superimposed patterns, drawing its substance directly from the unconscious? Knowing beyond knowledge, can it tap that vast source of wisdom at will? But these are questions to which the psychologists have given us only tentative and uncertain replies. And, as a matter of esthetic fact, these creations of Pamela Bianco challenge us on their own high merits, irrespective of the age of their creator.

One is arrested, first of all, by two seemingly contradictory qualities in this work: its delicate, yet vivid, technic; its subtle, yet distinct, idiom, lurking beneath a surface naïveté. One can see at once the obvious relation to the Italian primitives; one can even trace more Oriental influences, though who can ever say what atavism produced the colors of Persian enamels in her brilliant still-life pieces or the reflections of old Chinese paintings in her casually curved branches? But the stamp of the person is always here; these drawings and lithographs are no one but Pamela Bianco. Equally individualized is the range and power disclosed. Mood follows mood with the swift irregularity of adolescence, and every phase of emotion is richly recorded.

The group reproduced in these pages is typical. Here are moments as dramatic and high-pitched as the lithograph of a few roses and a platter of fruit, as quietly poignant as the portrait of a house seen through falling snow, as lyrical as the study of a pot of primulas. And yet, for all the varied interests manifest in the others, the chief glory of this set is the drawing of the single tree. From every consideration it is no less than masterful. It is consummate in its dignity, in its distribution of masses, in its altogether perfect balance of light and dark. It is stylized without being in the least strained. And this, possibly, is the key to Pamela's accomplishment. Here is that rare quality: a craftsman's sophistication that springs somehow from spontaneity. One cannot escape the essential purity of her designs. For hers is knowledge,—learned who knows where?—an uncanny wisdom that has not lost the direct gaze of innocence.

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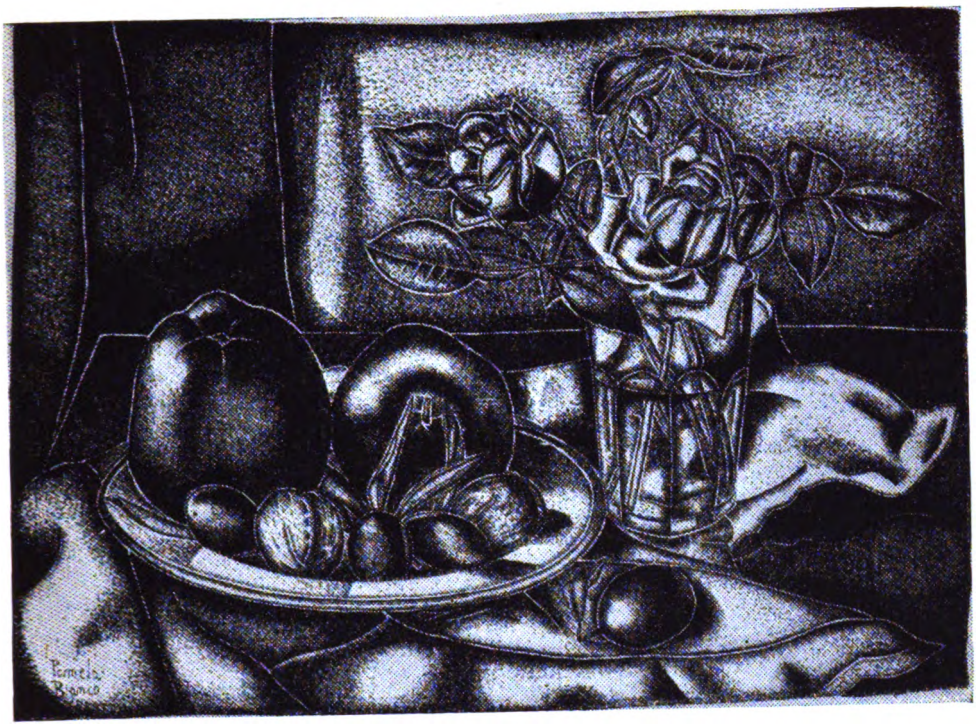

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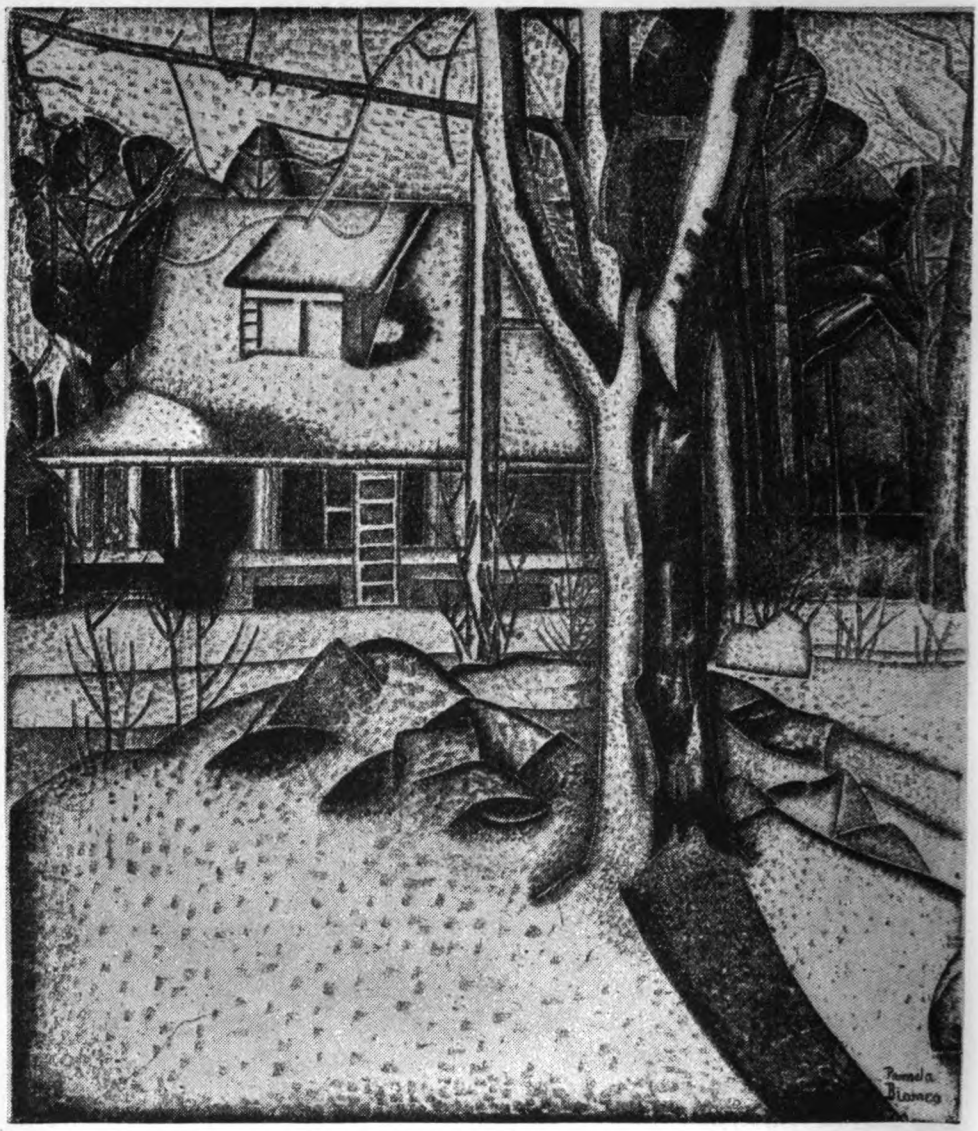

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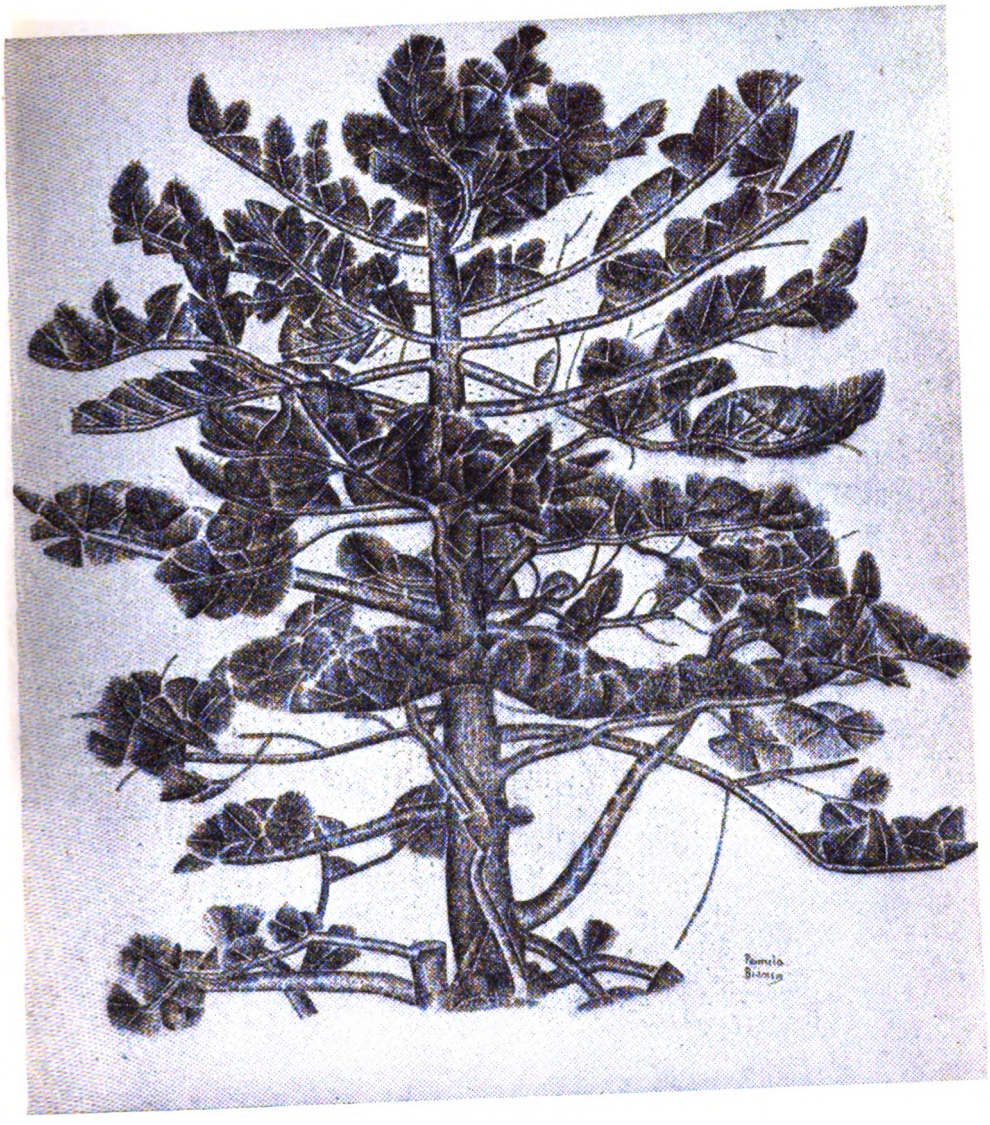

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The Wrestler from Aleppo

Being the Fourth Part of "The Wind Bloweth"[1]

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

"YA ZAN," came his wife's slow, grave voice, "O Shane, when your ship is in trouble or does not go fast, do the passengers beat you?"

"Of course not," Campbell laughed. "What put that in your little head?"

"When I went with my uncle, Arif Bey, on the pilgrimage to Mecca,—Arif was a Moslem that year,"—she bit the thread of the embroidery she was doing with her little sharp teeth, tkk!,—"our ship anchored for the night in *Birkat Faraun*—Pharaoh's Bay. In the morning it would not move, so the Maghrabi pilgrims beat the captain terribly. And once at Al-Akabah, when the captain lost sight of shore for one whole day, the Maghrabis beat him again. They said he should have known better. Don't—don't they ever beat you, *ya Zan?*"

"Not yet, Fenzile. They only beat bad skippers."

"But our *rais* was a good sailor. He must have been a good sailor, *Zan;* he was very old. He was very pious, too. He said the prayers. Do you ever say the prayers, *Zan,* when the sea looks as if it were about to be angry?"

"What sort of prayers, Fenzile?"

"Oh, prayers. Let me see." Her dark eyes had the look he loved, as if she had turned around and were rummaging within herself, as a woman seeks diligently and yet slowly in a chest. "Oh, like the Moslem's *Hizbal-Bahr.* You ought to know that prayer, *ya Zan.* It will make you safe at sea. I wonder you, a great *rais,* do not know that prayer."

"What is the prayer, Fenzile?"

". . . We pray Thee for safety in our goings forth and our standings still . . . Subject unto us this sea, even as Thou didst subject the Deep to Moses, and as Thou didst subject the Fire to Abraham, and as Thou didst subject the Iron to David, and as Thou didst subject the Wind and the Devils and Djinns and Mankind to Solomon, and as Thou didst subject the Moon and al-Burah to Mohammed, on whom be Allah's Mercy and His Blessing! And subject unto us all the Seas in Earth and Heaven, in Thy visible and in Thine invisible Worlds, the Sea of this Life and the Sea of Futurity. O Thou Who reignest over everything and unto Whom all things return . . . You must know that prayer, and say that prayer, *ya Zan.* What do you do when it is very stormy?"

"Oh, take in as little sail as possible and keep shoring ahead."

"I don't understand." She let the the embroidery fall in her lap. "I see your ship from the quays and I can't understand how you guide such a big

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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ship. And how you go at night, Zan, that I cannot understand. It is so dark at night! There is a terrible lot I do not understand. I am very stupid."

"You are very dear and darling, Fenzile. You understand how to take care of a house and how to be very beautiful and be very loving—"

"Do I, *Zanim?* That is not hard; that is not very much. That is not like sailing a ship on the sea."

Without, Beirut seethed with life. Thin, gaunt dogs barked and snarled in the narrow staired streets. Came the cry of the donkey-boys. Came the cry of the water-sellers. Came the shouts of the young Syrians over the backgammon game. Loped the laden camels. Tramped the French soldiers. Came a new hum . . .

Fenzile rose and went through the courtyard, past the little fountain with the orange-trees, past the staircase to the upper gallery, came to the barred iron gates, looked a moment, moved modestly back into the shadows . . .

"Oh, look, *ya Zan!*" Her grave voice became excited. "Come quickly. See. It is Ahmet Ali, with his attendants and a lot of people following him."

"And who is Ahmet Ali?"

"Ahmet Ali! Don't you know, *Zanim?* The great wrestler, Ahmet Ali. The wrestler from Aleppo . . ."

§ 2

Through the grilled door, in the opal shade of the walls, Shane saw the wrestler stroll down the street—a big bulk of a man in white robe and turban, olive-skinned, heavy on his feet, seeming more like a prosperous young merchant than the wrestling champion of a vilayet. Yet underneath the white robes Shane could sense the immense arms and shoulders, the powerful legs. Very heavily he moved, muscle-bound a good deal, Shane thought, a man for pushing and crushing and resisting, but not for fast, nervous work, sinew and brain coördinating like the crack of a whip. A Cornish wrestler would turn him inside out within a minute, a Japanese would pitch him like a bull before he had even taken his stance. But, once he had a grip, he would be irresistible.

"So that 's Ahmet Ali."

"Yes, *Zan.*" Fenzile clapped her hands with delight, like a child seeing a circus procession. "Oh, he is a great wrestler! He beat Yussuf Hussein, the Cairene, and he beat a great Russian wrestler who came on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. And he beat a French sailor. And he beat a Tatar. Oh, he is a great wrestler, Ahmet Ali."

The wrestler had come nearer. Behind him came four or five supporters, in clothes as white as his. Behind them came a ruck of Syrian youths, effeminate, vicious. Came a crowd of donkey-boys, impish, black. The wrestler walked more slowly as he approached to pass the iron doors. And Shane was startled into a sudden smile at the sight of his face—a girl's face, with a girl's eyes. And in his hand was a rose. A wrestler with a rose!

"Why, a man could kill him!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no, Zan!" Fenzile said. "He is very strong. He conquered Yussuf Hussein, the Cairene, and Yussuf Hussein could bend horseshoes with his bare hands. He is very strong, very powerful, Ahmet Ali."

The wrestler was walking slowly past the house, throwing glances

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through the grill with his full girl's eyes. A quick suspicion came into Campbell's mind. He turned to his wife.

"Does he come past here often?"

"Yes, yes, Zan; every day."

"Does he stop and look into the court like that every time?"

"Yes, Zan; every time." She smiled.

"Do you know whom he 's looking for?"

"Yes, Zan; for me."

Campbell's hand shot out suddenly and caught on her wrist.

"Fenzile,"—his voice was cold,—"you are n't carrying on with, encouraging this—Ahmet Ali?"

"Zan Cam'el,"—her child's eyes flashed unexpectedly,—"I am no cheap Cairene woman. I am a Druse girl, the daughter of a Druse bey."

"I am sorry, Fenzile."

She looked at him steadily with her great green eyes, green of the sea, and as he looked at her sweet, roundish face, her little mouth half open in sincerity, her calm brow, her brown arch of eyebrow, she seemed to him no more than a beautiful proud child. There was no guile in her.

"You must n't be foolish, you know, Fenzile."

"*Severim seni.* I love only you, Zan. But it is so funny to see him go by, I must always smile. Don't you think it funny, Zan?"

"No, I don't think it at all funny."

"Oh, but it is funny, Zan, a big strong wrestler like that to be foolish over a very little woman, and for a cheap showman of the market-place to be lifting his eyes to a daughter of the Druse emirs. It is funny."

"It is n't funny. And he is n't much of a wrestler, anyway."

"Oh, but he is, Zan. He is a very great wrestler. They say he threw and killed a bear."

"O *kooltooluk!* Blazes! I could throw him myself."

She said nothing, turning away her head, and reaching for her embroidery.

"Don't you believe me, Fenzile? I tell you I could make mince-meat of him."

"Of course, Zan; of course you could." And she smiled. But this time it was n't the delighted smile of a child; it was the grave, patient smile of a wise woman. And Shane knew it. Past that barrier he could not break, and on her belief he could make no impress. There was no use arguing, talking. She would just smile and agree. And her ideal of strength and power would be the muscle-bound hulk of the Aleppo man, with the girl's face and the girl's eyes, and the rose in his hand. And Shane, all his life inured to sport, hard as iron, supple as a whip, with his science picked up from Swedish quartermasters and Japanese gendarmes, from mates and crimps in all parts of the world, would always be in her eyes an infant compared with the monstrous Syrian! Not that it mattered a tinker's curse, but—

Oh, damn the wrestler from Aleppo!

§ 3

He had thought, when he left Liverpool on a gusty February day, of all the peace and quiet, of the color and life, there would be on the Asian shore . . . Europe had somehow particularly sickened him on this last voyage . . . All its repose was sordid; all its passion was calculated. England and its queen mourned the

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sudden death of the prince consort, but it mourned him with a sort of middle-class domesticity and no majesty. So a grocer's family might have mourned, remembering how well papa cut the mutton . . . He was so damned good at everything, Albert was, and he approved of art and science—within reason . . . There was a contest for a human ideal in America, and in the ports of England privateers were being fitted out to help the South, as the Greeks might, for a price . . . And Napoleon, that solemn comedian, was making ready his expedition to Mexico with fine words and a tradesman's cunning . . . And the drums of Ulster roared for Garibaldi, rejoicing in the downfall of the harlot on seven

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hills, as Ulster pleasantly considered the Papal States, while Victor Emmanuel, sly Latin that he was, thought little of liberty and much about Rome . . . Aye, kings!

And so a great nostalgia had come over Shane Campbell on this voyage for the Syrian port and the wife he had married there. He wanted sunshine. He wanted color. He wanted simplicity of life. Killing there was in Syria, great killing, too; but it was the sort of killing one understood and could forgive. A Druse disliked a Maronite Christian, so he went quietly and knifed him. Another Maronite resented that, and killed a Druse; and they were all at it, hell-for-leather. But it was passion and fanaticism, not high-flown words and docile armies, and the tradesmen sneaking up behind . . . Aye, war!

And he was sick of the damned Mersey fog, and he was sick of the drunkenness of Scotland Road, and he was sick of the sleet lashing Hoylake links. He was sick of pharasaical importers who did the heathen in the eye on Saturday, and on Sunday in their blasted conventicles thumped their black-covered craws in respectable humility . . . In little Asia religion was a passion, not a smug hypocrisy, and though the heathen was dishonest, yet it was not the mathematical, reasoned dishonesty of the Christian; it was a childish game, like horse-coping . . . And in the East they did not blow gin in your face, smelling like turpentine . . .

And he was sick of the abominable homes, the horse-hair furniture with the antimacassars. Lord! and they called themselves clean . . . He wanted the spotlessness of the Syrian courtyard . . . The daubs on the British walls, sentimental St. Bernard dogs, and dray-horses with calves' eyes, brought him to a laughing-point when he thought of the subtlety of color and line in strange Persian rugs . . .

And he was sick of British women, with their knuckled hands, their splayed feet. Their abominable dressing, too, a bust and a brooch and a hooped skirt; their grocers' conventions, prudish, almost obscene, avoiding of the natural in word, deed, or thought . . . He wanted Fenzile, with her eyes, *vert de mer*, her full, childish face, her slim hands, with the orange-tinted finger-nails, her silken trousers, her little slippers of silver and blue . . . Her soft arms, her back-thrown head, her closed lids . . . And the fountain twinkling in the soft Syrian night, while afar off some Arab singer chanted a poem of Lyla Khanim's:

"Beni ser-mest u hayran eyleyen ol yar; janim dir . . . The world is but a prison and my heart is scarred . . . My tears are like a vineyard's fountain, O absent one . . ."

And here was Beirut again; here the snowy crest of Lebanon; here the roadstead crowded with craft; here the mulberry-groves. Here the sparkling sapphire sea; here the turf blazing with poppies; here the quiet pine road to Damascus; here the forests, excellent with cedars. Here the twisting, unexpected streets. Here his own quiet house, with the courtyard and its fountain. Here the hum of the bazaars; here the *ha-ha* of the donkey-boys; here the growling camels. Here the rugs on the wall; here the little orange-trees. Here the two negress servants, clean, efficient. Here color,

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and peace and passion. Here Fenzile . . .

And this damned wrestler from Aleppo must go and spoil it all!

§ 4

He might have shipped with one of the great American clippers racing around Cape Good Hope under rolling topsails, and become in his way as well known as Donald McKay was, who built and mastered the *Sovereign of the Seas*, with her crew of one hundred and five, four mates, and two boatswains. He might have had a ship like Phil Dumaresq's *Surprise*, that had a big eagle for her figurehead. He might have clipped the record of the *Flying Cloud*, three hundred and seventy-four miles in one day, steering northward and westward around Cape Horn. He might have had a ship as big as the *Great Republic*, the biggest ship that ever took the seas. He might have had one of the East Indiamen and the state of an admiral. He might have been one of the new adventurers in steel and steam.

But fame and glory never allured him, and destiny did not call him to be any man's servant. He was content to be his own master with his own ship, and do whatsoever seemed to him good and just to do. If they needed him and his boat anywhere, he would be there. When they needed boats to America, he was there. But if they did n't need him, he was not one to thrust himself. Let Destiny call.

Success, as it was called, was a thing of Destiny. When Destiny needed a man, Destiny tapped him on the shoulder. Failure, however, was a man's own fault. There was always work to do. And it was up to every man to find his work. If there were no room for him in a higher work, it was no excuse for his not working in a lower plane. There would be no failures, he thought, if folk were only wise. If a man came a cropper in a big way, it was because he had rushed into a work before Destiny, the invisible, infallible nuncio of God, had chosen her man. Or because he was dissatisfied, ambition and ability not being equal. Or because he was lazy.

Always there was work to do, as there was work for him now. Clouds of sail and tubby steamboats went the crowded tracks of the world's waters not to succor and help, but for gain of money. And Lesser Asia was neglected, now that the channel of commerce to the States was opened wide. Syria needed more than sentimental travelers to the Holy Land. It needed machinery for its corn-fields and its mines. It needed prints and muslins from the Lancashire looms. It needed rice and sugar. And it had more to give than a religious education. Fine soap and fruit and wine and oil and sesame it gave, golden tobacco, and beautiful craftsmanship in silver and gold, fine rugs from Persia. Brass and copper and ornamental woodcarving from Damascus, mother of cities; walnuts, wheat, barley, and apricots from its gardens and fields. Wool and cotton, gums and saffron from Aleppo, and fine silk embroidery.

Others might race past Java Head to China for tea and opium. Others make easting around the Horn to the gold-fields of California. Others might sail up the Hooghly to Calicut, trafficking with mysterious Indian men. Others might cross to the hustle and welter of New York, young giant of cities, but Campbell was content to

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sail to Asia Minor. He brought them what they needed, and they sent color and rhyme to prosaic Great Britain, hashish to the apothecaries, and pistachios from Aleppo, cambric from Nablus, and linen from Bagdad, and occasionally for an antiquary a Damascene sword that rang like a silver bell.

For others the glory and fame to which Destiny had called them. For others the money that they grubbed with blunted fingers from the dross heaps of commerce. But for Campbell what work he could do, well done—and Lesser Asia . . .

§ 5

Of all the seas he had sailed, it seemed to Shane that the Mediterranean had more color, more life, more romance than any. Not the battles round the Horn, not the swinging runs to China, not the starry Southern seas, had for him the sense of adventure that the Mediterranean had. The Mediterranean was not a sea. It was a home haven, with traditions of the human house. Here Sennacherib sailed in the great galleys the brown Sidonian shipwrights had made for him. Here had been the Phenicians with their brailed squaresails. Here had been the men of Rhodes, sailors and fighters both. Here the Greek penteconters with their sails and rigging of purple and black. Here the Cypirotes had sailed under the lee of the islands Byron loved, and where Sappho sang her songs like wine and honey, sharp wine and golden honey. Here had the Roman galleys plashed, and here the great Venetian boats set proud sail against the Genoese. Here had the Lion Heart sailed gallantly to Palestine. Here had Icarus fallen in the blue sea. Here had Paul been shipwrecked, sailing on a ship of Adramyttium, bound to the coast of Asia, crossing the sea which is off Cilicia and Pamphylia, and transhipping at Myra. How modern it all sounded but for the strange antique names!

"And when we had sailed slowly many days"— only a seaman could feel the pathos of that—"and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone. And, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called The fair havens—"

Was Paul a sailor, too, Campbell often wondered? The bearded Hebrew, like a firebrand, possibly epileptic, not quite sane, had he at one time been brought up to the sea? "Sirs," he had said, "I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." There spoke a man who knew the sea, not a timid passenger. But the master of the ship thought otherwise, and yet Paul was right. And then came "a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon." And that was the Levanter of to-day,—Euraquilo, they call it,—hell let loose. Then came furious seas, and the terrors of a lee shore, the frapping of the ship, and the easing overboard of tackle, the jettisoning of freight.

"And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Somehow the absolute fidelity of the sea-life of the story went to Campbell's heart, and the figure of Paul the mariner was clearer than the figure of Paul the apostle.

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"Howbeit, we must be cast upon a certain island.

"But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country—"

The intuition of seamanship, the flash. How modern! Oh, Paul lived in that sea. His ghost and memory were forever there, as were the ghosts of the Lion Heart; and of Sappho, singer of songs; and of the stout Phenician sailing men; and of the doges of Venice, lovers and husbands of the sea. On the tideless Mediterranean beauty still abided as nowhere else; would abide, when nowhere else—

Would it, though? Would it abide anywhere? A pang came into Campbell's heart. Off Finisterre he had been passed by Robert Steel of Greenocks *Falcon*, every sail drawing, skysails and moon-rakers set, a pillar of white cloud she seemed, like some majestic womanhood. And while boats like the *Fiery Cross* and the *Falcon* tore along like greyhounds, they were building tubby iron boats to go by steam. The train was beating the post-chaise with its satiny horses, the train that went by coal one dug from the ground. And even now De Lesseps and his men were digging night and day that the steamboat might push the proud clipper from the seas. Queer! Would there come a day when no topgallants drew? And the square-rigged ships would be like old crones gathering fagots on an October day. And what would become of the men who built and mastered great racing ships? And would the sea itself permit vile iron and smudgy coal to speck its immaculate bosom? Must the sea, too, be tamed like a dancing bear for the men who are buying and selling? It seemed impossible.

But the shrewd men who trafficked said it must be so. They were spending their money on De Lesseps's fabulous scheme. And the shrewd men never spent money without a return. They would conquer.

Poor sea of the vikings! Poor sea of the Lion Heart and of Sappho of the songs! Poor sea of Admiral Columbus! Poor sea to whom Paul made obeisance! Sea of Drake and sea of Nelson, and sea of Philip of Spain. Poor sea whom the great doges of Venice wed with a ring of gold! If they could bottle you, they would sell you like Holland's gin!

§ 6

He had figured his work. He had figured his field. It seemed to him that this being done, life should flow on evenly as a stream. But there were gaps of unhappiness that all the subtle sailing of a ship, all the commerce of the East, all the fighting of the gales, could not fill. Within him somewhere was a space, in his heart, in his head, somewhere, a ring, a pit of emotion—how, where, why he could not express. It just existed. And this was filled at times with concentration on his work, at times with plans of the future and material memories of the past, or thoughts of ancient shipmates, like his Uncle Robin. It was like a house, that space was, with a strange division of time, that corresponded not with time of day, but with recurrent actions, memories, moods. There would be the bustle of his work, and that seemed to be morning. There would the planning of future days, and that seemed like

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an afternoon of sunshine, and there would be memories, as of old shipmates, as of Uncle Robin,—God rest his dear soul!—as of Alan Donn with his hearty cursing, his hearty laugh. And that was like an evening with golden candle-light and red fire burning. And then would come the quietness of night, all the bustle, all the plans, all the memories gone, the fire out, the rooms empty. And in the strange place somewhere within him would come a strange lucidity, blue and cold and absolute as the stars, and into that space would walk, as players stalk upon the stage, one of three ghosts.

The first was his mother, who was dead, an apparition of chilling terror. From afar she beheld him with eyes that were queerly inimical. She had done nothing to him, nor he anything to her. She had done nothing for him, nor he for her. Between them was nothing. When she had died, he had felt nothing; and that was the tragedy. No tears, no relief, nothing. She had carried him in her womb, borne him, suckled him, and he had always felt he had been unwelcome. There had been no hospitality in her body; just constraint. She had had no welcome for the little guest of God. Her heart had been hard to him, and him at her breasts. Nothing between them in life, and a horrible significant gulf in death. She could be with him always now, being dead. But where a man's mother should come to him smilingly, with soft hands, with wisdom and comfort passing that of life, she came with terrible empty eyes. He could see her gaunt profile, her black brows. She was like an engraving he had once seen of the witch Saul had used at En-dor to call up Samuel, who was dead. She had the same awful majesty, the same utter loneliness.

"You gave me nothing in life. In death give me peace," he would cry. But she stayed until it suited her to go, as she would have done in life. Her haunted, haunting eyes! . . .

And there would come another ghost, the ghost of the girl he had married, and he a boy, fourteen years ago. It was strange how he could remember her—her red hair, her sullen mouth, her suspicious eyes. Her shoulders drooped a little; there was no grace to her stance. She complained against something, but she did not accuse him. He had married her, and she had married him, and she had died. That was all there was to it. And though she had sorrowed his younger days, yet he felt very kindly to her. There she was, with her sullen mouth, her drooping shoulders, complaining, "Life was so short, and there was so little to it, and others have so much," she seemed to say. "I had a right to have my man and a place in the country, the like of other girls, but all I got was you. And death at the end of a short year. Was n't it hard, och! was n't it so!" And he had to comfort her. "It was nobody's fault, Moyra. It just happened. We were awfully young." But her lips were still sullen, her eyes suspicious, as she went away. "A short life and a bitter one. A hard thing surely!" When she left him there was a sigh of relief. Poor girl!

And the third ghost was hardly a presence, but an absence, or a presence so intangible that it was worse than an absence. Claire-Anne, who was dead, whom he had—made dead, whom he had taken it upon himself

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to set free. For a year after he had left Marseilles she had seemed to be always with him, closer in spirit, now she was dead, than she had ever been in flesh and spirit when alive. A part of him she seemed always to be. Always there, in the quiet cabin, on the heeling decks, on the solid shore. And the long thoughts of him seemed to be conversation with her, on strange beautiful things, on strange terrible things, on the common commodity of life . . . And then one day she left him . . .

He was coming into Southampton Water and waiting for the pilot's cutter from the Solent one bright July morning. And all the Solent was dotted with sails, the snowy sails of great yachts and the cinnamon sails of small ones. Little fishing craft prowled near the shore. And afar off, in fancy, he could see the troops of swans and the stalking herons. The pilot's cutter plowed toward him, her deep forefoot cutting the water like a knife. Immense, vibrant beauty. And he felt, as always, that Claire-Anne was by him, her dark understanding presence, her clear Greek face, her little smile.

"In a minute now we will come into the wind and lower a boat, Claire-Anne." And a shock of surprise came over him. She was not there. It was as though he were talking with his back to some one, and, turning around, found no one there. For an instant he felt as if he had lost somebody overboard. And then it came to him that water, earth, material hazards were nothing to her any more. She had gone somewhere for a moment. And he turned to greet the pilot as he swung aboard.

"She will come back," he thought . . . But she never came back. Once or twice or maybe three times, a month, six months, and ten months later, he felt her warm lover-like presence near him. "Claire-Anne! Is it you, Claire-Anne!" And she was gone again. Something that had hovered, fluttered, kissed, and flown away. Never again!

She had become to him in death much more real than she had ever been in life. In life she had been dynamic, a warm, multi-colored, perfumed cloud. In death she was static. All the tumult of material things gone, he had a vision of her as clear as a line drawing. And he had come to depend on her so much. In difficulty of thought he would say, "Is this right, Claire-Anne?" And her answer would come, "Yes, Shane." Or, possibly, when some matter of trade or conduct seemed dubious, not quite—whatever it was, her voice would come clear as a bell. "You must n't, Shane. It is n't right. It is n't like you to be small." It might have been conscience, but it sounded like Claire-Anne. And oftentimes in problems, she would say: "I don't know, Shane. I don't quite know." And he would say, "We must do our best, Claire-Anne."

Well, she was gone. And he thought to himself: "What do we know of the destiny of the dead? They, too, must have work, missions to perform." The God he believed in, the wise, firm, and kindly God, might have said: "Claire-Anne, he 'll be all right now. At any rate, he 'll have to work out the rest for himself. Leave that. I want you to—" And she was gone.

That was one majestic explanation, but at times it seemed to him that no matter what happened in the world, or super-world, yet she must be in

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touch with him. "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm," cried the prince's daughter, "for love is strong as death." If she loved him, she must love him still.

It suddenly occurred to him that the fault was not occult, but a matter of spiritual deterioration in himself. To be in harmony with the lonely dead there must be no dross about the mind. The preoccupations of routine, the occasional dislikes of some stupid ship's officer or boatswain, the troubles about cargo—this, that, the other pettinesses might cloud his eye as a mist clouds a lens. There came to him the memory of a translation from some Chinese poet he had heard somewhere, in some connection:

How am I fallen from myself! For a long time now
I have not seen the Prince of Chang in my dreams.

He decided he would clear and make ready the quiet sweet place in his heart, the room of ghosts, so that she might come and dwell there. But induce the spiritual mood of the quiet October evening much as he could, yet she never came again.

From his mind now there faded the memory of her face, the memory of her hands, the memory of her voice even. With every week, with every month, with the year, she was gone. Like a lost thought, or a lost bar of music, she was gone. She had been there, but she was gone. The loss was a terrible one. To lose one who was alive was much; but to lose one who was dead was unbelievable, horrible . . . to lose the sun . . . forever . . .

He decided he would go back to the Prado of Marseilles, where first he had met her, where she would of all places have kept a tryst with him. There was no risk. The folk of the sea come and go so easily, so invisibly, and French law bothers itself little about the killing of a woman of evil repute . . . One of the risks of the trade, they would say. Even had there been a risk he would have gone. He went.

It was a dark night, a night of wind, with the waves lashing the shore. A night of all nights to keep a tryst with a dead woman. Immense privacy of darkness and howling winds and lashing waves. With awe he went there, as a shaken Catholic might enter a cathedral, dubious of the mystery of the eucharist, expecting some silent word, some invisible sign from the tabernacle . . . He went with bowed head . . .

She never came.

He concentrated until all faded away, even the night, the wind, the insistent waters. He might have been standing on a solitary rock in an infinite dark sea, to which there was no shore. Asking, pleading, willing for her . . . But she never came . . .

And it suddenly became inevitable to him that she would not come, and slowly, as a man comes slowly out of a drug into consciousness, he came back into the world of lights and laughter and sodden things. And turning on his heel without a look, he went away . . .

He never called to her again . . . He thought over her often enough, and she had never been real, he decided. His mother and his wife had been real. They were their own dimensions. But she was something he had made in his head, as an author

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may create a character. She was a hallucination. And she had never been with him after death; that had been a mirage in the hinterland of the mind.

And he asked, "Who was she, anyway?" She was a woman who said she loved him, might even have believed it. Women under stress believe so many things! A little anger, a little passion, a little melancholy, and things resolve themselves into so many differences of color and line. And what standard of truth is there? Supposing he were to tell any man of the world of the occurrence, and to ask who she was, what she was, and what he had been to her. They would have said it was simple. She was a harlot of Marseilles, and he was her *amant de cœur*. But the beauty of it he would have objected. All the beauty was in yourself. Or, as they would have put it, all imagination.

What a snare it all was, and what was truth? How much better off a man was if he had never anything to do with them! And yet . . .

A world of men; there would be something lacking. Friends he had in plenty; men would help him, as a ship stands by another ship at sea. Friends to talk to, of ships and sports, of ports and politics; but when one left them, one was left by oneself. And all the subtleties of mind came again like a cloud of wasps. To each man his own problem of living. To each man to decide his own escape from himself.

"And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone—" the Hebrew chronicler had imagined. No, it was not good. It was terrible. After the day's work was done, after the pleasant evenings of friends, then came the terror of the shadows. Unreal they might be, but they hurt more than real things did. Unless one sank into the undignified oblivion of drink, there was no escape. Shadows came. Acuter than the tick of a watch, they were there, the cold mother with the haunting eyes, the dead wife with the sullen mouth, visible as stars. And empty as air was the space Claire-Anne should have occupied, with her clear-cut beautiful features, her understanding eyes. Three ghosts, and the ghost that was missing was the most terrible ghost of all . . . He could not stand them any more . . . He must not be alone . . .

§ 7

He could not marry a Christian of the East; they were such an unspeakably treacherous race. He could not marry a Jewess, for about each one of the nation there seemed to be an awesome destiny, a terrible doom, or an ultimate majesty blinding human eyes. A wall so high that it was terrible . . . He could not marry a Moslem woman, for that would mean acceptance of Islam. And though Islam was very fine, very clean, and Campbell believed in resignation, and acknowledged there was no God but God, as the formula was, yet the Scots-Irish honesty of him would not accept Mohammed as the prophet of God. It would be like putting Bonaparte above the Lord Buddha. A faith is a very solemn thing and not to be approached lightly. To accept a faith publicly, the tongue in the cheek, was the sin of insincerity and rank dishonesty, having committed which no man should hold up his head. And, moreover, Moslem women were queer things. For centuries they had been held to be a little more beautiful

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than a flower; a little less valuable, less personal, than a fine horse. Being told that for centuries, they had come to believe it, and believing one's self to be particular, tends one to become it. Moslem women, no!

He had become familiar with the Druses around Beirut. There was something in the hard, independent tribesmen that reminded him of the Ulster Scot. Aloof, unafraid, inimical, independent, with a strain of mysticism in them, they were somehow like the glensmen of Antrim. Fairly friendly with the Moslems, contemptuous of the Latin Christians, impatient of dogma, they might have been the Orangemen of Syria. Their emirs had a great dignity and a great simplicity, like an oldtime Highland chief. They acknowledged God, but after that their faith ran into esoteric subtleties of nature worship, which they kept to the initiates among themselves . . . And the common run of them had strange legends, as that in a mountain bowl of China lived tribe on tribe of Druses, and that one day those of Syria and of China would be reunited and conquer the world . . . They were very dignified men, and muscular . . . Their women had the light feet of gazelles . . . One only saw their sweet low foreheads, their cinnamon hands . . . They claimed they were Christians sometimes, and other times they said they were Moslems, but the truth no stranger knew . . . A secret sect, like the ancient Assassins, who had the Old Man of the Mountain for their king . . . With them dwelt beauty and terror and the glamour of hidden things . . .

To Shane they were very kindly. They recognized him for a mountainman born, and for an honest man. They could not understand him as a Christian, seeing he took no part in Greek or Latin politics. They decided he must have some faith of his own . . . He did them some kindnesses of errands, and they were very hospitable to him . . .

In sixty-one, after the massacres, when the tribesmen were preparing to retreat to the mountain of the Druses, he returned to find Syria occupied by the troops of Napoleon III, and to hear that his friend Hamadj Beg of Deir el Kour was dead in the war . . . He went to condole with the family . . . Arif Bey, Hamadj's brother, was preparing to retreat toward Damascus . . .

"Arif Bey," Campbell suddenly said, "also this; I seek a wife."

"Yes." The grizzled Druse scratched his head, and looked at him keenly.

"I am making Lebanon my home; therefore I don't want a wife of my country. There is no people sib to me here but the Druse people . . . Would a Druse woman marry me?"

"I—I see nothing against it."

"Do you know a Druse woman who would have me?"

"Well, let me see," Arif said. "There is Hamadj's daughter, Fenzile."

"Is she young, Arif Bey?"

"Not so young,—nineteen,—but she is a mountain woman and lasts."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Yes, she is very good-looking."

"Is she kindly?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"Is she wild?"

"No; she is very docile."

"You trust me a lot, Arif Bey."

"Yes, we trust you much."

"And I trust you, Arif Bey . . . Will Fenzile marry me?"

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"Yes," Arif Bey decided, "Fenzile will marry you."

§ 8

It seemed to him, at thirty-five, that only now had he discovered the secret of living. Not until now had his choice and destiny come together to make this perfect equation of life. The work he loved of the bark *Queen Maeve*, with her beautiful sails like a racing yacht's, her white decks, her shining brass: the carrying of necessities from Great Britain to Syria, the land he loved, next to Ulster, his mother; and the carrying from Syria into the harsh, plain Great Britain cargoes of beauty like those of Sheba's queen, on camels that bore spices, and very much gold and precious stones. And the great ancient city where he lived, not even Damascus, the pride of the world, exceeded it for beauty. Forward of massed Lebanon, white with snow, it lay, a welter of red roofs and green foliage; the blue water, the garlanded acacios, the roses, the sally branches. Beauty! Beauty! The Arab shepherds in abas of dark magenta, the black Greek priests, the green of a pilgrim's turban, the veiled women smoking narghiles and daintily sipping sherbet, pink and yellow and white. The cry of the donkey-boy, and the cry of the cameleer, and the cry of the muezzin from the mosque. The quaint salutations as he passed along the staired streets: *Naharkum Sayeed!*—May your day be blessed. *Naharaka abyad!*—May your day be white! *Allah yahtikum el afiyeh!*—God give health to you! They were chanted like a refrain of a song.

Beauty! Riot and slashing of color. Yet there was line here, and massive proportion. The sparkling magenta city had been the theater of great marching hosts. The Phenicians had built it. "The root of life, the nurse of cities, the primitive queen of the world," they had named her. And gone the Phenicians, came the slim, subtle Egyptians. And the massive, burly Assyrians came next. And now the memory of them was forgotten, also their love and their hatred and their envy were now perished. And then came the tramp of the Roman legions, Agrippa's men, and held the city for centuries. Justinian had one of his law schools there, until the earth quaked and the scholars dispersed. And then the Saracens held it until Baldwin, brother of Godfrey de Bouillon, clashed into it with mailed Crusaders, and Baldwin, overcome with the beauty of the land, took him a paynim queen. And then came the occult reign of the Druse; and then the Turk. And Saint George had killed the dragon there, after the old monk's tale.

Shane Campbell was never weary of looking at the inscriptions on the great cliffs at the River of the Dog. The strange beauty of that name! It was like the place names of native Ulster—*Athbo*, the Ford of Cows, *Araid-cuacha*, the Cuckoo's Lane. One name sounded to the other like tuning-forks. And the sweet strange harmony of it filled his heart, so that he could understand the irresistible charm of Lebanon—the high, clear note like a bird's song. Here was the sun and the dreams of mighty things, and the palpable proximity of God. Here was beauty native, to be picked like a nugget, not to be mined for in bitter hours of torment and distress.

High, clear, sustained, the note held. Arose the moon and the great stars

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like spangles. The slender acacios murmured. The pines *hush-hushed.* The *bronhaha* of the cafés was like a considered counterpoint. Everywhere was harmony, beauty. And there would be no depression. It would last. There would be no ghosts. They were exorcised. For now there was Fenzile. How understandable everything was! It must have been under a moon like this, under these Syrian stars, to the *hush-hush-hush* of the pine and the rustle of willow branches, that Solomon the king sang his love-song. And it must have been to one whose body was as white as Fenzile's, to eyes as emerald, to valued lips, to slim hands with orange-tinted finger-nails that he sang. Surely the Shulamite was not fairer than the Fenzile, daughter of Hamadj, a Druse emir.

How beautiful are thy sandaled feet, O prince's daughter!

The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,

The work of the hands of a cunning workman.

Thy navel is like a round goblet,

Which wanteth not liquor:

Thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Thy neck is like a tower of ivory;

Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon,

By the gate of Bath-rabbim:

Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,

And the hair of thine head like purple;

The king is held in the galleries.

How fair and pleasant art thou,

O love, for delight!

This thy stature is like to a palm tree.

Thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

I said, I will go up to the palm tree.

I will take hold of the boughs thereof:

Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,

And the smell of thy nose like apples;

And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved,

That goeth down sweetly,

Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak . . .

§ 9

Where before he had made his mistake with women was allowing them to become spiritually important. His mother had been important; he had suffered from the sense of her lack of heart to him. His wife had been important; they had n't understood life together, had made no attempt to . . . They were so young . . . And Claire-Anne had become spiritually important to him. So that when she was gone, it was hell.

If he had treated his mother casually, depending on his uncles, it would have been all right. If he had discerned—and he had discerned, though he knew not how to act—that his wife and he would forever be inharmonious, it would not have been a scar on his youth. If he had gone, for instance, to Alan Donn and said: "Uncle Alan, I 'm a-feared there 's a mistake been made. And what are we going to do about this woman o' Louth?" And Alan would have said: "I ken't well you were a damned young fool. Ah, well, gang off aboard your bit boatie, and I 'll

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see to her." Alan would have ditched her and her mother mercilessly, and there would have been no scar on his youth . . .

And Claire-Anne, had he only taken her as he should have taken her, as a light love, easily gotten, to be taken easily, instead of tragedizing until his fingers were scarlet . . . God! . . . Yes, where before he had made his mistakes with women was allowing them to become spiritually important.

Well, he would n't do that with Fenzile. He knew better now. Keep the heart free. Let there be beauty and graciousness and kindliness, but keep the heart free, and ask for no heart. All tragedies were internal, all the outward deeds being only as sounds. Keep the heart free.

There were so many aspects to her! She was like a bird about the house, gaily colored, of bright song. He loved to see her move here and there, with movements as of music. And she was like a child at times, as she solemnly made sherbets; very like a child she was, intense, simple. And she was like a young relative; there was emptiness in the house as she went, and when she came back it was like a bird singing.

And she was so beautiful about the place, with her eyes green of the sea, her dusky, velvet lips, her slim cinnamon hands, with the dramatic orange tinting on the nails. Always was some new beauty in her, a tilt of the head, a sudden gracious pose. She was like some piece of warm statuary. From any angle came beauty, shining as the sun.

And in the dusk, when his arms were about her, she was no longer child, relative, or statue. She was woman, vibrant woman. Tensed muscles and a little stifled moan. And an emotional sob, maybe, or a tear glistening on her cheek. Relaxation, and a strange, easy dignity. With her arms about her white knees, her little head upraised, thoughts seemed to be going and coming from her like the little bees in and out of their straw skep. And often he was tempted to ask her what she was thinking of. But he stopped himself in time. Of course she was thinking of nothing at all, barring possibly a new sherbet to be made, or whether, if they sold Fatima, the Abyssinian cook, who was becoming garrulous, would Fatima have a good home. Trifles! What was the use of asking her? And here was another possibility. She might—anything was possible—be in some deep subtle thought, into which, if he asked, he might get enmeshed, or be trapped emotionally. Better not ask. He wanted to know nothing of her heart, and to keep his.

He loved her in a happy guarded way. And she loved him. When he came back after a voyage she looked at him with an amazed joy.

"Oh, Zan! Zan dear! Is it you? Is it really you?" She would rush and hold him. What amazing strength her little arms had! And she would stand back and look at him again. "Oh, Zan! Zan!" And she would bury her perfumed head in his shoulder to hide the glad tears. "Oh, Zan!"

"Do you know why I love you so much, Zan dear?" she once said.

"Why, Fenzile?"

"Because you are so big, and yet you are so gentle. And you would n't do a little thing, my Zan."

"Don't be foolish, Fenzile!"

"I am not foolish."

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Only once she asked him of how he loved her.

"I wonder—how much do you love me, my Zan?"

"Oh, lots, Fenzile. A terrible lot." And he smiled.

"As much as you do your ship?"

"Yes, as much as I do my ship."

"That is a lot, Zan . . . Zan, would you miss me if I should die?"

"I should miss you terribly."

"If you died, I should die, too." Her voice quavered.

"Don't be silly. Of course you would n't."

"Don't you think I would?" And she laughed with him one of her rare, rare laughs. And that was the way it should end, in pretty laughter. Let there be none of this horrible emotionalism, this undignified welter of thought and feeling. Kindness of eyes and pleasantness of body, but keep the heart away. Let there be —how? There was n't a word in English or in Gaidhlig to express it; in French there was *des amis*, not *des amants*. Let them be that. Let there be no involution of thought and mind about it. Let there be this time no mistake . . . Where before he had made his mistake with women was allowing them to become spiritually important . . .

§ 10

Into this idyll of Beirut came now the wrestler from Aleppo, Ahmet Ali, and the occurrence irritated Campbell to a degree which he had not conceived possible. There he passed the door with his dreamy Syrian face, his red rose, his white burnous, his straggling followers. And Fenzile smiled her quiet aloof smile.

There might be amusement in it, a queer Eastern comedy of the mountebank who raised his eyes to a Druse princess, and wife of a Frank ship's master. It might be amusing for Fenzile to see this conqueror of men conquered by her presence, but it was not dignified. By God! it was n't dignified!

But it was n't dignified to talk about it. To show Fenzile that it mattered a tinker's curse to him. So he said nothing, and the wrestler went by every day. It was becoming intolerable. It seemed to amuse Fenzile, but it did n't amuse him.

And suddenly a chill smote him. What did he know of these people of the East, anyway? In six years one could learn their language perfectly, know their customs, know themselves, but know only as much as they wanted to be known. The outer person, which is hallucination, one might know, but what of the inner, which is reality? A strange country, where the merchants spoke like princes and the princes like cameleers, and the *sakyeh*, the water-carrier, might quote some fancy of Hafiz as the water gurgled from the skin. The obedience, the resignation in the women's eyes might cover intrigue, and what was behind the eyes of the men, soft as women's?

"Fenzile, you say you love me because I am kind. Don't you love me because I am strong?"

"Anyway, anyhow, dear Zan."

"I am strong, you know. As strong as your friend, Ahmet Ali."

"Of course, dear Zan." But somehow her tone did not carry conviction. If she understood there was nothing this wrestler had he did not have better, it would have been all right. All attributes in the world would have been for her in him. But

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she thought the wrestler was strong. Damn women! Could n't they understand the difference between the muscles of a hunting leopard and the bulk of a sea-cow? It was silly, but it irritated him.

And then a thought came to him that he felt degraded him, but of which he could not rid himself, try as he would. What did he know of Fenzile, barring that she was young and strong and beautiful? Nothing. Of what was she thinking in those dreamy eyes, green of the sea? And women always admired strength in a man. And he was away most of the time, half, anyway. And the breath of the East was intrigue.

"Oh, don't be rotten!" he told himself. But the occasional hot and searing pain remained, and the little black cloud was in his mind. When they were close in the soft gloom, shoulder to shoulder, eyes closed, her slim cinnamons clenched, pain stabbed him like a knife. And in the gay mornings, when she was arranging her flowers in vases of Persian blue, it made him silent as the grave. And in the evening when she was doing her subtle Syrian broideries, it aroused in him queer gusts of controlled fury . . . Could it be possible? A mountebank . . . And the Thousand and One Nights began with Shah Zamon's queen and her love for the blackamoor slave . . .

If the wrestler would only go away, become tired of parading, and Fenzile would tire of smiling . . . And later on Campbell would laugh . . .

But the wrestler stayed, and many times Campbell met him in the streets, and each time was exaggerated, insulting courtesy from the Aleppo man as he drew aside to let the Frank pass. There was hostility and contempt in his veiled eyes . . . There was nonchalance in his smelling of the rose . . . Campbell passed by frigidly, as if the man were n't there, and all the time his blood was boiling . . . But what was one to do? One could not make a scene before the riffraff of Syria. And, besides, there was too much of a chance of a knife in the back . . . Franks were cheap these days, and it would be blamed on the war of the Druses . . .

Argue with himself as much as he could, it was intolerable. It was silly, but it was intolerable . . . To think of another caressing that perfumed hair, of another kissing the palm of that slim hand, of another seeing those sleek, sweet shoulders . . .

Was he jealous? . . . No; irritated just, he told himself. Was he in love with her himself? Of course not. She was n't close enough to him for that . . . Then why? . . .

Oh, damn it! He did n't know why, but it was just intolerable . . .

§ 11

The bark was in the open roadstead, cargo all ready, Levantine pilot on board, a reaching breeze from the north, and all favorable. And when he would get home to Liverpool, he had a design to spend a few weeks in Ulster . . . The roads would be glistening with frost there, and the pleasant Ulster moon at the full . . . The turf would be nearly black, and bare as a board, and there would be coursing of hares . . . November mists, and the trees red and brown . . . Eh, hard Ulster, pleasant Ulster!

He should have been happy as he

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made his way down the Beirut streets to go aboard, leaving the land of his adoption for the land of his birth, leaving pleasant Fenzile for the shrewd pleasantry of his own folk . . . A little while of Ulster, and he would be coming back again . . . One's heart should lift at the glory of the world, the bold line of Ulster and the lavish color of Syria; the sincere, dour folk of Ulster and the warmth of Fenzile . . . He should have left her so warmly: "In a little while, dearest, I 'll be back, and my heart will speak to your twin green eyes." "Yes, Zan. I 'll be here." But he had left dourly. And Fenzile had watched him go with quivering lip . . . Oh, damn himself for his suspicions, for his annoyance, and damn the fatuous Arab fool for arousing them . . . If only he had that fellow on board ship! And suddenly he met him, with his attendants and hangers on. The wrestler drew aside with his insolent smile. Campbell's temper broke loose.

"Listen, O certain person," he insulted the Aleppo man, "there is a street in Beirut down which it does not please me to see you go."

"Will the foreign gentleman tell me," the wrestler's voice drawled, and he smelled his rose, "who will stop a Moslem from going down a Moslem street?"

"By God! I would." The Syrians of Ahmet Ali's escort gathered around, smiling.

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"The foreign gentleman forgets that I am the wrestler from Aleppo."

"Just so. I happen to be a bit of wrestler myself."

"Some day perhaps the foreign gentleman will condescend to try a fall with me."

Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, were pouring from all quarters. Six French soldiers, walking gapingly along the bazaars, stopped wonderingly.

"*Dites, les soldats,*" Shane called. "*Vous ne voulez pas voir quelque chose d'intéressant?*"

"*Mais, si, monsieur!*"

"*Eh bien, je vais lutter contre l'homme avec la rose. C'est un lutteur arabe. Voulez-vous y assister?*"

"*Mais, pour bien sûr, monsieur.*"

"All right, then, by God!" Shane looked square at Ahmet Ali.

"We 'll wrestle right here and now."

"But the stones, the street," Ahmet Ali looked surprised. "You might get hurt."

"We 'll wrestle here and now."

"Oh, all right." The Arab lifted an expressive shoulder. Carefully he removed the great white robe and handed it to an attendant. To another he gave the rose. Shane handed his coat and hat to a saturnine French corporal. Ahmet Ali took his shirt off, kicked away his sandals. There was the dramatic appearance of an immense bronze torso. The Syrians smiled. The French soldiers looked judicially grave. Ahmet Ali stood talking for an instant with one of his men, a lean, bilious-seeming Turk. The Turk was urging something with eagerness. The wrestler's soft girl's face had concentrated into a mask of distaste. He was shaking his head. He did n't like something.

"How damned long are you going to keep me here?"

Ahmet turned. There was a smile on his face, as of amused, embarrassed toleration. He was like a great athlete about to box with a small boy. And the boy in earnest!

"Ready?" he asked.

"Any time," Shane snapped.

"All right."

Very easily he came forward over the cobbled street. He was like some immense bronze come suddenly to life and shambling. Like the brazen servant Thomas Aquinas made under the influence of particular stars. His great brown shoulders, his barreled chest, his upper arms like a man's leg, his pocked fore arms, his neck like a bull's, his shaven head—all seemed superhuman; and then came his shy, embarrassed smile, his troubled eyes. One felt he hated to do this.

He dropped suddenly, easily into his wrestler's crouch. His shoulders swayed lightly. He pawed like a bear.

Campbell stood easily, left foot forward, like a boxer. His left arm shot out suddenly. The heel of his hand stopped, jolted Ahmet on the chin. The Syrian shook his head, pawed again. Campbell slapped him on the fore arms, jolted him again on the chin, broke away easily to the right. Ahmet's brown forehead frowned. "Don't be childish," he seemed to chide Campbell. The crowd pressed. The French soldiers rapped them back with the scabbard of their side-arms. *En arrière, les puants! en arrière!* "Back, sons of pole-cats! get back!" The scabbards clacked like slapsticks.

Ahmet Ali stood up straighter. He wanted to get away from that annoying hand on his chin. His fore arms

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moved faster now, like brown pistons. There was a slight frown on his face. He was becoming impatient. Shane broke again to the right. Ahmet followed, his immense hands poised. Campbell feinted for the chin again with his left hand. The wrestler's smile flickered. His right arm went out in guard. Campbell shifted, caught the brown wrist in his right hand, his left hand shot forward to the chin again. He brought forward all his forces to twisting that gigantic arm. He held the Syrian locked. The right arm began to give. If he could only shift his feet, get some sort of leverage. But how in God's name? How? How could he get behind. With an immense wrench of shoulders Ahmet got free. He stood for an instant, nursing his numbed wrist. He nodded and grinned. "That was n't bad," he seemed to say. The lean, bilious Turk on the edge of the crowd began talking viciously. The saturnine French corporal turned and smacked him terribly across the nose with the edge of the scabbard of his bayonet. *"Et ta sœur!"* He had the air of a schoolmaster reproving a refractory pupil. But his language was obscene, and his blow broke the man's nose . . . He vouchsafed no further interest in the Turk, but turned to watch the wrestling, twirling an oiled mustache . . .

The Syrian closed his mouth, breathed heavily through his nostrils. His brow corrugated. His eyes became pin-points. He was a workman out to do a job. He began to weave in, his brown arms describing slow arabesques. The crowd around became oppressively silent. They breathed hissingly.

Shane feinted, dodged, broke away. Doggedly, Ahmet Ali followed. Faster than time, Shane's right hand shot out and gripped the wrestler's right wrist. His right foot hooked around the Syrian's right ankle. He pulled downward with sudden, vicious effort. Ali crashed forward on his face, a great brown hulk like an overturned bronze statue. Shane stooped down for either the half-Nelson and hammer-lock or full Nelson . . . An instant too long hesitation. Light as a lightweight acrobat, Ahmet Ali had rolled aside, put palm to ground, sprung to his feet. His face was bloody, his right knee shook. With the back of his hand he wiped the blood from his eyes. There was a twitter from the Syrians. The wrestler lumbered forward again . . . A little quake of fear came into Campbell's being. There was an impersonal doggedness about his eyes, a sense of inevitability . . . Shane's eyes shifted, right and left . . .

Then, suddenly, the wrestler had him . . .

He felt a twirl to his shoulder, and then he was pinioned by two immense brown arms. They caught him above the elbows around the chest. First they were like boys' arms, light. They became as firm as calipers. They settled, snugged. Then they tightened slowly with immense certainty. There was something about it like the rise of the tide, a gigantic cable around his chest. At his shoulder-blades the Syrian's pectoral muscles pressed like shallow knobs of steel. His arms began to hurt, his breathing began to be hard. With every output of breath the arms tightened . . . All his vitality was flying through his opened mouth . . . He bit futilely with his knuckles at the rope-like sinews

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of the brown fore arms . . . His head throbbed like drums . . . In an instant he would be like a bag bound midways . . . His ribs were giving like saplings in the wind . . . Lights danced . . .

Stupidly, he looked down at the clasped hands, and a sudden fury of fighting came on him . . . Something terrible, sinister, cold. His free hands caught the Syrian's little finger, tugged, pulled, bent, tore . . . He wanted to shred it from its hand . . . Rip it like silk . . . He felt the great arms about him quiver, grow uncertain . . . Tear, tear! . . .

With a little whine, like a dog's, the wrestler let go . . . He nursed the finger for an instant like a hurt child . . . Opening and shutting the hand . . . Looking worried . . . Great waves of air came into Shane's chest . . . His knees were weak. . . The Syrian walked around an instant, thinking, worrying . . . He was serious now . . . Suddenly he plunged . . .

But swifter than Ahmet's plunge was thought and memory . . . Of a day at Nagasaki . . . of a little brown smiling Japanese and a burly square-head sailorman . . . Of the Japanese' courteous explanation in smiling pidgin . . . With luck and timing he could do it . . . Fast, but not too fast, and steady . . . Handsomely, as the ship word was . . . There!

The hands trained to whipping lanyards caught Ahmet's wrists as he plunged. Shane's right leg went outward, foot sunk home. Backward he fell, leg taut, hands pulling. Above him Ahmet's great bulk soared, hurtled grotesquely. For an instant a flash . . . The squalls of startled Syrians, the panic of feet . . . Then a crash, an immense crash . . .

A long shuddering, frightened *eh* from the crowd . . . A French soldier mumbling . . . *'Cré nom de nom de nom de nom de Jésus Christ!'*

He staggered to his feet, put his hand to his face . . . It came away dripping . . . His face was like the leeward deck of a flying yacht . . . swimming . . . A few feet away Syrians and French soldiers were milling over . . . something . . . The corporal wrenched Shane's arms into his coat. Pushed his hat into his hands . . .

"*Courez donc, le citoyen* . . . Come on, get away . . . Get . . ."

"Is he dead?"

"No, not dead . . . But get away . . . He 'll never wrestle again . . . *Vite, alors!*"

He pushed him down the street.

"But—"

"Go on! We can take care of ourselves . . ." He shoved him roughly forward . . .

Shane staggered, walked, ran a little . . . Behind him a few blocks away an ominous hum . . . He ran on . . . Some one was shrieking . . .

"*Ma hala ya ma hala Kobal en Nosara* . . . How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians . . ." The crack of a gun . . . Tumult . . . The long Moslem war-song . . . Two rifles . . . "*A nous, les Français . . . A nous, la légion!*"

A nausea, a great weakness, an utter contempt for himself came over him in the boat pulling him toward his ship

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. . . God! He had fought with and nearly killed, possibly killed, a man for personal hatred! From irritation, and in a public place! A spectacle for donkey-boys and the riffraff of French towns . . . He tottered on the ship's ladder . . . The sailors caught him. The mate ran up.

"Anything wrong, sir? You look like a ghost."

"No, nothing. All aboard? Everything ready? Is she a-drawing? Anchor apeak? All right. Get her up . . ."

§ 12

"Arif Bey, where is my wife? I come back to Beirut. I find my house deserted, my servants gone. Where is Fenzile? Is she here?"

"No, son."

"Is she dead?"

"No—no, son. I wish she were . . ."

"Then where is she gone? With whom?"

"Trebizond. Stamboul. Cairo. I don't know where."

"With whom?"

"With—oh, don't bother yourself, son. Forget her."

"With whom? I must know."

"With—do you remember that wrestler you crippled, the wrestler from Aleppo?"

"With Ahmet Ali! Impossible! I all but killed him."

"She went, though . . ."

"No, Uncle, no. If he had been strong she might, but—"

The old Druse chief shook his head, smiled in his beard, a little bitter, wise smile.

"You were never sick with her, never poor."

"No, never sick, never poor."

"Well, he was sick and poor; so she went with him."

"Then she loved him all along."

"No, son Zan, she loved you—until you threw him. She might have been amused at seeing him pass the house, laugh a little, be flattered . . . Such a big strong fool, and she a little woman . . . But she would never have left you . . ."

"But she did."

"Well . . . after the fall, he had no friends . . . the Christians despised him, the Moslems hated him . . . There was no train to follow him . . . he went on crutches . . . He passed her door and looked and looked . . . What could she do but come out? . . . It was her fault, after all . . . And she was very tender-hearted . . ."

"Tender-hearted?"

"Did n't you know?"

"No, I never knew."

"She used to cry when the leaves fell from the trees . . . You did n't know your wife well?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Well, she is gone, Zan . . . Where, one does n't know . . . What will become of her one does n't know . . . Destiny is like a blind camel . . . He does n't know against what he stumbles . . . We do not see him come . . . Only when the harm is done, do we say, we might have listened for the tinkle of his bell . . . Eh, one is young and does everything and sees nothing . . . One is old and sees everything and does nothing . . . There is no mystery . . . only ignorance . . ."

"You say she was very tender-hearted, my Uncle. I did n't know

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. . . I thought of her as something else . . ."

"Son Zan, you had better forget her in another woman. Listen, son, I will give you Aziyadi in marriage, my own daughter. She is just as pretty and younger and not so foolish as Fenzile—"

"Oh, no, sir. No!"

"Well, I don't blame you."

"It is n't that, Arif Bey. It is n't that . . . I 'm very beholden to you . . . for your kindness . . . and your patience . . . I did n't know . . . And I thought I knew everything nearly, and am so ignorant . . . Why, until now I did n't know even this—the sun shone so brightly, and life was so pleasant, I thought that was the way of life . . . But I was in love with Fenzile . . . And that was what made everything so wonderful . . . in love with the wife you gave me . . . head over heels, sir . . . just simply—head over heels . . ."

(The end of the fourth part of "The Wind Bloweth")

Migration

By LEONORA SPEYER

The dawn is busy with birds!
Summer's last handful scattered wide,
Summer's last pennies sung aside.

Jingle of birds in the dawn!
And fields and bushes in beggared need
Reaching brown hands with a desolate greed.

Spendthrift content in the dawn!
Squandered uncounted across the sky,
But into no hand will these winged coins fly.

The dawn is a resolute path
Of irresolute flight and dim half-tunes,
But I am a miser of hoarded Junes!

The dawn is dizzy with birds!

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Percy Bysshe Shelley

By Llewelyn Powys

It is just one hundred years ago since Trelawny stood watching the boat that was carrying Percy Bysshe Shelley to his death make its way out into the clear blue of the Mediterranean. "The devil is brewing mischief," was the ominous utterance that fell from the lips of a weather-beaten Italian sailor whose eyes were also following the craft as, in the sultry heat of that far-off afternoon, it slid forward toward the open sea. And it was remembered after the melancholy event that there had been other less natural whisperings and premonitions heralding the fate that was about to overtake the ill-starred English poet.

For several weeks previous to that afternoon of heavy destiny Shelley had slept ill. A strange restlessness seemed to possess him. Again and again in the small hours of the night the little Italian villa where he lived had been shocked to wakefulness by the shrill voice of the poet crying out in his dreams as mysterious figures at his bedside beckoned him toward the sea, or supernatural voices sang to him of his impending doom. "Are you going to join your friend Plato?" were the last words written to him by Jane Williams, and even in his own work there are verses whose import those curious in such things have not hesitated to attribute to prophetic psychic power. In "Julian and Maddalo," *Maddalo*, who was Byron, cries to *Julian*, who was Shelley:

> " . . . . . O ho!
> You talk as in years past . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . If you can't swim
> Beware of Providence."

Indeed, something of the same uncanny mystery hangs over those last sublime lines of "Adonais":

> The breath whose might I have invoked in song
> Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
> Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
> Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
> The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
> I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
> Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Perhaps it is foolish to take such strange coincidences too seriously, but one cannot help remembering that if ever a human being was a fit medium for "elemental revelations," that human being was Shelley. The curious ethereal quality that seems to be an intimate part of him—a quality which we might almost call incorporeal—is apparent to all of us. We see it in the famous portraits, where he looks out at us with delicate, frail, almost unhuman sensitiveness. We see it in his poetry, so chastely winnowed of the

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dross of ordinary clay, and we see it in the tragedy of his life, which almost too fearfully suggests the stay of some creature of "aërial hue" accidentally and unhappily come to rest for a few years on the alien sunlit boundaries of the grape-bearing earth.

Look where we may, we shall never be able to find another poet whose genius is so separated from the dull soil of our planet. His singing is more spontaneous, more inspired, more free of artistry than that of any other lyricist. It has in its cadence, in its melodious harmony, a note more sublime, more "God-given" than ever came from the magical throat of nightingale or linnet. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that its echoes remain in our ears more persistently, after we have read it, than any other poetry. It is like "the music of the spheres," like the singing of the sons of the morning, who shouted from sunlit clouds, or like the silver ditties of revenants, whose spell-charmed voices rise from "moon-illumined dew." And it is to this supermundane quality in him that we must look if we wish an explanation for the unfortunate difficulties that marred his life. It will readily be surmised how rash an undertaking it would be for a spirit from some remote planet of abstract beauty, with its godlike limbs still "trailing clouds of glory," to find an incarnation as the son and heir of a well-to-do English squire in the County of Sussex at the end of the eighteenth century!

He is reported to have actually fainted one day when in a meadow his senses were suddenly assailed by the loveliness and intoxicating fragrance of certain spring flowers! And his moral susceptibilities were as finely adjusted as his physical.

Francis Thompson, in his most lovely essay on Shelley writes:

"He is gold dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand." And it was just this stellar aloofness from the green earth which made it so hard for Shelley to adjust his ways to the kind of life agreeable to his father, that worthy man "who had been to Oxford and learnt nothing, who had made the grand tour only to bring back to Field Place a smattering of bad French and a bad picture of an eruption of Vesuvius." It is easy enough to be sarcastic at the expense of Sir Timothy, but when so tempted, we should ask ourselves how it could have been possible for a middle-aged man, brought up amid the secure material surroundings and intellectual inertness of that epoch, not to be shocked by a boy who as a child held chattering communication with a great garden snake, who as a boy published a pamphlet on the necessity of atheism, and who as a young man married for pity an innkeeper's daughter, forgave his friend for having tried to seduce her on his honeymoon, then, eloping with another girl, saw nothing inconsistent in asking his wife to join him with his new love. Any single one of these actions would have been sufficient to nonplus such a parent, and their accumulative effect was altogether too much for Sir Timothy. He was simply bewildered, and could only gather himself together sufficiently to make that touching suggestion that used to amuse the urbanely cynical mind of Matthew Arnold "of himself reading Paley's Natural Theology for the better instruction of his infidel son."

It will be seen that at the root of all

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Shelley's eccentric actions there was the cold idealism of the kind that was exceedingly disconcerting to ordinary mortals. He was prepared to make any sacrifice if he felt his principles to be at stake. On one occasion, by refusing to have the family estate entailed, he gave up an assured income of two thousand pounds a year. And it was the same with his philosophic views; at the root of them all will be found the cold seeds of a high morality. When they grow to bloom, it is in the chilling atmosphere of impossible absolute truth. This is certainly so with his anarchistic axioms, with the stress that he lays on such words as "equality" and "love," and also with his Tolstoian hatred of war and violence.

"To love and bear—to hope, till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

The same iconoclastic method of thinking is found in his theories of sex morality: "husband and wife ought to continue to live together only so long as they love each other." It shows also in his attitude toward Christianity:

"A God of wroth and revenge such as Christianity too often pictured is not the creation of Jesus but of the hatreds of men. Against this superstition which destroyed man and blackened the character of God Jesus protested with earnest eloquence."

It is, however, interesting to notice how deeply Shelley was affected and fascinated, despite his unbelief, by the character and personality of Christ. Did he, this angel-faced boy, whose "step seemed to pity the grass it pressed," recognize in the sweet secret of Jesus the same passion for the ideal in opposition to the actual which so tormented his own magnanimous soul and brought his life to such a calamitous clash with the pharisaical and unimaginative world? We might fancy as much from some of his utterances. In the notes on "Queen Mab," for instance, he speaks of Christ as "in the foremost list of those true heroes who died for humanity." In that one sentence does one not get the very intonation of that naïve, gallant enthusiasm, that generous natural attitude, of every boy and girl who has refused to compromise with the blunt facts of existence, and refused to believe that they cannot be altered! In every corner of the world, in England, in America, in Russia, and in Germany, such pure, passionate voices can be heard above the racket of industrialism, above the clamor of creeds outworn, and they all acclaim Shelley as their leader.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past—

Indeed, at moments of great moral indignation at what he deemed base injustice or oppression he was perfectly capable, despite his declared distaste of violence, to write lines that have sounded to the ears of latter-day revolutionaries like the call of a battle-trumpet.

Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep has fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;

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His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

And what a sweet sadness there hangs over many of his verses, the sadness of the sound of falling rain on an empty summer garden, the sadness of drifting spray upon a wintry sea, the sadness of stormy wind gusts against the branches of leafless trees, or against the forlorn masonry of smokeless chimneys!

In those moments of our lives when a feeling of vague melancholy catches at our throats we are in touch with a recurring mood of Shelley's poetry. It is retrospective in timbre, retrospective with a retrospection that looks back beyond the hour of our birth.

Come, be happy!—Lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the grasshopper doth sing
Merrily—one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing!

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear.

A heavy weight of hours has chained
and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift,
and proud.

Shelley is the great nature poet that he has been called, but not in the intimate way that Wordsworth was, whose slow, sensuous nature was able actually to merge itself in the life of sap-drawing roots and opening blossoms. On any spring morning Wordsworth's spirit in some earth-initiated way of its own would become one with the damp green leaves of the primroses, with the jocund yellow petals of the daffodils, with the tiniest star-headed celandine, while the spirit of Shelley would be separated from the earth, caught away into the dancing April sunshine, draped in the mist that lingered by stream and hedge-row tree. His flowers deck a planet remote and abstract, a planet whose very soil has been transformed into golden dust.

Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers—

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

One hundred years have passed since the pure flames on that scorched sandy shore consumed with their mysterious alchemy the physical body of Shelley—a hundred years, a century whose long, slow-moving decades included the reign of Victoria, the American Civil War, and the agony of the great European Armageddon, and today the immortal legacy of his verse is as fresh and inspired as when his songs first fell from his lips. His ashes, as everybody knows, lie near the grave of John Keats in the cemetery at Rome; his heart snatched from the flames by Trelawny is buried in England, and his immortal spirit, as long as the English tongue is spoken, will remain in the safe keeping of the human race.

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Adventures of an Illustrator

VII—Getting Arrested

By JOSEPH PENNELL

Drawings by the author made at the time

I WHO am the most inoffensive of mortals, am always getting arrested; that is, since I have come to years of discretion and the world has gone mad about spies. I have never fired a gun, and I always run away from a fight and faint at the sight of blood; yet governments have over and over again regarded me as a dangerous character, spied upon me, and, after due precautions, arrested me, and then apologized, or made laws for my benefit or my hindrance.

Now, from these arrests I have had so much experience that I would make an admirable spy. One thing in my favor is my innocent face and my unmilitary figure. But if I really wanted to spy, I could do it easily and would be a valuable asset to a government. The thing would be perfectly simple in this country. If I wished to obtain detailed and accurate information concerning a fort or a harbor, I would stroll innocently and aimlessly about the place and sit down for half an hour and look at it. An hour later, in my own room, I could draw an accurate picture of it. I know I could do so, for I have trained myself, and I have done it.

I was in Essen after Germany declared war on France in 1914. I was there officially, but I was perfectly certain I would not be allowed to see the gun-fitting shops; I was warned away by sentries from anywhere near the testing-grounds. But I know Essen, or did so before the war, and I saw it was only necessary to follow, or, rather, go with the clerks into the shops, get busy looking about with my eyes wide open, remember what I saw, and then walk out, though I felt it ticklish; and even in Essen, at the end of July, 1914, there were illustrated post-cards of the very gun-fitting shop, or, rather, turret shop, I wanted to see.

And over here what a mystery was made of Ford's Eagles! I knew nothing about them when the War or the Navy Department—I think it was the War Department—sent me to Detroit to draw Ford's place; but as I was taken around I was told I must not draw. The first Eagle boat-destroyer was almost finished, and no one but those in the bay where it was being built, and they were mostly working on it, were supposed to have seen it. Luckily, while I looked, some one called the military guide away, and I kept on looking hard, and went straight back to the hotel, locked myself in my room, and before night the drawing was finished, though I had absolutely nothing but my memory to work on. But I could see on the paper the boat in the shop; I can see it now. The naval authorities who have seen the

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drawing in the national collection at Washington will not believe a word of this, though I should think a real memory for a real naval officer might be of as much value as dancing or even base-ball. But is there a sailorman in the navy with a memory? I doubt it.

A few years ago at the Gatun Lock I saw the workmen for probably ten seconds mount as I have drawn them, clinging to a chain, the most decorative thing I ever saw. The subject never could occur again. Take rapidly running water. Anybody can draw it if he learns to look at it. Thaulow drew from photographs,—snap-shots,—and it killed him. And as for crowds, it 's only a question of memory and observation. This is very simple, for people and animals are only machines, and do the same things over and over and over again, and one has only to look at and remember these repeated motions. As for nocturnes, Whistler showed the way. The Japanese had, he thought, taught him how; but I believe great observers among them, like Hokusai and Hiroshige, are no more common than with us, though they are better trained.

The first time I was arrested was at Pontailler, in France with Hamerton; and so was the second. But the third—after that they are so numerous that I can't keep track of them in order—was the most amusing of all. This was in Avignon. I was working away, drawing the old broken bridge across the Rhone. I had sat all the morning on the Ile de la Barthelasse and drawn the bridge jutting out from the opposite shore toward the island, behind the half-demolished walls of the city beyond the Rocher des Domes, the tower of the cathedral, and the palace of the popes. I noticed a seedy person loafing about, and when

Pontailler, on the old Saône

I packed up my numerous traps, sketch-book, camp-stool, and water-color-box, he gruffly invited me to come with him. I asked where and why, and he said, to the *commissaire de police*, and that he would show me why. I of course refused till he pulled a package from somewhere within his blouse, wrapped in a dirty handkerchief, and from that a dirty card, "*Agent de Police.*" I then produced a brand-new permit from the *ministre des Beaux Arts*, which he quietly consulted upside down before he announced that it was no good. It is useless to argue with such people, so I went to the town hall with him, refusing to walk by his side, however, but went at such a pace that he almost had to run to keep up with me. There I was shown into not a cell, but a sort of official tomb, and waited and waited. By and by an official came, and I was asked to follow him to the *commissaire*, from whose room I saw the agent departing by another door, for one is never confronted in France by one's accusers.

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"Have you been drawing in Avignon?"

"Of course; for a week."

"Had you a permit—for Avignon?"

"No."

"Then it is serious."

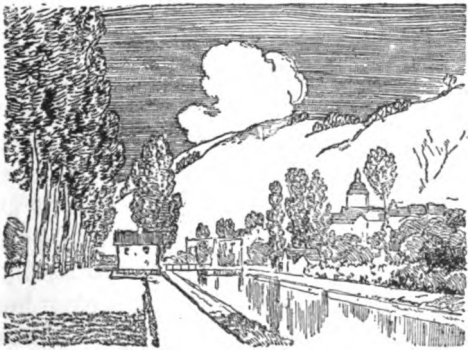
"But I had for the whole of France." I showed it to him. He had never seen anything of the sort; how did he know I had n't stolen it? Well, here was a letter from M. Jusserand of the Foreign Office, vouching for me. Of course he had never heard of M. Jusserand, and as they had found out where I lived, a very easy matter, as one has to write one's name in the hotel-book, as well as one's nationality, birthplace, and profession,—if I were a spy, I should sign that of my favorite enemy,—they had brought my traps, and they were most incriminating, full of drawings and machines and things. And I must be examined and meantime be confined until they heard from Paris or I could prove my innocence; for one is guilty in France till one can do that, and here, too, nowadays.

"Well," said I, "you say I have stolen the papers and you never heard of M. Jusserand. Unless you telegraph instantly to him and the minister, I will telegraph to the American ambassador." And I produced my battered passport. "If they deny me, do what you like. Only till they do deny me, I refuse to leave this office unless you apologize and give me a paper saying I am innocent."

In ten minutes I had the paper. Yet within a few miles of this town Carnot was killed after he had passed through it, and the wise *commissaire* never spotted the assassin, who doubtless was also in Avignon. The only use the paper was—and this I meant it to be—was that a few days later I was arrested for drawing in the Castle of Beaucaire from Tarascon, and when I showed my paper to the *maire* of that immortal city, his delight at the discomfiture of the hated Avignonais resulted in my instant release and an adjournment to a café on the shady *cours*, where the stupidity of *ces gens là haut* was roared over.

The last time I was arrested in France was when I was cycling down the tow-path of the Marne. The lock-keepers' houses, embowered in flowers, got prettier and prettier, and at a point I believed could not be prettier I began to make a drawing. That part of France, it is true, is almost in sight of Germany, and I had not been at work long when the lock-keeper came round behind me and, seeing what I was doing, seized hold of the drawing, yelling to some men unloading a barge, *"L'Espion! L'Espion! Au secours! Au secours!"*

They dropped their work and secured me and the bicycle. It was useless to explain: they had caught me in the act of making maps! *"Voici qu 'il tire des plans!"* I mildly protested, but a *garde champêtre* coming up at the moment, I was lugged to the



A lock on the Marne

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mairie, and the *maire* rolled out of bed. Yes, there were the plans. They were charming, delicate pen-drawings, afterward printed in THE CENTURY. And I must be locked up in the *mairie* until

The Marne near St. Dizier

the *gendarmes* could be sent for, and they would take me to Châlons-sur-Marne, back to the old Saône scrape, and I would there be tried, imprisoned, and shot. And how long would this take? Châlons being some ten or twelve miles off,—I had ridden from there that morning,—oh, two or three days, because one must write, and there were always formalities with those gentlemen. I suggested as an alternative—it was about 5:30—that if there was a train, we might all take it to Châlons at my expense, and so expedite justice and have a little excursion.

There was a train. My bicycle was left in the *mairie*, the *maire* and the *garde champêtre* and I started, accompanied by a crowd of eminent citizens and citizenesses. I bought three single third-class fares to Châlons. I treated them to coffee at the station, for they said the officials would not be up. I was taken to the *commissire de police*. He said it was the concern of the *gendarmes*, and they said it was the affair of the *préfet*. To him, just up, we went. They went in first, carrying the drawings, and then I was called in. He said pleasantly, Could I prove that these excellent works were mine? I did in about five minutes, and then he rang a bell and said to an attendant, "*Fait entrer ces gens-là!*" And they heard something before they got out, and I went up considerably in my own estimation.

But why discuss things with such people? I explained it was n't discussion, but what might be called *force majeure*. Then I went back to the station, and there were the *maire* and the guard. I returned first-class to the town at my expense, and the *maire* and the guard third-class at theirs. Crowds filled the station when we arrived. The *maire*, good patriot, would be reëlected, and doubtless I was in prison already. The scene in the station when we got out, and on the streets, was indescribable; but all the same I thought it best to get the bicycle and leave, and I did not even wait to hear the *maire* explain the conduct of the *sale cochon d' un préfet*, but left for the next county as fast as possible, and saw them no more. I hope the *maire* was reëlected!

There have been lots more. One was in Italy, where, in Mestre, on a motor-tricycle, when the *piazza* was crowded and I was just moving, I knocked down a fisherman whom I dodged right and dodged left, and then I hit him fair and knocked him ten feet. He was picked up bleeding, and I promptly fainted. Luckily, the mayor was there, and saw I did all I could, and as I paid the doctor's bill for the broken head, stood a lunch for the mayor, a journalist of the "Gazettina di Venezia," and the doctor, I was

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allowed to go, leaving the machine as security. I notified the authorities when I was coming back, and the first person I met on the pier was the fisherman, who said he had had a delightful holiday, and would be willing to be knocked down on the same terms again.

The last one I remember was in New York, or, rather, on Governor's Island. General Grant had given me a permit, and I had had no trouble. I was hardly asked to show it. I was only reasoned with by a sergeant,—I am sure from the Middle West,—who, when he read it and saw I was doing "the statue," said that that was not New York, which the permit said I was to draw. As he was an American and I was, too, and this was my country, I am afraid I made fun of him in the presence of his men, who, if he did not, seemed to appreciate my remarks. But a few days later an American citizen, with a brogue, who seemed to be employed to pull down flags at

The bridge near Châlons

sunset,—a trick he would do, I know, if the British ever got near New York,—spotted me and told me to stop. I think I told him to mind his own business and let me alone.

"Oh, I 'll let yer alone, you an' yer permits. I fotch the liveteenent," and he vanished. Time passed, and nothing happened; the effect also passed, and I took the *General Hancock* back to New York; but as she pulled out of the dock, I saw the American-Irish patriot and a corporal making a flank movement behind some lumber piles to surprise me. Which was the most surprised when they did n't find me, or what they did, I don't know, only I hope they sent the fool Briton back to his native bog. It 's a pity there are not enough Americans to make an American army, if we have to have one to ape other countries!

When I was doing the "New New York" with John Van Dyke, a delightful person,—I should not care to have anything to do with the other one,—I had a police pass for the city, though I was told never to show it till I had to. And one day I was working on the end of the elevated platform at Brooklyn Bridge,—it was open then,—and as I worked, I noticed a policeman watching me while he fanned himself with his club, walking up and down; and then when people got in front of me, I stood at the top of the stairs on the side where they could not see, and when they got behind me, I backed over to the stairs on the other side, and they fell down them. But I went on, and soon the policeman came over and said:

"Well, gov'ner, when I seen yer fust I thought I 'd have ter ask yer to retire; but when I seen the way yer got on to them rubber-necks, you 's is all right." And after that he fanned the populace.

In London once I got in a corner at Ludgate Hill, and the people got in front and blocked the pavement; but I could see over them, and a bobby came and told me I was obstructing

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the traffic. I said I was n't. I did not bring the people, did not want them; and he moved them on. Back they came again. He told me to move. I refused, and he went away and came back with a sergeant. And then the sergeant went away and came back with two privates and kept the crowd moving; but he had a sense of things. After that I got a government permit, with the name of every public building in it. It was issued to builders usually, but to me specially, and all I had to do, when a policeman stopped me, was to be drawing a public edifice, even if miles away, and tell him he would find I had permission to sketch it; if he would look in the paper he would find it. As the paper was several pages long, I was often nearly done before he was. Another time I was drawing the Houses of Parliament or Westminster by night, and a bobby tried to stop me. I refused to stop or be arrested, and he soon came and said it was all a mistake: the rule was intended only for Americans and spies!

One of the funniest arrests was at Bethlehem, not of Judea, but of my native State, though I imagine there are more Jews in Philadelphia than in Jerusalem. I think it was in 1912 that I got the idea I should like to do the Bethlehem Steel Works; so after writing and asking permission to draw them, and getting no answer, as is the way with American business men, who really have proved since the war that they are as ignorant of business as they are of manners, I started off, and the afternoon I reached the place from the bridge which runs through the middle of the mills I drew them in a glory of smoke and sunset. The Government has the drawing.

But I saw on the other side of the bridge the great cranes and the great dumps of ore, and came back the next morning and started at them. "Git out of that!" said a cop, a long way off. I never pay any attention to such people, and when he finally came up, he said if I did not leave at once, he would run me out. I told him that physically he was able, but if he tried it, he would lose his job. When he sufficiently calmed down under a little good, but rather new, advice that I gave him, I asked him where I could get permission to draw this precious bridge. Having under further good advice become quite friendly, he told me to ask at the main office for some one I never heard of. I went, then sent in my card, which would impress any intelligent person; but most steel men are intelligent only concerning their job, and many know little of that, as the present state of affairs in the steel business proves. He merely sent word back, or his clerk did, that no one was allowed to draw in the works. I expected it, and so went across the street to a Hungarian cigar-store, and bought a series of photographs of the very cranes I wanted to draw, made from the very bridge, and I left. I reported these facts to the Philadelphia papers, and even they saw the joke. But the first time I came out of the works by the big gate during the war, the head guard came up and said:

"I want to thank you, sir, for getting me this post."

"How?" said I.

"Why, you got it for me because I turned you off the bridge that day—because I did me duty." Nice Sunday-school story, but true.

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The Month in World Affairs

By LOTHROP STODDARD

Russia and Germany—Trouble in the Far East—Things Worth Watching

ONE of the outstanding events at Genoa was the Russo-German treaty. Whether its published economic provisions are supplemented by secret political clauses, and whether the treaty is the forerunner of a close alliance between the two nations, we do not yet know. One thing, however, ought to be clearly understood: this treaty should not be judged solely by the contemporary European situation, but rather by the long and intimate relations between Russia and Germany, which, particularly on their economic side, extend back more than three centuries.

Modern Russia dates from the reign of Peter the Great, a little over two hundred years ago. When Peter ascended the throne toward the close of the seventeenth century, Russia was an Asiatic rather than a European country. Russia had received its Christianity and civilization not from western Europe, but from the semi-Oriental Byzantine Empire, and later on it had been conquered by the Mongols, who had intensified the Asiatic aspect of Russian life. Russia was virtually cut off from western Europe by Poland. Then as now the Poles and Russians were bitter enemies. Therefore, not only were all Western matters suspect in Russian eyes as "Polish," but also the Poles systematically endeavored to keep Western ideas and Western travelers out of Russia, in order that the dreaded Muscovite giant might remain plunged in Oriental barbarism.

However, Western influences did trickle into Russia, and by Peter's day a considerable number of western Europeans were settled in Moscow, the Russian capital. These Westerners were segregated in a foreign quarter and were regarded with suspicious aversion by the general population. They were a cosmopolitan lot of adventurers from every corner of Europe, maintaining themselves in their unpopular situation by their special knowledge and abilities. Peter liked these foreigners from the start. As a boy he spent much time in the foreign quarter, and there became convinced of the superiority of Western civilization. As soon as he became czar he began that extraordinary process of Westernization, which changed the whole current of Russian life and turned Russia in less than a generation from an Oriental into a European state. In his herculean labors Peter had little assistance from his own subjects. The vast majority of Russians, high and low alike, detested Peter's Western innovations, and thus Peter was forced to rely upon foreigners. Assured of royal favor and unusual opportunities, adventurous spirits flocked to the country.

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Now, among these Westerners the most numerous and successful contingent were Germans. The Germans possessed just those qualities of discipline, industry, and technical knowledge which Peter most desired in his subordinates. Furthermore, these Germans came not only from Germany proper, but also from a new Russian possession, the Baltic Provinces. The acquisition of the Baltic Provinces (Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland) is an event of capital importance in Russian history. Back in the Middle Ages these lands had been conquered by a German crusading order, the Knights of the Sword, who had subdued and converted the warlike heathen inhabitants and had settled down as a master caste, giving the provinces a veneer of German culture, but never mixing their blood with the natives, from whom they held proudly aloof. The Baltic Province Germans (often known as "Balts") thus developed into an unusually energetic and masterful aristocracy of landowning barons and town burghers, accustomed to the dominating and disciplining of a large subject population. After a considerable period of independence the Baltic Provinces fell into the hands of Sweden, but the Balts were not disturbed in their prerogatives and remained the masters of the provinces, rendering the Swedish kings feudal service, but never really becoming incorporated into the Swedish state.

Now, Peter the Great had felt from the first that if he was to Westernize Russia, he must break an "open window" to the West. This he could do only if he acquired those Baltic Provinces and adjacent Finnish lands that barred Russia from the Baltic Sea. This meant war with Sweden and led to the Homeric duel between Peter and the Swedish King, Charles XII. Victorious at last, Peter acquired the Baltic Provinces, and those Finnish territories immediately to the eastward on which he built his new capital, St. Petersburg. But in acquiring the Baltic Provinces Peter also acquired the Baltic Province Germans. And Peter was well pleased. Recognizing in the Balts invaluable drill-masters for his recalcitrant subjects, Peter continued the policy of the Swedish kings, confirmed the Balts in their rule over the provinces, made no attempt to assimilate them with the Russian state, and bound them to him as a feudal overlord rather than as a direct master. The Balts in their turn accepted the situation cordially, eagerly entered the czar's service, and fell to disciplining the Russians as masterfully as they had disciplined their own Esth and Lettish serfs. Furthermore, they made common cause with the German adventurers from Germany itself, and the result was that the foreign caste which ruled Russia under the czar became more and more German in character.

This was particularly the case under Peter's successors. Peter himself was too masterful a person to allow anybody to have much to say but himself. Some of his successors, however, were much inferior to him and allowed themselves to be swayed by favorites, mostly Germans. Also, the Romanoff dynasty was itself becoming German in blood. Intermarrying with German princesses, one of these, the famous Catharine II, became czarina and ruled Russia as masterfully as Peter himself. Of course it must not be thought that these Germans con-

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sciously favored the political interests of Germany, for at that time there was no "Germany," what is now the German state being divided into many principalities. Nevertheless, they did favor Germanism, and instinctively worked together in maintaining their ascendancy over the Russian masses, whom they despised as barbarians. Catharine II systematically encouraged the immigration of German peasants, who were settled in large agricultural colonies, especially in southern Russia, with full local privileges. At the same time multitudes of middle-class Germans entered Russia, establishing themselves in the towns and virtually monopolizing certain trades and professions. Throughout the first half of the nineteenth century German influence in Russia steadily increased. Everywhere Germans played an important rôle. The court, the army, and the bureaucracy were filled with Baltic Province barons. The cities were full of German bourgeois, who had Russia's foreign trade largely in their hands. The landed estates of the nobility were largely run by German overseers. Higher education was largely German, and Russian students who went abroad tended to go to German universities. Furthermore, by this time Germany was ceasing to be a mere geographical expression and was being welded into political unity by the Hohenzollern Kings of Prussia, who were on the best of terms with the Romanoff Czars of Russia. Bismarck, the creator of the German Empire, made friendship with Russia the corner-stone of his policy and did all in his power to maintain good relations between the two nations.

This was, however, an increasingly difficult task, because the latter decades of the nineteenth century witnessed a progressive cooling of Russo-German political relations. Becoming racially and nationally more self-conscious, the Russians reacted angrily against German influence in their country. This anti-German feeling was intensified by the trend of Russian foreign policy. Russia aimed at dominance in the Balkans and the ultimate acquisition of Constantinople. Here she was opposed by Austria. The Berlin Congress of 1878 marks the beginning of the deadly feud between Austria and Russia, which culminated in 1914. For a time Bismarck tried to steer a middle course, but he finally had to choose Austria as his ally, and thus brought down Russia's wrath upon Germany as well. Czar Alexander III was frankly anti-German and did much to lessen German political influence in Russia. The political privileges of the Balts in the Baltic Provinces and the German agricultural colonies in southern Russia were abolished, and attempts were made to Russify the German elements everywhere. Meanwhile the foreign policies of Russia and Germany became more and more antagonistic, culminating in open war in 1914.

Politically, the Germans had thus lost ground in Russia during the half-century previous to the Great War, though economically matters were quite otherwise. Despite political antagonisms, the Germans steadily strengthened their position in Russia's economic life. Russian industry and commerce remained largely in German hands. The economic relations of the two countries were extraordinarily close. For example, in the year 1913 Russia's total foreign trade amounted to 1,220,000,000 rubles'

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worth of imports, and 1,420,000,000 rubles' worth of exports (the gold ruble worth fifty-one cents). Now, out of these totals, imports from Germany were valued at 642,000,000 rubles, while exports to Germany were valued at 452,000,000. In other words, more than one half of all Russia's imports came from Germany, while nearly one third of all Russia's exports went to Germany. No other country could compare with Germany in her hold on the Russian market. This is evident from another glance at Russian trade statistics for 1913. Here is the list of the five leading importing nations into Russia in that year:

Germany	642,000,000 rubles
Great Britain	170,000,000 "
United States	74,000,000 "
France	55,000,000 "
Austria-Hungary	34,000,000 "

These figures become doubly significant when we remember that every phase of Russian economic life was largely in German hands. In 1914 there were fully 2,000,000 Germans in Russia. As far back as 1897, the last racial enumeration, the Russian official census figures gave a total of 1,813,000 Germans in the Russian Empire, distributed as follows:

European Russia	1,333,000
Russian Poland	407,000
Caucasus	57,000
Siberia	6000
Central Asia	9000

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the Germans had close business relations with another very active economic element, the Jews. The Jews of Russia and Russian Poland, numbering over 5,000,000 according to the census of 1897, speak a jargon (Yiddish) which is based largely on medieval German, and the two elements have had in Russia common economic interests which have tended to make them work together.

The Great War was of course a shattering blow to German interests in Russia. The long-smoldering fires of anti-German feeling flared up fiercely, and the elaborate network of German economic penetration was torn to tatters. This is of course well understood. What is not so well understood, however, is the shattering repercussion which this very destruction of German interests had upon the economic life of Russia. The sudden stoppage of Russo-German trade, the withdrawal of German financial backing, and the elimination of German technical skill and management could not be replaced, and contributed more than is generally realized to the economic demoralization which precipitated the Russian revolution and drove Russia out of the war.

The Bolshevik upheaval of course completed Russia's economic ruin. But this was really to Germany's advantage. For the moment, of course, Germany reaped no tangible profits. In the long run, however, Germany stood to gain, because, though German interests were shattered, all other business interests, native as well as foreign, were shattered, too, and Russia became economically almost an economic vacuum, which sooner or later would have to be filled, largely from abroad. Now, for this inevitable reconstruction the Germans were best fitted. Their established connections, their geographical position, their expert knowledge, all favored the Germans over other nations. Furthermore, the political relations of the two govern-

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ments and the sentiments of the two peoples steadily improved. Of course Soviet Russia and bourgeois Germany were very far from seeing eye to eye; nevertheless, their points of difference were as nothing to those separating both from the western European powers.

Realizing these things, the Germans began to lay plans for resuming their economic penetration of Russia. During the last few years an immense amount of pioneering work has been done. German technical and business experts have thoroughly explored Russia, re-knitting old connections and laying plans for the future. German captains of industry, like Hugo Stinnes and Walter Rathenau have elaborated exhaustive schemes for the rehabilitation and exploitation of the Russian market. To name only one of these projects, consider the trust organized late last year in Germany, known as the *Wirtschaftsstelle für Verkehr, Handel und Industrie mit dem Osten*, which has as its aim the economic reconstruction of Russia. According to the prospectus of its promoters, this trust embraces bankers, manufacturers, groups of scientific men, and engineers, and has the support of the leading German trades-unions. The trust purposes to send technical experts to every part of Russia and to establish German chambers of commerce at all commercial centers. The trust is organized into three sections: (1) a group for intellectual and cultural relations; (2) a labor group, embracing representatives of the principal German trades-unions; (3) a banking, industrial, and trade group, which has subsections specializing on chemical products, agricultural machinery, railway materials, general iron and steel products, cement, etc.

The great handicap to all such schemes is lack of capital, the war having left Germany financially crippled and impoverished. To overcome this handicap the Germans have endeavored to interest foreign, particularly British, capital. The most notable attempt in this direction was the famous visit of Hugo Stinnes to London last winter. The German argument is that Germany is best equipped to reconstruct Russia economically in the shortest possible time. This would not only restore the Russian market, but would also better Germany's economic situation and thus enable her to meet her indemnity obligations and purchase largely from abroad. Also, by giving Germany an economic outlet, it would relieve Western countries from German cutthroat competition in the world markets.

These German arguments, while they have not yet enlisted British capital on the desired terms, have unquestionably impressed British finance and the British Government to a certain extent, and unquestionably have had their effect upon Great Britain's attitude at Genoa. As already explained in this department, the restoration of continental Europe to something like its pre-war prosperity is an absolute necessity for England if her industrial life is to recover. And it is quite obvious that even though Germany should dominate the Russian market, England would benefit indirectly in notable fashion through the resultant recovery of the German market and the economic rehabilitation of central Europe as a whole.

While these larger considerations have not yet been realized, it is interesting to observe that Germany has already made tangible progress toward

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regaining her economic position in Russia. In the year 1921 fully twenty-five per cent. of all Russia's imports came from Germany. The volume was of course relatively small, since Russia's foreign trade is only about one tenth of that of pre-war times. The value is also hard to estimate, since Soviet Russia's trade statistics are reckoned by weight. The bulk of Russia's imports from Germany are metals and metal goods, chemicals, textiles, clothing, and miscellaneous manufactured products.

It is also by no means as impossible as it might at first sight seem that Germany would be unable to finance Russian economic recovery. Judged offhand, the spectacle of two financial cripples like Germany and Russia effectively aiding each other may appear farcical. But a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that something like this may, within limits, be perfectly possible. It is well known that the great German financial and industiral interests have succeeded in building up outside Germany really large credits, which may aggregate as high as 5,000,000,000 or 6,000,000,000 gold marks ($1,250,000,000 or $1,500,000,000). These foreign credits of course escape domestic taxation and Allied requisitions, being safely banked in neutral countries like Switzerland, Holland, and Sweden. Out of these credits it would not be impossible to mobilize a considerable sum, say $200,000,000 or $300,000,000, for use in Russia. Furthermore, by a system of revolving credits, by loaning goods as well as money, the amount of actual cash required might be materially decreased and the power of the transaction multiplied. It is also possible that neutral capital might be enlisted to a certain extent; even that the whole transaction might appear as though engineered by neutral capital, though British and American capital should refuse to participate.

Of course not even German capital will risk itself in Russia unless the Soviet Government gives satisfactory guaranties. But what German capital may consider satisfactory guaranties depends, in turn, upon the political situation. If the pressure of the Western powers, particularly France, upon Germany were less severe, it might well be that German capital would not enter Russia except upon terms analogous to those desired by Western capital, and that if these were not forthcoming, German capital would be content to wait until the situation in Russia had become more favorable. The policy of France, however, has, to use Lloyd George's recent phrase, been tending steadily to "throw an angry Germany into the arms of a hungry Russia." The effect has, in fact, been twofold: it has inclined German capital to take Russian risks, and it has inclined the Soviet Government to make special terms to German capital. The upshot has been the economic understanding of which the Russo-German treaty is the most striking manifestation.

Of course it may be that the present Soviet Government will prove unwilling to make concessions sufficient to permit any considerable body of capital to intrust itself in Russia. In that case the Russo-German understanding would not extend further than the negative matters embodied in the explicit treaty provisions, such as the mutual canceling of debts and waiver of claims. On the other hand, the Soviet Government may make con-

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cessions sufficient to attract not merely German capital, but the capital of Western nations, so that Russia would resume something like full economic communion with the world at large. Even in the latter eventuality, however, Germany would play a major rôle in Russia's economic rehabilitation, because of the special factors which I have already described. The thing to be borne in mind is the intimate nature of Russo-German economic relations in the past, which must inevitably influence profoundly their relations in the future.

TROUBLE IN THE FAR EAST

While Europe was endeavoring to compose its most pressing difficulties by an international conference at Genoa, acute troubles were breaking out in the Far East. In China civil war has actually begun, while in eastern Siberia fighting has also taken place both between the "Red" and "White" Russian factions and between the Russian "Reds" and the Japanese.

In China the decade of civil strife since the revolution of 1911, which deposed the Manchu dynasty and proclaimed the republic, has resulted in something very much akin to anarchy. China to-day has no real government. The effective political power is parceled out among a swarm of local leaders known as *tuchuns*, controlling one or more provinces by means of bandit-armies which aggregate the enormous total of more than 1,600,000. There are, to be sure, two so-called "governments," that of Peking in the North, and that of Canton in the South. The Canton government has the advantage of being headed by a number of influential personalities, such as the fiery republican leader Sun Yat-sen, the hero of the first revolution, and the veteran diplomat Wu Ting-fang. The Peking government possesses no men of equal prestige. However, both governments depend upon the support of various *tuchuns*, and since these *tuchuns* are all playing for their own hands and are forever intriguing and shifting sides, neither government possesses any real stability or authority.

The present civil war is a three-cornered fight between Chang Tso-lin, *Tuchun* of Manchuria; Wu Pei-fu, head of a confederacy of *tuchuns* in central China; and Sun Yat-sen, head of the government of the South. Within the last year Chang Tso-lin has become virtually master of the North, controlling the shadowy Peking government and occupying Peking with his troops. Against him are ranged most of the *tuchuns* of central China, jealous of his growing power and accusing him of being Japan's tool. It is these two factions which are now at grips around Peking. Meanwhile Sun Yat-sen has allied himself with Chang Tso-lin and is attacking the confederated *tuchuns* from the South. The present line-up is, therefore, north and south against central China. However, there is nothing lasting in the present alinement of factions. Chang Tso-lin and Sun Yat-sen have nothing in common beyond opposition to a common enemy, and if the confederated *tuchuns*, headed by Wu Pei-fu, should be defeated, the victorious North and South would almost inevitably quarrel over the spoils of the contests.

Thus China continues to tread the thorny path of political turbulence, while Japan and other foreign countries take advantage of China's weak-

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ness to fish in troubled waters. Until China settles down, there will be no stability in the Far East.

THINGS WORTH WATCHING

Europe's complicated problems were for the moment centered at Genoa. The Genoa Conference had at least brought the European nations together, and had thus permitted discussion and comparison of points of view. Next month I shall discuss the conference's activities and results.

The situation in the Near and Middle East remains tense and full of momentous possibilities. No settlement of the Turkish situation has as yet been reached. In Syria agitation against French rule has become more militant; serious disorders have occurred, the French troops having been roughly handled on one occasion. In India things are for the moment quieter, but there has been no basic change in the situation.

Ireland continues to suffer from profound unrest. Despite the efforts of the moderate elements to avert the ruin which anything like civil war would entail, civil war continues to loom upon the horizon. Conference has proved unable to reconcile the conflicting aims of Free Staters, Republicans, and Ulstermen. Perhaps the most hopeful factor in the situation is the attitude of the Irish outside of Ireland. Whether in the United States or in the British dominions, the great majority of persons of Irish extraction are throwing their influence in favor of peaceful compromise and condemn violent or extremist courses.

The most hopeful development in contemporary world politics appears to be the forthcoming conference to be held at Washington between representatives of Chile and Peru for the settlement of the perennial Tacna-Arica dispute. In these columns I have already mentioned the seriousness of this problem and have pointed out the ominous likelihood that an armed conflict between Chile and Peru would involve neighboring states, and might even spread into a general war embracing all South America.

This sinister possibility has been realized by both the Latin-American chancelleries and our own Government. As an outcome of extensive diplomatic exchanges, President Harding sent notes to the governments of Chile and Peru, inviting them to meet at Washington, "on neutral and friendly soil," to settle the controversy which has embittered South-American politics for a generation.

Not only have Chile and Peru accepted President Harding's invitation, but both governments are apparently inspired by a genuine desire to come to an understanding. For example, in a recent interview given by President Alessandri of Chile to an Associated Press representative, the president was emphatic in expressing his confidence that "neither Chile nor Peru can afford to let this opportunity slip by, when mankind is going through a period of peace and good-will in the settlement of its difficulties."

One special reason for the desire apparently felt by both Chile and Peru to come to a definite understanding at this time is the approach of the great Pan-American conference scheduled to meet early next year at Santiago de Chile. It would be a notable triumph for both governments to be able to present to the conference a constructive settlement of the gravest political problem in Latin America.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

THE COMING RENAISSANCE

LAST month, in a discussion of the spiritual outlook for Western civilization, I ventured to take issue with the prophets of doom who are predicting that we are on the eve of a new Dark Ages, and suggested that, on the contrary, we are perhaps approaching the springtime of a new Renaissance, that a vast "fresh advance of the human spirit is about to be made."

Since then I have further developed this discussion before audiences in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, before specialized groups of business men, and before general audiences ranging from an audience in New York City to an audience in a Middle-Western village of two hundred inhabitants. From these varied audiences there came no end of keen questionings, prompted now by skepticism, now by whole-hearted faith in the future, now by an almost pathetic will to hope. With some of the issues raised by these audiences I want now to deal. Before plunging into these questions and answers, however, it may be well to summarize the tentative prophecy made last month.

After suggesting the scope and tone of the literature of despair that has been written since the war, I suggested that nothing can prevent Western civilization from entering a new Dark Ages except a vast spiritual renaissance, a process of moral renewal sweeping through the world like another Reformation. I did not arbitrarily predict such a renaissance; I only stated my belief that the raw materials for such a renaissance are lying all about us, waiting for some truly great spiritual leader to bring them together and to touch them into life. I suggested that while this renaissance will be a profoundly spiritual movement, it will not be primarily a church movement; that its prophets will not sweep the world with any one new doctrine, but that their services will consist rather in bringing together into a new synthesis all of the new idealisms and new spiritual values that have been springing up as unconscious by-products of the creative thought that has been going on in the fields of science, education, industry, politics, and religion. I suggested that the Erasmus, the Wesley, or the Luther of this new movement will in all probability be the lay herald of largely anonymous Christianity.

The response that this suggestion receives from all sorts of audiences convinces me that I am not amiss in assuming that the dream of a vast moral renewal is everywhere simmering beneath the confusion and despair

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of our time. But it is not with the assent to my suggestion, but rather with the critical questioning of it that I wish now to deal.

Whenever I have discussed this spiritual renaissance of Western civilization, which I regard as both possible and probable, I have been careful to emphasize my belief that it will not be a revival of blind credulity that will fly in the face of modern thought, but that it will be rather the fine flowering of modern thought. In every audience to which I have made this statement some one has asked whether Mr. Bryan's present quixotic attack on the doctrine of evolution and the "fundamentalist" movement in many of the churches do not indicate that the exact reverse is true, that we are on the eve of a revival of blind credulity. I cannot agree with those who fear such a back-sliding of intelligence. There are, I think, quite clear reasons for the Bryan and the "fundamentalist" movements. I find, for instance, in a recent volume on "Leading Thoughts of the Nineteenth Century" by Professor Harald Höffding of the University of Copenhagen this paragraph, which seems to me to explain both Mr. Bryan and the "fundamentalist."

Professor Höffding says that "the general characteristics of a specific century do not apply equally to all strata of society, let alone to all individuals. In every age there are great numbers of people who are very little affected by what, from a historical standpoint, gives their time its peculiar character. During the century of 'enlightenment' many cherished quietly their old beliefs; and when the new thought became too obtrusive, they resolutely opposed it. . . . Even in circles where 'enlightenment' was the animating force, a certain weariness would intrude at times—a yearning for different mental food and other ideals. Wherever education and knowledge were more than a passing vogue, men were expected to strain every mental nerve, to think intensely upon every subject. Gradually this brought a desire for relaxation, for rest in the simple and the commonplace, for resigning oneself to formulas that did not need to be reëxamined anew every time they were used." This statement is justified, I think, by the present campaign of Mr. Bryan and by the "fundamentalist" movement, each of which seems to me to be nothing more than an eddy in the main current of the world's thought and aspirations.

Here and there in audiences I have discovered a difficulty upon the part of some minds in distinguishing between this renaissance of which I am writing and the innumerable Utopias that have been foisted upon the world from time to time. This prophecy of a renaissance must not be confused with the proposal of a Utopia. The coming renaissance of which I am writing will spring not so much from a plan to *set* the world right, as it will from a passion to *see* the world right.

It seems difficult for certain minds to grasp the notion that a vast spiritual movement can spring from the secular activities of science, education, industry, and politics. I have found it necessary in discussing this matter before audiences to guard against leaving the impression that I was predicting the approach of a mysticism that would sweep the world. I tried to make it clear last month that I have in mind no such movement. It is difficult to avoid this impression, however, if one uses the word "spiritual"; for all

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through the centuries mankind has insisted upon a clean-cut distinction between the spiritual and the secular—a distinction that is in my judgment altogether false, a distinction that has resulted in a tragic splitting up of men's lives. It is said, for instance, of Michael Faraday, the great English scientist, that "when he entered a meeting-house, he left his science behind, and he would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the word from whomsoever it came." John Haynes Holmes, who quotes this statement in his "New Churches for Old," adds also that it was the characteristic statement of John Tyndall that "when he opened the door of his oratory, he closed that of his laboratory." Dr. Holmes aptly expresses the spirit of the coming renaissance when he asserts that "as there are no 'spiritual' interests apart from general social interests . . . so there is no one movement in society which is to be characterized in distinction from all others as 'religious,' . . . any movement which is aimed at the fuller liberty and wider fellowship of the human race, is a sacred undertaking and therefore to be regarded as an expression of the religious consciousness."

It is interesting to note how many writers seem to think that the secularization of the world means robbing society of its spirituality. We find historian after historian saying that the secular movement of the Renaissance was the enemy of the religious movement of the Reformation. Preserved Smith, for instance, in his "The Age of the Reformation," says that "probably the heaviest weight in the scale against the Reformation was the Renaissance. . . . The goods they offered were not the same, not even similar, but the appeal of each was of such a nature that few minds could be the whole-hearted devotees of both. The new learning and the beauties of Italian art and literature sapped away the interest of just those intelligent classes whose support was needed to make the triumph of the Reformation complete." He goes on to refer to the "the loss of the Protestant cause in failing to secure the adherence of such minds as Dolet and Rabelais, Ronsard and Montaigne, and of the thousands influenced by them." It may well be that the Italian influence worked in rivalry with the religious interest at the time of the Lutheran Reformation, but much has happened to the world's thought since then, and the new renaissance, when it comes, will merge the sacred and the secular, and not, like the old Renaissance, substitute the secular for the sacred.

Everywhere I have found deep interest in the probable leadership of the coming renaissance. As I see it, much depends upon the appearance of the "truly great spiritual leader" of whom I wrote last month. As I said then, he may be a biologist, an educator, a labor leader, or a statesman. I doubt that he will appear as a wandering free-lance. He will probably be a man whose official position will give him a sounding-board, that will carry his utterances to the ends of the earth. I can conceive some future President of the United States or some British premier of the future as the leader for whom we are looking. This leader will have to be something of a combination of Francis Bacon and Theodore Roosevelt. That is to say, he will have to be a catholic-minded person, an om-

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niverous reader, who has ranged over the whole field of knowledge, and made himself more or less at home with the great generalizations that have emerged from the sciences and philosophies. And he must have certain Benjamin Disraeli, Billy Sunday, Theodore Roosevelt facilities for touching the popular imagination.

This assertion met with stout objection the other evening from a dinner group with whom I was discussing this matter. One gentleman asserted that, without knowing it, I was falling victim to an easy faith in a Second Coming of some sort. He contended that the progress of the world had been definitely hindered by humanity's too facile faith in messiahs. He stated that the time had passed when humanity dare trust to the great leader; that we were living in an age of group leadership. He contended that the coming renaissance would have no leader in the ordinary sense. He asserted that the mere mass of the world's knowledge has become so great that it is intellectually impossible for any man to know enough about the various fields of human thought and interest to bring authoritative general leadership into the situation.

I cannot bring myself to agreement with this point of view. I think we are unduly awed by the amount of the world's knowledge. I believe that in any given field the great ideas that are vital to the future of the race are very few and very simple. I believe that one of those rare, intuitive minds that the race produces every now and then can bring together into a fresh synthesis the important new social and spiritual values that have been thrown up by all the sciences and undertakings of mankind. But such a leader, when he comes, will in no sense supplant group leadership; he will be the impresario of our group leaderships, he will lure the now isolated scientists and philosophers out of their air-tight compartments and weld them together into a fighting fraternity. There will be just enough of the alloy of mountebankery and theatricalism in his personality and tactics to dramatize the values of our various group leaderships. He will, in short, humanize the results and aims of science, industry, and politics. He will invest the modern adventure with that absolving passion for humanity which has characterized all great epochs of civil and religious progress.

At any rate, we are beginning to see that the war set astir in men's minds questions that are entirely out of reach of the ordinary leadership of diplomats, big business men, and politicians. We are coming to see that the problem of our time is not merely the economic reconstruction of Europe, not merely the substitution of democracy for autocracy, but the infusion of an element of spiritual purpose into our materialistic civilization, an element of synthesis into our scattered and distraught civilization, an element of control into our at present uncontrolled civilization. We have seen enough between Versailles and Genoa to know that paper plans and political machinery are not enough. Spiritual redemption must be brought to the morally impossible condition into which our Western civilization has drifted.

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The Tree

By WALTER DE LA MARE, *Author of* "MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET," *etc.*

Drawings by DOROTHY P. LATHROP

INCASED in his dingy and faded first-class railway-carriage, the prosperous fruit merchant sat alone. From the collar of his thick frieze great-coat stuck out a triangular nose. On each side of it a small bleak, black eye gazed absently at one of the buttons on the empty, blue-upholstered seat opposite him. His breath spread a fading vapor in the air. He sat bolt upright, congealed in body, heated in mind, his unseeing eye fixed on that cloth button, that stud. There was nothing else to look at, for the simple reason that his six narrow windows were whitely sheeted with hoar-frost. Only his thoughts were his company, while the coach, the superannuated coach, bumped dully on over the metals. And his thoughts were neither a satisfaction nor a pleasure. His square, hard head under his square, hard hat was nothing but a pot seething with vexation, scorn, and discontent.

What had invited him out so far, in weather so dismal, on a line so feebly patronized? Anger all but sparkled in his mind as he considered the intention of his journey, and what was likely to be the end of it. Twelve solid, yet fleeting, years divided him from his last meeting with his half-brother, ship-load on ship-load of exotic oranges and lemons, pineapples, boxed figs, and blushing pomegranates. At this very moment three more or less seaworthy ocean tramps were steaming across the watery channels of the world laden with cargoes of which he was the principal consignee. He stretched out his legs, crossed his feet. He was a substantial man. There was nothing fantastic about *him.* To put on airs when you could n't afford them, to meet a friendly offer with rank ingratitude, to quarrel with the only relative on earth who had kept you out of the workhouse—he had sworn never to set foot in the place again. Yet here he was, and nothing but a fool for his pains. Having washed his hands of the whole silly business, he should have kept them washed. Instead of which he thrust them deeper into his capacious pockets and wondered to God when his journey was to come to an end.

No, it was with no charitable, no friendly, no sentimental motive that he was being glided joltingly on. A

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half-brother, and particularly if he owes you a hundred pounds and more, need not be even fractionally a being one smiles to think of for the sake of auld lang syne. There was nothing in common between the two except a father, now twenty-five years in his grave, and a loan that would never be repaid. That was one galling feature of the situation. There was another. In plain print, in his own morning newspaper, the fruit merchant had chanced only a week or two ago on the preposterous fact that a mere woodcut of a mere "Bird and Flower," initialed P. P., had brought at Christie's ninety-seven guineas. Ninety-seven guineas—sixty-eight crates of excellent Denia oranges at thirty shillings a crate! What the devil! His small eyes seemed to congest, and yet at the same time to protrude from their sockets.

"P. P."—Perfect pest, paltry poser, plaguy parasite! And yet hardly a parasite. You could n't dish a half-brother who had n't sent you a single word of greeting for twelve solid, fleeting, prosperous years with a term like that. Even if he did owe you a hundred pounds. Even if he had n't the faintest wish to remind you of the fact. Not that the fruit merchant wanted his hundred pounds. He was not a debt-collector. It was the principle of the thing.

If half an hour's silly scratching over a little lump of wood could bring you ninety-seven guineas, about twenty-nine and a half minutes would bring in a round hundred. And there were more birds and more flowers in that infernal tree than Noah could have found room for in his ark. The tree! The very thought of it swept a pulsating cloud of rage over his eyes. Cool, quiet insolence he could have forgiven and almost forgotten, but the merest reminder of that talk about the tree never failed to infuriate him. It infuriated him now almost beyond endurance simply because he knew, even if he would n't confess it openly to himself, that *this* was the decoy which was dragging him on these fifty-three interminable miles on a freezing, hideous country afternoon.

The tree! Never in all his life had he met with such an exhibition of sheer, stark midsummer madness. And yet, with every inch of his journey, the recollection grew on him. He could n't get it out of his head. Curiosity, resentment, vindictiveness, a cold, creeping cunning, a score of conflicting emotions, zigzagged to and fro in his mind; he glared through them at the walls of his cage. But worst outrage of all was the creeping realization—and his body stiffened at the thought—that he was even now, and perhaps even a little more than ever, afraid of the tree. When you finally deal with a relative who has been a pest to you all your life, the one thing you do not look for is an interference of that kind.

He could not deny it, the tree had impressed him. The moment he thought of his brother, of the country, even of his boyhood, there it was. It had impressed him so much that the upholstered button had now completely disappeared, and he seemed to be actually in the presence of the tree again. He saw it as vividly as if its image hung there before his very eyes in the slightly self-warmed air of his solitary compartment. The experience filled him with so sudden a flood of aversion and resentment that the voice of the guard chanting the name

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of his destination reached him only just in time to set him frantically pulling down his frozen window and ejecting himself out of the train.

One hasty glance around him showed that he was the sole traveler to alight on the frosted timbers of the obscure little station. A faint rosiness in the west foretold the decline of the still wintry day. The firs that flanked the dreary passenger-shed of the platform stood burdened already with the blackness of coming night.

He was elderly, he was obese, his heart was none too sound, at least as compared with his head; yet if he intended to catch the last train home, he had scarcely two hours in which to reach his half-brother's wretched little house, to congratulate him on his guineas, to refuse to accept repayment of his loan, to sneer at his tree, and to return to the station.

A bark at a weedy young porter in mittens, with mouth ajar over his long teeth, sent him ambling off for a conveyance. The fruit merchant stood under the shed, in his frieze coat and square, hard hat, and watched the train glide out of the station. The screech of its engine, horning up into the windless air, had exactly expressed his own peculiar sentiments.

There was not a living being in sight whereon to breathe a curse. Only himself, a self he had been vaguely cursing throughout his tedious journey. The frozen landscape lay white in the dying day. The sun hung like the yolk of an egg above the still horizon. Some menace in the very look of this sullen object hinted that P. P. might long since have crossed the bourne from which no belated draft on any earthly bank had ever been known to come. The thought diverted into more rugged channels the current of the talk which he had intended to engage in with his half-brother. In other words, he would give the silly fool a bit of his mind. The fact was, their last quarrel, if anything so one-sided could be called a quarrel, had tinctured the fruit merchant's outlook on the world a good deal more densely than he would until now have confessed.

No living creature, no sound, stirred the air. The fair country lay cold, as if in a swoon. Like a shallow inverted saucer a becalmed sky curved itself over the unbroken quiet of the fields. His broad cleft chin thrust into his muffler, his hands into his pockets, the stranger to these parts stood waiting; just stood there with his small black eyes staring desolately out of his clothes. Why, you might as well be marooned in a foreign land, or on a stage, sterile, cold, vacant, with not a single soul in the audience. At the sound of wheels and hoofs, he coughed as if in uncontrollable indignation, and turned smartly on his heel.

§ 2

With a gesture of disdain the fruit merchant sourly thrust a shilling into the weedy porter's immense-knuckled hand, and mounted into the ancient cab that had somehow been excavated from the country-side stagnating all about them. The man on the box was like some cautious and obscure little animal that had been dug up out of the earth. When given his direction, his face had fallen into an indescribable expression beneath its whiskers—an expression, it appeared, which was its nearest approach to a smile.

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"And don't spare your horse," had barked his fare, slamming the rickety door behind him.

A railway-carriage, even of the most antique description, when its glass is opaque with rime, is a little less like a prison-cell than a four-wheeled cab. For which reason, perhaps, as the vehicle ground on beneath the misty, leafless elms, the frigid air was allowed to beat softly in from the open window upon its occupant's slightly impurpled face. And still, on and on, memory retrieved for him, now here, now there, every incident of his last experience on this selfsame road. It had been summer-time—June. He had been twelve years younger, a good gross of years less prosperous, and perhaps not quite so easily fanned into a peculiar helpless state of rage.

Indeed, his actual meeting with his half-brother at the little white garden-gate had been almost friendly. So friendly that it would hardly have been supposed they were in any way unpleasingly related to one another, or that the least responsibility of each to each could have caused any kind of festering recrimination. Not that P. P. was even then the kind of person one hastens to introduce to one's friends. You not only never knew how he would look or what he would say; you were n't even certain what he might do. A rolling stone that merely fails to gather moss is a harmless object in comparison with one that appears to gather momentum. And even the most trifling suggestion not so much of eccentricity as of an alien and crooked gleam in the eye is apt to make the most respectable company a little uneasy.

Not that the two half-brothers had ever discussed together their aims and intentions and ideas about life, their desires or motives or hopes or aversions or apprehensions or prejudices. The fruit merchant had his fair share of most of these human incentives, but he also had principles, and one of them was to keep his mouth shut. They had met, had shaken hands, had exchanged remarks on the weather. Then P. P., in his frayed jacket and slippers, had aimlessly led him off with an expressionless face into the garden, had aimlessly dropped a few distant remarks about their common past, and then, surrounded as they were by the scenery, scents, and noises of summer, had pushed his knotted hands into his trousers' pockets and fallen silent, his gray, vacant eyes fixed on the tree.

Apart from a clump of elms in the distance, there was nothing in view even to challenge it for beauty, growth, and station. From its station all but at the foot of the broken-hedged, straggling garden, it rose to heaven, a prodigious, spreading, ascendant cone, with its long, dark, green, pointed leaves. It stood, from first springing branch to apex, a motionless, somnolent fountain of flowers.

If his half-brother had taken the fruit merchant into a dingy little greenhouse and had shown him an ailing plant that with care, water, and guano had been raised from some far-fetched seed—well, that might have been something to boast about. He himself was in the trade. He knew a Jaffa orange from a mandarin. The stuff had to *grow*, of course, and he was broad-minded enough to approve of rural enterprise. Giant mangolds and prize pumpkins did no harm.

He had stared broodingly about him. The garden was a waste, the

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hedges untrimmed, a rank, lusty growth of weeds flaunted their flowers at the sun. And this tree—it must have been flourishing here for centuries past, a positive eyesore to any practical gardener. P. P. could n't even put a name to it, yet by the fixed, idiotic, dreamy look on his face you might have supposed it was a gift from heaven; that, having waved his hands about like those colored humbugs with the mango, the thing had sprung up out of the ground by sheer magic.

Nor that the fruit merchant had denied that it was unique. He had never seen, nor would he ever want to see, its double. The sun had beaten down upon his head; a low, enormous drone filled the air; the reflected light dazed his eyes. A momentary faintness had stolen over him as he had turned once more and glanced again into his half-brother's long, bony face —the absent eyes, the prominent cheek, the graying hair dappled with sunlight.

"How do you *know* it 's unique?" he had asked. "It may be as common as blackberries in other parts of the country—or abroad. One of the officers on the *Catamaran* was telling me—"

"I don't know," his half-brother had interrupted him. "But I have been looking at trees all my life. This resembles all, reminds me of none. Besides, I 'm not going abroad, at least for the present."

What had he meant by that? The fruit merchant had n't inquired; had merely stood there in the flowers and grasses, staring up into the spreading branches, almost involuntarily shaking his head at the pungent sweetness that hung dense and sickly in the air. And the old familiar symptoms began to stir in him, symptoms which his intimates could have described in one word—fuming. He was not denying it, not he: the tree was remarkable as trees go. For one thing, it bore two distinct kinds and shapes of blossom. The one circular and full and milky in a dark cup-like calyx, with clusters of scarlet-tipped pistils; the other a pale-yellow oval, three-petaled, with a central splash of orange. He had surreptitiously squeezed a couple of the fallen flowers into his pocket-book, had taken them out at his office the next morning to show them to the partner he had afterward bought out of the business, only to find them black, slimy, and unrecognizable, and to be laughed at for his pains.

"What 's the use of the thing?" he had next inquired of his half-brother. "Is it edible?"

At which, with the faint smile on his face that had infuriated the fruit merchant even as a boy, the other had merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not try it on the pigs?"

"I don't keep pigs."

Keep pigs, indeed! There was n't the faintest symptom that he would ever be able to keep himself.

"Well, are n't there any birds in these parts?" It had been a singularly false move.

"It has brought its own," had been his half-brother's muttered retort.

There was no denying it, at least so far as the fruit merchant's small ornithological knowledge went. At that very moment birds of a peculiarly vivid-green sheeniness were hovering and dipping between the deep blue of the sky and the mountainous blossoming. Little birds, with unusually long and attenuated bills, playing, fluttering, lisping, courting, and ap-

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parently sucking the heady nectar from the snowy and ivory cups, while poised like animate gems on the wing. He had again opened his mouth, but his half-brother had laid a lean, tingling hand on his sleeve.

"Listen!" he said

Half-stifled, jetting, delirious bursts of song twinkled, belled, rose, died, overflowed from the tented depths of the tree, like the yells and laughter of a playground of children suddenly released for an unexpected half-holiday. Listen, indeed! The noise of the creatures was still echoing in his ears as he sat there, bulkily swaying, his eyes fixed on the pallid, gliding hedgerow from his fusty cab.

P. P. had not positively claimed that every single chorister in the chorus was an exdigenous visitant. He had gone further. He had gently bent down a low-lying fan of leaves and bloom, and not content with exhibiting one by one living specimens of a spotted-blue, iridescent little beetle, a horned kind of cockchafer, and a dappled black-and-yellow-mottled ladybird, all of them following their lives in these surroundings; he had also chased, in vain, a couple of exotic butterflies down the slope of the garden, and had pointed out little clumps of saffron and sky-blue flowers, and a rank, ungainly weed with a cluster of black helmet-shaped florets at its tips, asserting that they were as rare, as unprecedented, in those parts as the tree itself.

"You don't mean to say, because the thing 's brought its own vermin, that it 's any the better for that? We can do that in the fruit trade."

"It 's brought me," said the other, mooning meanwhile in the opposite direction.

"And where do you raise your pertatoes and artichokes and scarlet runners? It looks to me like a damn' waste of soil."

The wandering greenish-gray eyes had rested for a moment on the puffy, contemptuous face a few inches beneath them without the faintest symptom of intelligence. Empty eyes, yet with a hint of danger in them, like a bright-green pool of water in an old quarry.

"You shall have a basket of the fruit, if you 'll risk it. It never really ripens; queer-looking seeds."

"You eat it yourself, then?"

The eyes slid away, the narrow shoulders lifted a little.

"I take things as they come." It was precisely how he had afterward taken the check.

Seated there, on each side of the deal table, in the bare, uncarpeted, uncurtained living-room of the cottage, over a luncheon of bread and dry cheese and onions, with the reflected light of the tree on his half-brother's face, the talk between the two of them had gradually degenerated into an altercation.

At length the fruit merchant, with some little relief, had completely lost his temper. A half-empty jam-pot buzzing with bees was no more appetizing an object because the insects were not of the usual variety. He had literally been stung into repeating a few semi-fraternal truths.

To submit to being half-starved simply because nobody with money to waste would so much as look at your bits of drawings; to sit there dreamily grinning at a tree in your back garden twenty times more useless because there was n't its like for miles around, even *if* there was n't; to be content to hang like a bloodsucker on the gen-

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erosity of a relative half blood and half water—well, he had given P. P. a bit of his mind.

The fruit merchant instinctively drew a cold, fat hand down his face as a more and more precise recollection of the subsequent scene recurred to him. Mere silence can be insulting, and there was one thing about his half-brother, worse than all the rest of his peculiarities put together, that had never failed to reduce him to a helpless indignation—his eyes. They did n't see you even when they were fixed on you across two feet of deal board. They saw something else, and with no vestige of common courtesy.

And those hands! You could swear at a glance that they had never done a single honest day's work in their owner's life. Every sight of them had made it easier for the fruit merchant to work himself up into a blind refreshing rage. The cottage had fairly shaken to his abuse; the raw onions had danced under his fist on the table. And twining in and out between his roarings and shoutings had meandered on that other low, groping, dispassionate voice—his brother's.

He had found his own place, and there he intended to remain. Rather than sit on a stool in a counting-house writing invoices for crates of oranges and pineapples, he would hang himself from the topmost branches of the tree. You had your own life to lead, and it did n't matter if you died of it. He was not making any claims. There was nothing the same in this world for any two persons. And the more different everything was, the more closely you should cling to the difference.

Oh, yes, it was mere chance, or whatever you liked to call it, that had brought him here, mere chance that the tree had not even been charged for in the rent. There it was, and it would last him his lifetime; and, when that was over, he would n't complain. He had wagged his skimpy beard, a pencil between his fingers. No, he would n't complain if they just dug a hole in the garden and shoveled his body in under the grass within reach of the rootlets. What 's your body?

"They 'll bury me all right when I 'm safely dead. Try it; it 's a fair speculation."

"Try what?" The fruit merchant's countenance had suddenly set like a gargoyle in cast-iron.

His half-brother had nodded toward a dingy portfolio that stood leaning against a half-empty book-case. And at that his guest had laid about him with a will.

"So that 's the kind of profit you are hoping to make out of your old bee-bush! That 's your profit? That 's your fine airs—your miserable scribblings and scragglings?"

He had once more slammed down his huge fist on the table and delivered his ultimatum.

"See here, I give you a hundred pounds here and now. There 's no claim on me, not a shred. We don't even share the same mother, even if we share the same dad. You talk this abject rubbish to me. You have never earned a decent penny in your life. You never will. You are a fool and a loafer. Go to the parish and go for good. I 'm sick of it, d' ye hear? Sick of it. You sit there whiffling that I have n't eyes in my head, that I don't know black from white, that you 'd rather hang your miserable carcass in your wretched old tree than take a respectable job.

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Well, hang it there. It won't break the branches if this is the only kind of meal you can give a visitor! I 'm done with you. I wash my hands of you."

He had, inaccurately, pantomimed the operation, sweeping over the jam-pot as he did so; and now drew in his breath—a cold breath, too, as, with eyes fixed on the ever-lightening hedgerows beyond his oblong window, he remembered the renewed red-hot stab of pain that had transfixed the ball of his thumb.

§ 3

It recalled him instantaneously to his surroundings. Scrambling up from his seat, he ejected his head out of the cab into the open.

"Whoa, there, d' ye hear? I 'm getting out."

The horse was dragged up on its haunches, the cab came to a stand-still, and to the roaring suspirations of the animal the fruit merchant alighted on the tinkling ice of a frozen wayside puddle of water. He turned himself about. Time and the night had not tarried during his journey. The east was a blaze of moonlight. The moon glared in the gray heavens like a circular, flat little window of glass.

"Wait here," the fruit merchant bade his cabman in the desolation. "You 've pretty near' shaken the head off my body."

The cabman ducked his own small head in reply, and saluted his fare with a jerk of his whip.

"You won't be long," he sang out between his whiskers.

What did he mean by that? was the fruit merchant's querulous question to himself as he mounted the few remaining yards of by-lane toward the crest of the slope. He was tired and elderly and cold. A pathetic look, one almost of sadness, came into his face. He pushed up his muffler and coughed. There replied the faintest echo from the low copse that bordered the lane. Grass, crystalled with hoar-frost, muffled his footsteps. What had he meant by that? repeated self to self, but not as if expectant of an answer.

When well out of sight of the cab-man and his vehicle beneath the slope of the hill, the fruit merchant paused, lifting his eyes. League beyond league beneath him, as if to the con-fines of the world, the country-side spread on, frost-beclad meadow, wood, and winding lane. And one sole house in sight—a small, tumbledown, lightless, huddling cottage, its ragged thatch and walls checkered black with shadow and dazzling white with wash of moonshine. And there, lift-ing itself into the empty skies, its twigs and branches sweeping the stars, stood the single naked, gigantic tree.

The fruit merchant gazed across at it, like an obese, minute Belial on the ramparts of Eden. He had been fooled, then, tricked. He might have guessed the fatuity of his enterprise. He had guessed it. The house was empty; the bird had flown. Why for a single instant had he dreamed other-wise? Simply because all these years he had been deceived into believing there was a kind of honesty in the fellow. Just that something quixotic, stupid, stubborn, dense, dull, de-mented which—nothing but lies, then.

That bee in his bonnet, that snake in his grass; nothing but lies. There was no principle by which you could

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judge a man like that; and yet—well, after all, he was like anybody else. Give him a taste of the sweets of success, and his boasted solitude, his contempt for the mere decencies of life, his pretended disgust at men more capable and square-headed than himself, had vanished into thin air. There were fools in the world, he had discovered, who would pay ninety-seven guineas for a second- or third-hand scrabble of a drawing. "Right you are; hand over the dibs, and I am off!"

A scornful, yet lugubrious, smile stole over the fruit merchant's purplish features. He would be honest about it. He positively enjoyed acknowledging when a rival had bested him over a bargain. He would even agree that he had always nursed his own little superstitions. And now all that fine, silly talk—sheer fudge. He had been himself childish fool enough to be impressed by it; yes, and to have been even a little frightened by—a tree!

He eyed it there, that gaunt, prodigious weed; and then, with one furtive glance over his round shoulder toward the crest of the slope behind which lay his way of escape from this wintry landscape and from every memory of the buffoon who had cheated him, he slowly descended the hill, pushed open the broken gate, and entered the icy, untended garden.

Once more he came to a standstill in his frieze coat, and from under the brim of his hard hat stared up into the huge frigid branches. There are a supple lift and ease in the twigs of a tree asleep in winter. Green, living buds are everywhere huddling close in their drowsy defenses. Even the fruit merchant could distinguish between the dreaming and the dead, or at any rate between the unripe and the rotten. And as he looked, two thoughts scurried like rats out of the wainscot of his mind. Those lean, shrunken twigs, those massive vegetable bones—the tree was dead! And up there— He shifted rapidly to and fro in order to secure an uninterrupted view of a kind of huddling shape up aloft there, an object that appeared to be stooping crazily forward, as if on a similar quest in respect to himself.

But, no; he took a deep breath. The sudden knocking against the wall of his head ceased. He need not have alarmed himself: an optical illusion; nothing.

The tree *was* dead. That was clear —a gaunt, black, sapless nightmare. But the ungainly clump and shape, hoisted midway among its boughs, was not a huddling human body. It was only another kind of derelict parasite—withered mistletoe. And that gentle skeleton-like rattling high overhead was only the fingering of a faint breeze in the moonlight, clacking twig against twig.

Maybe it would have simplified matters if— But no need to dwell on that. One corpse at a time was enough for any man on a night like this and in a country as cheerless as the plains of Gomorrah. A phrase or two out of his familiar bills of lading recurred to the fruit merchant's mind —"the act of God." There was something so horrific in the contorted set of the branches outthrust in ungainly menace above his head that he was reminded of no less a depravity than the devil himself. Thank the Lord! his half-brother had not remembered to send him a parcel of the fruit.

If ever poison showed in a plant, it

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haunted every knot and knuckle of this derelict. Judgment had overtaken it—the act of God. That 's what came of boasting. That 's what came of idling a useless life away in a day-dream at other people's expense. And now the cunning bird was flown. The insult of his half-brother's triumph stabbed the fruit merchant like a sword.

A sudden giddiness, the roar as of water, caused in part, no doubt, by the posture of his head, swept over him, reverberated in his ears. He thrust a cautious hand into the breast of his coat and lowered his eyes. They came to a stay on the rugged, moonlit bole. And there, with hardly less intensity of gaze, they once more fixed themselves.

The natural living bark of the tree had been of a russet gray, resembling that of the beech. Apart from a peculiar shimmeringness due to the frost that crystalled it over, and as the skin of a dead thing, that bark now suggested the silveriness of leprosy. So far, so good. But midway up the unbranched bole, at the height of from five to six feet from the ground, appeared a wide, peculiar cicatrice. The iridescent grayness here abruptly ended. Above it stretched a clear blank ring of darker color, knobbed over, in and out, with tiny gaudy clusters of fungi.

The fruit merchant stole in a pace or two. No feat of the inhuman this. Cleanly and precisely, the thick rind of the tree must sometime since have been cut and pared away in a wide, equal ring, a ring too far from the ground to have been the work of pigs or goats, too smooth and sharp-edged to have been caused by the gnawings of cattle. It was perfectly plain: the sap-protecting skin of the thing had been deliberately cut and hacked away. The tree had been murdered. High in the moonlit heavens it gloated there, a victim.

Not until then did the fruit merchant stealthily turn and once more survey his half-brother's house. The slow and almost furtive movement of his head and shoulders suggested that the action was involuntary. From this garden side the aspect of the hovel was even more abject and disconsolate. Its one ivy-clustered chimney-stack was smokeless. The moonbeams rained softly and mercilessly on the flint walls, the boarded windows, the rat-and-bird-ravaged thatch.

Only a specter could be content with such a dwelling, and a guilt-stricken wretch at that. Yet without any doubt in the world the house was still inhabited, for a slender amber beam of light leaned out at an obtuse angle from some crevice in the shuttering wood into the vast bath of moonshine.

For a moment the fruit merchant hesitated. He could leave the garden and regain his cab without nearing the house; he could yet once more "wash his hands." Certainly, after sight of the maniac's treacherous work on his unique God-given tree he had not the faintest vestige of a desire to confront his half-brother. Quite the reverse. He would far rather fling a second hundred pounds after the first than be once more contaminated by the creature. There was something vile in his surroundings. In shadows as black as pitch, like these, any inconceivable evil creature might lie in covert. If the tree alive could decoy an alien fauna to its succulent nectar, the tree dead might well invite even

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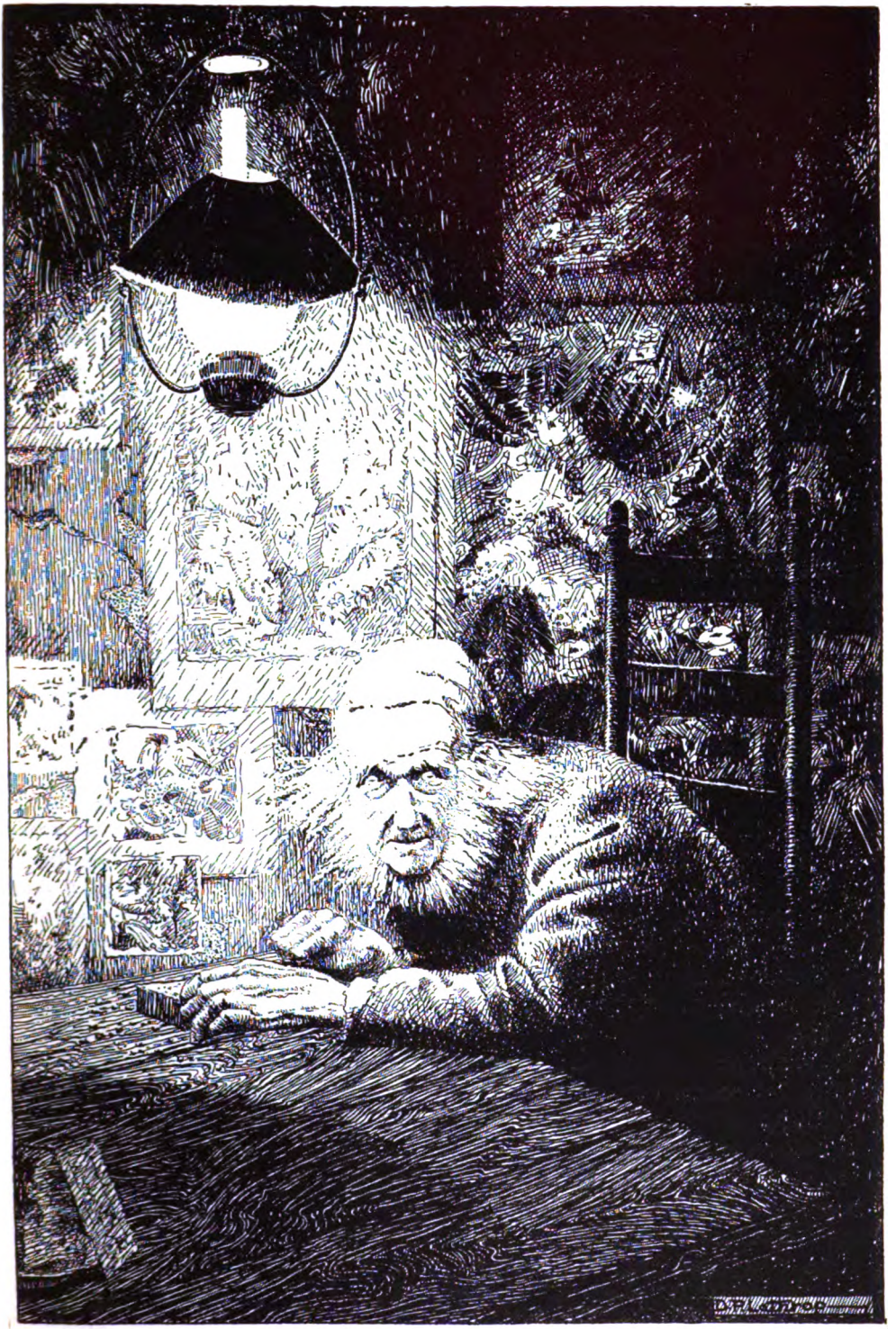

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less pleasing ministrations. Come what would, he was prepared. It might startle him, but he was dead-cold already; and when your whole mind is filled with disgust and disquiet, there is no room for physical fear. You merely want to shake yourself free, edge out, and be off.

Nevertheless, the human intruder in this inhuman wilderness was already, and with great caution, making his way toward the house. On a pitch-black night he might have hesitated. Had n't venomous serpents the habit of stealing for their winter slumber into the crannies and hollows of fallen wood? Might not even the lightest northern zephyr bring down upon his head another vast bulk of timber from the withered labyrinth above? But so bright was the earth's lanthorn, so still the starry sky, that he could hear and even see the seeds from the humbler winter weeds scattering out from their yawning pods, as with exquisite care he brushed on through the tangling growths around him.

And having at length closely approached the walls, standing actually within a jutting shadow, he paused yet again and took a deep breath into his body before, gently lifting himself, he set his eye to the crevice from which poured out that slender shaft of light.

So artificially brilliant was the room within by comparison with the full moonlight of the fruit merchant's natural world without that for an instant or two he saw nothing. But he persevered, and after a while his round, protruding eye found itself master of at least half the space on the other side of the shutters. Stilled through and through, his fingers clutching the frosted sill, he stood there half suspended on his toes and as if hypnotized.

For scarcely more than a yard distant from his own there stooped a face—his half-brother's, a face to haunt you to your dying day. It was surmounted by a kind of nightcap, and was almost unrecognizable. The unfolding of the hours of twelve solitary years had played havoc with the once familiar features. The projecting brows above the angular cheekbones resembled polished stone. The ears stood out like the vans of a bat on each side above the corded neck. The thin, unkempt beard on the narrow jaw brushed the long, gnarled hand that was moving with a great and tedious care on the bare table beneath it.

Motionlessly, the hanging paraffin-lamp poured its radiance upon this engrossed, cadaverous visage, revealing every line and bone, hollow and wrinkle.

Nevertheless, its possessor, this old man, shrunken and hideous in his frame of abject poverty, his arms drawn close up to his fallen body, worked sedulously on and on. And behind and around him showed the fruit of his labors. Pinned to the scaling walls, propped on the ramshackle shelf above his fireless hearthstone, and even against the stale remnant of a loaf of bread on the cracked blue dish beside him, was a litter of pictures. And everywhere, lovely and marvelous in all its guises, the tree—the tree in spring's delight, in summer's quiet wonder, in autumn's garish decline, in naked, slumbering wintry grace. The colors glowed from the old fine, rough paper like lamps and gems.

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There were drawings of birds, too—birds of dazzling plumage, of flowers and butterflies, their crimson and emerald, rose and saffron, seemingly shimmering and astir; their every mealy and feathery and polloned boss and petal and plume on fire with hoarded life and beauty. And there a viper with its sinuous, molten scales; and there a face and shape looking out of its nothingness such as would awaken even a dreamer in a dream.

Only three sounds in that night quiet, and these scarcely discernible, stirred in the watcher's ear: the faint, shrill singsong of the flame in the lamp, the harsh, wheezing breath of the artist, and the noise of rats or mice. This austere and dying creature must have come in at last from the world of nature and mankind a long time ago. The arm that had given the tree its quietus had now not the strength to lift an ax. Yet the ungainly fingers toiled assiduously on.

The fruit merchant, spying in on the old half-starved creature that sat there burning swiftly away among his insane gewgaws, as nearly broke out crying as laughing. He was frightened and elated, mute and bursting with words. The act of God! Rather than even remotely resemble that old scarecrow in his second childhood pushing that tiny-bladed knife across the surface of a flat of wood, he would —an empty and resolute look stole into the gazing eye.

Not that he professed to understand. He knew nothing. His head was completely empty. The last shred of rage and vindictiveness had vanished away. He was glad he had come, for now he was going back. What little of the present and future remained would soon be the past. He, too, was aging. *His* life also was coming to an end. He stared on, oh, yes. And not even a nephew to to inherit his snug little fortune. Worldly goods, ship-load on ship-load, well. Since he could not take it away with him, he would leave it behind. He would bequeath it to charity, to the W. F. M. C. A., perhaps; and he would make a note of the hundred pounds.

Not in malice; only to leave things businesslike and in order; to do your duty by a greedy and ungrateful world even though you were soon to be washing your hands of that, too. All waste, nothing but waste! But he thanked the Lord he had kept his sanity, that he was respected; that he was n't in the artificial fruit trade, the stuff your grandmother belled under glass. He thanked the Lord he was not foul to look at; foul, probably, to smell; and a poison even to think about.

Yet still he peeped on, this old Tom, though at no *Lady Godiva*. They would buy right enough; there was no doubt of that. Christie's would some day be humming with the things. He did n't deny the old lunatic that. He knew a bird when he saw it, even on paper. Ninety-seven guineas! At that rate there was more money swimming about in this pestilent hovel than ever he himself could lay his practised hands on.

And there were fools in plenty, rich, dabbling, affected, silly fools—dilettantes, you called 'em—who would never know that their lying, preposterous P. P. had destroyed the very life of the tree that had given its all for him. And why? And why? The fruit merchant was almost tempted to burn down the miserable cabin over his half-brother's head.

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Who could tell? A gust of wind stirred in the bedraggled thatch, feebly whined in the keyhole.

And at that moment, as if an angry and helpless thought could make itself audible even above the hungry racketing of mice and the melancholic whistling of a paraffin-lamp—at that moment the corpse-like countenance, almost within finger-touch on the other side of the table, slowly raised itself from the labor of its regard, and appeared to be searching through the shutter's cranny as if into the fruit merchant's brain. The glance swept through him like an avalanche. No, no. But one instantaneous confrontation, and he had pushed himself back from the impious walls as softly as an immense sack of hay.

These were not eyes in that abominable countenance. Speck-pupiled, greenish-gray, unfocused under the protuberant mat of eyebrow, they remained as still as a salt and stagnant sea. And in their uplifted depths, stretching out into endless distances, the fruit merchant had seen regions of a country whence for neither love nor money he could ever harvest one fruit, one pip, one cankered bud. And blossoming there beside a glassy stream in the mid-distance of far-mountained sward—a tree.

§ 4

In after years an old, fat, vulgar, and bronchitic figure, muffled up in a pathetic shawl, would sometimes be seen seated in a place of honor, its hard, square hat upon its thick, bald skull, within positive reach of the jovial auctioneer's ivory hammer. To purchase every P. P. that came into the market was a dream beyond even a multimillionaire's avarice. But small beetles or grubs or single feathers drawn "from the life" were within scope of the fruit merchant's purse. The eye that showed not the faintest vestige of reflected glory from the orange of the orange, the gamboge of the lemon, or the russet bronze of the pomegranate in their crated myriads would fitfully light up awhile as, one by one, and with reiterated grunts of satisfaction, he afterward, in the secrecy of his home, consigned these indifferent and "early" works of art to the flames.

But since his medical man had warned him that any manifestation of passion would almost unquestionably prove his ultimate manifestation of anything, he steadily avoided thinking of the tree. Yet there it remained, unexorcisable, ineradicable in his fading imagination.

Indeed, he finally expired in the small hours one black winter's morning, and as peacefully as a child, having dreamed that he was looking through a crevice into what could not be hell, but might be limbo or purgatory, the place of departed spirits. For there sat his half-brother, quite, quite still, and all about him, to be seen, gay and painted birds and crystal flowers and damasked butterflies; and, as it were, sylphs and salamanders, shapes of an unearthly beauty. But all of them strangely, preternaturally still, as if in a peep-show, as if stuffed.

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On the Sense of Smell

By W. H. HUDSON, *Author of* "GREEN MANSIONS," *etc.*

WHEN watching the hind in Richmond Park I thought with admiration of the exquisite perfection of the three most important senses in a wild animal's life—vision, hearing, and smell. The dog, with a horizon limited to about a third of a stag's, is a comparatively dim-eyed creature; he lives, as we see, mainly in the sense of smell. This is astonishingly acute, but that of the deer is just as perfect with regard to its use or purpose, which is chiefly to inform it of distant or hidden dangers to be escaped only by flight. The dog's smell is concerned with numberless little matters that are of less account; these constitute his entertainment and give a perpetual zest to his life. He quarters and examines the ground with his nose, to find it abundantly sprinkled over, so to speak, with the visiting-cards of other creatures: other dogs, some known personally to him, others strangers; also rabbits, rats, voles, and what not. The deer is not concerned in these minute matters. If a rabbit or mouse has crossed his track, he is not excited about it, and bits of carrion hidden in the grass and small local stenches, in which the dog revels, are nothing to him.

No doubt there is a vast difference in power in the sense of smell in both these animals and in man; nevertheless, I do not think so meanly of man's olfactories as some physiologists appear to do. It is a common idea, and is in the books, that man's sense of smell is decayed; some writers have gone so far as to describe it as obsolescent.

"Who, we may ask, is *man* in this connection? It would be nearer the truth to say that the more civilized man becomes, or the more he secures himself against the forces of nature by improving his conditions, the less important to his welfare does this sense become. The dangers he is warned against by smell in a state of nature have been removed artificially; in an environment in which the function of the olfactories has been superseded the inevitable result is their decay. This is in accordance with nature's economical principle; she will not continue doing for us what we have undertaken to do for ourselves, and will cheerfully scrap the exquisite apparatus she has been building up for our safety in thousands and millions of years.

When I see a lover of flowers and their perfumes pressing a bunch of violets to her face as if to drag something out of them with her nose, to stimulate by violence, as it were,—by repeated sniffing inhalations, a torpid sense, the sense which she knows is in her, although it may have given no evidence of its existence for some time past,—when I see this, knowing at the same time that the violets' "nimble emanations" are filling the whole room, I recognize the fact that the sense of smell is so enfeebled in her as to be of no account at all.

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All that does n't come to much, seeing that England is but a dot on the map and its people a mere roomful compared with the population of the globe. What one asks to know is, does the Armenian, the Turk, the Siberian, the Zulu, the Arab, the inhabitant of the roof of the world, press a flower to his nose in order to get the sensation of its fragrance?

When the traveler and naturalist Lumholtz lived with the cannibal and ophiophagous tribes of Queensland he found that they hunted by its scent the serpent, a large species of boa, on which they fed. This serpent travels long distances in quest of prey, and, once on its scent, the natives would follow it, like a pack of beagles, through woods and thicket and marshes, over rocky tracts and all kinds of country, until they came up with it. The scent, they assured him, was strong and easy to follow, but though he went down on all fours and sniffed with all his might, he could detect no scent at all. There is, then, a considerable difference between man and man with regard to this sense in different countries and conditions. The man of the physiologist is the one he knows, who is of his own state in life, who lives in comfortable circumstances in an equable temperature. Again, Humboldt relates that the Peruvian Indians distinguished between the footprints of their own people and those of whites and negroes.

There are, besides, the aborigines of America from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, the Africans, the Polynesians, the Malays, the inhabitants of a thousand oceanic islands, the Asiatics. I suppose that at least a hundred thousand Europeans have written books about China, Hindustan, and all the other countries of that vast continent, but I doubt if there is a chapter in the hundred thousand books dealing with the sense of smell in any Asiatic people compared with ours.

§ 2

Having, then, few or no facts to go upon, we are much in the dark about this sense; we can only suppose, if it is accepted as a principle that its decay proceeds *pari passu* with the increase in the value of vision and the improvements in our artificial condition of life, that the decline has been greater in the town-dwelling and comfortably off classes in England during the last two centuries than in the previous two thousand years.

To dogmatize on such a subject would be ridiculous; we are even more in the dark than I have made it appear. By watching a man and subtly drawing him out we can penetrate through his mask and discover his secret and real mind, but we can't get at the real state of his sense of smell. Every one of us knows his own, and many of us know it only "in a way."

So long as a smell is not a warning or disgustful one, even if acrid or sour or pungent, it is agreeable to me. The heavy, greasy smell of sheep, for instance, and of sheepfolds, of cattle and cow-houses and stables, of warehouses filled with goods, and drapers', grocers', cheesemongers', and apothecaries' shops, in leather and iron and wood, in saw-pits and carpenters' workshops. Wood smells are indeed almost as grateful as aromatic and fragrant scents. And many other smells—tanneries, breweries, and all kinds of works, including gas-works. But it is always a pleasing change from the great manufacturing centers to the country and the dusty smell of rain

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after dry, hot weather; the smell of rain-wet pine-woods, of burning weeds and peat, and, above all, the smell of the fresh-turned earth—the smell which, as the agricultural laborer believes, gives him his long, healthy, peaceful life.

One of my first sharp unforgetable experiences in England was a novel smell, which I will not say assailed, but rushed hospitably on me to receive me, so to speak, in its soft, flesh-like, welcoming arms—an earth-born, thick, warm smell, something like cookery and Russian leather, a happy, pleasant smell the like of which I had never encountered before.

I had just landed at Southampton on a bright morning in early May, and the whole air seemed redolent of it, just as it seemed peopled with the chirruping sounds of innumerable sparrows. What was it? I consulted my fellow-passengers on the question as we strolled about the town, glad at being on firm land after thirty-one days at sea; but though there were Englishmen in our party, no one could give me any information. They assured me that they did not perceive it, and did n't believe there was any such smell. I set them down as poor noseless creatures, with wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. These voyaging companions soon drifted away, leaving only one of their company, an American, who said he had nothing to do except to see England, and so would stay with me until I had exhausted Southampton. We took long walks about the suburbs and over the neighboring beautiful common, he always sticking to me, and still the strange agreeable smell attended me. Then we hired a trap and a youth to drive and went farther afield; we were constantly shouting to our driver to tell us what *that* was. There were sights and sounds and smells in plenty, all new to me. I was intoxicated with delight at listening to the skylark mounting up in the blue and pouring down his ecstatic music. My companion, whose mind was practical, cared for none of these things, but was curious about agriculture.

"What do you call *that?*" he shouted, pointing to a field of red clover in flower as we flew past it.

"Grass," said our Briton.

"Yes, yes, but what kind of grass?"

"Grass—what the horses eat."

"I only wish the horses had eaten your head off," said my companion, and the poor driver looked puzzled and hurt.

Even at a distance from the town I received whiffs of my mysterious scent, but it diminished the farther I went. Returning to the town, it would again seem general and powerful, yet I could not find a native of the place to tell me what it was. They did not perceive it, they all told me, and I came to the conclusion that as they lived in it they had ceased to smell it; that it was the smell of the place, of the country, and I called it the smell of England.

Afterward in London, then in Gloucestershire, and later in Scotland, I almost lost sight or scent of the smell of England. Occasional whiffs came to my nostrils, but I imagined I had, like the natives, lived long enough in it to become unaware of it. Then after many months came the day when the mystery was revealed. I was in London, walking thoughtfully up Oxford Street, when on approaching Tottenham Court Road a powerful gust of the now old, familiar smell came on me and brought back a vivid memory of

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my first day in Southampton, when the smell of England was new to me. As I advanced, the gusts became frequent and increased in power until I was at the side of a big building from which issued clouds of steam and hot air from a dozen conduits, and dull, rumbling noises of machinery. The whole air had become a bath of the thick, sweetish, warm, half-flowery, and half-savory smell. And the building was a brewery, and the smell was the smell of brewing!

Of natural odors the most agreeable are the aromatic and fragrant that emanate from plants. The odors of spices and fruits, all more or less associated in the mind with tastes, are of a distinctly lower or less intellectual or esthetic order. It is related of Wordsworth that he was without the sense of smell, and that on one occasion when he was sitting on a spring day in his flowery garden, the unknown sense suddenly came to him to astonish and delight with the lovely novel sensation. He described it as being like a vision of paradise. A similar vision has been mine at frequent intervals all my life; I doubt if its loveliness has been less in my case than in that of the poet, to whom it came once as by a miracle. When a gust of flowery fragrance comes to me, as when I walk by a blossoming bean-field or a field of lucerne, it is always like a new and wonderful experience, a delightful surprise. The reason of this effect, I take it, is that odors do not register impressions in our brains that may be reproduced at will, as it is with sights and sounds. Thus odors never wholly lose the effect of novelty. We remember that certain flowers delighted us with their fragrance, but cannot recall or recover the sensation; there is no record, no image. Nevertheless, the bare remembrance of it—of what it was to us at the moment—is a joy forever. I think of certain flowering trees—catalpa, orange, lime, mimosa, acacia, locust, with many others, and cherish a love of them which is almost like the love that some woman has inspired in us with her charm, the quality which has lifted her above other women and endowed her with a beauty above all beauty.

Trees differ from trees in glory in this respect. I think less of orange and lime than of the Pride of China, or Tree of Paradise, as it is variously called. I often stand in memory in the shade of its light, loose, feathery foliage, drinking in the divine fragrance of its dim purple flowers, until I grow sick with longing, and, being so far removed from it, feel that I am indeed an exile and stranger in a strange land.

It has always been a subject of wonder to me that so many persons find the loveliest perfumes excessive or oppressive, as when they stand by a flowering syringa-bush or are in a room with fragrant flowers—lilies, stock, mignonette, and various others. I can never get too much of it, or quite enough to satisfy my smelling hunger. Thus I love to spend entire days roaming about on boggy or marshy heaths, perhaps less for what I see and hear of wild life than for the sake of the odor of golden withy, or sweet-gale, where there are acres of it, and I can stand knee-deep among its thick-growing shrubs and rub my hands and face with the crushed leaves and fill my pockets with them, so as to wrap myself up in the delicious aroma.

Almost all aromatic plants are agreeable to me—fennel, horehound, tansy, pennyroyal, and all mints,

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even the water-mint, which most persons find too powerful. Also bracken when it first unrolls its broad fronds, and I crush it to get the unique smell, which suggests castor-oil and the fish-and-cucumber odor of smelts, a strange and fascinating combination.

The fragrance of gorse is not of the highest order, yet it holds and enchants me above most flowers, and being itself a sun's child, like the sunflower, or sun-gazer, as we call it in Spanish, its habit is the exact opposite of that of the "melancholy flowers" which shed their soulful fragrance like tears in the darkness and silence of night. The gorse is most fragrant at noon, when the sun shines brightest and hottest. At such an hour, when I approach a thicket of furze, the wind blowing from it, I am always tempted to cast myself down on the grass to lie for an hour drinking in the odor. The effect is to make me languid; to wish to lie till I sleep and live again in dreams in another world, in a vast open-air cathedral where a great festival of ceremony is perpetually in progress, and acolytes, in scores and hundreds, with beautiful bright faces, in flame-yellow and orange surplices, are ever and ever coming toward me, swinging their censers until I am ready to swoon in that heavenly incense.

Yet, as I have said, this fragrance is not of the higher order, since in its richness there lurks a suggestion of flavors. Its powerful effect is probably partly due to association with the sight impressions the blossoming plant has imparted to the mind of its splendor. Many of our other wild flowers come nearer to the spiritual quality in fragrance, like those of the Pride of China; also the evening primrose in some of the most fragrant species, where it is found growing in profusion in its native land. We have it in the hedge-rose, violet, bog asphodel, primrose, scented orchis, for example. And I should even include, or I should like to include, the cowslip; but it is too delicious.

If by chance I have a reader who shares my feeling concerning the scent of flowers and would like to experience the full deliciousness of the cowslip, I should advise him to repair at its season to that curious strip of flat country extending from the lower reaches of the Somerset Axe to the River Parratt below Bridgewater. It is all meadow or grassland, drained by innumerable dikes, which divide it into vast fields of an emerald green; it is on a level with the sea, or a little below the level at high tide, protected from it by the old bank made by the Romans in their day. Here you may come upon a field of close-cropped grass abundantly sprinkled over with cowslips and no flower of any other kind. The stems, crowned with their nodding little clusters, grow only a foot or two apart and four or five inches high, so that lying flat on your back you have them pretty well on a level with your nose. Imagine the sensation on a day of brilliant sunshine, with a light wind blowing wave on wave of the delicious fragrance over you!

§ 3

Before finishing with this part of my subject, I must say a word about a curious phenomenon respecting the flowers which Linnæus called "melancholy"—those which pour out their sweetness most copiously by night. One of the commonest is the honeysuckle, and sometimes when I am out at night walking in a deep lane with untrimmed hedges on each side, I all at

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once come into an air so laden with the rich perfume as to cause it to seem thick or dense; then after two or three steps farther have passed again into a perfectly scentless air. If I then turn back, to get once more into the fragrant area, I cannot find it. Frequently I have walked up and down a dark, narrow lane for half an hour in search of the lost scent, and have also hunted for the plant in the hedge from which it emanated, and have failed to find either scent or plant.

This was a puzzle to me on many a summer night in the south and west of England, where honeysuckle and other fragrant plants are most luxuriant, and I can only suppose that in the still, warm night air the massed flowers pour out their fragrant particles into the deep lane below, and that the fragrance does not disperse, but remains suspended in the air, as if enclosed in a film until the wind created by some heavy-moving body,—a stray donkey, or belated laborer plodding home, or a night-prowling field naturalist,—sends the whole mass floating away like a cloud or bubble.

The most delightful experience of this kind is when the cloud of fragrance encountered is from no flower, but from the leaf of the sweetbrier. In some districts in southern England it flourishes so greatly in the hedges that one can count on finding there clouds of fragrance in the lanes on any still, warm summer night. It is a fragrance pleasing to every one, yet one would have to go far back in our literature to find its characteristic expression,—even to a time when possibly the sense of smell was more acute in our race, and flower-fragrance more delightful than they are to us. Shakspere has it:

> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Outsweeten'd not thy breath.

How beautifully expressed! Not to slander the scented leaf! Yet we know that it is a sweeter, richer fragrance than the love odor of a woman's breath. This is like the heifer's breath, which smells of milk and new-mown hay, combined with a fragrance most like the delicate scent of red clover; but it is made sweeter than all essential oils from leaf and flower by love and passion.

However, I prefer my favorite Chaucer:

> And I that all this pleasant sightie see
> Thought sodainlie, I felt so sweet an aire
> Of the eglantine, that cirtainlie
> There is no hert I deem in such dispaire,
> Ne with its thoughties froward and contraire
> So overlaid, but it should have bote
> If it but once did smell that savour sote.

Or, to put it in plain prose: "Is there a man on earth in such despair, so overloaded with cares and maddened with anxious thoughts, who would not find instant relief and forgetfulness of all his miseries on inhaling this delicious fragrance of the sweetbrier?"

And I would ask, Is it conceivable that any poet of this time (and I believe that the number of those now living in this country exceeds a hundred) could have such a thought, or, having it, would dare to put it into words? If he did, what a ridiculous, extravagant person he would seem, to be sure! But, as I have already hinted, it is possible that Chaucer, albeit so great intellectually, was nearer to primitive man physically than we are in the acuteness of his senses and childlike

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delight in sights and sounds and smells.

I am tempted to go a little further with this subject, as in taxing my memory for some adequate expression concerning the sweet-brier, I can only recall these lines from Shakspere and Chaucer—these two who are never coupled. They are not the *two* greatest in our poetic literature, but to me they are the greatest, and one I worship and the other I love. Alike in their all-embracing view of humanity and power of characterization, they are yet as wide apart as East from West in spirit. One would say offhand that the contrary of this is the truth, that they are alike in spirit, since only in virtue of great sympathy and love for their fellows, with the insight that comes of genius, could they have produced all that crowd of wonderfully true portraits that adorn their galleries.

Nevertheless, to me they differ essentially in feeling. It was sympathy and love with insight in one, and pure intellect with simulated sympathy in the other.

There 's *Hamlet* sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and there 's gross *Falstaff*, with his rapscallion followers and his old friend *Justice Shallow;* and there 's *Malvolio* and *Richard II*, and passionate *Romeo*, and the melancholy *Jaques*, and old crazed *King Lear*, and many, many more. They are an immense crowd, for they have now come down out of their frames or books; they are of flesh and blood, and I am walking among them as among old friends and acquaintances. But where is Shakspere all the time? I find him not despite all the loud, triumphant shouts of those who have discovered him in this or that character and exposed his true inwardness to the world. He hides from, he deludes, he mocks us, until we come to regard him as a mythical being or a demigod.

Chaucer revealed himself in every one of his creations, in every line he wrote. If he had a fault as an artist, it is that he is too human; the sense of kinship, of brotherhood, is, however, more to me than artistry, even of the godlike aloofness of Shakspere. Can we in all our literature find one like him in this, a blood-relation to all men, good or bad, from the lowest human refuse to the highest, the kingly and saintly; he is one of them always, and eats and drinks and laughs and weeps and prays with them. All the others whose works are a joy forever are now dead—dead and gone, alas! We know it when we read them. Even great Shakspere and his fellow-Elizabethans, with all those who came after, the heroic, the fantastic, the metaphysical, with their tantalizing, fascinating conceits; and succeeding them, the smooth, the elegant, the classical, who reigned a hundred years; then the revolting romantics in a more than century-long procession down even to the spasmodics, whose *Balders*, *Festuses*, and *Aurora Leighs* our one immortal critic would have described as a relapse into a romantic savagery more offensive to common sense than the fantastic conventions of the seventeenth century; and finally the Victorian giants who long survived these offensive ones: great Browning, cheerful in his white tie and shirt-front; Tennyson, now under a cloud, sad and prophetic, like the druids of old, with the beard that rests on his bosom; and last to follow to the grave, Swinburne, in orange waistcoat and loincloth tattooed all over with beautiful female faces in

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rainbow colors, still valorously piping on his shrill, everlasting pipe. Dead—dead are they all! But if you think of Chaucer as dead you are greatly mistaken, and when you read him, you need not reflect mournfully, as you would in the case of another, that he no longer treads this green earth; that he who was most alive and loved life more than all men, is now lying in the coldë grave, alone, withouten any companie.

I know it, because I am so often with him, walking in many a crowded thoroughfare, watching the faces of the passers-by with an enduring interest in their individual lives and character. But I appreciate his company and love him best amid all rural scenes, especially in early spring, when we together delight our souls with the sight of the glad, light green of the open oak-leaves and the cold, fresh, wholesome smells of earth and grass and herbage. He alone at such times is capable of expressing what I feel. Reading Wordsworth and Ruskin, nature appears to me as a picture: it has no sound, no smell, no *feel*. In Chaucer you have it all in its highest expression; he alone is capable of saying, in some open woodland space, with the fresh smell of earth in his nostrils, that this is more to him than meat or drink or any other thing, and that since the beginning there was never anything so pleasant known to earthly man.

§ 4

All this about Chaucer in this inquiry will seem somewhat irrelevant to some readers. I do not think so; and even now, after all said, I am still reluctant to let go his hand. From the oakwood I go with him to the open fields in search of early daisies, and with him kneel on the grass and bend down to kiss the beloved flower—the beautiful dead child Margaret, come to life and light again in a changed form. Or seated on a green bank, my hand on his shoulder, converse with him; and if he falls to talking bawdy or love of it, until he makes me sick, I am a little ashamed of this modern squeamishness, and am able to rejoice in his ranker zest in life, his robust humor.

And all this time I am seeking after something hidden. Does he, Chaucer, speak only for himself when he writes thus of daisies and the smale foules with their melodie and the scents of earth and leaves and flowers, or is he expressing feelings which were more common in his day than in ours?

Here, then, for the present, at all events, I will drop the question.

It is rather unpleasant, after reveling in paradisaical odors with my ancient friend, who is more alive despite his half a thousand years than any man I know, to have to conclude this part of my subject with a somewhat disturbing matter.

When I first came to England I soon discovered that all scents on the male person, natural or artificial, were distasteful and even abhorrent to men. I had been kindly taken in hand by new-found friends who desired to make an Englishman of me—a respectable person. They told me to wear a silk hat and frock-coat, tan gloves, and to carry a neatly folded umbrella in my hand. They also instructed me to take in "The Times." One of my friends, a nice old retired barrister, assured me that a man who had not read his "Times" in the morning was unfit to walk the streets of London. I obeyed them in everything; but when

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they objected to a little cologne or lavender on my pocket-handkerchief, I revolted. They said I had come from a semibarbarous country and did not know all that this meant—that an English gentleman with scent about him aroused a strong feeling of hostility in others, and that it was considered very low and indicated a person of an effeminate and nasty mind. But as I had lived among semibarbarous people and hobnobbed with savages and dangerous whites, I knew I was not effeminate and that the nastiness was not in *my* mind. Their feeling about scents was an associate one. As boys they all herded in great schools and universities, and when the time came for the restraints to be relaxed, they went out to "see life," and seeing life with them did not mean mounting a horse and riding forth in quest of adventures; it simply meant going up to London or any other big town in their neighborhood, where they placed themselves under the guidance of those who knew the ropes and who took them to the haunts of people they had never encountered before—people who were not respectable, chiefly women who received them with ravishing smiles and open arms. These women have the habit of scenting themselves somewhat excessively, and the scents and the women and their haunts, and the people and life altogether, became associated in their young impressionable minds. By-and-by the revulsion comes. Respectability and the serious business of life call them back, and they shake themselves free; but, alas! not free of the vile associations that all perfumes have for them for the remainder of their lives.

It may be that this feeling, a sense of disgust, in the gentlemen of this island country is of modern growth. At all events, we read in books that in the eighteenth century, down even to the early nineteenth, when the gentlemen visitors made their exit from a drawing-room, backing gracefully out and bowing low in the elegant manner of those times, they invariably left the scent of pomander behind them.

Two centuries earlier takes us to a time when an Englishman could saturate himself with perfumes as readily as any Venetian lady of that period; when a gentleman could call on his apothecary to get him an ounce of civet, a large order in those days, just to sweeten his imagination.

§ 5

From associations which degrade something which is lovely in itself we will go on at once in conclusion of this paper to those which exalt, and the use of perfumes in religious symbolism. Let me first, however, refer to the word "spiritual" as used a few pages back in describing the perfume of certain flowers. That it has been used by others in this connection I do not know: it would surprise me to learn that it had not. Nevertheless, I must say something in elucidation of my private meaning.

Spiritual, as here used, refers to a scent, or to a quality of a scent, which differs in character from all these flower odors described as sweet, delicious, luscious, rich, lovely, luxuriant, etc.—the scents, in fact, which in some degree are suggestive of flavors; differing too, from all fragrant gums and woods, spices and the aromatic smells of leaves; also from all artificial perfumes and scents distilled from flowers. You may capture and bottle a rare or spiritual perfume, but its

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chief virtue, its highest quality, will vanish in the process. That can be had only from the living flower.

Spiritual, then, in the flower scent means an effect on the mind, one we are already familiar with. We find it in certain human faces, in their expression; in human voices, too, in some moods, in speech or song; in certain flowers in their appearance, never, perhaps, in any brilliantly colored flower; in certain bird sounds,—it may be in a certain note or phrase of its music,—also in other non-human things, even in the inorganic world, as in certain aspects of earth and sea and sky in certain rare atmospheric conditions.

Finally, it is a more ethereal scent than those of other flowers; therefore more evanescent, yet more penetrating, touching the mind, as we imagine, to something more than a mere esthetic satisfaction.

We know how great a part association has in the pleasure we receive from lovely things—sights, sounds, and scents; it may indeed be the chief cause of the effect produced by those rare and delicate scents we have been considering, though I don't think so. Anyhow, it is doubtful. Thus I may at any time find that peculiar effect in a wild flower never previously met with, growing in some desert place.

With frankincense it is a different story. It is one of the thick or heavy perfumes of the fragrant gums which do not suggest flavors, but are also far removed in character from the ethe-realized quintessential flower scents described as spiritual. The effect, therefore, in religious ritual is mainly due to association, and it is a very powerful effect, and no doubt it was much more potent in the ages of faith than now, and that it was this use of frankincense which gave rise to that common belief in lovely and heavenly perfumes emanating from the long-buried bones and corpses of dead saints on their exhumation. Intellectually, we know, smell does not rank as highly as the other two senses, but it is, on the other hand, more emotional and stirs the mind more deeply than seeing and hearing. It has, as it were, a higher and lower nature, and only in the lower does it come near to taste, and *taste* even in the Protestant, full of dry light as he is, he yet admits into *his* religious symbolism. But he cannot attend a Roman Catholic church or cathedral service in the reverent spirit of one who looks on all churches as God's house without feeling its effect, and recognizing its peculiar fitness despite the want of association for him in that cloud of incense; and he may even think that he has been wrongfully deprived of something desirable and of value in his own church service when he remembers his Bible, which is perhaps his fetish, and the words of the Being he worships, when he proclaimed through the mouth of his prophets that from the rising of the sun to its going down incense would ascend to him, morning and evening, in all places.

Why, then, is incense not used in the Anglican Church, which took its ritual from the church before it? Nobody knows. The histories only tell us that it began to fall into disuse in the reign of Edward VI.

There I will leave the subject, which, I confess, is rather an out-of-the-way one to bring into a series of papers concerning the senses of man and animals by a field naturalist.

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Miracle

By BERNICE BROWN

Drawings by W. T. BENDA

JOHNNIE DEAUTREMONT sat on the step in front of Bondi Ruml's shack, his big hands between his knees, his head bent forward, his little eyes vacant with the stare that is turned inward. He had sat there so long that the veins in his hands were swollen. It was beginning to grow cold, too, for April in northern Minnesota has a bitter dampness, and the fog settles down evenings as in September.

He hunched the collar of his mackinaw closer about his neck, but he did not move. There was something terrible in the man's stolidity, something ominous in the control he possessed over his great body. It seemed that he scarcely breathed, and the focus of his tiny eyes never altered. Even in repose his physical power carried a challenge. He was forty-one, and his muscles had lost their first suppleness, perhaps, but they had gained in endurance. His face had the hard, dissipated look that often belongs to men who have undergone great physical hardships.

Johnnie Deautremont was the boss logger of northern Minnesota. Winters he was foreman for the North Star Lumber Company, and all the men in the outfitting village of Belle Fleur worked for him. Every year, after the first snow, he left the miserable huddle of shacks built around the saloon and the company store to lead his crew up into the long white silence of the forest. Belle Fleur was not much of a town to regret, squatted down at the edge of the timber, with its rotted corduroy-road, its sidewalks torn into shreds by the spiked boots of the loggers, and the floors of its shacks ground into sawdust.

But in Belle Fleur, at least, one escaped from the forest, from the cold that brings a long agony in bleeding chilblains, from the sound, day and night, of the wind in the branches, from the buried light under the pines, where it seems as though one were imprisoned beneath a sea of jade.

In the summer Johnnie Deautremont was a cruiser. Then, all alone, he went up into the forest, his pack on his back, to blaze the tract that would be logged the next winter. In the parlance of the North he had a nose for timber. Johnnie Deautremont knew trees as a stone merchant knows jewels. He could estimate with uncanny accuracy into how many feet of lumber a tract would fell and cut.

In his own world nobody disputed Johnnie Deautremont and nobody liked him. Even last spring, when he had risked his life in a vain attempt to save Bondi Ruml, no man's heart had skipped a beat in admiration. It had happened up on the Lumber River, a tricky stream with a vicious current down which the tree-trunks were floated to the mill at Black Fork.

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Like a narrow black carpet, the logs stretched along the water as smooth as the aisle of a church. On the shore tramped the loggers, with their long pike-poles shoving the stray logs away from the shallow water at the edge out into the current. It was tame business most of the time, like herding a flock of sheep into a fold at sundown; but the faces of the log-drivers never relaxed. Over the slow-moving carpet their eyes kept swimming, alert and suspicious; for they were getting into the white water, where the rapids began. The river was high that spring, for the snowfall of the winter before had been heavy.

Then, suddenly, something happened. In place of the smoothness was a grinding mass of logs, rubbing against one another, hurtling lengthwise, piling up in grotesque, hideous playfulness—the log-jam, for all the world like a giant's game of jackstraws.

Johnnie Deautremont was ahead with Fritz Terschak and Jacques. This was Bondi Ruml's moment. He must act at once, for behind him would come driving on the rest of the timber. Over the slippery rocks and on to the tangle of logs he scrambled. It is ticklish work finding the king log that is the key to the jam, and Bondi Ruml worked in a fury of haste. With a heavy, double-bitted ax he drove a way into the tangle; the king log was reached. Then comes the moment when the man must flee for his life; for with the king log dislodged, the mass disintegrates as quickly as it has formed. Bondi Ruml leaped from log to log, balancing himself, lunging, falling, saving himself again.

On the shore Johnnie Deautremont, Fritz Terschak, and Jacques waited. They saw Bondi stand for one second erect; he was all but safe. Then he disappeared into the broiling rapids. An instant Johnnie Deautremont looked. Without a word he slipped off his heavy jacket and plunged into the icy water. It was courting death, and he knew it, and so did every man who was watching; but out of the mess of timber he brought Bondi Ruml ashore. But Bondi was dead, crushed by the logs.

Johnnie Deautremont looked at the tall Bohemian on the ground beside him.

"Bury him," he ordered.

Nobody said anything. They dug a shallow grave where the water had thawed the frost out of the earth and left him there.

Nobody knew, either, that he went on sending back to the daughter of Bondi Ruml the dead man's pay envelop. Johnnie Deautremont possessed a grim sort of justice that had neither compassion nor understanding. It would be a terrible thing if Johnnie Deautremont fell in love.

On the opposite side of the road Willa Terschak, when she went out for an armful of wood, saw Johnnie waiting on the Ruml doorstep.

"Holy Mary!" she said, "the devil has come back again!" Could old Johnnie be waiting for Thea? Willa Terschak's heart stood still. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Thea was seventeen. It was time she should marry some one, especially since her father's death had left her alone in the world. Thea, just because her mother had come from Prague and could read and write, had no reason to be uppish. After her mother's death the child had been sent

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to the convent at St. Pierre. She was a little different from the other girls in the village, Willa conceded, but she had no right to *feel* different. Anyway, Willa had troubles enough of her own.

Johnnie Deautremont, as he sat there, was thinking about the first day he had ever seen Thea. She was fifteen then, long-legged and slender and shy. She was playing before the shack with a big white goose on whose right wing lay three long black feathers, as though some one had stroked it with sooty fingers. Johnnie noticed that the goose held its wing slightly distended and downward, so that the edge skimmed the dust as it walked.

"What a fool you are," he had said, "to want such an ugly thing for a pet!" He had kicked at the bird as he passed.

In two years Thea had become a woman. Unlike most Bohemian girls, she gave an impression of fragility. Her hands and her feet were small, and her head was exquisitely modeled. Her hair, which was smooth and black, waved away from her low forehead. Her eyes had the purple blue of iris, and her skin, though healthy, was curiously white.

Thea Ruml's face was lovely, but it was her body that possessed her charm. There was grace in the long line of her thigh, in the delicate contour of her young breasts. There was something wistful about her, and exquisite and disarmingly young.

She did not see him that evening until she turned in at the thinly cindered path leading to the shack. Then she stopped.

"You!" Her face was strangely white against the twilight.

He rose slowly from the doorstep.

"Yes, me." He hesitated a moment. "There is business I must talk over with you."

"I—I 'm sorry I kept you waiting." She had the humility of a child that fears punishment for an unknown fault. "I stopped in to play with the Djursen children. Little Rudi is fourteen now and almost as big as I am. You should see the statue of St. Joseph he carved out of wood. It is as swell as the one in the church, only little, like a doll." She lighted the lamp on the oil-cloth-covered table, and she hoped he had not seen how her fingers trembled. She must not let him know she was afraid. "Trudel thought it was a doll." She giggled nervously. "She dressed it up in a shawl. Oh, Rudi was mad, like a hornet." Again she laughed, this time hysterically.

Would he never say anything? What had he come for? She bustled around the kitchen.

"I shall make you a dish of tea, eh?" All the time she had never quite caught his eyes. She smiled gaily now, but she looked just over his shoulder to the chromo of Mount Vesuvius, given free with a cough medicine, that hung on the unceiled wall of the shack. "Old Mother Petri is sick again. She prays every day in the church, cold like a barn, and that makes her rheumatism worse. Then she curses the saints for not making her well. Father Fonda sent her home to bed for a week as a penance."

Thea built up the fire in the stove, filled the copper kettle from a pail of water in the corner, and laid out the heavy cups and saucers. To make it seem like a party, she put on the table the cruet-stand with the empty pink

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glass bottles she had bought from an Italian peddler. "Swell, eh?" she said as she held it up for the man's admiration.

She was sorry at once she had done it. She knew he was not looking at the cheap thing in her hand, but at her, at her slenderness, her softness. Thea felt with a panic the grace that her body held. She did not want to torment him, to lure him.

"You talk all the time," he said, "like a mud-hen. Never quiet."

She dabbled an inquiring finger into the tea-kettle.

"Not even warm yet," she said. "This stove too damn' slow. In winter I stay here all day and poke wood, wood, wood into his mouth. He is like a bad child that is always hungry."

"Thea—"

With a gasp of fear she started back against the wall, her lips parted, and her eyes for the first time on his face. He had not come back to the village, then, to hear her chatter about the Djursen children; he had not sent her the wages her father had ceased to earn out of simple friendliness. Still, he was her benefactor; he had been kind to her. Through a terrible justice she felt she belonged to him if he wanted her.

He was standing close to her now, and her eyes finally struggled to his.

"Thea—" Still he had not touched her. He was like something suffocating. She had no strength left against him. He was like the east wind that twists the wild geese out of their course, crippling their wings with invisible fingers.

With a half-sob she covered her face with her hands and waited. It was useless to struggle, for the thing that was in his eyes was neither lust nor passion. He loved her, and love has a terrible power.

He put his arms around her, and when she trembled, he held her with a desperate tightness. His lips touched her hair, and she could feel his breath upon her forehead. She believed she would die if he kissed her mouth.

"To-day," he said, "I buy the McCurdy house. Next week, when we are married, you move in there. You will be glad to leave this dump, eh?" He smiled down at her, sheepishly. It was a candid appeal for approbation as ludicrous as it was sincere. He made her think of an awkward dog that fairly overturns one in his zeal to bring attention to the muddy stick he has retrieved.

Thea struggled to smile.

"It is a swell house," she said, "too good for me."

The man looked at her curiously.

"And in Duluth last week I buy you a dress for the wedding," he went on. "It is white, and as soft as the breast of a wild duck." He puzzled a moment. "So soft I could not feel it; it was as if I touched nothing." He spoke as though finding words were a thing of physical struggle. "I go now to see Father Fonda, and then back to camp before daybreak." He waited a moment. "In a week I come back, and on Sunday we marry." He waited for her to say something, but she made no answer. "Well, I go now." He stood by the door, but he made no motion to open it.

She knew he expected her to make some sign, to come to him. She felt even a strange compulsion to put her hand on his sleeve, perhaps, to try to be grateful. Even though the veins

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in her throat still throbbed with terror she was sorry for him. It seemed to her, suddenly, that this moment had always existed and would endure forever, as though the two of them had always stood opposite each other in the low-ceilinged, half-lighted kitchen, smelling of wood-smoke and kerosene and the damp wool of clothing. Thea wondered if perhaps the Virgin might not wrap around her a mantel of invisibility and carry her up to heaven. Something must happen to save her.

Then came a curious pecking against the wooden panel of the door.

"Toni!" she gasped, and flew by him to open it.

Out of the darkness came in the creature, more grotesque even than Johnnie Deautremont had remembered him, cackling, waddling, excited, the great wing dragging like a broken sail.

Johnnie made a move toward Thea, but the bird intercepted him, turning in clumsy half-circles, cackling still, and stretching out its wings in a hideous sort of playfulness.

"Devil!" said the man, and kicked at it resentfully.

"Oh!" Thea gathered the great bird into her arms and held it against her.

Johnnie Deautremont looked away suddenly from the fear he saw in her eyes.

"You are a silly child to keep such an ugly goose," he said. He was ashamed of his anger and fearful lest he should betray his chagrin. From the open doorway he looked back. She still held the creature in her arms, and her small dark head looked strangely fragile above the bird's bulky whiteness.

A curious anger swept through him that he could neither analyze nor conquer. With a great spurt of will he slammed the thin door behind him, and ran down the path to the road before he should have time to change his mind.

Overhead gleamed the first stars of the cold April twilight, and above the hill, behind the scraggly silhouette of forest, rose the moon, large and very white and cold. Johnnie Deautremont thought suddenly of the forest. It had done something terrible to him. It had put into his soul its own blackness, its own sullen loneliness. It was not like a bridegroom, gay with the blustering assurance of happiness, that Johnnie Deautremont stamped up the shallow steps before the cottage of Father Fonda.

§ 2

In the days that followed Thea went about like a person in a trance. She scrubbed the splintery floor of the tiny shack, she polished the copper pans, hanging over the stove, that had come all the way from Bohemia, she washed and ironed the calico frocks with the stiff little frill of Bohemian lace around the neck and wrists. During the day she could live, in some way, with only the surface of her mind; the rest lay drugged in a sort of stupor. But at night the potion wore off, and into her dreams came the terror she could beat down during the daylight. She grew afraid to sleep; so she lay at night long hours, looking out between the slits of turkey-red curtains at the window up into the starlight.

She was afraid as is a child that has been frightened by a story it has only partly understood. She became even slenderer, and her face grew whiter, and under her eyes lay shadows of

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unhappiness. She was afraid of the wind when it lashed the thin sprays of woodbine against the window, afraid to blow out the lamp at night, afraid of to-morrow. She did not play any more with the Djursen children. She did not want to see any one, and she was afraid to stay alone.

On Saturday Johnnie Deautremont came down from Duluth, and he brought a great white box to Thea. She untied the extravagant yards of string, took off the cover, and there, under the fragile sheets of tissue-paper, lay the dress so soft that Johnnie Deautremont could not feel it with his fingers. Gingerly, Thea lifted it out and held it against her.

"Pretty, eh?" he asked.

She looked away suddenly from the pleading in his eyes.

"It is too good for me." There was a long moment of silence. "It was nice of you to buy it, you bet." She knew she had hurt him. "I—I thank you."

"Put it on," he commanded. "I come back in an hour." He waited another moment. "It was the best one they had in the store. It cost thirty dollars."

Thea shook her head gravely.

"It is too good for me," she repeated.

After he had gone she still stood in the middle of the room where he had left her. Perhaps she remained there five minutes; then a wave of terror gulfed over her. "He will be coming back now. I must hurry." She unbuttoned the dark-blue calico, which dropped in a ring around her feet, and put on the new dress frantically.

She could not hurry now, there were so many hooks. It was difficult to match hook and eye together, especially when one's hands had become strangely rebellious. Then she looked down at her feet in their coarse leather shoes. For a second she hesitated. Then she sat down on the cot, unlaced them, and tossed them into the corner. It was better now, even in her bare feet; the old shoes had become so ugly.

There were footsteps on the cinder path and at the door. Thea hesitated a moment. She must not keep him waiting even long enough to put on the boots again. As soundless as a timber fox she flew to the door and opened it. Then she stood there, motionless, her hand at her throat, where it seemed the veins would burst with throbbing.

After a moment the young man before her drew off his cap.

"I—I 'm sorry." His eyes never left her face as he spoke. "They told me at the company office I 'd find Johnnie Deautremont here. It—was rather important."

Thea took a step backward.

"No, he is not here."

For another long moment neither moved. There seemed nothing to do but to stand there and look. There was no room, no village of Belle Fleur, no existence in the world anywhere but the two of them, the man with the sun in his hair and the girl in her white-satin dress, barefooted, and with eyes the color of lake water before a storm.

"Perhaps I shall meet him on the road," he said.

"Perhaps."

Still he did not go. His eyes were blue, too, but light like the sky of June at noonday. His hair, too, was light, and the close-cropped ringlets fitted tight to his head. He had

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probably been miserable because his hair curled. His mouth was large and turned up a shade at the corners, and his teeth were very white.

After a moment Thea echoed:

"You might meet him, perhaps, on the road."

"Yes," he said. "It was about the survey I was to see him. I 'm from headquarters." Neither one of them cared what it was he was saying; neither one of them listened.

Johnnie Deautremont, who had come down the river road, stopped stock-still in front of the shack. He saw the young man bow and in some way get down the steps and on to the path. When he met Daniel Pherson at the corner, there was a look in the boy's eyes as of one who has come from a long way off. It was an instant before the young man could speak with any concentration about the surveying prospect the company had sent him out from headquarters to accomplish.

§ 3

On Sunday Thea and Johnnie Deautremont were married. Johnnie had sent Toni Benedo clear to Duluth for the stockings and white-satin slippers. Toni carried with him a pair of old shoes, copper-toed and heavy-soled, and he brought back the cheap white slippers that to Belle Fleur represented the magnificence of an empress. When she finished dressing, Thea confronted herself in the small, speckled mirror that hung, below the chromo of the Virgin, over the table. It was little enough she could see of her splendor in the tiny, bedimmed reflection, but she wished suddenly that she were old and ugly and crippled like Mother Petri. Then she thought of the young man with the straight shoulders and the sun in his hair, and she wondered curiously why the vision of her own loveliness had conjured up his face.

It was a day of watery sunshine, alternating moments of summer warmth and the reminiscent bleakness of March. The day before, Johnnie had carted over to the new house all the things he had selected at Thea's. "Not worth the skin of a summer otter," he had said after he had completed the task. Sunday Johnnie Deautremont came for her.

All the village watched them on their way to the church. Most of the village attended the ceremony. They were all impressed by Thea's splendor and by Johnnie's munificence, but it could not be said to be a day of festival. Father Fonda's eyes were grave when he blessed them. Willa Terschak's remarks afterward possessed all the unpleasant candor of peasant frankness. Daniel Pherson did not go to the church. Instead, he tramped up the river, fishing, but it did not seem that the sport held for him the zest that it once had.

After the ceremony Johnnie Deautremont took his bride home. It was the best house in town to which he brought her. Jim McCurdy, who had built it, had been the boss of the saw-mill before the company moved it down the river to Black Fork, and he had taken seriously his position in the community. The house was a square frame box of two stories, painted a cold, pale blue. It was plastered inside, and the only house in the village that had a parlor. Johnnie Deautremont was proud of it. Saturday he had arranged Thea's furniture, but he was not satisfied with

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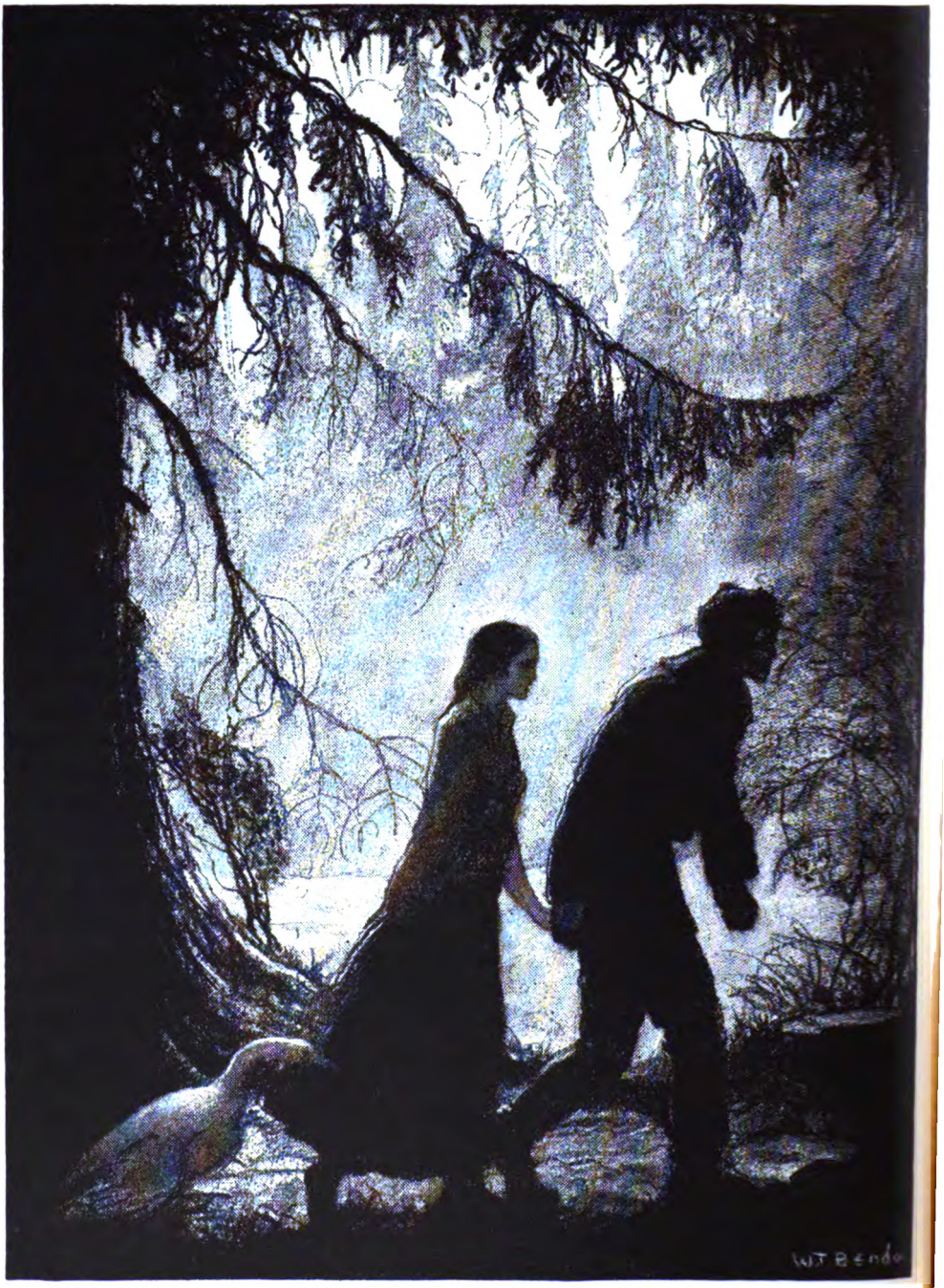

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the result, and he determined to write for the splendid golden-oak cabinet and easel he had seen in the mail-order catalogue. Then the house would look as magnificent as any house in Minnesota.

Still strange in her wedding-dress, Thea sat on the one chair in the parlor. It was cold in the room, and she shivered.

"Wait," he said, and he brought his mackinaw. As he put it around her shoulders his hand touched her neck. He stopped suddenly, and Thea sat motionless as he stroked her cheek with his finger. "It is like the dress," he said solemnly, baffled at his discovery—"too soft to feel."

When her husband went out to split up the wood for the kitchen stove, Thea took off her wedding finery and put on her old blue calico and the copper-toed shoes. An instant she stood alone in the parlor, then she silently opened the front door, closed it behind her, and ran down the road. In ten minutes she was home again, breathless, frightened at her own temerity, irresolute. She did not go in at the front door; it was no longer home inside. At last she sat down on the step, her hands gripping each other fiercely between her knees, and her eyes stared at nothing. Suddenly there was a sound in the dead leaves banked up for winter protection against the base of the shack.

"Toni!"

In an instant she had seized the great bird and held him fiercely in her arms. In grotesque playfulness he pecked at her with a brave show of anger.

"Hush up, big idiot!" she said. "I have come back for you."

Daniel Pherson, returning empty-handed from his journey, saw her across the road. A long moment he stood and looked. Then he went on again slowly. She had not noticed him. Well, perhaps, it was better so. Suddenly he hated the pitiful huddle of shacks that made up the village of Belle Fleur. What strange creatures men were to dump in the midst of these forests the squalor and wretchedness of their own lives! Belle Fleur indeed! He laughed unpleasantly.

Johnnie Deautremont, coming down the road, did not notice him, either. Tell Haley, from the Winnipeg office, was with him, and Tell was explaining something. In front of the saloon they stopped, and Tell went on talking. Finally, he took some maps out of his pocket. They went into the saloon, and Tell spread the maps on the wooden counter, scarred with initials and sticky with spilled brandy. With a stubby blue pencil he marked off a tract. It was the Calumet tract above Dudley, ten thousand acres of timber, as black as cypress and as precious as Lebanon cedar.

"You go up to Duluth to-morrow," Tell finished, "and start out from there. Next winter you round up your crew early. Nothing left this year but Bohunks and Ginnies; Northwest folks bulled the market. Pie every day." He spat viciously. "What they need is beans and enough red-eye to kill 'em when it 's over."

Johnnie Deautremont made no answer, and even Tell Haley was cautious enough not to press him.

"You 'll be solid with the company if you put it over, and it 'll run you a thousand. A thousand." His voice was husky with emphasis. Then he ordered two drinks, and then two

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more. "How about it? You go up to-morrow?"

"To-morrow." He did not look at any one when he left, and the shack trembled as the door slammed to behind him. Tell Haley ordered a third drink. He was lucky to get Johnnie Deautremont, and a thousand dollars was cheap, dirt cheap. If somebody did n't kill him, Johnnie would get the job done before snowfall. You could bet on it. Then Tell Haley chuckled, and ordered a fourth.

It was dusk when Johnnie Deautremont came at last upon Thea. She was still sitting on the step of the shack, and the great bird waddled and strutted before her. Johnnie was very sure now that he hated that creature.

"Come!"

With eyes black with fright she stared up at him, then rose and followed him down the road to the new house, the great bird close behind her. It was a fantastic procession they made through the twilight, past the company office, past the church, past the saloon.

Without speaking she followed him into the mansion that had been built by Jim McCurdy, and he bolted the door behind her. With a thousand dollars he could give her everything. He could make this the most beautiful house in the world. She should have two golden-oak cabinets and a picture of Niagara Falls and a hat-rack.

He lighted the lamp that stood on the oil-cloth-covered table in the kitchen, and started the fire in the stove. The room looked less bleak in the half-light, and the wood snapped and hissed with a jolly noise. This was his kitchen, where the lamp glowed so agreeably. It was his stove, which he had set up himself, that would soon make the whole house as warm as an evening in August.

"Thea—"

She had not moved from the spot where she had stood when she entered. Her hands hung quiet at her side, and her face never changed expression. He liked her better, he thought now, than in her wedding-dress. Anyway, just as well. But she should have a dozen dresses as fine as the white one when he came back from the Calumet.

He wished she would smile. She was cold, perhaps. He got a chair and brought it up to the stove.

"Here," he said. As she came forward slowly, he brushed against her. "Thea—"

She closed her eyes, and it seemed as though she had ceased to breathe. He put out his arm to steady her as though she were a child.

"Thea," he repeated. At once his arms were around her, and he held her against him with all the fierceness of a love that had never had expression. He was not thinking of her now or even of himself. He was in the grip of something more powerful than he. He had ceased to exist as a person. He seemed to be nothing but a blind desire, a tormented, baffled longing. He was as powerless now as she was, and as desperate. Suddenly he forced her face up to his, and he kissed her again and again with a terrible, awkward fierceness. It was the first time he had ever kissed a woman when it mattered. Then he noticed that her skin was cold.

For the first time he thought about her. A second he stood there motionless, his arms still straining her to him. She was sobbing. At first he could scarcely hear her. It was like some-

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thing one has dreamed of. At last it seemed to him he had heard that sound all his life, as though he should always hear it. It became at once the only thing in his universe. His arms dropped away from her. He did not look at her as he moved over to the stove and sat down in the chair he had drawn up for her, his head bent forward, his great hands listless between his knees.

§ 4

Next morning Thea found on the kitchen table two grimy greenbacks of ten dollars each. Twenty dollars! He had gone, then. The heavy mackinaw was no longer hanging over the hinge of the kitchen door. He had taken the roll of bedding, too, on which he had slept in the corner of the kitchen. It was strange she had not heard him. Perhaps, after all, he had not left.

She moved around the house, at first on tiptoe, fearful of the sound of her own footsteps, fearful even to move. The sun streamed in at the kitchen window. Finally she opened the back door and stepped out into the square of clearing that stood between Belle Fleur and the forest. The McCurdy house was the last one in the village. It seemed almost as though it had been built up against the wall of blackness, as shops, in the Old World, are cuddled up against the great wall of a cathedral. There were high white clouds in the sky, and the wind held the languor of June. Thea lifted her face and closed her eyes against the blaze of the sun.

Gradually warmth came back to her. He had gone clear away, to the Calumet. Perhaps she had only dreamed what had happened. Anyway, she was free now, and the sun was warm upon her eyeballs. It was good to be alive.

Next day she went to the company store and bought coffee and tea and sugar and flour. She hung the pictures that had made gay the rough walls of old Bondi Ruml's shack. One by one the women of the village came to call and sit in the only house in town that had a parlor. No one asked her about her husband, and she never mentioned his name. It seemed almost as though he had ceased to exist.

May passed by, and June and July. Twice the office in Winnipeg had sent Thea money. She had spent only a little. The rest she had put away between the leaves of her prayer-book, which lay, beneath the rosary, on the little shelf above her bed.

In June Daniel Pherson came back from a long survey to the North. It had been a hard trek, and he looked thin and older. The skin across his cheek-bones was drawn, and there were new lines around his eyes. Thea saw him first on the village street. She did not know whether they had spoken. She only knew it was difficult afterward to listen to Jacques Pierre at the butcher shop when he told her about the deer he had shot last week in defiance of the tyranny of game-laws.

"Soon we have no rights at all," he had blustered. "There will be right away a law a man cannot beat his wife!" He shrugged his shoulders with elaborate affectation and sighed. *"Eh bièn, la vie c'est la vie."*

Next day was Sunday, and Thea sat on the step that looked up against the forest. She was not lonely, only waiting. It was as black as a stormy

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twilight ten feet away from the patch of clearing. Partridge and grouse sallied out from the thicket of underbrush as impenetrable as a wire entanglement. Always in the pines was the sound of the wind, like the distant flowing of water. Those trees had always been there, like a barricade to surround her. Somewhere on the other side of that wall was the man she had married. She shivered and suddenly bent forward, her forehead pressed against her knees, her thin brown hands clasped together about her legs. She looked like a Naiad of Rodin, exquisitely young, exquisitely forlorn.

Then she looked up, startled, into the eyes of Daniel Pherson. An instant she stared, and they both laughed. Under his arm was the great goose, its head to one side, its tiny eyes blinking maliciously.

"It was clear up the road that I met him," Danny Pherson explained. "I argued with him a little about changing his direction. Then I picked him up, and here he is." He put the bird down and pushed him away playfully. "A fine fellow you are, to be sure." He laughed.

Thea laughed, too. A long moment they stood there. They could not have said why they were happy. Perhaps it was a little ridiculous to laugh at nothing, especially if one's father had been Scotch. Danny Pherson made a half-motion to leave.

"Well, I 'm glad I could find him for you. I s'pose you set considerable store by him, somehow."

The laughter was all gone from Thea's face now. She made a little gesture toward him, but she did not speak. Then she again sat down on the step.

"Next Sunday," he said, "I shall bring you a trout from the pool—this long." He made a boasting gesture. Then, after a moment, "Shall I?"

"Yes," she said.

He was glad she was not looking at him. It was difficult enough to leave without her eyes upon him.

Until next Sunday stretched for Thea an eon of time. All day it was in her thoughts not as anything definite, but as a beautiful, elusive pleasantness that transformed the rest of existence. Sunday she put on her second-best dress, but she changed it before he arrived to the dark-blue calico. She would even try not to look glad when he should come, but pretend he was only a person who was bringing her a speckled trout for her dinner. This deception was not so much a sop to morality as a defense against disappointment. Suppose he should not get back from the surveying job? Suppose he should not go fishing Sunday? Suppose he should forget to come? With all these eventualities Thea tormented herself not because she believed them, but for discipline. Unlike most of her countrymen, she had no lucky talent for enjoying the world recklessly. Neither, indeed, did Daniel Pherson, with his long line of Scotch Presbyterian forbears. But Danny's mother had been Irish. It was from her that he received the blue eyes and the mouth that turned up at the corners. Danny had both the Celtic responsiveness and the Anglo-Saxon capacity for relentless, unswerving emotion.

All week the Irish in Danny Pherson triumphed, but on Sunday he was Scotch. During the six days he was not to see her she had a way of intruding her small, serious head between

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his eye and the copper transit, and instead of observing certain trigonometrical imbecilities of interest to the North Star Lumber Company, he saw only her white brow, her eyes the color of iris, and the smooth black hair that he wanted to stroke with his fingers.

Sunday, with a curious Puritanical defiance, he came down the village street to the house of Johnnie Deautremont's bride instead of compromising on the forest road where he would be unobserved. Again Thea sat on the steps in the sunshine, the great white goose on the ground at her feet.

She stood up suddenly, and a slow color mounted under her pale skin.

"Oh, you are early, eh?" It was a naïve admission that she had not allowed herself to hope for him so soon.

Danny Pherson smiled.

"Too early?" He held out toward her the silver-scaled fish, flashing and iridescent in the sunlight. "See what I have brought you."

Thea waited a moment.

"I, too, have a present for you." She disappeared, and returned from the kitchen with something in her hands. Suddenly ashamed, she held it out toward him. After all, it had been a childish trick, the little basket of woven grasses, lined with birch-leaves and filled with wild raspberries. "Now you think I am silly," she said, "that I am no older than the Djursen kids." Her eyes pleaded for reassurance.

Awkward because he would be gentle, Danny lifted the fragile basket by the woven-grass handle. An instant he held it before him.

"It is like beads of coral in a velvet jewel-case." He blushed, suddenly ashamed of his simile. "My mother had a string of coral once she kept in a green box. It made me think of that." Then something happened. The slippery grass of the handle became loosened from the basket, and the little mound of raspberries went leaping and rolling over the rough wood of the steps.

"Oh!" It was suspiciously close to a sob. She was standing on the step above him, her face looking down into his.

"Thea—" In a blundering agony of apology he caught both her hands; scarcely realizing what he was doing, he pressed them against his lips. She bent her head over his until her cheek touched his hair.

In an instant his arms were around her, and her hands held his head against her breast. They did not move or speak. It was something neither one had expected, neither one could have avoided. It was as natural, as inevitable as the response of the willows to the first warm day in April.

"Thea!" he whispered! "Thea! Thea!"

Her hand stroked the tousled head beneath her lips.

"Little one! *Draga!*" It was a word she had heard her mother use. She did not know what it meant any more.

Unheeded the great goose snapped up the scattered berries until every pink fleck of color had disappeared. Thea saw him and smiled. Except for him, perhaps, she might never have known.

Finally Danny released her, and they stood for a long moment silent, their eyes never faltering.

"Thea—"

"I love you." Her voice was as

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quiet and as grave as a woman's. "You love me. It has happened that way. There is nothing to do for it. No."

It seemed an agony of time before he answered.

"Yes, I can go away." His face had become old suddenly, and his voice sounded strange and distant.

Her face was old, too, with the terrible knowledge of youth, and it seemed, when she tried to speak, as though no sound would come.

"Yes," she repeated finally, "you can go away."

She did not move when he left her. He stumbled along like a school-boy. He was almost running, and his breath came in terrible, choking gasps. He was afraid to stay and afraid to go. Well, he had made a decision.

He was leaving. To-morrow he would finish his report to the company, drive his Ford over the trail to St. Denis, stay all night at the company shack in the timber, and catch a train next day for the North. From Quebec he would be off West. There was a job he could have up in British Columbia. Anyway, what did it matter? He must get away, that was all. He supposed after a while he would get over seeing her face and the haunted look in her eyes that were like lake water before a storm.

§ 5

Monday noon he pushed back his chair from the rough deal table and folded up the paper on which stood his calculations, copied in ink and arduously neat. He hated the office, with its splintered floor and great brown splotches of tobacco stain. It occurred to him that men were unnecessarily bestial. He hated Tell Haley, who sat opposite him, with his square yellow teeth and heavy nostrils.

"That Calumet country 's goin' big," Tell confided. "Johnnie Deautremont 's no fool when it comes to timber." Tell Haley spat in the general direction of the company cuspidor. "He 's due back here this afternoon, down the river. Got a letter from the Winnipeg folks." He got up and slouched over to the window, where he squinted up at the sky, across which hurtled dirty storm-clouds. "Helldamnblast!" he said. "We don't generally get a blow like this so early."

Danny Pherson did not move. The windows, loosely set into the casements, rattled with noisy, maddening persistence. In the winter the wind drove the snow in until the floor was white, the way a storm-lashed ocean drives the salt fog inland. Life on the lumber border was a ruthless one. It was no wonder men drank and gambled and caroused to escape even for the moment from the heartbreak of reality.

Tell Haley slouched out of the office across the road to the saloon. He had flung out an invitation to Danny, but Danny, it appeared, had not heard it.

Johnnie Deautremont was coming back. It had seemed in some way as though Johnnie Deautremont had ceased to exist, as though, perhaps, he had never really existed. Danny remembered him suddenly, with his heavy, stooped shoulders, his small eyes far apart, and his shock of black hair. He remembered Thea, too, in her dress of white satin and her bare feet and the terror in her eyes.

Suddenly the door to the office opened.

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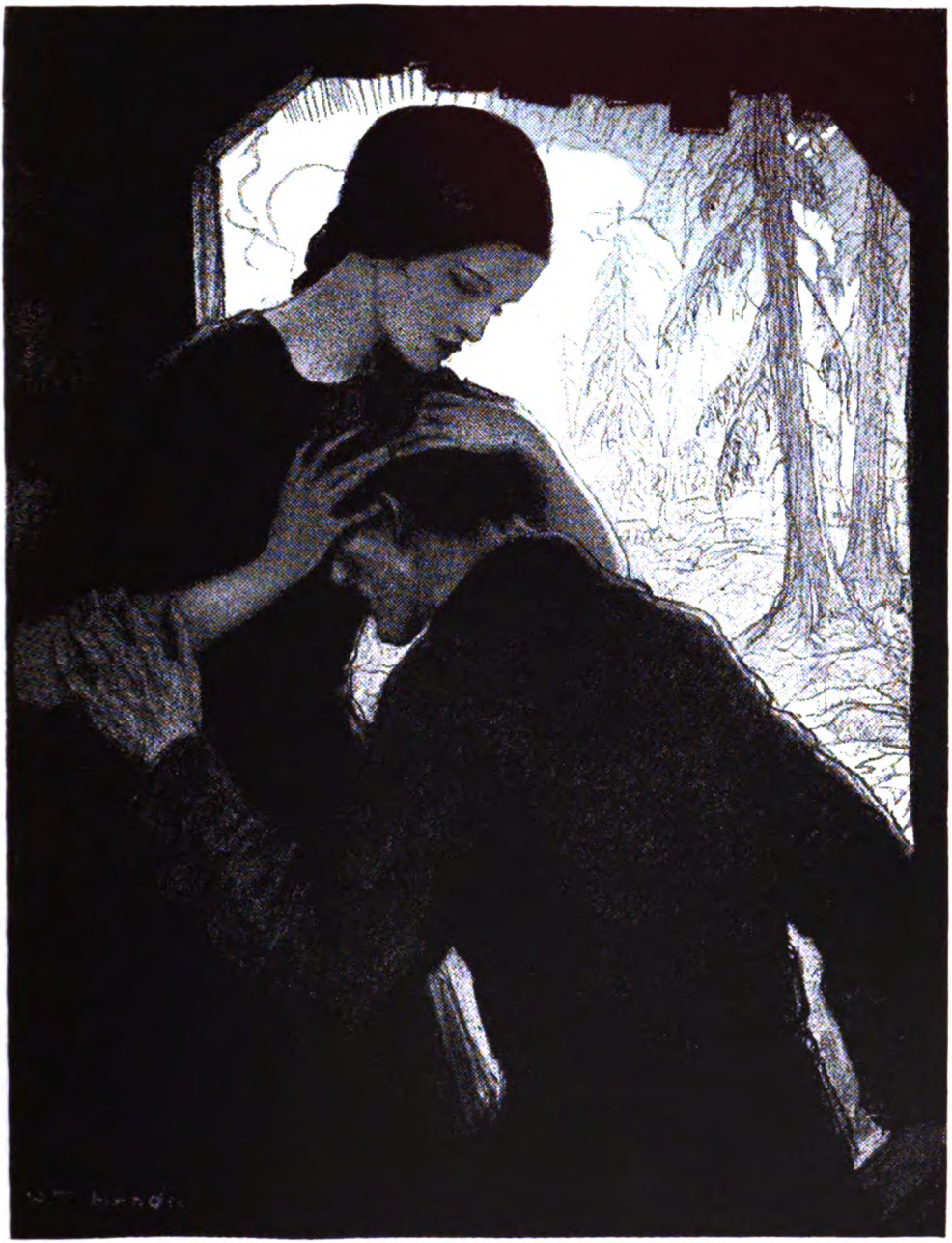

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"Thea!" He got up, but he did not go to her.

She stood with her body against the door, her hands behind her holding the knob until the knuckles grew white. Her lips were open, but she did not speak. He could not endure her eyes on his face. They were like the eyes of a child in torture.

"He—"

Danny Pherson nodded, but he did not look at her.

"I know."

There was a long moment of silence, and neither one stirred. At last her hands fell at her sides, and the tension went out of her body. Something curious, too, had happened to her face. All the terror was gone. In its place was a beaten, listless resignation.

"I—I don't know why I came. I just found myself running and running." She stopped a moment. "It seemed I must look at you, only look at you. I don't know. Like some folks run and kneel to the Virgin when there is a storm." Again she stopped. Finally, she drew the back of her hand across her eyes and she shook her head like a bewildered child. "I think I shall not be able to see your face again—even in my mind. It is hard so, is it not?"

"Thea—" In an instant his arms were around her, and his hands stroked her hair and her shoulders in a fumbling agony of tenderness. They clung to each other like children desperate in the face of danger. "Thea!" he repeated. It seemed that his language was shorn of all but her name.

"I—love you."

At once there appeared just one thing for him to do. One does not dispute the ethics of what is inevitable. Danny Pherson had no time to convert his Scotch Presbyterian God to the thing he had made up his mind to do. Perhaps he could never convert Him. Well, then he would have to discover a new God, or get along without any.

Thea knew the thing that had happened in Danny's soul.

"I shall be ready." She met his eyes with grave candor. "There is nothing for me to take with me—only Toni. I am frightened to leave him, great stupid."

Where the village road, like a trail that disappears over a mountain, was lost in the somber shadow of the forest Thea waited. The wind bound her skirts about her, twisting and wrapping and unwrapping them. It rushed past her ears like the startled flight of a covey of partridges. It lashed the forest into a frantic, tortured protest.

§ 6

Tell Haley, coming out of the saloon, saw Dan Pherson crank the car and scramble in over the door. He saw him stop again at the edge of the forest and a woman in blue with something white under her arm get in beside him. Tell Haley was reasonably drunk, but he understood what had happened. It was he who, an hour later, broke the news to Johnnie Deautremont as he came up the path from the river. Tell Haley had no particular intention of courting his own destruction or of bringing torment to another. Liquor always made him garrulous.

"Your little Bohunk girl 's flew the coop," he said. "Flew the coop with Danny Pherson. Damn shame you did n't float down the river a coupla

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hours sooner." He beamed expansively.

Johnnie Deautremont stood stock-still. For a moment it seemed as though he did not understand English. After a man has been four months alone in the timber it is difficult to fit back into the intercourse of people. He is like a child who by some mistake has been put at school in a grade too advanced for him. With a single gesture Johnnie pushed Tell Haley off the path into the briery thicket of hazel and stamped on. Tell Haley was only drunk.

But Johnnie Deautremont did not go home. First he stopped at the office, but it was empty and the door locked. Then he strolled down the road, the wind twisting eddies of dust into his face and eyes. The people he met he greeted sourly, but his eyes searched their faces with a frantic hope. Surely their faces must reveal to him something if what Tell Haley had said was true. He even met Father Fonda. The priest nodded and stopped him. Had his journey been successful? The priest evidently knew nothing. No, it could not be true.

But before he went home Johnnie Deautremont stopped at the saloon. He had no intention of getting drunk, but one drink or two would make him easier in his mind. Besides, it had been a long time since he had drunk anything. He deserved a bit of spree, a man who had been four months stark alone in the timber. It was n't right to be alone like that; it did things to a person.

At last Johnnie Deautremont turned home. The wind was behind him now, and it was easier walking, but he did not hurry. Like a lagging school-boy he pushed open the gate and walked up the path to the house. The windows were closed, and the door. Well, she was probably in the kitchen. Of course. She would n't be sitting alone in the parlor. How silly! He laughed out loud, and the sound of his voice startled him. Yes, the forest had done that for him.

So he went around to the back and pushed open the door into the kitchen. The place had a curious silence and the cold smell of a house long deserted. On the shelf the cheap clock from the company store was still ticking, and the room was just as he remembered it.

"Thea." It was only a whisper. After a while he would call to her. "Thea! Thea! Thea!" He was shouting now like a man who must make himself heard above a storm at sea. He stamped through the house, his great shoes scarring deep into the pine of the floors. There was no one here, no one.

Finally, he rushed out doors and to the road that led into the forest. Tell Haley was right. Clear in the soft sand lay the marks of the tires. They would stay to-night at the shack above Lumber River.

They had almost two hours' start upon him. He began to run forward. Then he stopped again. This was madness, madness. They were only a few miles from him as the crow flies, for the road, an old Indian trail, following the creek, was a tortuous one, fairly doubling back on itself in its way across the hills. He could almost shout to them, but he could never reach them, not for months, maybe for years. Danny Pherson was no common logger. Danny Pherson could outwit him, could escape him.

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An instant Johnnie Deautremont stood there, the wind crashing the trees above him. The branches knocked against one another and strained and snapped as though they labored to loose themselves and to go hurtling off into space. The wind was due east, and it would stiffen with the sunset. Already it was blowing a gale. A long moment Johnnie Deautremont listened. Then a thought came to him. This time he knew he was mad, but he did not care. He could get even with all of them, the slender girl whose eyes were the color of iris, with Danny Pherson, with the forest.

Near as they were to him in miles, he could not overtake them. He knew that, *but the wind could.*

Kneeling beside the underbrush at the side of the road, he struck a match to the dry leaves of hazel and blueberry. He had seen fires start before, seen them race along the slippery floor of pine-needles, dry now as tinder. The flames were many at first, and little and very blue. They were like thousands of blue lupin that the children gather in the spring. Then the wind would find the fire and suck it upward, wind it and twist it and torment it until it reached the branches of the pines. Then the flames would shout back to the wind, screaming and spitting and sending on great gulfing waves of smoke before them.

Johnnie Deautremont laughed. This was splendid, his fire. Already it had gone forward toward them. It could travel faster than a man on horseback. If they turned back or tried to push on, they could not escape. Johnnie Deautremont knew that trail well, how it snaked in and and seemed never to make any progress. No, they had better stay in the shack and say their prayers. They could never escape the messenger he had sent on to say that he was coming, to say he was coming though they would never see his face.

§ 7

For two days he neither slept nor ate. He was like a person who has already ceased to exist. The villagers did not notice him; but if they had, they would have said Johnnie Deautremont was just as usual. There was nothing new in his face, and his actions betrayed neither emotion nor excitement.

But the calm of his manner was not peace. It meant only that all his sensations had been suspended. His mind was like a deserted telegraph office, equipped and in order, but with no one there to record the incoming vibrations. Before the first rescue party was rounded up in the village Johnnie Deautremont had set out. He carried neither compass nor luggage. He trekked that country as the ancients navigated the great sea, by instinct, by star-shine, by the will to arrive.

The ground he walked on was as soft as dust, and his feet sank into it like wet sand. The heavy leather of his boots became scorched with the heat, his eyes smarted from the smoke that still hung, like poison gas, in the hollows. Often it seemed he could not breathe, but he went on, blackened and foot-sore. Against the noonday sun stood the charred tree-trunks, like the towers of a ruined city. By sunset it was ghastly country, a mad man's nightmare. At dusk he swam across the boiling Lumber River. The wooden bridge was gone, of

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course, and swimming would have been no tame adventure even for a man who had eaten and slept; but Johnnie Deautremont crossed over.

Down the gully a mile and to the left would be the spot where the company shack had stood. It had a wild choke-cherry-tree beside the door that always flowered early. It was like a slim girl in her wedding-dress against the dull green of the pines. Another mile, and the creek would bend. Then he would clamber up out of the gully, and he would have reached his destination. They had had a short moment of paradise, those two, before his messenger had reached them. Well, he, too, had had a short moment.

It was almost dark now, and the gully was choked with shadow. Head down, like an animal, he was plodding. He had become almost without sensation. He could keep walking forever, even though he were dead. Suddenly he came to a halt, and for the first time the breath caught in his throat. Something was moving. There was some other living thing beside himself in this hideous wilderness.

For a long moment his eyes strained into the twilight, and he waited. Then he saw something white coming down the gully to meet him. It zigzagged in a crazy fashion and it moved with blundering caution. Johnnie Deautremont stared at it as though he were bewitched. Then the great white goose passed him slowly, hesitated an instant, and slid down into the black water of the river.

Johnnie Deautremont rubbed his blackened hand across his eyes. He must be dreaming. It could not have happened. In a panic of haste he ran along the gully and clambered up over the ridge. It seemed that his lungs would bleed with the pain of breathlessness, and he stumbled along with his eyes shut. Suddenly he stopped. The land felt different to his feet now. It was cushioned smooth. He dropped down, and his hands groped over the land. Grass! It was cool to touch, and he stretched down on it, his face pressed against its dewy softness.

Finally he lifted up on his elbow and opened his eyes. There before him stood the shack, squat and black against the starlight. There was a light in the window, and through the open door a stream of radiance fell upon the wild choke-cherry-tree, heavy now with crimson fruit. Like an animal he crept nearer. He was calmer. Cautiously, he felt his way up along the house beneath the window. At last he stood up beside it, and his eyes looked into the room. He had seen that room often, the rough bunks with the coarse, brown blankets; the iron stove in the middle with its boarded-up parking of sawdust; the rough deal table, and the wooden bench beside it.

Danny Pherson stood in the doorway, facing the twilight, and Thea was putting some things on the table. Johnnie Deautremont could smell the fragrance of bacon and coffee, and there were pancakes. Her face was pink with the heat, and she moved like the flicker of aspen-leaves.

"You can turn around now," she said, and she waited, her back to the table, her eyes eager with the anticipation of his presence. "He is a very good dinner to-night, like you 'd pay fifty cents for in the swellest hotel in Duluth."

Danny Pherson turned back to the room, and in his hands were some

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branches of cherry. "I sent clear to St. Paul for your roses," he said.

He handed the branches to her, and bowed with mock gravity. For an instant they stood there; then he knelt down on the bench before her, his arms strained her to him, and she drew his head against her lips.

"Thea! Thea!" he whispered.

She lifted his face to her and looked down into it.

"You see, the Virgin was n't mad with us, like you thought She would be." He smiled at her translation of his Presbyterian ethics. "Out of all the world She has saved only us. Do you believe me now, little dumb one?"

He reached up and drew her to the bench beside him. For an instant to Johnnie Deautremont they seemed to have become one entity. They had ceased to be persons with names and ideas and memories. They possessed neither past nor future. They had become only man and woman, as the great Rodin dreamed it in marble, held lovingly in the hand of God.

Johnnie Deautremont moved away from the window and back to the edge of the gully where the desolation set in. Such miracles happened in fires. He was woodsman enough to know. Sometimes the suction became so great that all the oxygen would be drawn up out of a place, and the fire would pass over it untouched. He remembered a farm-house back of Hinkley that had gone, unscorched even, through the holocaust. Oh, yes, those things happened sometimes; not often.

But Johnnie Deautremont had beheld there another miracle greater even than the freak of the fire, a miracle that had left him impotent. Perhaps there existed deep in his soul the spirit of the artist. At any rate, he had seen that night something too beautiful to touch, something too rare to destroy.

When he crossed the Lumber River again, a mile above the cabin, he was not so careful. Perhaps he was too weary this time to fight against the rapids, perhaps he was indifferent. Perhaps he was at peace.

Tell Haley always contended the company never would find another cruiser like Johnnie Deautremont, another man with his endurance, his nerve, his eye for timber. "But a damn' queer Kanuck," he always finished. "I never liked him."

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Religion in the United States

By MARY AUSTIN

RECENTLY a review of "Civilization in the United States" by some thirty of our Intelligentsia omitted all mention of religion from their consideration on the ground that none of them was sufficiently interested in it to be informed. This is very much like leaving hemorrhage out of the list of the patients' symptoms because you do not know how to spell it. For if you do not know how a great people relates itself to the Allness, what else do you know about it that is of primary significance? What can you say conclusively of its history or politics if you do not know the secret adjustment to the source and direction of all history?

The United States is probably the most religiously energetic country in the world. There is at least no other country in which there is anything like the florescence of new ideas as to the source and direction of creative energy, or so many systems of individual accommodation to it. Not only is there an incessant flow of discursive interpretation, as any publisher's list will show you, but new systems into which are being built all our newest ideas of psychology, of chemistry, of the constitution of the atom, of the endocrine glands, and of Einstein's theory of relativity. Not since the Reformation has Europe produced anything like the confident assimilation of experience into the riddle of man's relation to the universe which goes on here, drawing contributions from the medievalism of Italy, from the turgid dogmatism of central Europe, not despising the all but unintelligible archaism of Asiatic thought, or fearing to bring them into contact with the latest items from the daily news. Thus if one were compelled to restrict one's choice of America's outstanding contribution to civilization to two items, one might waver between open plumbing and rapid transit for the first, but one could not possibly hesitate over the freedom of religious speculation for the other.

By religious freedom I mean, of course, something larger than the historical freedom to worship God after the dictates of the citizen's own conscience, which was one of the driving forces of the American settlement. I mean the fruit of that opposition to religious traditionalism which is the present freedom to invent and discover new ways of access to, and new uses for, divinity.

It would be difficult to account for this state of things were it not for what we so frequently forget, that Puritanism, which early became the dominating influence in American settlement, came here seeking, and successfully insisting upon as the ideal of religious life, the expression of Christianity as they understood it, *in terms of personal behavior*.

We lose sight of this nowadays, being all so much taken up with the idea of expressing Christianity in terms of social behavior. For the moment

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we seem rather to have despaired of the idea of personal behavior as a factor in national betterment. But for any understanding of the development of religion in the United States we have to come back to the plain fact that Puritanism was, as far as the vision of the time went, a return to the teachings of Jesus, and its opposition to the distinctions of class and caste was not so much social and political as theological and dogmatic.

Our forefathers, whatever they may have said about it, never did believe that all men are equal in the sight of one another, but in the sight of God. The intensity of their passion for uniformity of dress and behavior was the measure of their conviction that society should express this simplicity of relation to the very source of being and conduct. Half the things condemned by the Puritans were so condemned in the first place for no good reason but that they were the characteristic tags of a society that believed in caste and class before the courts of heaven, in special "pulls" and privileges and exemptions with the Judge of all the earth. The registry of this protest in terms of individual behavior was rendered fixed among the first Americans by their sheer inability to register it in the scale of political organization. The king's writ still ran as far as Plymouth colony, but democracy of souls was within their reach, or at least could be made to seem so by meticulous uniformity of conduct.

That the organized form of this conviction, that man's relation to God could be established in his individual behavior, should have crystallized into social censorship was perhaps inevitable. But it is no excuse for attributing every displeasing social movement such as prohibition to a group that actually believed in rum almost as much as in the Bible. Among Puritans you could take as much rum as you could carry without deviating from the norm of Puritan behavior.

Actually no religion in America is to be charged with the prohibition movement. There are some of us who can even recall that various sects of the Christian church were formerly reproached for their failure to support a propaganda which took form, the form that finally carried it to achievement, in the rooted love of security among women. All the sub-currents of women's lives in America for the first two or three hundred years were of terror—terror of the Indians, of the hard winters, of famine, of untended sickness, and, more than all, terror of the wilderness, that nameless, heart-subduing fear of the deep, unending woods of the Middle West, of the vast open spaces of the prairies. And drink, Demon Drink as we used to call it, chiefly in the shape of corn whisky, let in the wilderness upon us. It threatened our new-found security and the opportunity three generations of women had won for their children as nothing else in American life of that time did threaten it.

Drink played on the side of the inferior races, and against our prepossession that one man must at least seem as good as every other. More than anything else, it threatened the secret aspiration of every American; for, from 1776 on, what most people came to America for was a HOME. Capitals are not enough to give emphasis to the hunger of the immigrant for a piece of land of his own, a house to which he alone held the key. And when his wife discovered that corn whisky

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threatened the hard-won home, she "turned temperance" and joined the W. C. T. U.

It would be even less a task to clear Puritanism of responsibility for some other characteristic Americanisms, such as the restricted play of sex in our social life. This would scarcely have been left for me to do if there were not so many Americans still wondering what there is in our love-life deserving of the blame that has been heaped upon it by our younger critics. But we cannot admit the lack of interest in the profounder aspects of love-life in the United States, or the disposition to regard the minor sex satisfactions as of negligible importance, without at the same time admitting that this state of things appears throughout American life and in regions never touched even in retrospect by the Puritan attitude. Such indifference to any but the primary implications of sex appears in every country under pioneering stress. It is one of the first conditions of pioneering life that the solidarity of the group should at all points take precedence of the minor satisfaction of the individual person.

That Puritanism took on a more sternly repressive character from the necessity of pioneering is very likely, but it is a mistake to let any modern reaction to the whole scale of repression obscure the *ex*pressive and affirmative elements in American religion. The *in*hibitions of specialized behaviors were from the first largely directed against the class of behaviors which tended to establish superficial differences among men, and prevented the true spiritual nature, which at that time was thought to be much more fixed and uniform than it is, to come to full expression. Puritan repressions of dress and manner never touched more than the small portion of the population which had earlier been offended by undemocratic distinctions of dress and manner. Yet the disposition to make of a man's private conduct a direct registry of his personal adjustment to the cosmos has become the distinctive American religious mode. Only a special warp of prejudice fails to see it at work, even under the behavior that recent criticism relegates to the cycle of repression. It does not invariably happen that a man who spends his whole life without once coming under the influence of alcohol, and without any other sex experiences than such as are comfortable to health and good manners, is the victim of repressive complexes. It may turn out that these things are a deliberate affirmation of an intelligently achieved life standard.

We shall at least get no true understanding of religious development in the United States until we realize that among the vast inarticulate majority of Americans freedom from the befuddlement of drink and the torment of unregulated desire have been won as part of a deep-seated democratic prepossesion of our people to make themselves the personal expression of their own realization of man's place in the universe. This was the determination that glowed hot at the heart of early American religion, modified by the discovery that scope must be allowed to other groups with slightly differing notions of the kind of personal conduct which would best express direct contact with the source of power. It is this belief in the validity of a man's personal behavior as a witness to his spiritual contacts that has motivated religious development in

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the United States. That it involves a certain amount of coercive censorship of the behavior of other members of the group committed to a particular concept of divine relationship is natural enough; as natural as that there should be constant reformation of groups as, by experience, one type of conduct or another emerges as a deterrant of effective relationship.

Most people have passed through one or even two or three such groups. The writer joined the Methodist Church at the mature age of eleven, later was disciplined for teaching a Sunday-school class that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and finally was dropped from membership for organizing and taking part in a community theater. Probably neither of these items of conduct would call for censure to-day, but even if they still disqualify for membership in a given group, it is safe to say that neither of them would be taken, even by the rejecting group, to signify the loss of the contact which it has always been the central idea of Americanized religions to express.

It is true we have many extensions here of European organizations that have not taken on this Americanizing touch; the Roman Catholic faith is still organized as a relationship to a church mediating between God and its members. Half a dozen fragmentary sects have similarly transplanted themselves. But everywhere in the indigenous life of the people there is an enormous flux of the personal relation, flowing into and out of groups, creeds, speculations, and practices about God. There are organized churches, presenting in their mechanism of organization great stability; but even within those organizations there is virtually no pressure to remain in after you cease to find in the practices of the church an adequate expression of your personal convictions. Nowhere in the United States are you under any necessity but that of your own weakness of carrying about with you any spiritual junk of unlivable convictions.

Everywhere there is hopeful experiment in the direction of making a man's whole conduct an index of his relation to God. New religions—that is to say, new formalizations of this undying hope—are born every year, and some of them flourish. Some of them even overflow and stir the scum of back-waters in the stagnant places of the world. Mormonism is one of these, and Christian Science is another, and New Thought. It is not necessary for the purposes of this inquiry to say whether the new religions are truer or serve the purposes of the race any better than the old.

All that I am trying to say here is that there exists in America a live search for an authentic relation to Allness, and an undimmed conviction that some way will yet be found to attest this relation through the whole complex of personal behavior. Mormonism inclined to stress the necessity of bringing marriage and economic considerations into the relation, Christian Science stressed health and poise, the Institutional Churches have placed the emphasis on social complexes. A hundred minor movements, often nameless and sporadic, seek widely and vaguely for satisfaction of unrealized urges; but all of them are motivated by the magnificent hope that here and now, in this world and not in another, will be perfected the adjustment of the individual soul to God, certified by the fulfilment of the personal destiny. And it is this deep-

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seated conviction that a man's relation to God has something to do with his normal health and success, and this wide-spread freedom for experimentation in methods of establishing such contacts, that distinguishes religious life in America and constitutes its chief contribution to the history of human liberation.

§ 2

That there should be at the same time rather wide-spread criticism of organized religion in the United States calls for some explanation. It is estimated that about forty per cent. of the population is enrolled in one or another church organization. If you add to that number ten per cent. more who, like the writer, find their religious satisfactions independently of organization, that religiously accounts for half the population. Among the other half there is no denying that there is great restlessness, and a disposition to blame the organized half for not providing a broader basis for religious agreement. What, they say, is your organization worth if it provides no place for us who are not less intelligent and quite as sincerely athirst?

On examination this criticism seems to proceed from three general sources. First from a conviction that Christianity is wrongly interpreted by the main body of organized Christians; next, from a doubt as to whether Christianity under any interpretation is suited to the exigencies of the present century; and, finally, from sheer, inexcusable ignorance of what religion is or what it is doing in the United States. I should place under the last head most of the criticism which proceeds from sources that pride themselves on superior understanding, the sort of intellectuals to whom I referred in the opening paragraph of this paper.

I believe that ignorance of religion, its development as a factor in human society, as well as its relation to individual integration, is rather more general among educated people in the United States than elsewhere. This is in part accounted for by the exclusion from the schools of all but the most inocuous and least informing mention of religious history and philosophy. But no such excuse will serve in the case of groups which offer and hope to make effective constructive criticism of the American achievement. It is probable that the sterility of American social philosophy is due, more than to any other one cause, to just the failure of interest and knowledge which has been quoted.

We have to think of this general ignorance as a feature of all religious criticism in the United States, particularly of that which proceeds on the assumption, which seems to have sprung up everywhere without any special argument, that religion ought to provide a remedy for economic injustice. This is in line with our subconscious American faith that a satisfactory relation of the individual to Allness must include the material fulfilment that seems to have been promised by the founder of Christianity.

There would be some justice in the criticism if it confined itself to the proposition that since economic justice has not followed on the adoption of Christianity, there must be some error in the adjustment. But, actually, radical criticism of Christianity proceeds on the assumption that fulfilment is to be attained only by direct political and economical reorganization. And because organized religion does

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not come over bodily into their camp, radicalism has stupidly closed its eyes to the immense, the unprecedented activity of experiment among religious lines toward economic fulfilment by an efficient personal relation to God.

There is only one other period in the world's history when there has ever been anything like it, and that was the period of the decline of paganism, when Christianity was welcomed because it did offer a higher, a more intensive quality of such relation than any of the existing systems. The difference is manifestly one of an enlarged concept of spiritual efficiency. The circle of the individual life to-day takes in much more than it encompassed in the year A.D. 1; the point of spiritual equilibrium has altered accordingly. But it has not changed uniformly for all types.

If you can see the urge to establish direct contact between the individual and God, and to express and certify the nature of that contact in personal behavior, as in the distinguishing movement of American religion, it will then be easy to discover in the various stabilized forms of religion the points at which numbers of people of various types have found their spiritual equilibrium. It is true, of course, that many people come to rest spiritually in a given sect because they are spiritually too lazy to seek further. It is equally the case with those socialized substitutes for religion—socialism, communism, Bolshevism, and what not. The tenets of these organizations are not proved true because a great many people believe in them. What is proved is that just so many people find in the dogmas of socialism and communism their points of intellectual arrest. They remain where they are because they are incapable of a larger quest or because they find their quest wholly satisfied with the proposed solution. For some such reason as this people remain Methodists or Presbyterians.

This, I think, would be admitted by socialists and communists themselves. But it is a point persistently overlooked in their criticism of organized religion that every organized religion is actually supplying to the majority of its members satisfaction for their individual religious needs. When we think of the ease with which people in the United States may pass from one religious faith to another, or, at a pinch, start a new one, it becomes evident that no religious organization can long maintain itself if it is not supplying such satisfaction to considerable numbers of people.

Thus the criticism of religion on economic grounds narrows to two questions: Why have the religiously accounted-for half of the population never attempted the economic solution, and why are the other half rather bitterly blaming religion for their own failure to achieve economic salvation?

The history of religious achievement in America does not warrant the conclusion that organized religion could not compass economic reorganization if it once set about it. In stating, as I have done, that the United States is the most religious country on earth, I did not go far enough. I should have said also that it is the country most successful in registering its religious progress in the practical life of its people. Take the single item of the religiosity of health. The belief that health is in a very concrete way dependent on some kind of central adjustment to God is an early Christian idea, which in Europe

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was allowed to drop quite out of the plane of rationalized thought. Except as it is given occasional doubtful admission as a miracle, the idea of the relation of health and religion has had no standing whatever for the last five centuries. But as restated in America, crudely, even grotesquely, the idea has gained so rapidly that it has actually forced on current medical practice a more or less complete rationalization of its processes. No one acquainted with the history of mental therapeutics in America can deny that its development was pushed forward by the demand of the masses that some account should be taken of their experience with the phenomona of mental healing. Among the very intellectuals who could find none among their number equipped for an intelligent comment on religion the idea of the relation of psychology to hygiene is so completely accepted that it does not even occur to them that such a belief once, and that not so long ago, had to be fought for, and that it gained its earliest footing in the American consciousness as a religious teaching. It is a mistake to become prejudiced at this point by the intellectual background of most of the current systems for establishing a working basis between man and the universe. They seem on the whole to be no less free from dogma, *clichés*, and the stereotyped "patter" than the prevailing economic cults. The point is that they are quite as effective, if not more so, in establishing their claim on attention.

I have just been reading some books packed with statistics, too tedious to recount here, which go to show that in the matter of accomplishing financial and institutional results that they may have agreed upon as desirable the organized religions are not a whit behind other groups of ordinary human beings. There seems to be no good ground for supposing, that if they set out to accomplish economic justice, they would not go as far on that path as a fallible human nature could carry them. And this narrows the criticism to a question whether we are justified in demanding of organized religion that it undertake such economic reorganization.

The uneasiness of many Christians to-day seems to imply that they rather think that economic injustice is incompatible with a Christianized society. Perhaps it will help to clear up the question for both parties to state it as a problem of technic. The only technic that has come down to us from the teaching of Jesus is the technic of personal virtue. This has resulted in placing, through the initial adventure of Puritanism, all the emphasis of religious invention on the personal solution rather than on the social. Virtually all the new religions look to the perfection of the personal contact with divine power, to effect economic as well as spiritual satisfaction, to affect the economic supply by increasing and perfecting spiritual energization.

On the other hand, all the non-religious hopes of economic justice are based upon direct, mechanical reorganization of society.

If this is a true finding, then organized religion will have to admit its failure and take a place in social consideration second to whatever other group can produce the efficient arrangement.

But suppose it turns out in the end that the basis of the new society is not primarily economic, but spiritual; that is to say, psychological? Suppose the

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true relation of the human group to the Allness is not determined by what it eats, but by what it perceives; will it not then turn out that the religionists, though fumbling and inadequate, are still a little nearer the great desideratum?

This does not mean that Christianity, the traditional sects of it, may not deserve criticism. Starting as it did with a notion of a new relation to God as the Father, and new methods of keeping in touch with Him, not by sacrifice, but by communion, there has been a noticeable slowing down of development in this direction.

Close to the heart of every religion lies the group of experiences it gives rise to, called mystic. Such experiences are always personal and to a great extent communicable only because they are so common that our own experience gives us the key to other people's rather vague accounts of theirs. Some of these experiences are recognizable only under names that are peculiar to a given cult, but the experiences themselves are fairly constant for the whole of human kind, and occur progressively in about the same relation to one another. The early years of Christianity were much occupied with this class of religious experiences. They were sought for diligently, much discussed, named, and the knowledge of them set in order. They occurred especially in connection with prayer, with efforts to overcome the temptations of the flesh, and were highly developed in relation to that perpetual quest of the human soul, light on its own place in a world of created things, and its own private destiny. All this study of mystical states reached its climax about the fifteenth century. After that there was a general loss of interest in mysticism, and the spaces between the great mystics were widened with the years. Probably one of the reasons why mysticism lost favor was its connection with monasticism, which fell into great disrepute after the Reformation. Later, when Puritanism emerged, mysticism had to present itself in another dress to avoid being cast off with the symbolic ritualism against which Puritanism set its face like flint. Great Puritan mystics, like Jonathan Edwards, were obliged to couch their revelations in terms of pure intellectuality, which were never understood by the average worshiper to the extent that the more vivid symbology of the Roman Church was always grasped by the simple-minded.

Probably it was this necessity of expressing the mystical experiences in words possible only to the highly educated that was responsible for the gradual loss of mystical language as a medium for the interchange of religious experience among Christians in the United States. At any rate, it was so completely lost that by the middle of the last century sects made up of people who were predisposed to mystical experience had to resort to methods of expression that were often ludicrous and even grotesque. Any one whose memory runs back to the annual "camp-meeting" of the Mississippi Valley and "jump-to-glory" antics will know what I mean. Or go to-day to any sort of orthodox "experience meeting" and observe how inadequate the vocabulary, how narrow the bridge of communication has become. Not only has the vocabulary been lost, but with all the magnificent literature of the fifteenth-century mysticism shut away from the Protestant sects and

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shut up within the Roman as a result of religious antagonism, the paths to the experiences themselves have been obscured. Thus among the score of new sects springing up all over the country one often finds, heralded as revelation, mystical knowledge that was the common possession of the century that witnessed the discovery of the American continent.

It is necessary to have this well in mind to understand what has happened in America—happened by such insensible degrees that we are scarcely yet aware of it, which, now that it has happened, distinguishes the religious life of the United States from the religious life of all the rest of the world. This is the passage of the development of mystical experience out of the hands of organized religion and into the hands of the conventionally non-religious.

The present race of Americans is naturally given to mysticism. Our experience of the unknown, the condition forced upon us by pioneer life of being every day prepared for the unexpected, our contact on all sides with the vast, overwhelming scene of mountain and prairie and untrimmed forest, the necessity constantly upon us for two hundred years of trusting ourselves upon "something without us" which experience proves can be trusted—all these things predispose us to be interested in, and to take into account as part of our daily life, things that cannot be accounted for by what we call our intelligence. For an experience is mystic only in so far as its source and its processes are unknown. It is true that psychology is now finding the key to many experiences that were formerly regarded as pure mysticism, and is grouping them by name according to the path they take through the personal complex. But these fine distinctions do not yet reach the generality of men except in so far as they are willing to apply the blanket term "psychology" to a class of experiences formerly treated as from the Lord or the devil or other preferred supernatural sources. We all have these experiences. Nobody has more of them than the reputed "hard-headed business man," who has invented a rather clumsy vocabulary of his own. Calling them psychology has released in us the power to discuss them openly and without shame. It is difficult to pass an hour in a group of Americans of whatever qualifications without hearing some discussion of personal adventure with the ever-present unknown. Our naïve idealism is in itself largely mystical, based upon no discoverable theory of social cause and effect. Our incurable optimism and our faith in magical formulas of well-being, our disposition to substitute the "hunch" for the rationalized attack on political problems, are all part of the curious transference that has taken place here in the point of application of mystical experience. We have almost ceased to apply it at all to our orthodoxy, but make generous use of it in our business.

All this goes on outside the recognized Christian sect. In particular the Protestant churches of America are poor in mystical experience and poorer in the expression of what experience they have in this field. A number of years ago I was very much interested in the subject of prayer, its history, its place in human advancement, and its technic as developed among various peoples. I had just been to Rome, where I had access to the rich treasure

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of the cinquecento, and I looked for years after my return for an adequate expression of the Protestant use of prayer. I may say that during the three or four years that my mind was actively engaged upon the problem I never found a minister of any orthodox church who could carry on an intelligent conversation about it or get beyond a mere blanket statement of faith in its efficacy. I did find, however, among the heterogeneous groups, nameless, or with names that serve too often as tags of intellectual obliquity, and among quite plain people who would have been astounded to find that they were talking mysticism, interesting contributive experiment going on, unembarrassed by traditional attitudes.

In this loss of mystical experience, I suspect, is the key to much that is puzzling and irritating in the relation of the church to American culture. The early avoidance of symbol and ritual, and the consequent reduction of the language of mystical experience to terms not easily handled by the masses, has resulted in driving out of the ordinary church communion those types for whom some sort of mystical expression is a religious necessity. And it has led to the restriction of church membership to the types in whom mystical experience is either wanting or capable of going on without that exteriorization which is the source of religious symbolism. It took me years to realize that my mother got out of the barren and artless ritual of her church exaltations that I had to go to Milan for, or to the redwood forests. But when I did understand it, I knew at last why orthodoxy in America is neither the energizing center of its spiritual life nor of its culture. For what are art and culture but symbols and rituals of an inner life sufficiently exigeant in character to *demand* adequate expression?

For the last two centuries the American church has been adding to itself such numbers of the population as suffer from no such demand, to whom it is sufficient to have an inner life, or even not to have it, without making any fuss about it. It has drawn types to whom a regular habit of religious conformity and a mild institutional life are a sufficient expression of their religiosity. It is sheer ignorance to say that the people who are now in the church in America are not happy in it, or that it presents to them any of the aspect of dreary lack that it wears to the more exigeant type. It is a worse injustice to say that the members of the Christian church do not achieve among themselves, to the limit of their capacity and even beyond the revealed social technic, a fairly representative Christianity. Any one who will take the trouble to study the institutional activities of the churches must confess himself astonished at the proportional results. If he is honest, he will have to admit that his quarrel is not with what the churches have done in proportion to their profession, but with what they have failed to do for his particular type.

More than half the American people are out of the churches, and a great many of them are unhappy over it. The instinct for social stability and group attachments is in us all. I myself should like a church in which God could be worshiped in the highest key—music, line, color, light, literary form, and dramatic acts all combining and never proving too much for the expression of my personal experience

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with God. I should like a place where I could go frequently and talk about things that at present I am permitted to discuss only under the guise of literature.

But in so far as I realize that a church that would satisfy me would render unhappy most of the people who are now in it, I cannot offer my own reaction as a legitimate criticism of the church as it is. I find organized religion in America to-day unstimulating; I find it intellectually dull and artistically barren; I find its spirituality shallow in scope and impoverished in expression: but I cannot honestly say that I find it any of these things for the people who make up its membership. So that if my comment on religion in America takes the form of criticism, it must be against the people like myself who have been too lazy to organize their experience, to seek for and demand a prophet of their own, to create out of their gifts an adequate expression of Godhead, instead of using them for the sole purpose of making a living.

§ 3

It must not be overlooked that, if we agree that organized Christianity is not to be criticized for losing from its ranks the prevailing types of creative imagination, for declining to adopt the technic of the radicals or to develop a technic of its own for securing economic justice, then we raise the question whether Christianity, as interpreted, is the religion best suited to modern requirements. There can be little doubt that Christianity offers the highest current ideal of personal virtue and the best technic for attaining it. No one acquainted with the rank and file of Christian belief can doubt that millions of them do actually attain to positive degrees of personal realization of the Christian concept. At the same time no number of good Christians ever assembled has succeeded in producing a society that even approaches the millennial ideal.

Can we do more in this predicament than admit that we have an unsatisfactory society because we do not know how to have a better one? The Christians do not know how, and, since the recent European experiments, the radicals are beginning to suspect that they do not know how, either. The Christians are at least to be excused on the ground that their founder left them no practical directions for organizing such a society. And the radicals do not seem to be able to evolve any practical scheme for such organization which can be made convincing to the rest of us. The one quarter in which inquiry can still be directed is that occupied by the groups who have taken Christianity at its word as an incompleted revelation, and have gone deliberately about the business of seeking personal fulfilment by mystical contact.

I have made a digest of the new American religions,—such as are not merely offshoots and variations of existing orthodox sects,—putting Christian Science at one end as the chief non-materialistic religion, and Mormonism at the other, almost completely mechanistic. I have included in this digest the work of several persons who, though they have never effected any organization of their teachings, must be ranked, through the millions of copies of their books and the far-reaching effects of their lecture courses, as among religious manifestations. I find that none of these new religions wholly disregard Christianity, though the most outstanding pair of

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them claim the superior authority of their own evangel. Two of them—there are eleven in my list—are predominantly theosophical in caste, and several of them borrow freely from Oriental sources. All of them *without exception include health and material abundance in the category of religious satisfactions.* Only two of them treat the practical organization of their membership as anything more than incidental, and three of the eleven offer no form of organization whatever. In nine of the eleven the whole case is rested on a reorganization of the individual relation to some central item of the universe, called, for convenience, God, though generally recognized as a center of power or energy rather than a personality. Wherever mechanistic concepts of the efficient society appear, they follow rather than lead the individual readjustment. In all but two instances they are the consequence rather than the occasion of the Christian promise of "life more abundant."

There is no way of estimating accurately the numerical sum of such beliefs except to say that, leaving out the whole of the orthodox church, the numbers of people committed to the belief that economic fulfilment is to be spiritually achieved already more than quadruples the number of those who are committed to a mechanistic plan for such fulfilment.

Believing that the true prognosis of human development is in the unpremeditated movement of the people, I am disposed to accept the direction of present religious energization in the United States as prophetic. This would indicate that the more efficient society which everybody concedes is needed is to be arrived at primarily by an altered personal attitude. What is aimed at is a repolarization of the individual items of society for which no good word presents itself. Neither "attitude of mind" nor "change of heart" is entirely adequate to the psychological state that in the new religions is regarded as indispensable to the establishment of the new society. As none of the new concepts even imply the use of violence, the revolutionary overturnings that are regarded as unavoidable by the advocates of economic reorganization are escaped, and one can suppose that the new society will steal upon us very much as prohibition has come, by a moderately slow and determined *turning away* from old modes of personal expression to new ones.

That all or most of the new movements will merge in some final expression of their common elements seems to be indicated by the usual course of the history of new religions. Whether there will be a new prophet or a new Pentacost is a matter of pure speculation. There does not, at any rate, appear to be any good ground for assuming that the final religion will present itself as antagonistic to Christianity. Much more ground for thinking that it will take the form of the long-expected, complete revelation. What interests me most about it, since it promises to shape within the life span of many of us, is what the intellectuals who persist in ignoring the very existence of religious energy among us will do in that day to save their faces. More than likely when the true prophet of economic justice does appear, very many of the economists will be found among the numbers of those who shout, "Crucify him! Crucify him!

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A Reputation

By RICHARD CONNELL, *Author of* "MR. POTTLE AND THE SOUTH-SEA CANNIBALS"

Drawings by FLORENCE HOWELL BARKLEY

SMOKE and talk filled the dining-room of the Heterogeneous Club, one of those small, intimate clubs of reasonably liberal professional men and women one finds here and there in New York City. Alone, in his accustomed corner, Saunders Rook alternately sipped black coffee and fingered a wan mustache. He was on the fringe of an animated group, in it without being of it, and on this, as on other evenings, was taking an inconspicuous, nodding part in the conversation, sometimes going so far as to say "Not really?" at which the speaker would reply perfunctorily, "Yes, really," and go on as before.

Nobody knew much about Saunders Rook, and he aroused little, if any, curiosity. It was assumed by the other members, on what grounds no one could say, that he was an artist of some kind; perhaps he wrote music criticism for one of the more pallid of the weeklies; maybe he contributed notes on birds to an ornithological review; again, it might be that he was an architect, specializing in designing ornamental drinking-fountains; perhaps he gave lessons on the flute. His pepper-and-salt suits, his silent neckties, his manner gave no hint. Yet he was not an enigma; he 'd gladly have told all about himself had any one cared to ask him.

The members must have seen Saunders Rook scores of times before that fateful evening, but had you asked any of them to describe him, the reply doubtless would have been:

"Oh, yes, Saunders Rook. I believe there is such a fellow around the

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club. Let me see. No, I don't think he 's very tall or very short or very dark or very light. In fact, I don't believe he 's very anything."

How and when he had become a member of the club no one knew, and presumably no one had ever been concerned about knowing. Perhaps he was a friend of a friend of a member now deceased. He dined at the club four or five times a week and paid his bills. No one remembered having seen his face anywhere else. The Heterogeneous Club is proud of the range and brilliance of its talk but until this night it had never discussed Saunders Rook. After this night it could talk of little else.

Saunders Rook was not a glum, sullen, aloof soul; he was not unnoticed by choice; evening after evening he was on the edge of the circle of talk, listening, as politely attentive as a well trained collie. He may even have ventured on one or two occasions to come out with something positive; but if he ever did so, it made no impression on the members of the club, and they were not an unimpressionable lot.

On this night, as he sat over his coffee, Saunders Rook from time to time moistened his lips with his tongue and cleared his throat as if he were making ready to say something important, and then compressed his lips as if he had decided that it was not worth saying.

The truth was that Saunders Rook was afflicted with "cab-wit," that he was one of those unfortunates who think of the bright things they might have said only while on their way home in a taxicab. He was oppressed by the knowledge that if he did say anything, it would probably be as colorless and unoriginal as he suspected himself to be. He was oppressed mildly, for he was mild in all things, by the certainty that he could not compete with the witty Max Skye or the sparkling Lucile Davega, who could always quote something arresting from Krafft-Ebing. He did not enjoy being ignored any more than any other man does, and he had his full share of man's natural desire for a beam of the lime-light. A craving for attention had of late been growing more insistent within him. His mind began to play with ideas, which, he reasoned, if uttered in a loud enough voice, might bring his hearers to their, and his, feet. He wanted just for once to cause a stir. Just once, he told himself, would appease him.

Then came the lull that always comes from time to time when groups are talking, and Saunders Rook found himself saying distinctly:

"On the Fourth of July I shall commit suicide."

Just why he said that he did not know. It must have been sheer inspiration. As a matter of fact, he had never contemplated doing anything of the kind. He had never demanded much of life; his existence was not rigorous, but placid. He was a subeditor on a woman's magazine,—he conducted the etiquette page,—and this brought him twelve hundred dollars a year. He had inherited an income of twelve hundred more. He was able to live in modest comfort, for he was an orphan and a bachelor; he had a season ticket to the opera; his health was good. If he had a cross, it was a light one: minor editors of minor magazines usually rejected his minor essays, imitations of

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"They acted as if he were planning a trip to Bermuda"

Charles Lamb, hymning the joys of pipe-smoking and pork-chops. So it startled him not a little to hear himself announcing his imminent self-destruction.

But it produced the desired effect with an electrical suddenness. The lull became a hush; not only the group at his own long table, but other groups had heard, and the eyes of the entire room were directed to the man with the wan mustache.

"But, my dear fellow," cried Max Skye, "you don't really mean that."

Saunders Rook curbed an exigent impulse to recant on the spot, and replied firmly:

"But I do mean it."

A woman member in a far corner called:

"Would you mind repeating what you said? I 'm not sure I heard you correctly."

Saunders Rook cleared his throat and said again,

"On the Fourth of July I shall commit suicide."

The members began to shift their chairs so that they could more plainly see and hear him.

"But why?" asked Lucile Davega.

"Yes, why?" came from other members. Some were a little excited.

Saunders Rook had not thought that far ahead, and the question confused him. He wanted very much to say, "Of course I was only jesting." No, he could n't do that. What a dolt they 'd think him! Hastily, he ransacked his brain, cleared his throat to gain time, and declared:

"As a protest against the state of civilization in America."

Again sheer inspiration. The state of civilization, up to that moment, had never worried him. He heard an interested ripple run round the room.

"But what do you consider the state of civilization to be?" asked Max Skye, bending toward him.

"Rotten," said Saunders Rook, emphatically. Now that he was in for it, there was no sense in half-way expressions. "Rotten," if not elegant, was strong, he decided.

He heard some one in a corner whisper:

"I say, who is that fellow?"

"Why, his name is Book or Cook or something," was the whispered answer.

He smiled. He hoped they would think it the quiet, resolute smile of martyrdom.

"But Mr.— er— Rook," said Lucile Davega, "have you made all your plans?"

Here was another contingency for

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which he had not prepared. He slowly cleared his throat.

"I have," he said gravely. Then, with a touch of mystery, added, "And I have n't." He hoped they would

"'Still,' exclaimed Oscar Findlater, struck by a happy thought"

probe no further. But the Heterogeneous Club is composed of inveterate probers.

"Oh, won't you tell us all about them?" As Lucile Davega said this she clasped her hands. Mr. Rook frowned ever so slightly. They acted as if he were planning a trip to Bermuda. He 'd have to show them how deadly in earnest he was.

"If you insist," he said, his mind groping wildly for plans. Unanimously, they insisted.

"Mind you, it must go no further than this room," he said. They all said that of course it would n't.

"Well," said Saunders Rook, speaking very deliberately, "of course, you see, since it is to be a protest, it must have a certain amount of publicity."

Every one nodded approvingly.

"So I thought," he felt his way along, "that I should do it in some rather public place."

"Central Park?" suggested Max Skye.

"Exactly," replied Saunders Rook, grasping at the idea. "The very place I had in mind."

There were murmurs of "Splendid!" "A big thought!" "There 's a lot more to these quiet chaps than meets the eye."

Saunders Rook, hearing, glowed.

Just then Oscar Findlater made one of his infrequent appearances at the club. The members were proud of belonging to the same club as Oscar Findlater, who was editor of "The Liberal Voice," most advanced and oracular of weeklies. He was a vastly serious person of Jovian demeanor. Usually the members flocked about him to catch the pronouncements that dropped from his lips, but on this evening they only nodded toward him and continued to gaze expectantly at Saunders Rook. To Saunders Rook, Oscar Findlater had always seemed a god, despite the fact that "The Liberal Voice" had rejected numerous choice essays on pipe-smoking by the fireplace and kindred topics over which Saunders Rook had toiled. He had mildly envied the attention paid to the editorial Olympian. Now he, Saunders Rook, was actually stealing the spot-light from the great man. It was most pleasant.

"Good evening, Findlater," said Max Skye. "You know Saunders Rook, don't you?"

The editor murmured something about never having had that pleasure.

"Rook" announced Max Skye, impressively, "is going to commit suicide."

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"On the Fourth of July," added Judy Atwater.

"As a protest," contributed Rogers Joyce.

"Against the rotten condition of civilization in America," finished Lucile Davega.

Oscar Findlater gazed at the wan mustache with sharpened interest.

"Not really?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Saunders Rook, in the voice of a man whose mind is irrevocably made up, "really."

"By Jove!" cried Oscar Findlater, and sat down. He was plainly stirred. "Do you mind talking to me about it?"

"Not at all," said Saunders Rook, trying to inject casualness into his tone, "if you think it at all interesting."

"Interesting?" Oscar Findlater excitedly stroked the black ribbon that streamed from his nose-glasses. "Why, man alive, it 's overpowering. Biggest idea I 've struck this year."

He studied Saunders Rook.

"Your mind is made up?" the great man asked.

"Absolutely."

"Nothing can change it?"

"Nothing."

"Well," said Findlater, with a sigh, "then I suppose we must make the best of it."

He sank his head on his bosom, the usual attitude by which his disciples knew he was submerged in thought. Then he said:

"Rook, would you consider doing a series of essays for 'The Liberal Voice'?"

Would he? What a question! Saunders Rook could only nod.

"Let 's say six essays, tracing the genesis of the idea, you know, and arraigning civilization."

But Saunders Rook merely nodded.

"Of course," went on Oscar Findlater, "there are only three months between now—" he paused embarrassed— "and then."

Saunders Rook murmured:

"Of course."

"Still," exclaimed Oscar Findlater, struck by a happy thought, "we could bring out the last three posthumously."

"Posthumously," echoed Saunders Rook, sepulchrally. At that second came again the impulse to say, "But, of course, this is all in fun." He stifled it. After all, it was something to have essays in "The Liberal Voice," even posthumously. "How long should they be?" Saunders Rook found himself asking carelessly.

"Oh, about three thousand words; more if necessary. Not too heavy in tone, of course, or morbid. Readable, you know, almost chatty; but

"There were plenty of uncaught fish in the sea"

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with an underlying strain of philosophy.

"Precisely," said Saunders Rook.

"We 'll want the first one immediately," said the editor.

"You shall have it," promised Saunders Rook.

He could not help but note the admiration, almost awe, in the circle of eyes. He was wise enough to depart before the spell was broken.

"Well," he said, rising, "I think I 'll run along to bed now. Can't be too careful of my health, you know." He tossed this last sentence off with a grim smile. He was full of inspiration to-night.

The members crowded around him.

"Will you come to my studio for tea to-morrow?" asked Lucile Davega.

"And dine with me afterward at the Authors' Club," insisted Max Skye. "Some fellows I want you to meet."

"We 'd love to have you come up to Croton for a week-end," said Rogers Joyce. "The crowd up there would like to know you. Jolly lot. Keen on new ideas like yours."

For the first time in his thirty-three years Saunders Rook had the gratifying sensation of being inundated with invitations, of being sought after. He consulted a date-book, appeared surprised to find that it so happened that he was not booked up to any extent in the near future, and accepted sundry invitations.

As he strolled to his snug two rooms and bath in Grove Street Saunders Rook could not but congratulate himself on being a singularly fortunate fellow.

At the tea given by Lucile Davega Saunders Rook experienced a new and not unwelcome sensation: he was lionized. He found it extremely pleasant to play the lion to a studio of pretty women. He noted how the tea went cold and the toast untasted as they flocked around him. Also, each one found an opportunity to take him aside and say:

"Of course you don't really mean it."

"But I do," he would reply almost severely.

"But what have you against civilization?"

"It 's rotten," he would growl. He was getting better and better in the rôle.

"O Mr. Rook!"

He enjoyed the sensation he was creating.

One girl, Margery Storey, who was young and had red hair, a combination that sometimes appeared in Saunders Rook's dreams and private yearnings, whispered to him that she was sure he was disappointed in love; but, she added archly, there were plenty of uncaught fish in the sea.

He said sternly that love or lack of it did not enter into his plan at all. The act he was to perform was to be a perfectly calm, philosophic protest against the state of civilization in America.

"You will remember," he told her, "how the early Christians walked naked into the arenas as a protest against the brutality of the gladiatorial combats. My motive, I hope, is equally untinged by any selfish emotion."

His heart was accelerated by her glance, so full of compassion. She said a little diffidently that she was a painter, and would he sit for his portrait? She 'd love to do it; her studio was Number 148—

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No, he interrupted, he could not. Actually he wanted to very much. He was busy, he explained, on a series of essays for "The Liberal Voice."

"After that, then?" she suggested.

"For me," said Saunders Rook, "there will be no 'after that.'"

Her blue eyes were full of sympathy.

"It seems too bad," she said. "You are still so young."

He smiled a smile of practised cynicism.

"In years, perhaps," he said.

He saw that he had moved her.

Decidedly, this new rôle of his was worth playing, said Saunders Rook to himself as he donned his dinner-jacket that night in preparation for his dinner with Max Skye at the Authors' Club. He was pleased with himself. In retrospect were the sympathetic blue eyes of Margery Storey; in prospect, a dinner among the celebrities of the Authors' Club, into which sacred premises he had never gone physically, but solely in his most roseate imaginings.

Max Skye, who was a poet of no mean repute, introduced Saunders Rook to a group of notable men.

"This," said Max Skye, with the air of a showman, "is Mr. Saunders Rook, who is going to commit suicide on the Fourth of July."

Saunders Rook bowed to them; gravely they bowed back and stared at him, fascinated.

"In Central Park," continued Max Skye.

Saunders Rook bowed deeply.

"As a protest against the rotten state of our civilization," added Max Skye.

Saunders Rook again bowed.

They returned his bows with marked deference, he noted delightedly. He managed, however, to maintain an air of great world-weariness as he said:

"When one feels as I do about it, what else can one do?"

He had rehearsed this coming up in the taxicab.

"Mr. Rook is writing a series of six essays for 'The Liberal Voice,'" announced Max Skye, plainly proud to be the discoverer and friend of so remarkable a man.

"But," objected Deline, the novelist, a man Saunders Rook had long admired from afar, "how can you publish six essays? It's April now. When could the last three be published?"

"Posthumously," said Saunders Rook, with a touch of pride.

"Posthumously?"

They all repeated the word as if there was magic in it.

"But why do you feel that the state of civilization requires so drastic a protest?"

Deline asked this question as Saunders Rook was enjoying the third course, tender roast young guinea-fowl with mushrooms; Rook loved good food.

"Because," said Saunders Rook, with fork poised, "it 's rotten."

Around the table went murmurs of approbation and interest.

"But, my dear fellow," exclaimed Deline, warmly laying his hand on Saunders Rook's arm, "we need men like you."

"Yes, yes," cried others about the table. "America needs men with the courage of their convictions."

"You see," said Deline, with a wave of his hand. "You 're needed."

No one had ever before intimated to Saunders Rook that he was in the least needed. The happy thought occurred to him to rise and say, "In that

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case, gentlemen, I shall stay with you." But he did n't say that. Going home in the taxicab, he wished that he had. What he actually did was to sit with folded arms, a picture of determination, and say:

"When one feels as I do about it, what else can one do?"

Perhaps, after all, he mused, it was just as well that he had not recanted. It was something to be told by a great novelist that you are needed. Perhaps, if he recanted, they might discover that they did not need him so very much, after all.

A few days later as he sat at his desk among the other subeditors,—beauty editors, household editors, baby-care and feeding editors, kiddie page editors, cooking editors,—he was summoned, just as he 'd finished writing a letter to a lady in Waterloo, Iowa, to tell her that engraved invitations are not required for a straw-ride, into the sanctum and presence of the publisher and owner of the magazine, Keable Gowler, a man of terrifying importance in Saunders Rook's eyes. Until that moment it had not occurred to Saunders Rook that he was anything more to Mr. Gowler than a name on the pay-roll, and rather far down the pay-roll at that. Yet Mr. Gowler greeted him with a fatherly affability, and offered him a chair.

"Well, Rook, tell me all about it," said Mr. Gowler, with heavy geniality.

"About what, Mr. Gowler?"

"This story I 've been hearing about you and the Fourth of July."

"Really now—" began Saunders Rook.

"Is it true, or is it not true that you are going to commit suicide in Madison Square?" demanded Mr. Gowler.

"Central Park," corrected Saunders Rook, mildly.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes."

Mr. Gowler made tutting noises with his lips.

"Oh, come now, Rook," he said, "you 're not serious."

"I am," said Saunders Rook. He was pleased to know that he was more than a mere name to his employer, and he wished to remain a personage.

"But, my dear young man," cried Mr. Gowler, distressed, "I ask you, would that be fair to the magazine? People might hold us responsible, you know."

"No, they won't."

"How can we be sure?"

"I have made it plain," said Saunders Rook, "that no petty, personal motives are behind my act. It is to be purely a protest against the state of civilization in America."

"America seems pretty civilized to me," observed Mr. Gowler. "What 's wrong with it?"

"It 's rotten," said Saunders Rook.

Mr. Gowler looked horrified, but he

"'America seems pretty civilized to me,' observed Mr. Gowler"

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surveyed Mr. Rook with a strong, new interest.

"Come, now," said Mr. Gowler, soothingly. "Let 's see if we can't settle this thing. We 'd miss you, Rook. The interior decoration page would miss you."

"I do the etiquette page, Mr. Gowler," said Saunders Rook, gently.

"Yes, yes. I meant that; why, of course," said Mr. Gowler, hastily. He decapitated a cigar and faced Saunders Rook. "Look here, Rook," he said, "I 'm afraid we 've been hiding your light under a bushel around here. To be frank with you, I did n't realize the stuff you were made of—until a few days ago." Mr. Gowler paused significantly.

"Now, what this magazine needs," he went on, "is a live young man of forceful character, who has modern ideas and is n't afraid to back them up. Roscoe Quimper is getting old; been an editor too long; we need a man with spirit for his position. Will you take it?"

Saunders Rook moistened dry lips; speech failed him; it was a post he had long coveted. He affected to consider.

"It pays fifteen thousand," said Mr. Gowler. His tone was actually persuasive.

Saunders Rook thought swiftly.

"I 'll take charge, Mr. Gowler."

"Good!" cried Mr. Gowler. "Good!"

"Until the Fourth of July," added Saunders Rook.

Mr. Gowler evinced his concern by a sharp elevation of his shrubbery of eyebrows.

"Then you are in earnest?"

"Absolutely."

"Of course,"—this was said almost cajolingly,—"if fifteen thousand seems too little, I might be willing to—"

Saunders Rook held up his hand.

"Thanks," he said; "but it 's not a question of money."

Mr. Gowler shook his head, dejectedly.

"Then I guess there 's nothing I can say. Still,"—he brightened,—"even if your mind is made up, you could take charge until the Fourth of July and outline a policy and get things started, could n't you?"

"If you wish," said Saunders Rook, handsomely.

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Gowler. "Good!"

Saunders Rook, somewhat in a daze, started for the door.

"Oh, by the way, Rook," said Mr. Gowler, "could n't you take dinner with us next Thursday? The governor of the State, two United States senators, a few congressmen, and a professor will be there. They 'd like to know you."

Saunders Rook riffled through his date-book and said he might be late, as he had two teas and a talk before a Brooklyn club scheduled for that day, but that he would try to get to the dinner in time for the dessert. Mr. Gowler was greatly obliged to him.

At the dinner at Keable Gowler's Fifth Avenue house the attention paid to Saunders Rook by the governor, the senators, the assorted congressmen, the professor, and their wives would have flattered a person even less susceptible than he. In trumpet tones Mr. Gowler announced him:

"This is Mr. Saunders Rook, one of my most valued associates. On the Fourth of July, as a protest against

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our civilization, he will commit suicide in Washington Square."

"Central Park," said Saunders Rook, bowing modestly.

"Not really?" they all said in breathless chorus.

"Yes, really," said Saunders Rook.

He talked, and they listened. He had been expanding the idea, and had worked up an indictment or two against civilization.

Over his after-dinner liqueur the governor declared that, if necessary, he would do the only thing he could think of to prevent Saunders Rook from robbing the state of so valued a citizen, and that was call out the militia. He was not prepared to say, he remarked darkly, how he should employ it, for he was fresh in the gubernatorial chair. However, he knew that a governor has the power to call out the militia, and he was interested in learning what would happen if he did call it out. Surely the case of Saunders Rook, he maintained, warranted the step.

The senator from Alabama promised that he would see the President at once, and volunteered to get the cooperation of Federal troops to help the governor's militia. Saunders Rook listened, sphinx-like, outwardly impassive, inwardly agog. The senator from North Dakota said that it had not before been called to his attention that the state of civilization in these United States was sufficiently rotten to cause a man of his good friend Rook's high type to plan so violent a protest, but now that it had been called to his attention, something should be done about it by the Senate. Political considerations, he said, prevented him from committing himself to any definite program, but this he would do: he would rush back to Washington on the morrow and start a senatorial investigation into civilization at which Saunders Rook would be the chief witness.

One of the congressmen present said that for his part he was prepared to introduce a resolution in the House of Representatives calling for the immediate appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars for the establishing of a congressional commission of seven on civilization, and that, obviously, the only person for the chairmanship was Mr. Rook. Another congressman said he was in hearty agreement with his honorable colleague in principle, but would like to amend the bill, so that it would call for eight hundred thousand dollars and a commission of twenty-one. While they were debating this point, Saunders Rook forced himself to depart. He had to look over the proofs of his article in

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"The Liberal Voice," he said. Keable Gowler himself helped Saunders Rook on with his coat and urged him to come again.

The appearance of the first Rook article brought him a tidal wave of letters. Scores of persons in all parts of the globe begged him for various reasons not to do it; two elderly ladies offered to adopt him and leave him their not inconsiderable estates; a group of young Russian radicals by cable offered to jump into the Volga on the Fourth of July to show they were in sympathy with him; eleven clergymen asked permission to call; a publishing house offered him a handsome figure for his diary, novel, or what had he? Fourteen ladies of different ages offered to marry him, and of these seven sent photographs, of which two were quite personable; three motion-picture companies asked him to name his own price for the exclusive rights; a vaudeville syndicate offered him two thousand a week for a ten-minute monologue twice daily until the Fourth of July; the police commissioner wrote to warn him that suicide is an offense amounting to disorderly conduct, and is punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. A procession of reporters, photographers, feature-story writers, and interviewers invaded his apartment. In newspapers and magazines his wan features began to appear, accompanied by stories of varying degrees of accuracy. He began to be pointed out on the street; ribs were nudged as he passed. He loved it.

Crowded days passed, days full of pleasurable excitement and intense living for Saunders Rook. So swiftly did they speed by that it was a distinct shock for him, one morning, to be awakened by a boy with a tall stack of telegrams. The messages were from many people and many places; some urged, begged, and a few even conjured him not to do it to-day; many said simply, "Farewell." To-day? Saunders Rook glanced at the date on the telegrams—"July fourth."

He dressed himself with care in his new gray suit and lavender tie, took his bamboo stick, and sauntered up Fifth Avenue. It was a delicious, sun-lit day; the avenue was bright with flags; somewhere a parade was forming, and he heard the gay sounds of distant bands. Life had never seemed quite so fair to Saunders Rook, but, and he stopped abruptly, what of to-morrow?

To-day, the Fourth of July, the eyes of the nation were on him. He bought a morning paper. Yes, there he was on the front page, a picture, smudged, but resolute-looking, and a two-column head-line, "Saunders Rook, Self-Slain To-day for Civilization's Sake."

He wiped his brow with his silk handkerchief. It was impossible for him not to think of himself on July fifth; also July sixth, seventh, eighth.

"'July Fourth'"

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"What a lot of dynamite there is in one little word!" he muttered to himself. "What a difference there is between, 'Saunders Rook, the man who is going to commit suicide on the

"Only Ole Svenson, a pastry-cook"

Fourth of July,' and, 'Saunders Rook, the man who *was* going to commit suicide on the Fourth of July!' One is romantic, promising, glorious; the other,—ugh!—the other is the epitaph of a weakling, a turncoat, a failure."

He stopped before a picture-store and moodily gazed at a seascape in the window. He recalled that some sage has said, "Any man can make a reputation; it takes a real man to keep one." He had a reputation, he reflected. He derived pleasure from that fact even now. It was more than he had dared hope for. Three months before it had seemed that he had been cast for a minor rôle in life, the voice of the mob offstage; almost overnight he had attained stardom. He, who had never expected to have a line to speak, had strutted and postured and declaimed in the center of the stage and heard the sweet music of applause. To-day he was a hero; to-morrow he would be a joke. The day was warm, but he shuddered.

A holiday crowd in summer colors was passing. There was laughter in the air. How intelligent the people looked, he mused, and how civilized! A graceful, powerful motor-car purred by.

He paused before a window full of books, and saw many that interested him. He glanced up at the spired heights of a church, and his gaze traveled onward to a new building, towering, shapely, beautiful; men, he reflected, had made it, had shaped the steel and stone to their will. The paper dropped from his fingers, and a passing stranger courteously picked it up, and handed it to Saunders Rook with a friendly smile. Saunders Rook felt an impulse to cry aloud, "This land, these times are n't so rotten, after all." The words died stillborn. Down Fifty-second Street he heard the shrill cry of a newsboy, "All about Saunders Rook, the martyr."

He hurried on toward Central Park. The governor had kept his word; he had called out the militia; alert soldiers with fixed bayonets patrolled the paths and scrutinized the picnickers from under their hat-brims. The green lawns were dotted with blue policemen. They, too, were watchful. Indeed, as Saunders Rook slipped into the park, unrecognized, he saw a burly officer collar a mild, blond little man, and heard the man protesting loudly that he was not Saunders Rook, but only Ole Svenson, a pastry-cook, and

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that the thing he had just eaten was not poison, but a banana. As he left the man struggling in the hands of the law, Saunders Rook shrugged his shoulders, smiled a pale smile, and penetrated deeper into the park.

"They 've gone to a lot of trouble on my account," he said to himself, almost proudly. "It was n't always like that. Funny how little interest people took in me when I only wanted to live."

He picked a flower and stuck it in his buttonhole.

"It 's great to have a reputation," he remarked. Then, as he paced along, added, "But it 's tough to have to live up to it."

He had reached the sequestered end of the reservoir, and, glancing about, saw neither soldier nor policeman in sight.

"Stupid, incompetent fools!" he muttered.

He stood looking down into the cool, clear water. Then he raised his head and drew the fresh air into his lungs, and expelled it with a sigh. How well he felt! Slowly from an inside pocket he took his little red date-book, and with his fountain-pen wrote in his round, precise hand:

"I do this as a protest against the rotten state of civilization. Saunders Rook." He blotted it neatly with a pocket blotter. He looked up at the smiling sky and sighed deeply.

"Still, after all, a reputation is a reputation," he said. Then he jumped.

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Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wiggam Disagree

Drawing by F. G. Cooper

Readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will remember that Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam contributed to the March issue a notable paper on "The New Decalogue of Science." Nothing has been published in any American periodical in twenty years that has aroused so much discussion. Distinguished biologists, psychologists, and sociologists of both America and Europe have vied with one another in praise of its vision, its accuracy, its potentiality for good, if statesmen will only heed its warnings and suggestions. Franklin H. Giddings, Raymond Pearl, Charles B. Davenport, G. Stanley Hall, Dean Inge, Leonard Darwin, and many others have written in commendation of it. But in the midst of this chorus of approval comes a note of dissent from Bernard Shaw. Mr. Wiggam has answered Mr. Shaw in a letter that proves that the scientist no less than the dramatist can make scientific discussion truly entertaining. The correspondence is here presented.—THE EDITOR.

New York City, March 22, 1922.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw,
London, England.

Dear Mr. Shaw:

Mr. Glenn Frank, editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, is desirous of securing comments upon the inclosed brief essay from some of the major prophets. Since Isaiah & Co. are not available, even via Sir Oliver, we naturally turn to you as their present mundane representative.

No doubt Moses would resent my audacious attempt to extend his somewhat pointed remarks designed to restrain human fractiousness; but since the divine choler does not seem to have descended upon your head for your numerous highly successful efforts in this direction, I am hoping that I may be equally fortunate. Indeed, without some preliminary notice from you, it is highly probable that I shall completely escape his august observation. In fact it is entirely owing to this fear on the part of the editor, vastly more intrepid than I am, that he is venturing to suggest that you might use your conspicuous office to gain his favorable attention. You have so long kept the world thoroughly apprised

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of the fact that Sinai is still thundering, that the editor hopes that this modest challenge to the biological ungodly might furnish you with at least a small Jovian bolt to hurl at the heads of the unworthy, particularly should Vulcan happen for the moment to be off duty.

I judge you find yourself in disagreement with the idea of the non-transmissibility of acquired characters, but since I point out that germinal modifications probably are transmitted, and that I am referring only to the hazy ideas of our politicians and social uplifters that Latin grammar, Euclidean geometry, the theory of relativity, and "Back to Methuselah" may be transmitted intact through the chromosomes to coming generations, thus avoiding the necessity of hiring publishers at great expense to do the job, I am in hopes that we may be fundamentally in agreement.

It is needless for the writer to take this opportunity to express his immense personal indebtedness and the incalculable mental expansion that has come to him through the years from his very frequent privilege of both agreeing and disagreeing with you. The debt in both directions is beyond expression. So, if I am able to secure either your agreement or disagreement with the sentiments I have sought in this paper to express, I am sure it will bring to me personally and to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE both elevation of mind and chastening of spirit.

Trusting this may find you enjoying some salubrious recreation that is not sport, I beg to be

Very truly yours,

A. E. WIGGAM

10 Adelphi Terrace, London, W. C. 2.

9th April, 1922.

Dear Sir:

As you ask my opinion of your article in the March "Century," I can only say that you have made a most fearful mess of the job. You begin by taking the extreme "neo-Darwinist" position, demanding a return to barbarism and a whole-hearted reliance on *natural* selection. You then declare that eugenics and artificial selection is the first duty of Government. You deal with the modern demand for equal distribution of the national income as if it were an assertion that all men are equally long, short, clever, dull, etc. You commit yourself to the statement that the more we improve the environment, the more we deteriorate the race, which suggests that Newton and Beethoven would have achieved greater things in mathematics and music if they had been Australian Bushmen.

You go on to say that "the very face and form of men have probably changed under the influence of art," which is the last word in artificial environment. The climax is your tribute to my powers of expanding your mind. I protest I never meant to expand it until it cracked and became utterly fragmentary and discontinuous.

I note that Franklin H. Giddings, Glenn Frank, and Robert H. Davis are deeply impressed. I hope I am not responsible for *their* opinions.

I am sorry I cannot be as encouraging as they are; but really your article is the most reckless thing of the kind I have ever come across. *Do* remember that however ignorant our statesmen may be of science, they are mostly practical debaters, and could

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tear your article to pieces by pouncing on its contradictions without knowing more about the subject than they could pick up from your statement of your own case.

Faithfully,
G. BERNARD SHAW

New York City, April 23, 1922.

My dear Mr. Shaw:

Your tender note of apprehension and appreciation just received, and your unhappy state of mental consternation sympathetically noted. The impact of new ideas often has the unlucky result of inducing temporary cerebral concussion, especially where there has been no previous mental preparation. However, permit the still robust faith of a neo-Darwinian in the ultimate benignity of natural selection to assure you that the effect is not often lethal, and that the universe will soon come round to normalcy again.

What is puzzling my head, however, —that is, the small portion which your expansive art has left intact,— is why I ever asked your opinion upon a matter of biology, when the most casual reading of your "Back to Methuselah" is ample proof that your ignorance of this branch of human knowledge is absolutely exhaustive. Since you evidently regard this curious concatenation of irrelevant absurdities as a work on biology as well as a contribution to evolutionary philosophy and an iconograph of scientific religion, I am reluctantly compelled to refer to it in replying to your epistolary pleasantries conveyed to me by this morning's post. You claim in your preface to this Messianic encyclical that your comedic powers are on the wane. I cannot share your despondency. They were never more brilliant; the more so because unconscious. And your letter to me, indicating that you are unable to distinguish between natural selection and artificial selection, between the individual man and the race, between the methods of evolution and the causes of evolution, between the motion and trend of evolution and the actuating dynamics of the motion, only adds to the evidence that your fears of comedic senescence are not justified.

Now, first, Mr. Shaw, about the causes of evolution we know little and pretend to know little; about the methods of evolution we know a good deal and pretend to know a good deal. I am not going to debate with you here as to the causes of evolution. You have attempted that in your Methuselah book with woeful results. But I do protest, while not wishing to become too technical,—that is, too near the truth for you to follow me,— that the men who are helping us most to get a better understanding of the cause or causes of evolution are not dramatists, such as you, sitting in their studies, imagining what natural processes are like, but men, such as Bateson, Morgan, Davenport, Pearl, Pearson, Loeb, Conklin, Castle, Woods, Wright, East, Doncaster, Ritter, and a thousand others, who spend laborious years trying to find out what actually, not philosophically, happens to the hereditary genes and chromosomes under every conceivable natural and artificial interference. It is *only* such men and such methods that will *ever* give us any true enlightenment upon the central problem of evolution, which is the central problem of the world; namely, its motive power.

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Whether new plants and animals arise and are modified because of a teleological pull or a cosmic push can never be found out by spinning yarns about it in the dramatists' or philosophers' slippers and dressing-gowns. In your Methuselah book you call all these men "poor little dullards" and a "rabble of dolts, blackguards, impostors, quacks, liars and, worst of all, credulous, conscientious fools." This seems to be because when Darwin and the deists and your prodigious infantile perspicacity knocked out your dogmatic theology, which your "richest and consequently most dogmatic uncle" mistook for religion, they failed to give you a new religion in its place.

You have now, you proclaim, found at last a religion in "Creative Evolution." It will certainly add to the tranquillity of nations to learn that you have got yourself a good religion. I hope you will stick to it. But the fact that "Creative Evolution" gives us an inspiring doctrine to live by, a noble, although an utterly unpredictable, outlook upon the future, a kindlier sympathy, and sense of kinship to all that lives, is a wholly different thing from its answering the awful question, "Is it true?" I don't know. But these poor little dolts, dullards, and blackguards who are bravely following Darwin's splendid methodology are at least such courageous blockheads that they are still trying to find out. You are not. Because you have adopted "Creative Evolution" as a religion. And the moment anything in a man's mind becomes a religion, while it may be true, it stops all further investigation to find out if it is true.

Evolution may be, as you maintain, the Holy Ghost made flesh. It would not jolt these liars and conscientious fools a particle if you for once had guessed right. But what does that tell us? What is the Holy Ghost? How does He make Himself into flesh? How does He set up differential sensitivity in this flesh? *How* does He "turn a pond full of amœbas into the French Academy?" These are important questions. And no religious or metaphysical dialectic is going to solve them. Science is the pursuit and discovery of natural facts.

Philosophy and religion are grand adventures into experience, but the more facts these fool naturalists can give us, the further experience can go, and the richer the journey. And I am pragmatist enough to believe that the journey itself is, if not the whole, at least the largest element of truth. But in proclaiming as you do that I and all the other neo-Darwinians, which includes many of the noblest and most religious minds of our time, are "without imagination, metaphysics, poetry, conscience or decency," I doubt if the candid judgment of mankind is going to accept you as the final iconographer of either philosophy or religion. When you urge them in effect to put away their microscopes, mathematical calculations, and controlled experiments on bile ducts (which seems to have peculiarly roused your bile) and prepare for the coming of the Lord, I doubt if these dolts and dullards are going to have sense enough to do it. Truly, Mr. Shaw, this is all your Methuselah book amounts to in so far as being, as you evidently intend it to be, a contribution to the problems of exact science. I refer to it because your letter merely repeats its apostolic pronouncements.

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You begin by calling me a "neo-Darwinist," as though that settled something. All your life you have been putting labels on things and people as though that explained anything to anybody. I have asked several good biologists just what a neo-Darwinist is, and they feel ill at ease upon the point. If you mean a biologist who believes, or believes that Darwin believed, that selection alone, with nothing to select, will create a new character, I doubt if there are any neoes. If you mean a biologist who believes that selection, with its accompanying adaptation, is a very great agent, perhaps the greatest and possibly the sole agent in determining the trend of evolution, I think you will find the majority of biologists are neo-Darwinists, and consequently, like myself, without conscience or decency. But there are also half a dozen other brands of indecency which have been advanced as tentative suggestions to explain evolution since Weismann and Mendel gave us a deeper insight into biological mechanics. I imagine that their professors, too, would have the intellectual pride to wish to be included in your bunch of conscienceless blockheads.

It is easy, on the other hand, to spot a neo-Lamarckian, like you. This is because you were breathing your last scientific gasp when Weismann saw through his microscope that the germ-cells are set aside from the body-cells at a very early stage, which shifted almost the whole problem of evolution from the body-cells to the germ-cells.

Now, just what are the stupendous problems both in the mechanics and philosophy of evolution which this discovery has raised, I beg you let us not confuse our lay readers by entering into here. A vast deal of fine, sustained thinking on the vitalistic side is contained in the Gifford Lectures of Professors Hans Driesch and J. Arthur Thomson, as well as in the brilliant speculations of Professor Bergson. A vast deal of fine, sustained thinking on the mechanistic side is contained in Professor W. K. Brooks's philosophical "Foundations of Zoölogy" and Jacques Loeb's "Mechanistic Interpretation of Life." A vast deal of fine, sustained bosh on the whole subject is contained in your preface to Methuselah. Indeed, as a student of natural phenomena, I cannot go through this biological curiosity shop and discover that you are able to find in the imperial brain of Charles Darwin, which gave us the most brilliant generalization of the nineteenth century, nothing but "an industrious and intelligent pigeon fancier" without some reflections upon both the colossal capacities as well as the duplex mechanism of your own mind. Searching through nature, as a biologist does, for morphological and functional similarities, I am forcibly struck by the neurological construction of the dinosaur which, by this Lamarckian wishing process which you find to be the chief urge in evolution, succeeded in providing himself with a brain, both fore and aft. He is described with great psychological and biological accuracy by our late poet Bert Leston Taylor. And I submit Mr. Taylor's poetico-paleontological reflections only to ask if you have ever felt any mental kinship with this noble specimen of pre-Shavian times.

Behold the mighty Dinosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore
Not only for his weight and length,

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But for his intellectual strength.
You will observe by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place)
The other at his spinal base.
Thus he could reason *a priori*
As well as *a postierori*.
No problem bothered him a bit;
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
Each thought filled just a spinal column.
If one brain found the pressure strong,
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind,
'T was rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught,
He had a saving afterthought.
As he thought twice before he spoke,
He had no judgments to revoke;
For he could think without congestion
Upon both sides of every question.

O gaze upon this model beast
Defunct ten million years at least.

I introduce you to each other only for mutual contemplation and comparison.

Now, so far as I am concerned, I have nothing to say here against "Creative Evolution" except to point out, what seems to escape you, that, if true, it introduces us to a world of experimental indeterminism. In order that you and the lay reader may follow me, I mean that if you set up an experiment, you cannot predict how it will turn out or that it will turn out twice the same way, because you cannot tell how this inner vitalistic principle, this "entelechy," this Holy Ghost made flesh of yours, is going to jump. Professor H. C. Jennings pointed this out long ago, and Professor Driesch admitted its truth. The universe may be just this sort of uncertain proposition, although a good deal of experiment leads us to believe it is not. But since you believe it is, it is not surprising that you should seem to seek to tie yourself in with entelechies and creative evolutionary theories for fear you might fall out. Should this untoward event take place, the whole world would lose one of its supreme dramatists, although science would have no cause to grieve.

You are entirely right in saying that we neo-Darwinians have a comfortable reliance upon natural selection and that we believe that a little eugenics and intelligent artificial selection would aid the process. Instead of *us* "demanding a return to barbarism," it is nature herself who will set up, indeed enforce, the demand. If we are such fools, as all previous civilizations have been, as to cease producing leaders and turn our intellectual conquests over to the morons, as we are rapidly doing, in a short time these barbarians will be dancing their orgies above our now brain-packed skulls. They will even forget the polite and mellifluous language in which you and I are addressing each other. Our civilization, like all others, will prove merely a brief biological joy ride. "Nature," as Sir Ray Lankester, surely as good a biologist as Shaw, has said, "will wreck upon us the vengeance she *always* has in store for the half-hearted meddler in great affairs." As I pointed out in my brief essay, man dare not be a half-hearted meddler, as he is now, in this great affair of his own evolution. And eugenics,—artificial selection,—which is merely rightly directed political, social, educational, economic, and religious selection, offers our only way out, because eugenics seeks to improve life. And if we can improve life, we can

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improve all else. But neo-Darwinians have the comfortable feeling that even should we fail to apply eugenics, and should as a result plunge into barbarism, natural selection, grim Moloch that it is, would in time produce, God wot, even brighter lights than you and I to guide men into a goodly social order again. Evolution may do even better than it has done. But if man relies upon your vague assurance, if we continue to defy the Holy Ghost made flesh by breeding from our worst instead of from our middlings and best, that this beneficent Spirit will forgive us our biological sins and refuse to sick natural selection on us again, barbarism is precisely the mess into which your fatuous mysticism will land us. Unfortunately, neither natural selection nor creative evolution has yet evolved an organ of common sense. And whether or not our statesmen will listen to you and refuse to apply eugenics is still on the knees of the gods.

Coming to the next point in your gracious ejaculations, when you state that I "deal with the modern demand for an equal distribution of the national income as equivalent to the assertion that all men are equally tall, short, clever, dull, etc.," you make two mistakes; first, that there *is* any such demand and, second, that I was including you and your extreme fellow-socialists among the statesmen. This is merely an oversight on your part. I had no such fantastic intention.

You tell me furthermore that I say, "the more we improve the environment, the more do we deteriorate the race." This is on a par with your solemn assurance in your Methuselah preface that Professor Weissman drew the inference that acquired characters are not transmitted because, after cutting off the tails of a few mice, he found, what you yourself say that you or any fool could have told him beforehand, that their children and grandchildren were born with just as good tails as their forebears. Could scientific mountebankery go further? The enormous inference that somatic modifications are not transmitted in a representative way, whether true or false, as you know perfectly well and knew when you wrote this libel upon painstaking scientific work, is based upon far profounder evidence than this. Yet I submit that any layman whose sole source of information was your book would honestly suppose that one of the largest generalizations of modern science was reached from no other evidence than the amputation of the caudal appendages of a few mice over which horrible vivisection you later shed a quantity of Shavian tears. And any one reading your letter and not my article would honestly suppose that I said what you say I said. But permit me to repeat the offensive passage as I wrote it: "The more you 'improve' the environment of plants, animals, or men without selection, the more rapidly do they deteriorate." The injection of the words "without selection" places the statement not only in a different scientific category, but in a different age of the world's biological thinking.

Getting down to facts, every farmer knows that if he saves *all* his potatoes for seed as we save *all* human beings for reproduction,—except where our statesmen make conditions so hard for the successful in every line but economics that they can't reproduce because they have n't money enough

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to raise their children,—that the potatoes he plants in rich, improved soil will produce more weaklings than those raised in hard, sterile soil, which kills off the weak and puny. And if he keeps this up, the rich soil will deteriorate his breed more rapidly than the poor soil unless he selects the fit for parentage. And men, at least some men, are not different from potatoes, at least some potatoes.

Let us be generous for a moment, Mr. Shaw, and let the public in on how this selection business works. Let us for argument's sake make the debatable assumption that if I were sitting in a parquet theater seat watching your "Back to Methuselah," I would be in an improved environment. Next, suppose that the physical capacity to endure and the intellectual capacity to enjoy the complete cycle of this play were the sole test of a man's social fitness to survive, and carry on the richest values of civilization. But suppose the ones who could not sit it through were privileged to go out and raise a bunch of progeny, as they could easily do before the play is finished; and imagine that those who could go through it alive were thereby sterilized, which is quite conceivable.

I think, then, even you will admit that there would be nobody left to appreciate a second performance. Dramatic barbarism would have been achieved at one bound. Instead of speaking as Edmund Burke did to "empty benches and future generations," you would have spoken to full benches and empty future generations.

Now, this is not far different from the situation in which civilization places mankind. Those who could sit through your play would be the finest intellects and most artistic souls of the race; moreover, they would be endowed with rare powers of physical endurance: but they would have no children to perpetuate their virtues, while the mob that despised your play and despises all the high values of any culture would people the world. The political, social, and economic factors which enable our brightest people to make such exalting achievements are the very factors which sterilize them. Ample evidence shows that they suffer no physiological sterilization, but undergo a psychological sterilization, which, so far as evolution is concerned, is the same thing. The men who have the abilities to attain and create the rewards of civilization are the very ones who in its later stages that very civilization pushes to the biological wall.

Of course selection goes on. Selection, whether you believe in it or not, *always* goes on. If you had the patience and wit to gain an understanding of Professor Pearson's "Mathematical Contributions to the Theory of Evolution," or of the occurrence of sex-linked lethal selection noted by Morgan, Little, and Gibbon, or F. A. Woods's proof that mental and moral qualities are associated and that moral people live longer under natural conditions than immoral people and rear more progeny, which guarantees the moral progress of mankind by selection, unless our statesmen set up social conditions which counteract selection, you would be convinced that this is not my personal fancy. I cannot survey your numerous references to biological treatises and your meager understanding of the same without reflecting upon the melancholy exclamation of Jonah after re-

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turning from his seafaring adventure, "I have travelled far and seen little." In Jonah's case, however, his success as a reporter was due entirely to physical limitations. Just as it would seem to be your first duty in the above hypothetical situation to shorten your play, that your auditors would not be killed off, so it would seem the prime, original basic object of getting civilized at all, and the first duty of government would be to set up those conditions of home-building, sound family life, air, food, freedom from taxation to take care of increasing hordes of unfit, freedom from being placed in the front line of battle and getting killed, and a thousand and one other economic, social, and spirituals elective factors which would prevent the unfit from getting born on the one hand, and to minister to adaptive and preferential fecundity among the fit on the other. I admit my analogy is not complete, but it is sufficiently so to be painfully suggestive.

Your statement about Newton and Beethoven completely discourages me. You have more mental agility than I or else a deeper biological insight, if you can see what connection there is between the deteriorative effects of improved environment without selection and the things these gentlemen would have done in mathematics and music had they been Australian Bushmen. You say it suggests this conclusion to your mind. Well, it does not to mine. As I said, you do not distinguish between the individual man and the race. If you mean the improved environment of Germany and England *produced* Beethoven and Newton, you know nothing about either psychology or biology. If you mean the bad environment of Australia prevented the Bushmen from *producing* Newtons and Beethovens, the inference is the same. Newton and Beethoven made their great achievements, first, because they were great mutants of a great race, and, second, because this great race by its great powers, due quite largely, I think, to the adaptive selection of a hard climate, built a noble environment that furnished the tools and conditions for these individual achievements. As related to men of their own time and race they were colossal performers. Their race as related to the Bushmen in the fields of music and mathematics is a colossal race. In a fist fight they may be inferior. The individual units within a race vary much more widely from one another than do the average units of different races. The average European is somewhat above, not vastly above, the average Bushman as a whole; but the supreme European in these directions, at least, is a mountain peak to a molehill compared with the supreme Bushman. The probability is, though it is not proved, that it is not ability, but variability, that makes progress. Certain it is that the great dramatic mutants, such as Shaw and Shakspere, give us our only truly permanent drama. But the Bushmen have so far shown no power to vary in the direction of such priceless persons. They consequently have a poor environment as *we* look at it, but a perfect environment as *nature* looks at it, because nature, as we silly neoes look at it, has no "aim" except the adaptation of organisms to environment. For this reason, as nature views him, the Eskimo is no doubt an evolutionary triumph, but from our idealistic point of view he

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is an intellectual and artistic fizzle. But what racial deterioration due to reversed selection has to do with the individual achievements of the Newtons and Beethovens I fail to see except that with our reversed selection the great blood that produced them will soon become a weak and pulseless stream of evolutionary water.

You express surprise and some degree of personal responsibility because my mind has cracked under the influence of your art. Let me hasten to say there is no thought on my part of applying for damages. Indeed, if I applied for anything, it would be for repairs. But, please note, I said that the faces of men had probably *changed* under the influence of art. I did not say they had always improved. It seems, though, to me that so thoroughgoing a Lamarckian as you, who believes acquired characters are transmitted wholesale, would at times feel a fearful responsibility. If the grimaces and guffaws, some happy and some otherwise, which you have so long produced upon the faces of the public are going to be transmitted, God pardon us for being glad we began our studies in physiognomy and facial beauty, shortly to be published, before the transformation set in.

As to your fears about the opinions of Professor Giddings and Messrs. Frank and Davis, I am not familiar with their intellectual histories; but since your writings on evolution were published before mine, I doubt if you need feel any deep responsibility for their agreement with me.

The generous tribute you pay to my recklessness of speech, coming from you, is indeed praise from Sir Philip. I understand for the first time the feelings of a man who has just won from his chief his *croix de guerre*.

There are two *objets d'art* in your Methuselahenic collection of biological curiosities, Mr. Shaw, that I am sure will engage the jocund attention of the future historian of the evolution theory. The first is that Darwinism or neo-Darwinism must be wrong because the Germans tried to prove it with poison gas and submarines. The second is that just because we can think faster than our brute ancestors, acquired characters must have been transmitted. Just because the Germans were bad marksmen and worse biologists is neither proof nor disproof of any law of nature. And just because our ratiocinative rapidity is greater than our brute relatives is neither proof nor disproof as to how it came about. It is certainly obvious that in time of danger the rapid-fire thinkers would escape more frequently than the slow and dull, and that you and I, we readily admit, are descendants of the former; but how these hair-trigger thinkers arose is just the whole problem of evolution. I merely point out this lovely *faux pas* of yours to say that if acquired characters are inherited, and, in the sense of heritable germinal modifications, I should not be surprised to learn that they are, it will not be by Shaw's methods, but by the exact and exacting experimental procedures of such men as Guyer and Jennings that the fact will become established. Just because you cannot think offhand of any other way by which evolution has proceeded, is no disproof that a little experimentation may reveal a hundred and one other ways that you never would or could have thought of. Laboratories are built

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to supplement parlors and pulpits, a fact which the occupants of the latter have not yet fully recognized.

Finally, my dear friend,—at least I hope that the passing of these complimentary pleasantries has made us personal friends,—your fear that I should suffer from the hands of "practical debaters" is equaled only by my own alarm lest lethal selection would instantly beset you should you fall into the hands of experimental biologists. They are such indecent rapscallions and such lovers of truth that, as Huxley said, they have n't the slightest respect for authority, and "the traditions of a thousand years sound [to them] like the mere heresay of yesterday." Among truth-seekers and fearless logicians I should gravely fear for your safety.

But permit me to say that it was just because our statesmen *are* "practical debaters" and can easily convince the public of the beauty and beneficence of an income tax which takes away from half to three fourths of the wealth created by the farsighted and able to apply it to making conditions favorable for the halfwitted to reproduce their kind, by proving that your grandmother had a wart on the end of her nose, that I got together all the good words I could think of to call their attention to their oversight of biological principles. They are not stupid men; they are untrained men. Moreover, they are men of immense kindness of heart. You say yourself that your Lamarckianism is "mystical" and hard to understand, while my Darwinism can be understood even by fools. Scientists and practical men are much more likely to accept the simple and easy in preference to the mystical and hard. And I honestly believe that their kindness of heart and decent wish to improve the race will respond much more readily to the simple showing of facts which I gave them that many of their best intentioned measures reverse forward and upward-going selection and set up a backward and downward-going selection than to your preaching a creative evolutionary religion and Lamarckian mysticism, which you say yourself nobody but "trained, apt, and comprehensive thinkers" can understand.

As you ring up the curtain on your Lamarckian drama "Methuselah," and step aside in order that the auditors may begin to enjoy themselves, you state that your reason for assuming the rôle of iconographer of a new scientific religion is that your "mental powers are waning." This I regret; not your stepping aside, but your depressing autodiagnosis. But this, if true, would seem all the more reason why plain facts, accepted by virtually every biologist in the world, the only persons competent to speak upon such matters, should be welcomed by hard-headed men in preference to mystical philosophies beyond their ken. The practical debater takes what he can understand in preference to what he can't. No statesman will ever enact a system of philosophy. And thus by your own showing he will put my simple, practical suggestions into real legislation for a real world, and reserve your impractical dramatizing and philosophizing to beguile his mind and compose his spirit when he retires for an hour of virtuous merriment into the unreal world of the theater.

Very cordially yours,

A. E. WIGGAM

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Six Woodcuts

By J. J. Lankes

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Winter

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The meeting-house

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The tavern

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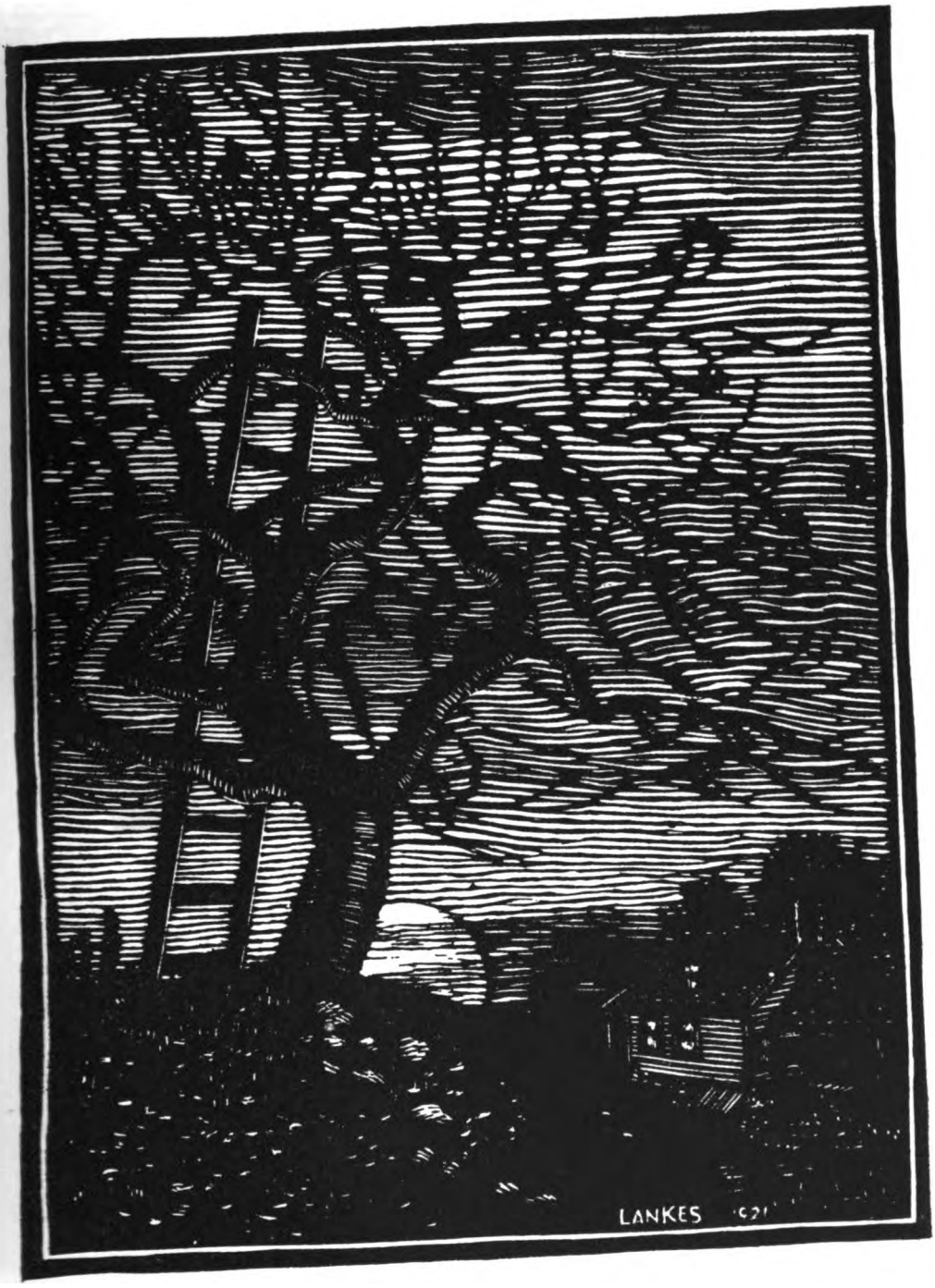

October

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A tail-piece

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Admiral Horthy

By EUGENE S. BAGGER

Drawing by PAUL ROCHE

HE is a handsome man, this Hungarian admiral, and he knows it. He is also a practical person, and he knows how to exploit his impressive appearance as a political asset. British and American correspondents who have interviewed him since his accession to power in November, 1919, rarely fail to note the resemblance he bears to Admiral Beatty. To be sure, that resemblance increases in reverse ratio with the square of the correspondent's familiarity with the hero of Heligoland: it is more apparent to Americans than to Englishmen; it is more apparent after dinner than before. The cuisine of the royal castle at Budapest is excellent, and its wine cellar is famous.

But whether or not the likeness is real, the myth that has grown up around it is a very real item on the credit side of Horthy's balance-sheet. In strange lands, after all, anything that reminds of home, however slightly, is a source of comfort; and to bewildered Anglo-Saxon reporters, thrown by fate into a country whose psychology they understand as little as its language, the tilt of Admiral Horthy's cap affords one of the few links with known reality. The cap is the cap of Beatty; whose head the head may be is of less importance to reporters, overworked priests of the great modern cult of the obvious. They accept Horthy at the face-value of Admiral Beatty's cap.

At a conservative estimate thirty-three per cent. of Admiral Horthy's prestige in England and America is accounted for by his cap. Fifty per cent., say, of it is due to the belief, assiduously fostered by a well organized propaganda, that it was he who put an end to the Hungarian Commune. The remaining seventeen per cent. is derived from his reputation as Hungary's savior from the Hapsburgs.

Now, it is true that Horthy is responsible for the killing of a great many Bolsheviki, and, as will be seen, of a great many non-Bolsheviki as well; and laudable though that achievement may appear to some, to the unprejudiced mind it is not the equivalent of his having defeated Bolshevism. And as to Horthy being the man who kept the Hapsburgs out of Hungary—well, it is a fact that he was present when the sun of Charles's hopes set for the last time. Even so was *Chantecler* present at sunrise. But *Chantecler*, with his sense of humor stirred to life at the wrong moment, went down in tragedy; whereas Horthy, who has no sense of humor at all, but, instead, a very keen sense of business, proceeded to present the bill. "For one Hapsburg sunset, a blank check, drawn by the Entente

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on the people of Hungary to the order of Nicholas Horthy, Regent." The bill was approved, the voucher issued. It was not the first instance in Horthy's career that he cashed in on a coincidence.

He is nothing if not unoriginal. He takes the patterns for his actions and gestures, like his successes, wherever he finds them. By the way, it is not only his cap that reminds of Lord Beatty. It 's his chin, too. Once he explained to the correspondent of a New York newspaper that he was determined to maintain law and order at all cost. Of Admiral Horthy's conception of law and order more anon. He quoted a pronunciamento he had made to a deputation of workers. " 'Remember,' he had said, 'that I am here to keep order, and'—*here the Admiral's jaw squared like Beatty's*, and his fist crashed down on his desk—'I am going to keep order.' " Was that squaring of the jaw spontaneous or was it aimed consciously at effect? We don't pretend to know. What we know is that it scored a full hit. British heroes ought to copyright their features.

Another historic character to whom he paid the tribute of flattery's sincerest form is Henry of Navarre. To that great Huguenot Paris was worth a mass. Budapest was worth another to Horthy, descendant of stiff-necked Calvinists. Rumor has it that in 1920, on his elevation to the regency, he embraced Roman Catholicism, not unmindful, add the malignant, of the provision of Hungarian basic law limiting succession to the throne to Roman Catholics. Be that as it may, it is certain that Horthy the Calvinist attends mass regularly, and he has been photographed kissing the banner of the Virgin Mary, ancient emblem of Catholic Hungary. It is an emblem not unknown to some of Horthy's own Calvinist ancestors, perhaps, chained by a Hapsburg king to Neapolitan galley-benches.

Nor does his patent connection with the Roman Church end with this act of homage. Terrible to heretics, that church can be most gracious to the returned prodigal. To Horthy belongs the distinction, not divulged before this in English print, of being the first Calvinist canonized at the suggestion of Rome.

That same Catholic renaissance, reigning in Hungary since the overthrow of the Soviet, which revived the long-abandoned banner of the Holy Virgin, postulated that the Hungarian army be provided with a special patron saint. Application for a patron saint was officially made to the Holy See, which in due time named St. John of Capistrano, a Neapolitan monk whose fiery eloquence helped the recruiting campaigns of John Hunyadi, scourge of the Turks in the fifteenth century.

Now this appointment pleased the Catholic element of the country, but it displeased the Calvinists, whose power in Hungary, though far less articulate and at present rather dormant, is potentially quite considerable. For once these Protestants lived up to their name and protested against pasting a sectarian label over the national army. This protest did not embarrass the chaplain-general, the Roman Catholic Bishop Zadravecz. If, he said, the Calvinists resented that the army should have a Catholic patron saint, why, it was perfectly simple: there ought to be a Calvinist patron saint, too. Would

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the High Presbytery kindly suggest one of its own saints for the office of co-patron? The amazed Calvinists replied that they were obliged for the kindness, but that they had no saints. And now Bishop Zadravecz had an inspiration. He ordered a large panel painted for the church of the Budapest garrison—a panel representing St. John of Capistrano, the fighting Franciscan of Naples, with Nicholas Horthy, the Calvinist admiral. Between the two the likeness of Bishop Zadravecz himself was portrayed.

In this triptych Admiral Horthy appears mounted on his white horse. That white horse, like Beatty's cap, has become a fixture of the Horthy myth; like the cap, it is a plagiarism. Its spiritual ancestor, as it were, was the celebrated black horse of the French royalist General Boulanger. He rode this white horse when, in November, 1919, he entered Budapest as a conqueror at the head of his national army, with the Banner of the Virgin waving above his, alas! heretical head.

That ride was one of the climaxes of Admiral Horthy's career. Official Hungary celebrated the event as a great victory over the Rumanians, who had evacuated the city on the day before. Official Hungary disregarded the trifling detail that there was no causal connection between the Rumanian withdrawal and Horthy's entry. The national army had never had a chance to fire a shot at King Ferdinand's troops, who left because the Allies at Paris ordered them to leave.

§ 2

There is one point on which both Horthy's enemies and his friends emphatically agree—that he is the prototype of his class and the symbol of that class returned to power. Hungarians call this class, with a word borrowed from English, gentry; squirearchy would probably describe it better.

Up to 1848 that class, together with the aristocracy, was the sole possessor of the land and of political and civil rights. The serfs—*glebæ adstricti* since 1514—paid their tithes and their taxes, worshiped God and the landlord, and bred and died like cattle. The aristocrats were absentees, mostly at the Vienna court, in whose atmosphere they were slowly denationalized. In the seventeenth century most of the great noble houses were reclaimed from Protestantism by Hapsburg counter-reformation. This fact accentuated the cleavage between them and the gentry, which remained Calvinist to a large extent. In contrast to the Austrianized nobles, the squirearchy preserved intact the old national customs and traditions, including a thorough contempt for the national language. Up to the nineteenth century a sort of pidgin-Latin was the official and the polite idiom. These gentry lived in their manors a life of idleness tempered by a little husbandry, a good deal of hunting, eating, and drinking, and peppered by occasional outbursts of rhetoric which they called politics. Upon culture they looked down as something alien and therefore detestable. They seduced pretty peasant girls and administered corporeal punishment to indignant peasant fathers.

Originally their *levées-en-masse*, called "noble insurrections," provided defense for the country against external enemies. But gradually these

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levées ceased, and the country was protected by professional armies of royal mercenaries and impressed serfs, the expenses being conveniently borne by the serfs who escaped impressment. The gentry were in eternal opposition to the central Government, which they denounced as alien oppression. This also was a convenient arrangement, as it afforded an excuse for dodging public service and for glorifying passive resistance and political ca'canny as patriotism. Even their stiff-necked Calvinism became by and by not so much a matter of religious fervor as a political tradition, a mode of teasing the Catholic court. It was the gentry who frustrated the enlightened reforms of Joseph II, disciple of Frederick the Great and noblest of Hapsburg rulers. When Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich's brilliant friend, said Asia began at the gates of Vienna, he had in mind this Hungarian squirearchy, retrograde, narrow, and cruel.

The reform laws of 1848 abolished serfdom and the nobility's privileges, including exemption from taxes, and enfranchized the burghers and propertied peasants. That was a terrible blow to the squirearchy. Deprived of the fruits of the tithe and *corvée*, they actually had to get up and work for a living. But worse things were yet to come. In 1868 the Jews of Hungary, mostly old settlers whose lot had been on the whole fairly good, were emancipated. That was the *coup de grâce* to the patriarchal economy. Western methods of commerce, industry, and credit were introduced, with free competition safeguarded by law.

The great noble houses, with their immense wealth, weathered the storm, some of the more intellectually mobile aristocrats even rode the crest of the wave; but the gentry went down rapidly. Unwilling to surrender old standards of life, unwilling to learn the new profitable pursuits, they sold or mortgaged their estates and their emancipation bonds, and squandered the remnants of their patrimony in wild revels, frequently followed by suicide, more often by the slow death of genteel poverty in some county sinecure. On the other hand, the power of the Jews, thrifty, provident, quick to learn the new Western ways, increased in proportion. At the outbreak of the World War Hungary was ruled by the alliance of great aristocratic families and the new class of industrial and financial magnates. The country was still an oligarchy, but the type changed from a semi-Oriental patriarchal rule of the squirearchy to a more Westernized system of large-scale exploitation.

The collapse of the Hapsburg Empire in October, 1918, ended this chapter of Hungarian evolution. The revolution of October, headed by a radical aristocrat, Count Michael Károlyi, was the work of two elements which gathered strength in the preceding decades of gradual Westernization—the bourgeois intellectuals, mostly Jewish, and the industrial workers of Budapest.

It was a very mild affair, indeed, this Revolution of the White Aster; its leaders were middle-class liberal theorists or Fabian socialists; its aim was to establish peace with the Allies, friendship with the non-Magyar races, and to reorganize the state on lines of Western democracy. The aspirations and the intellectual level of the movement were high, but it had no

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Admiral Nicholas Horthy

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root in the politically undeveloped masses; it was top-heavy.

Had Károlyi succeeded in dividing the great estates, with compensation to the old owners, among the peasantry, he would have won the support of the latter and would probably have endured. But the blows of a short-sighted Allied policy (*"Les vainqueurs sont toujours boches,"* wrote Oscar Jászi, the brilliant leader of intellectual radicals) and of a Russian-financed Bolshevik propaganda of returned war prisoners from within undermined his authority. Károlyi fell; the Soviet came into power. But the Soviet had even less vital strength behind it than the liberal revolution; it was born of despair, a makeshift run by a group of stupid, ill educated adventurers, and narrow-minded, if honest, dogmatists. Instead of trying to win over the peasants, the one real, if inarticulate, power in the country, they did everything to antagonize them. The Hungarian Commune was on the point of collapse from inner rottenness when the Rumanian attack at the end of July, 1919, dealt it the death-blow.

The Rumanians entered Budapest and disarmed not only the communists, who at this time were throwing away their arms voluntarily, but also the anti-communist trade-unionists. They did not disarm the White Guards, formed either beyond the frontiers of Soviet power or in Budapest at the moment of the overturn. Three months later the Rumanians left on orders from Paris. At that moment the only organized power in the country was the army of White Guard detachments, and these White Guards represented an armed class, the gentry.

After a lapse of almost eighty years suddenly the Magyar gentry was back in the seat of supreme power, unchallenged. It was a return with a vengeance, only too literally so. Their leader and standard-bearer was Admiral Nicholas Horthy.

It was in the days of the Soviet régime at Budapest that a few hundred officers of the old Austro-Hungarian army formed at Szegedin a counter-revolutionary government. Szegedin was beyond the reach of Bela Kun's power, in the zone assigned by the terms of the armistice to the Jugoslavs, and was garrisoned by French colonial troops. A cabinet was appointed, or, rather, appointed itself, but this cabinet had no real attribute of power except a small volunteer army consisting exclusively of officers on the Russian counter-revolutionary pattern. It had no constructive policy, no program, no working plan beyond the engineering of anti-communist intrigue at Budapest. It was financed by French subsidies and by "voluntary" contributions of wealthy Szegedin Jews, whose patriotic zeal was stimulated by visits of grim-looking officers carrying rather obviously big Mauser pistols in their holsters. The one thing that forged these men into a potential political instrument was their hatred of Bela Kun and his gang. They might have adopted as their motto, *"Hang the Bolsheviki; after that the deluge."*

But this hatred, this lust of revenge, sought out the communists at Budapest only as the nearest target at hand, as the scapegoat conveniently substituted for a much more dangerous, but much less palpable, enemy. Almost without exception these officers belonged to the gentry, the class dis-

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possessed from its privileges during the last half-century. They were victims of the evolution that wound its way through industrialization toward modern Western democracy, and reached a premature pinnacle in the brief period of the Károlyi republic. In this evolution Soviet rule was a mere interlude, a diversion, and delay rather than a realized aim.

The more sophisticated among the officers and bureaucrats perceived that their real enemy was not violent revolution, which, after all, could be countered by more violence, but democratic evolution, with its subtle and irresistible processes. Now, the carriers, the agents of that evolution, were the intellectual and commercial *bourgeoisie*, consisting mostly of Jews. But most of the communist leaders were Jews, too. Here was a coincidence, and in a sense something more substantial than a coincidence, that, as the leaders of the counter-revolutionists realized, afforded a great simplification, which could be exploited for purposes of propaganda.

To the great majority of the officers, of course, these considerations never occurred. All they could understand was that an intangible something, some sort of a human earthquake, had swept away the foundations of the old Hungarian state, with its comfortable class privileges, had destroyed the Austro-Hungarian army, and with the army their own livelihood. All they knew was that if they could not be officers and gentlemen, they would have to starve. That intangible hostile something now resulted in putting a bunch of "dirty Jews" into power. But even before the revolution it was "dirty Jews" to whom their fathers had mortgaged or sold their estates, who had the best lawyers' and physicians' practices, owned the factories, bought and sold the produce of the land, ran the newspapers, and introduced all kinds of alien notions, French, English, German, into the country. In a word, the Jews were at the bottom of all the misery that befell the "historical" class, the chief pillar of Magyar nationhood, the gentry. The Jews had to go. The mood of the officers was symbolized by one Captain Pronay, head of one of the Szegedin detachments, as the officers' units were called, who swore that he would not rest until he killed one thousand Jews with his own hands. The officers drilled by day; at night they drank to the day that was to end forever the rule of communists, liberals, intellectuals, and other Jews.

The commander-in-chief of this officers' army was Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya, vice-admiral of the old Austro-Hungarian navy. He was the son of a fairly prosperous Calvinist squire of County Szabolcs, on the Eastern edge of the great Hungarian plain. Young Horthy went in for a naval career, a very unusual thing among members of his class, who commonly regarded the cavalry as the only arm worthy of their choice. The navy was a purely imperial, un-Magyar institution. Naval officers had to be educated at Pola; they had to speak German; they had nothing to do with horses; they thus were apt to become denationalized. To this very day Nicholas Horthy speaks Hungarian with a German accent. His advancement in the navy was good. He was assigned to the general staff, and later appointed aide to the old Emperor Francis Joseph, a rare honor for a Magyar and a Calvinist.

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In the war Captain Horthy commanded the cruiser *Novara*, ominously named after Radetzky's victory over the Piedmontese in 1848. He displayed considerable physical courage, the kind of dash which is the mark of cavalry officers of his class. It was his squadron that repeatedly shelled Italian coast cities. He was wounded in the Battle of Otranto. But his supreme exploit, the one that brought him the rank of admiral, was the quelling of the naval mutiny at Cattaro. It was a most characteristic exploit in more than one sense.

§ 3

The men who rebelled at Cattaro were, like the majority of the Austro-Hungarian naval personnel, Jugoslavs, Croat-speaking Dalmatians, since Roman days among the best sailors in Europe. What caused the mutiny is not quite clear; some say it was too much Jugoslav national feeling, others, too much sauerkraut. One day the red flag was hoisted on several destroyers and light cruisers in the harbor, and officers on board were disarmed. A loyal somebody in the land fortress flashed out a radio call for help

There was a fleet of German submarines in the Strait of Otranto. A squadron was despatched at full speed to deal with the mutineers. The submarines entered the harbor; a few shots were fired; the mutineers surrendered unconditionally. When all was over, Horthy appeared on the scene. His cruiser hoisted the imperial ensign; the ship's band struck up the imperial anthem; and henceforth Horthy was known as the "Hero of Cattaro." He court-martialed the rebels and had a number of them shot. Soon he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral.

When the end came, a particularly odious and humiliating task fell to Horthy's lot: he was instructed to turn over the entire Austro-Hungarian fleet to the Jugoslavs. From that moment the Austro-Hungarian navy was a mere memory, and Horthy was an admiral only *in partibus infidelium*, having no more to do with a fleet than the Roman Archbishop of Trebizond has to do with his diocese. A prouder soul might have discarded the admiral's uniform, now the token of defeat and disgrace; a more realistic spirit would have sought new fields of patriotic endeavor, would have adapted itself to the exigencies of a situation where Hungary's interests lay in forgetting as quickly about armies and navies as possible. Not so Horthy. He wore his naval uniform when he retired into the steppes of his paternal estate in County Szabolcs, and did not emerge until the formation of the counter-revolutionary government at Szegedin.

When Bela Kun fell, Horthy asked the French command for permission to enter Budapest with his troops. But they were not wanted there by the Rumanians, and the French, none too loath to be rid of the boisterous and rather useless auxiliaries, allowed them to cross into the Trans-Danubian country. Horthy now established headquarters at the popular bathing resort Siófok, on Lake Balaton. The detachments were turned loose on the country-side.

What followed now is comparable only to the record of the Turks in Armenia; nothing in recent European history furnishes a parallel. Before leaving Szegedin Horthy issued to the

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detachment chiefs blanket warrants "to pronounce and execute sentence on the guilty." Under the pretext of searching for and punishing communists, the officers raided and plundered villages, outraged women, maltreated and killed Jews and whomever else incurred their displeasure. The brutality of the acts committed and the flimsiness of the excuses proffered surpass belief. Old grudges were settled in a summary fashion. Years ago a distressed squire may have sold his harvest to a Jew for what he thought was a bad price. Now the squire came back, chief of a communist-hunting squad; he seized the Jew, hanged him, and took his property. Or else an officer would see a Jew wearing a new suit of clothes. He would shoot the Jew and expropriate the suit. In several places the Catholic priests themselves tried to protect innocent Jews; they were hanged on the spot. It should be remembered that well-to-do Jews had suffered just as much under communism as Christians, but that did not make any difference; they were arrested, tortured, and murdered. The number of victims who perished in these atrocities can be put between five and six thousand. I have no space to relate these horrors in detail; reliable accounts may be found in the files of the Manchester "Guardian," of Vienna, Prague, and Italian newspapers. But I have to tell of two incidents which help in rounding out the portrait of the Hero of Cattaro.

One of the terror detachments was headed by a Count Salm, a Hungarian officer of Austrian descent. He had achieved unenviable fame by an exploit at Dunafoeldvar, where he murdered a wealthy Jewish merchant, not without having previously exacted a ransom for safe-conduct. After the murder the count not only took all cash and valuables from the victim's house, but also pulled a pair of brand-new shoes off his feet, remarking that dead Jews needed no new shoes. But Count Salm's most substantial claim to a reputation rests on a case of the Jewish millionaire Albert Freund de Toszeg, member of one of the greatest industrial families of Hungary. Count Salm's party raided Freund's château, near Lake Balaton. Without further ado, without even a pretext, the millionaire was condemned to be hanged in the presence of his wife. The peasants of the village witnessed the proceedings in dumb horror; Freund was a kindly man, and they all liked him. Count Salm asked an onlooker for a piece of rope. The peasant said he had none. Infuriated, the count sent off the villagers to search for a rope; after a while they returned and said that no rope was to be found in the place. Thereupon Salm tore a piece of wire from a fence and hanged the unfortunate with his own hands. Mrs. Freund fainted; the peasants wept; the Gipsy band that accompanied the officers played ribald songs.

Now, hundreds of other Jews had been murdered before this in a similar way, and nothing further happened. But this was different. Freund was a millionaire and belonged to a very influential family. The case was reported to the Allied representatives at Budapest, and an inquiry was ordered. Under this pressure Commander-in-Chief Horthy issued a warrant for Salm's arrest. A search was made. A few days later Horthy reported to the Allied missions that he was very sorry, but Salm had disappeared. All

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the while Count Salm stayed right at headquarters, and dined and wined with Horthy every night.

§ 4

Late in 1919 Sir George Clerk arrived at Budapest as Allied high commissioner and peace-maker among the warring Magyar factions. He came and saw, but Horthy conquered. He wore a cap like Beatty's; he had good table manners; the atmosphere at the castle was pleasant. Sir George trusted Horthy. A compromise, insuring two places in the cabinet for social democrats and free and impartial elections for a National Assembly, was effected. Some liberals demanded guaranties. Sir George did not see why guaranties were necessary. He had not heard of Count Salm; he had not spoken to the men who dug their own graves at Siófok. Sir George said, "Horthy is a gentleman." Sir George left Budapest. The two socialist ministers were dismissed; the "free and impartial" elections were held under the auspices of machine-gun detachments. Forty thousand opposition voters were interned, of the opposition candidates over a score were imprisoned, two opposition editors were murdered. The National Assembly convened, and elected Horthy regent, unanimously. The officers of the Ostenburg detachment, who, with drawn revolvers, invaded the floor and the galleries of the Assembly just before the session was called to order, did not vote. They just furnished the setting for the unanimity.

Once more the regent emphasized that he was a mere lieutenant of the king.

"I shall cede the supreme power to the lawful king as soon as external circumstances permit," he said. Just the same—safety first; one never can tell what may happen—he made the army swear an oath of allegiance to himself. Some older officers refused to swear. They protested that their oath to Charles was good enough, and accused the regent of secret ambitions to the crown.

He had betrayed the political traditions of his class when he entered the imperial navy and joined the imperial household. He now proceeded to betray his betrayal. He was professedly the lieutenant of the exiled king and nothing else. At Easter, 1921, the exiled king returned. Only four days before Charles's arrival Regent Horthy declared in the "Petit Parisien":

"Hungary is a kingdom. In the absence of the king I am the regent. Emperor Charles is our only lawful king." Four days later king and regent faced each other in the Castle at Budapest. The Little Entente had delivered its ultimatum: Hapsburg restoration was to be regarded as a case for war. Once more somebody volunteered to pick Horthy's chestnut out of the fire. Horthy ordered his "only lawful king" to leave the country. Charles obeyed. Horthy, who doubtless during the proceedings was congratulating himself for having had the foresight to exact an oath of allegiance from the troops, chuckled to himself. He chuckled even more half a year later when Charles tried his luck again. The airplane excursion ended in near-tragedy. Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia mobilized. Horthy, at the head of his troops, shelled the royal train. Charles was taken prisoner, and was soon on his way to

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Madeira. Europe and America applauded Horthy for saving Hungary from Hapsburgism. In reality, he only saved his own chance to the throne of Hungary.

In the summer of 1920 a delegation of British labor, headed by Colonel J. C. Wedgwood, M. P., arrived in Hungary to investigate charges of the White Terror. Their report, fully documented, tells of horrors unspeakable and unprintable. Two officers, especially, Captain Pronay, above mentioned, and Lieutenant Hejjas, were found guilty of atrocities beside which the worst German deeds in Belgium pale. Colonel Wedgwood asked Mr. Hohler, British high commissioner, what he knew about these officers. Mr. Hohler said he had been informed by the Hungarian Government that Pronay and Hejjas had been "demobilized." Colonel Wedgwood went to the Ministry of War, and found that the two officers were still on the army pay-roll. Colonel Wedgwood then inquired of Regent Horthy. "They are my best officers," said the regent.

But, then, these officers are very powerful. A pretorian guard is a most useful instrument, but one has to pay the price. Once a delegation of Budapest Jews waited on Regent Horthy, who received them in state, attended by two officers. The regent was most gracious. He assured the delegates that although he disliked bad Jews, he liked good Jews, that he knew the delegates came in under the latter category and that everything would come out all right. At this point one of the officers whispered something into his ear. The regent retired to an adjoining room, followed by the two officers. A few minutes later they returned. But the regent was a changed man. He told, in the harshest tones, the astounded delegates that he expected them to do their duty, that he would stand for no foolishness, and that his hand would fall heavily on the disloyal. Thereupon he clicked his heels and turned his back on the visitors, a gesture copied from the old emperor, to signify that the audience was over. God only knows what passed between the regent and his officers. God only knows, but anybody can guess.

The German submarines quelled the Cattaro mutiny, and Horthy was created admiral. The Rumanians destroyed Bela Kun, and Horthy entered Budapest in triumph. The Little Entente eliminated Charles, and Horthy was hailed as the bane of the Hapsburgs. He wears his cap like Lord Beatty, has beautiful table manners, and Sir George Clerk called him a gentleman. What more do you want—in Hungary? Gentz said that Asia began at the gates of Vienna. He was right a hunderd years ago. He is much more right to-day. In 1914 Budapest was twenty hours from London. In 1921 Budapest was twenty minutes from Bokhara. The Magyar people to-day is groaning under the yoke of Uzbeg chieftains who created themselves a ruler in their own image. That ruler is Nicholas Horthy, Turanian khan who speaks with a German accent, Count Salm's friend and protector, Calvinist who renounced his faith, admiral who abandoned his ships, regent who betrayed his king.

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Jerrup

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Jerrup

By James Hopper

Drawings by R. L. Dickey

The judge and his family had been camping up in the hills and were returning homeward, the judge driving, his wife by his side, the two young-lady daughters behind, with small Jim wedged in between them. And as the car stopped before the Valdez ranch, in a still wild part of the valley, a torrent of dogs came rushing out. They foamed about the wheels; they sprang high up in the air, like water spouted upward in rapids; their baying had a queer high note, which sent a pricking sensation up and down the spine.

For a moment the party was stupefied by the vigor of the onset. The young ladies instinctively drew their skirts tight about them, and, "My! what a wild bunch!" the judge cried. "You would think they were coyotes!" But small Jim slipped out of the sisterly wedge which had been holding him, and, leaning over the door, looked down as one looks down at water from a bridge. The dogs, seemingly, were not behaving in this way out of hatred, but out of some deep yearning. When you looked at any particular one of them, he leaped still higher in a hysterical begging for a caress; or flattening himself in the dust of the road, he squirmed in a torture of humble love.

Mrs. Valdez appeared at the three-barred gate. She was a big, unkempt woman, and in her eyes was a light which betrayed a little of what the dogs so vehemently expressed.

"Down! down!" she cried. "Monte, Carlos, José—down! down! You, Juana, behave!"

With the quieting effect of her voice, things became clearer. There were not a thousand dogs after all, but only twelve or twenty. Though they were still much alike, all of them yellow, with flattened heads and long, narrow eyes, some could be told from the others, the one called Juana, for instance, a female older and more sedate than the rest.

"She is the mother of them all," Mrs. Valdez cried, laughing; "the mother or grandmother or grandaunt. But I don't know the father. Sometimes I think he belongs up in the hills. But what is your name, little boy?" she asked of Jim, having now come up to the car.

"Answer! answer!" the big sisters whispered, prodding him, secretly.

"Tell the lady your name," his mother softly urged.

"He can't speak, because he has no tongue," the judge announced loudly.

"Jim!" The small boy exploded all of a sudden.

"Well, Jim," Mrs. Valdez said, "you see that shed over there, don't you, where we keep the cart? Well, if you 'll go to the shed, away back in the corner you 'll see something."

Jim tumbled eagerly out of the car and went toward the shed, half smiling, half afraid, his elbow across his

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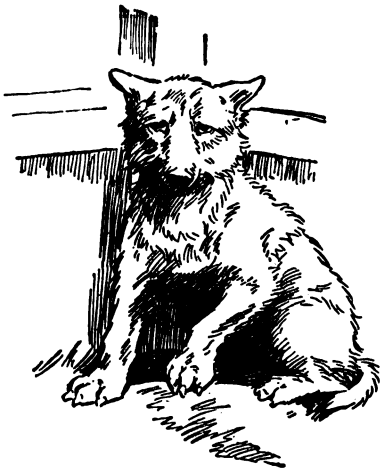
eyes as several of the dogs, despite the guard, reached him with their long, red tongues. At the entrance of the shed he stopped, looked in; then those in the car saw him dive within, arms out-stretched, as though toward something he meant to reach on his knees.

Idly waiting for his return, they chatted with Mrs. Valdez. It did not pay to ship the apples since a law had been passed that every apple must be wrapped in tissue-paper; so the apples were rotting on the ground. The judge's eyes clouded as she explained this. He believed in laws, but so many worked wrong. The clear sun beat down hard; far up in the sky a hawk circled; the wild lilac across the valley looked like a gray-blue smoke.

Jim came tramping back, holding his arms in a cradle across his chest. The dog Juana walked by his side, squirming with a pretense of pleasure that hid some concern. When he



reached the car, they saw that what he held in his arms was a small pup. It was already amusingly like the other dogs, with coarse yellow hair, a thin flat head, and long narrow eyes.

"What are you going to do with *that?*" the judge asked jovially.

"Going-to-take-him-home-with-me," said Jim, all in one breath.

"Wait till some other time, and I 'll get you a good dog," said the judge.

"I can't have that puppy around the house," the mother said.

"Put the dog back! Go on, Jim, put it back!" the sisters cried.

Already a presentiment of disaster had been showing in small Jim's spine; but now he bowed his head in an attitude of such misery, and then raised his face to them in such supplication, that all at once they all changed their minds.

"All right; take him along," the judge said after a moment.

"Take him along," said the mother in a tone of much patience.

"But remember, *you 'll* have to feed him," said the young-lady sisters.

The car drove on down the valley toward home. In the front seat the judge was not quite satisfied. Doubt attacked him. Perhaps he should not have let Jim take the dog.

But on the back seat, between his two big sisters, Jim sat very quiet, afraid to remind people of his existence, afraid to risk a new questioning of the Fates. He sat mute, making himself as small as possible, and thrilled secretly now and then to the warm nudge of a soft muzzle against his hand, under the rug.

"What are you going to call him?" said the sisters, deciding at last to show some interest.

Jim sat paralyzed. He could not think.

"Well?" said the sisters.

"Jerrup!" cried Jim, inventing one quickly.

Jerrup, in the following days, be-

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came the heart of small Jim's life, though soon there was found that in him which caused doubt and worry. Jim had made for the pup a bed of gunny-sacks on the kitchen porch, by the door. Happening to go out that way one evening, the judge, as he divined the presence of the small creature in the darkness there at his feet, stooped to stroke him as he passed, and immediately felt his hand stung as if by a viper.

The judge snapped on an electric light which swung above his head, and looked down. The pup was cowering low, ears back. He was wriggling in apology, and between his fore paws was a bone.

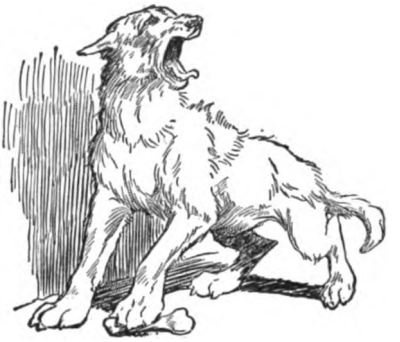
"It 's the bone," the judge thought. "That is why he bit me. He knows no better; he thought I was going to take away his bone. But," he said to himself, "I must teach him not to bite even when he has a bone. Otherwise he is no good in a house with children."

So he stooped once more and laid his hand upon the pup. But quick as a flash the pup turned flexibly and tried to bite the caressing hand, which escaped just in time.

This time the judge slapped him sharply. The pup flattened himself out still more and squirmed. He seemed convulsed with gratitude for having been slapped. The judge was satisfied that he now understood, and leaned over to give him a good-by tap. And as quick as a flash the pup snapped at him.

Again the judge struck; again the pup accepted the lesson gratefully. Again the judge caressed him; again the pup bit.

All alone there on that back kitchen porch, in the dark, the judge now found himself trapped within a vicious circle. Every time he touched the dog, the dog tried to bite him; and every time the dog tried to bite him, he must of course hit the dog. But



every time that, big man that he was, he struck the soft small beast, he felt like a cowardly tyrant, he was disgusted with himself. This anger at himself in turn made him strike all the harder, and the harder he struck, the sicker he felt at himself. And the cursed little beast would not yield. Flattened under the tornado of blows, he indomitably bit back. Yet he must be made to yield; that which had been begun must be finished. The judge beat harder and harder, hating himself harder and harder. His soul was a tight knot; his face was red; he trembled.

And the entire family, he knew, by that time was out on the porch. Grouped in a circle about him, they looked at him, appalled.

It was absurd. In just a minute the thing had taken on a ridiculous importance. As if through the wrong end of a telescope, the judge could see far, far away a happy tranquil time which had been only a few minutes ago. Which had been only a few

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minutes ago, and yet now was so far that it was impossible to get back to it. In just a minute, insensibly, without warning, he had slipped into this, into this turbulent horror. He was all tight with anger and self-loathing; he trembled.

Small Jim suddenly broke into a wail. He wrung his hands in his distress.

"O Mother," he cried, "he is going to kill him! O Mother, he is going to kill my little dog! My little dog—he is going to kill it!"

This did not better things for the judge. As he held to his joyless task, another part of him saw clearly everything as small Jim must be seeing it. Out on that dim porch, under that ring of light, with black night all around, this great, furious man beating the little dog. Probably large flapping shadows multiplied and magnified his every gesture. To the small boy a wind was blowing of tragedy, of disaster. If there is anything pitiful, it is a child in fear. If there is anything abominable, it is to make a child fear. "Mother! Mother! He is going to kill my little dog!" That "He" hurt the judge. It was the first time Jim had ever called him "He." To the small boy the father was no longer the father; he had been weirdly transformed into a being mysterious and evil and awful. The judge liked his task less and less; he wished he had never undertaken it. But now what was there to do except beat and beat, since that cursed little beast continued to bite and bite?

Tact of woman finally saved the judge. Jim's mother kneeled down near the pup and pretended to examine closely what was taking place.

"There! There!" she cried.

"What?" said the judge, rather imperiously.

"You have done it; he is no longer snapping. See? He has stopped."

The judge seized shamelessly the straw held out to him. He rose, gasping.

"Well, he was certainly a hard one," he said. "But of course," he said, "it had to be done. We cannot have a dog that bites."

Jim had stopped crying. And now, at the sight of his flushed face, all begrimed with a sort of black mortar made of the tears of his eyes and the dirt of his hands, every one broke out laughing. Happiness, as if by enchantment, came flooding back.

"Come, let us all go in," said the mother.

After a while small Jim stole out all by himself, and, laying himself down on the porch, placed his arms around his dog, and his cheek on its rough coat.

But the judge held in himself a certain dissatisfaction. He could not feel that he had come out of the clash exceedingly well. He could not feel that he had acted in the matter with any admirable decision. Over this matter of keeping a small dog, this man, who without hesitation judged men, was full of doubt. Perhaps it

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was a sense of the danger that still lurked for his dog, which made small Jim so solicitous.

"See, Father? See?" he would say, kneeling before Jerrup and looking up into his father's face. "See? I can take the bone away from him, and he does n't say anything." He would, in fact, take the bone from the pup, who would feebly squirm, and then would give it back to him. "See? He lets me take his bone. You 've trained him all right, Father." The judge was not so sure. Secret experiments performed at night on the kitchen porch left him without much illusion. And now and then something would happen which he could not quite hide from himself: Jim would appear with a bandage wrapt around his thumb.

"What is the matter, Jim? Did you hurt yourself?" Jim took on an air of serene indifference. He looked up into the cherry-tree; he looked up into the apple-tree.

"Yes, Father. It 's just a scratch. I scratched myself. On a bush I scratched myself. It is n't anything, Father."

One morning the judge heard from his study the gruff voice of one who had come down from the village to make a scene. The scene was deftly netted at the door by the family's feminine element, taken within, muffled; but through the ceiling the judge heard, "I ain't a-going to let my boy be bit by no old dog!" Another day it was the eldest daughter who sat down to breakfast with a red mark on her cheek.

"I was riding Dan," she said, "and he ran me under a twig!"

Jerrup was growing to be a big dog, lean like the stock he came from. His coat was yellow and coarse, and his eyes were long and narrow. The whites of them flashed sometimes in their far corners like foam. But to Jim he was the perfection of dogs. The boy and the dog were one. Side by side they trudged all over the land. People would meet them in the most unlikely places, on the hills, in the cañon, and would come in with amused reports of their great companionship.

But the judge, though saying nothing, and, in fact, trying to see the least possible, remained uneasy with dark suspicions. In the very affection of the dog for the family there was something strange. It passed the bonds of the normal; it was hysteria. Now and then the family went to the city for a visit, and Jerrup was left at home alone for a few days. He met them in the yard when they returned. First he leaped upon one after the other with such passion that it was difficult to remember the assault was well meant. Then he crawled all over the yard like a snake. Then, rising, he began to run. He ran in circles around the yard, at a long lope, baying the while. His clear voice filled the garden, rebounded from the pines, shot up the trail to the village, as he turned and

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turned at the same long lope. Every one at length grew uneasy. Small Jim ran out to the path of the circle and tried to stop him. But every time the dog evaded him with a supple twist of the flank, and loped on, still barking, in the dizzy circling. Finally, he fell and was motionless in a kind of dog swoon.

And toward the judge himself Jerrup's demonstrations were such as to cause embarrassment. As far as he could see the judge, Jerrup would begin to crawl. It did not matter how far he was; as soon as he spied the judge, he started to crawl toward him. He writhed not only with his belly, but also with his head, which he held down flat in the dust; and with his tail, also held firmly down. His fore legs were squashed out each to one side, his back legs trailed; he looked like a newt, a gila-monster. He squirmed as he crawled, and his progress was a series of half-circles, one to the right and one to the left. The indignant judge called, snapped his fingers, clucked and roared at him; but he refused to get up, and stubbornly came on in this wriggling agony of adoration, till his groveling nose touched the beloved feet at last.

Upon which he rose abruptly with a bark so short and sharp that, no matter how well the judge thought himself prepared, he felt his heart somersault in his chest.

When Jerrup was about two years old he began to answer the coyotes at night. The first time this happened, every one was awakened and listened with a sort of fear. The house stood isolated at the end of a trail a mile from the village. The night was moon-lit, and from afar came the cries of the coyotes, like a bubbling fountain of distant, desolate sound. And Jerrup, planted square in the center of the yard, answered.

He merely barked at first, the resounding valiant bark of the dog. But soon an abrupt change went through him: it was as if he had taken strychnine. It was as if the far bubbling wailing had come to a pitch attuned to something within him, had sprung a spring all ready and taut within him. His lean body gave one long oscillation, then stiffened, and a howl traveled across the air toward the far wailing, bubbling music. The beginning of the howl was a dog's, but it rose swiftly till it quavered into the exact copy of the coyote's high, desolate falsetto.

For a moment the house was as still as if frozen, then heads showed at the windows, and voices rained down upon the convulsed canine.

"Jerrup! keep quiet!" the judge thundered. "O Jerrup, do go to sleep like a good dog!" the mother begged. "Down! down!" the sisters cried. "Jerrup—down! Into your house, Jerrup!" Small Jim, worn out with the day's playing, turned in his bed and muttered.

In the white moonlight the dog could be seen crawling arabesques of passionate apology all over the yard;

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but the heads had no sooner left the windows when a new howl brought them back. Once more, tormented and racked, Jerrup was answering the coyotes. He did not seem to be able to help it. It was something he did not want to do, but he could not help it. The dog seemed tortured. Certain notes of the coyotes wrenched irresistibly the howl out of him.

After some days every one learned to remain asleep when on moon-lit nights Jerrup answered the coyotes. All except the judge, who would rise and watch him from behind his curtains, and who out of the sight drew wonder and doubt.

Not so Jim, who had accepted his comrade utterly, as he was, without question. He and the dog were to be seen together in all parts of the land, at any time of the day; on the hills, in the cañons, swimming in the lagoon.

When Jim was in school, Jerrup was at the door. It was clear that the boy felt not the least mental superiority toward the dog; to him the dog and he were equals. They played together; they tramped and hunted and swam together. If permitted, Jim would certainly have had them eat together; now and then, absent-mindedly and amiably, he shared Jerrup's bone. If permitted, they certainly would have slept together; now and then, up in the hills of a golden afternoon, they curled up close for a nap. At night, when vigorously being prepared for bed, Jim actually smelled doggy. "You smell just like Jerrup," his mother complained. And Jim smiled up at her, perfectly happy to smell like his dog.

Seeing this, the judge suspended continuously the sentence which continuously was on the point of crystallizing in his brain; the man who judged his kind with such certainty puzzled over the dog. And the dog lived on, ignorant of the frailty of his fate; loudly played and loudly barked without knowing how thin the whim which left him to play and to bark.

He had been in the family three years when he endangered still further his precarious hold. On that day Jerrup came home in a disgraceful condition. Jim explained how it had happened.

"He *would* roll on that gull," he explained. "It was an old gull, Father; it was a very old gull; it had been lying on the beach for days. I *told* him not to roll on it; I *told* him what it would do to him. But he simply could not understand, Father. He *would* roll over it."

The judge took Jerrup firmly by the collar and led him to the end of the garden-hose. The day was warm; the sun was shining; he expected no trouble. But no sooner did the stream flash upon Jerrup than his ears flattened, his head lengthened, his eyes foamed whitely in their far corners,

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and, turning flexibly, he bit at the judge's hand.

The judge struck him over the head with the nozle. Jerrup cowered in an anguish of remorse.

The judge turned the stream upon Jerrup. Jerrup bit, and only just missed the hand.

The judge felt exactly as if in a nightmare. He had the sense of re-enacting a scene acted in a former life. He hit the dog, the dog bit at him; the dog bit at him, he hit the dog. This was a drama he was doomed to suffer at recurrent intervals throughout the eons of eternity. There was no getting out of it. He hit the dog with the nozle, the dog bit at him, and he hit the dog with the nozle. The feeling within him was exactly that of three years ago, and the setting was the same. Around him, as he tried to force his will upon the dog, the family was gathered, pale at the sight of his violence. Tears were in Jim's eyes; without knowing it, he wrung his hands. The judge knew also what *was* going to happen. In a minute his wife would say, "Look! He has stopped biting now." And he would pretend to believe that the dog had stopped biting.

This is just what happened. She did, and he did. But a little later, he went over and sat on a little mound under a tree and thought over that dog. "He has something bad within him," he thought.

He saw Jerrup as the faithful companion of small Jim. He remembered the strange animal's hysterical love for the whole family. Then he saw him, with ears laid back and eyes foaming white, biting people; or, under the moon, retching to the coyote's high howl. When the dog bit, he seemed trying not to bite. Something about him did not want to bite, and something else made him bite. Just as, when the coyotes were singing in the hills, he seemed horribly to try not to answer them, but something wrenched the answer out of him. "The dog has something bad within him," thought the judge. "All of him is good except that one bad thing within him. He did n't put it there; he does n't like it: but he can't help it. It was put in him from the outside; it was put in him long ago. He has something bad within him, and he can't help it."

This again left the judge suspended in doubt. And Jerrup, without knowing anything of all this, by accident made good use of the surcease.

It was night; the dog was barking, and the judge rose, as he often did, to watch him from behind the curtains, expecting to witness one of his strange tormented communings with the far coyotes on the hills. But this night it was different. From the hills came no coyote cries, and Jerrup held to the honest dog's bark. The night was lit by a hidden moon, which threw the pines in black bars across the yard; and between two such bars, in a splash of opalescent light, Jerrup stood with legs apart, head up, and loudly barked. Suddenly, stiff-legged, seeming to glide rather than run, he slid to the yard's utmost confine, and planted himself across the trail.

The judge could still see him, over there, as, head to whatever peril lurked, he filled the night with the violence of his voice. He was far up there alone in the night. The house was well away from him, and its inmates were sleeping. He was up there alone and unwitnessed; he could have been silent; he could have slunk

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and hidden; no one would have known. Instead, stiff on his legs, his hair stiff on his back, he barked, and barred the trail. The scene, touched with the ache of loneliness, touched with the witchery of the moon, held within it a grandeur; the judge, from behind his curtain, watched and admired.

The next day it was found why Jerrup had been barking. For several weeks a fugitive from justice had been loose in the country, had held up travelers on the roads and farmers on the farms. The posse which had been trailing him came helter-skelter into the judge's yard in the morning. It seemed that the desperado had come down the trail in the night. His tracks were still clearly to be seen on the trail; and the hob-nailed trough he had made not far from the gate, where he had stopped for some time in the night, and the

bracken and brush through which he had fled at length, turning away from the yard. Something had stopped him; it was, of course, Jerrup.

There followed a period of the dog's life where, though he knew it not, it was as secure as, also outside his knowledge, it had been insecure. The being who, above him, held his fate in his hands was satisfied; the judge for the time had lost his doubts. In his heart and mind the dog had won his way. And the dim, but heavy, responsibilities which had weighed upon small Jim were for the time lifted: he no longer had to conceal for his dog, to apologize for his dog, to reassure the gods who held the fate of his dog. Without worry he could rejoice in his dog, openly glow with the glory of his dog.

But this only for a short time. Jerrup, just as at last he had established his position and won all hearts, took to a new habit that from the first promised new trouble. The habit was this. If going along with small Jim or any one else, he came across another person, he was apt to stop, go up to the person, and, rising on his hind legs, stand up against him.

He rose on his hind legs, placed his fore paws on the person, and looked into his face. Looked into his face with the look of one gazing through a glass that is somewhat opaque.

If the person was tall, the dog's fore paws were on the person's chest, and it was upward that Jerrup looked into the person's face. But if it was a child he met, then his paws were on the child's shoulders, and it was into the child's eyes that his eyes looked.

It was a strange gesture. It was as if this dog, convinced at last that people wished him well, that man was good, had become filled with such a tenderness that he must tell every one. So he rose up to people's faces, looked dumbly into their eyes, and tried to tell them.

The trouble came from the fact that,

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of course, few understood. Instinctively, they backed away or warded; little children ran, screaming. And the sudden movement of the startled one would explode in Jerrup the ungovernable thing which made him snap and growl. The village soon was full of fear and scandal; deputations came to the judge to complain.

Every one in the family tried to break Jerrup of this new habit, and a presentiment of disaster came down upon small Jim. He never let the dog out of his sight, and, whenever they came to any one, he tried by quick calls and quick action to stop him from his dangerous trick. But the dog could not be made to understand. His dumb desire to communicate possessed him altogether; he went about with that dim yearning always within him. Despite Jim's vigilance, he would stand up against people and peer into their eyes.

Small Jim, becoming desperate, got himself a switch. When, a little later, Jerrup, rising, placed his paws on the butcher-boy who had come with the meat, Jim cut the dog across the nose with his switch.

Then the dog, moved by the terrible violence within him, turned with the suddenness of a spring released, turned with the suppleness of a snake, and bit.

As soon as he had bitten Jim, Jerrup groveled in an agony of remorse. He seemed to be trying to enter the earth; he wanted to bury himself forever. The bite was in Jim's wrist; it was only a scratch, and Jim would have hidden it. But it happened that the judge, coming along just then, had seen the whole thing. Standing there immobile, the judge felt himself come at last to irrevocable decision.

So, the next morning, which was Sunday, very early, while Jim still slept, the judge took up his double-barreled shot-gun and clucked Jerrup to him. They went out of the garden and across the corral, then across the cañon toward the moors and the sea. Passing the bungalow of his friend Trask, the judge took along Fanny, a well-bred spaniel and famed duck-retriever. Across the blue and white lupin of the downs he kept on, the two dogs playings in circles about him. When he had come to the cliffs, he slid down to a small white beach in the center of which a black rock stood. He seated himself on the rock, he opened his gun, and slipped in two cartridges; he laid it across his knees.

It was a still morning. The risen sun was at his back, and before him the ocean stretched perfectly smooth to the horizon, blue, blue and blue and blue. Not a white-cap marred it, not a ripple; one knew of the waves only by the slight murmur they made now and then as they drew a narrow strip of white lace upon the sand. The judge picked up a piece of driftwood and threw it far out. The dogs went after it.

Fanny reached it first, and, taking it in her mouth, turned for shore. But Jerrup playfully snatched it out of her jaws. Fanny got it back. Frolicking and playing, the dogs at length brought in the stick and laid it at the judge's feet.

The judge picked up the stick, again threw it, and once more the dogs splashed out after it. Every time that they brought it back, he threw it out again. The dogs quickened to the game little by little till they were in a delirium of joy. They barked unceasingly, sometimes holding their heads well up above the water, sometimes

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mingling with it, so that their voices were wet like the seal's. Their bodies glistened with the salt water; they looked like fabulous creatures of the sea.

The judge brought his gun up to his

shoulder. When he saw that Jerrup had reached the pinnacle of joy in life, the highest ecstasy given to dog existence, abruptly he annihilated him with a double-charge of his big-barreled shot-gun.

The barkings suddenly ceased, and a great silence followed. A gull gave a brief little cry. Fanny, appalled, came swimming back, and laid herself down quietly at the judge's feet. The judge on his rock sat quiet.

The tide was turning. Out there the still, yellow body began to widen from shore. The judge trembled a bit. After a moment he began to talk to himself.

"There was something bad within that dog," he murmured. "He was all good but for that one bad thing. He had n't put it there; he did n't like it: but he could n't help it. It had been put in him from the outside, maybe long ago. There was something bad within that dog, and he could n't help it."

The current was quickening. It was clear now that the yellow body was going out to sea. And as, motionless, very slowly it slid out to sea, the judge's muttering was the funeral oration. "There was something bad about that dog. There was something bad within him, and he could n't help it."

Returning home, the judge did not tell Jim what had been done. Instead, he said he had given Jerrup away.

"I met a little boy and a little girl driving home in their cart," he said. "They live far down the coast. So I gave them Jerrup because, really, he gets in too much trouble up here. They took him away with them, away down the coast, and the little girl put a blue ribbon around his neck."

Jim listened, wide-eyed, and bravely took the blow, and eagerly pounced upon whatever sweet of consolation lay within it. A few days later the judge drove to the county seat to pass sentence on a criminal. The man was the one who had come down the trail one night—God knows with what purpose—toward the house. He had been captured since then, tried, and found guilty of highway robbery. It was now the judge's duty to sentence him, and the law was such that he could give him the maximum sentence of twenty years or a lighter sentence.

There had been of late what is called a crime wave, and the judge had been doling out the severest sentences. Now, as the culprit stood before him, he shaped his lips to give him the full savage limit.

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But just then the convicted man, ordered to his feet to hear the judgment, gave a wild trapped look to the right and the left; and as he did so, the whites of his eyes foamed for the flash of a moment in their long narrow corners. Something began to speak within the judge.

"That man has something bad within him," it said. "He has something bad within him, and he can't help it." And before he knew it, while still his lips were framed to give out the heaviest sentence, he heard himself giving out a lighter one.

Riding home afterward across the salt marshes, the judge said to himself:

"That dog Jerrup's life was some good after all. Maybe that is the only reason why he was at all. Just so the man be given a lighter sentence; just so the man have a little less prison and a little more freedom.

"But," he thought on, "was that altogether a good thing, that the highwayman should have been given a lighter sentence? Perhaps it was a bad thing."

The judge was no longer sure. Jerrup was exercising still his maleficent faculty of throwing him into doubt. A fog was coming from the sea. As he drove along, the judge was passing through the fog of the sea and the fog of his doubts. "Life is certainly a mix-up," he sighed; and then smiled.

But there was one who held no doubt, one who was certain, and that was small Jim. He had accepted resolutely the judge's story, and now, through him, Jerrup in a way was still alive—alive with a good deal that sort of a life which some live in paradise, through the faith of those they have left behind. Whenever he was asked about Jerrup, Jim would say firmly and gravely:

"Jerrup is down the coast with a little boy and a little girl and is very happy. They put a blue ribbon around his neck, and they love him. He is very happy. There are great fields for him to run on, and mountains. It 's near the beach, so that he can swim when he wants to, just as he used to do with me. And it 's away down the coast, with no people to bother him, with no people at all except the little girl and the little boy, and their father and mother, who love him. So, you see, he is very happy."

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Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

II—What Is Preventive Medicine Preventing?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

THE purpose of the medical profession is said to be the cure of disease and the prevention of its occurrence. It is possible in America, as well as elsewhere, to detect a growing air of sniffishness toward the pound of cure, together with an increased regard for the ounce of prevention. This is true of progressive physicians and advanced thinkers generally. The present vogue of preventive medicine is chiefly a product of the humanism that has resulted from the advance of physical science and the decline of Christianity. Modernism tends to put aside the worship of deity and to substitute for religion a supreme arrogance, a confidence that mankind can look out very well for itself.

The same tone of defiance in the face of the terrors and the limitations besetting all living things is to be heard in the voices of hygienists and preachers of public health. It is implicit in the later researches of Metchnikof, who boldly demanded the extension of our biblically allotted threescore years and ten. It is to be discovered in the ringing appeals of public health orators of the type of V. C. Vaughan. According to perorations of this kind, the purpose of the science of the study of disease is not academic, but always utilitarian. Its aim is the conquest of maladies that have terrified man from the beginning of time. It purposes to lengthen the insufficient span of years now accorded us. It hopes to bring about the production of a new race of healthy, efficient, happy, and upstanding men. Scientists in the study of disease are represented to be animated not by intellectual curiosity, but are supposed, rather, to be driven to their labors by a deep love for suffering mankind.

This humanitarian spirit is not confined to the bacteriologist, chemist, epidemiologist, and engineer of the health army, but is ascribed, by some dexterous twist of rhetoric, to the medical profession as a whole. It is here that the pretensions of the gild rise to the highest pitch of fatuity. For the medical profession is said by certain public-health orators to be the only one that works constantly, by its efforts in disease prevention, to remove the necessity for its own existence!

There can be no doubt that preventive medicine holds out the promise of the conquest of disease. The mortality rate from tuberculosis and typhoid, from yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, is being reduced noticeably in many countries by the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of hygienists. The mean length of life is alleged to have been materially extended. Given a little

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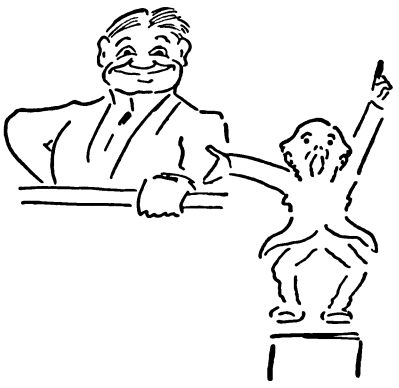
more knowledge, a few more public health officers, a more efficient hygienic gendarmerie, a slightly more intelligent and docile citizenry, and there is no reason why any one should die from an infectious disease, or any obstacle remain in the path of a grand, unparalleled, gorgeous, and stupendous proliferation of the human race.

So intimate the shouters for public health. It will be our task in the pages that follow to inquire whether such an event is desirable, and, if so, to find out in whose hands the abolition of disease should be placed.

Is the wide-spread and unrestrained practice of preventive medicine desirable? Serious objections have been advanced that it may not be. The writer brings these forward with considerable trepidation, realizing that they will be denounced as immoral, unethical, and anti-social by all forward-looking citizens. But the objections had best be faced now rather than when the evils that they point out have become irremediable. It is best to follow the advice of Huxley, who remarked that "there is no alleviation of the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

The first objection to the continuance of the campaign of disease prevention that has been made is concerned with the question of the population of the earth. This has been increasing during the past at an astounding rate. Hygienists admit that their fight is already saving countless thousands of babies and adults who would otherwise die. Every new conquest of disease is heralded with joy and thanksgiving. Every new advance results in gifts of further sinews for the war against disease. Additional progress may be



A new race of men

looked for in the near future, with a resulting augmented rate of increase of a population that is already too dense for comfort. The twin demons of famine and pestilence have been visualized as the eternal regulators of the amount of population on the earth's surface. These ogres, whose activities are asserted by many in the long run to be beneficent, are now sorely beset by socialism on the one hand and by preventive medicine on the other.

Humanitarians deprecate the bogy of overpopulation, and hold that collateral advances in the production of the prime necessities of life will keep pace with the rapid increase of the *genus homo*. But there is a limit to raw materials and a maximum of rate of production. It is entirely conceivable that the present augmentation of inhabitants may surpass those limits. In consequence, it is only a question of time before there will be great difficulty in supplying the necessities of all. What is more, the

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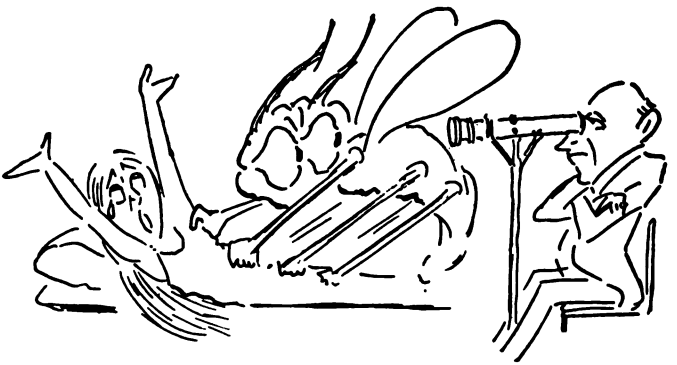
inordinate and rabbit-like fecundity of humanity results in other grave evils. The first is that of war. Socialists, pacifists, and humanitarians generally would do well to turn from their denunciations of emperors, capitalists, and secret diplomacy to an examination of this question. Nations like the Central empires literally burst their bounds because of lusty, constantly growing populations. No arms congresses, no florid gestures by Mr. Harding or other great statesmen, no mere preachment of human brotherhood, can prevail against the overflowing of such excessively philoprogenitive nations. It might be objected that war automatically restrains overgrowth. This is not the case, for accurate statistical investigation shows that it does not kill enough people to counterbalance the always more densely swarming humanity. Again war, as at present practised, is very objectionable. It is an instigator of Bolshevism, which has frightened the better class of our citizens to the verge of insanity, and threatens all the organizations and institutions that we prize most highly.

Another evil of overpopulation is the alarming growth of the great municipal agglomerations. As the number of our inhabitants increases, little dispersion over the land is to be noted. On the contrary, the rural population shows a relative decrease, and the incessant human agglutination into stinking and tawdry cities goes on unrestrained. It is toward the perpetuation of these multitudinous sweating groups that preventive medicine in the long run tends.

It has been remarked that humanitarians and socialists advocate changes in the system of distribution and increase in production to offset the grave problem of overpopulation. Hygienists of a more advanced outlook dare to suggest that the problem may be met by the deliberate limitation of offspring. This plan is officially indorsed and very prevalent in several European countries, but in America the movement still suffers disfavor.

The second objection to the indiscriminate extension of the practice of preventive medicine is based upon its tendency to bring about the survival and subsequent multiplication of the unfit. Thus the hygienist who organizes the efficient supervision of the milk supply saves the cretins, morons, and achondroplastic dwarfs, as well as the healthy and well favored babies of the lusty middle class. This tendency of hygiene to inhibit the normal purgative methods of nature has been the subject of accurate mathematical analysis by the biometrician Karl Pearson. Pearson concludes that the humanitarian



Is preventive medicine desirable?

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hygienist unwisely opposes the mechanism of the survival of the fittest by which nature has kept down a too great proliferation of undesirables. He contends that continued advance in public health may swamp us with a plague of defectives.

Just as the physical and chemical researches of men like Newton, Faraday, Helmholtz, and Van t'Hoff are inspiring events in the dark history of human bigotry and ignorance, so those of Pasteur and Claude Bernard, of Bordet and Loeb, in biology and pathology are luminous and instructive. But the first-mentioned investigations, in themselves beautiful, have led to the hideous development of modern industrialism. Those of the biologists may result in a final choking of the world by a horde of fifth-rate and undesirable persons. It becomes a commonplace of observation that humanity makes ill use of the achievements of its brilliant sons. It is not yet ready for the boons that science can confer.

But it does not follow from this that the science of the study of disease should in any way be inhibited.

Since the prosecution of science of all kinds is desirable, but the application of its discoveries at present unwise, it is necessary to concoct some plan that will insure the perpetuation of research, but suspend for a time its practical, or, to be accurate, its impractical application. Preventive medicine might, for example, be put down by drastic laws, and the funds now expended upon it be diverted to the scientific study of disease. The results obtained, instead of being made available to society, should be kept secret, excepting from the qualified persons who are conducting the researches. Then, in case humanity should awake one fine morning to find itself with the ability to check its present irrational philoprogenitiveness, and to devise and execute a plan for the suppression of the breeding of the unfit, the bottled-up knowledge accumulated by the intensive researches of the scientific Ku Klux might be uncorked for the benefit of the emerging superman.

It is realized that, while the objections to disease prevention discussed in the preceding pages are sound, it is impossible even to suggest that their logical conclusion be put in practice. The race becomes more and more used to comfort, to physical ease, to the alleviation of illness and amelioration of pain. It can no longer sit resignedly by, contemplating fatalistically its ravishment by fearful plagues. It loses the stoicism, the fortitude, the ignorance, the sense of powerlessness before scourges characteristic of the ancients. Therefore we are forced to turn from the logic of the perils of preventive medicine. Humanity will not heed these perils. So, all that is left for us to do is to consider to whom the task of public health is to be intrusted, if we are to increase the

Frightened by Bolshevism

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Frightened by Bolshevism

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good and reduce the ill effects of preventive medicine.

The principle rôle of preventive medicine lies in the control and extermination of infectious diseases. Scientists in the study of disease have dredged up many interesting facts in regard to the characters and habits of the nefarious authors of such malaises. They begin to learn something of the way in which microbes are transferred from diseased to healthy persons. This, together with the study of the resistance of persons to infection, constitutes a branch of knowledge which forward-looking doctors are pleased to call the science of epidemiology.

Deliberately swallowed microbes

American medicine may be proud of the fundamental contributions of some of its sons to the problems of the eradication of disease. This work was animated by that spirit of self-abnegation and passion for truth that led the old German hygienist Pettenkofer to test the validity of Koch's claim of the discovery of the microbe of cholera by swallowing deliberately an entire culture of the virulent organisms. This was the spirit of the American Theobald Smith in his researches in Texas fever and tuberculosis; of the army surgeons Reed, Carroll, Agramonte, and Lazear in their dramatic discovery of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever; of Reed, Vaughan, and Shakespeare in the deadly camps of Cuba during the Spanish-American War; of Gorgas in the brilliant sanitary achievement that made possible the construction of the Panama Canal; of Ricketts in his studies of Rocky Mountain spotted fever and tabardillo; of Noguchi in the discovery of the cause of yellow fever; and finally of Park, Williams, and Krumwiede, of the New York Health Department, who work devotedly and efficiently at the task of control of infectious disease in our metropolis despite the fact that they have scanty material, are paid miserable stipends, and have to defer to the imbecile whims of grafting and ignorant New York political magnificoes.

It is true that the majority of these workers were trained as physicians, but few of them had anything to do with the actual practice of medicine. They had turned from this field to that of the laboratory, to bacteriology and the study of immunity. Public health becomes less and less an affair in which physicians should meddle. It demands, rather, a man of the temperament and clear-headedness of the engineer, who is accustomed to think mathematically and who dwells in a region where the land-slides caused by his errors descend upon his own head. What is desired is a person trained in executive tasks, privy to the compilation and interpretation of statistics, in touch with recent knowledge in sanitary engineering, in epidemiology, in bacteriology.

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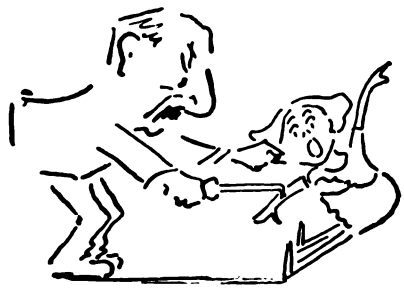

Dosing school-children

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Let us present an example of the public enbarrassment that might result from this ignorant and enthusiastic attention. A small city is stricken with an epidemic of diphtheria. The alert health officer of the town administers prophylactic doses of antitoxin to all school-children who prove to have positive Schick reactions, and to such adults as will submit to the test. By some odd chance the families of the three plumbers of the town have been smitten with the disease. The good doctor swabs the throats of the healthy members of the family, and finds by bacteriological examination of this material that all three of the plumbers harbor organisms which have the appearance of diphtheria bacilli; at least he is so informed by his bacteriologist. The health officer then declares a quarantine of these households, and places the plumbers in durance vile until such

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of course, few understood. Instinctively, they backed away or warded; little children ran, screaming. And the sudden movement of the startled one would explode in Jerrup the ungovernable thing which made him snap and growl. The village soon was full of fear and scandal; deputations came to the judge to complain.

Every one in the family tried to break Jerrup of this new habit, and a presentiment of disaster came down upon small Jim. He never let the dog out of his sight, and, whenever they came to any one, he tried by quick calls and quick action to stop him from his dangerous trick. But the dog could not be made to understand. His dumb desire to communicate possessed him altogether; he went about with that dim yearning always within him. Despite Jim's vigilance, he would stand up against people and peer into their eyes.

Small Jim, becoming desperate, got himself a switch. When, a little later, Jerrup, rising, placed his paws on the butcher-boy who had come with the meat, Jim cut the dog across the nose with his switch.

Then the dog, moved by the terrible violence within him, turned with the suddenness of a spring released, turned with the suppleness of a snake, and bit.

As soon as he had bitten Jim, Jerrup groveled in an agony of remorse. He seemed to be trying to enter the earth; he wanted to bury himself forever. The bite was in Jim's wrist; it was only a scratch, and Jim would have hidden it. But it happened that the judge, coming along just then, had seen the whole thing. Standing there immobile, the judge felt himself come at last to irrevocable decision.

So, the next morning, which was Sunday, very early, while Jim still slept, the judge took up his double-barreled shot-gun and clucked Jerrup to him. They went out of the garden and across the corral, then across the cañon toward the moors and the sea. Passing the bungalow of his friend Trask, the judge took along Fanny, a well-bred spaniel and famed duck-retriever. Across the blue and white lupin of the downs he kept on, the two dogs playings in circles about him. When he had come to the cliffs, he slid down to a small white beach in the center of which a black rock stood. He seated himself on the rock, he opened his gun, and slipped in two cartridges; he laid it across his knees.

It was a still morning. The risen sun was at his back, and before him the ocean stretched perfectly smooth to the horizon, blue, blue and blue and blue. Not a white-cap marred it, not a ripple; one knew of the waves only by the slight murmur they made now and then as they drew a narrow strip of white lace upon the sand. The judge picked up a piece of driftwood and threw it far out. The dogs went after it.

Fanny reached it first, and, taking it in her mouth, turned for shore. But Jerrup playfully snatched it out of her jaws. Fanny got it back. Frolicking and playing, the dogs at length brought in the stick and laid it at the judge's feet.

The judge picked up the stick, again threw it, and once more the dogs splashed out after it. Every time that they brought it back, he threw it out again. The dogs quickened to the game little by little till they were in a delirium of joy. They barked unceasingly, sometimes holding their heads well up above the water, sometimes

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Machiavellians, in order to keep at least partly their promises of a reduction of municipal taxation, threaten to slash mercilessly the budget of our health officer. His plans, the result of five years of educational activity, of oratory, of battling with ignorance, of intrigue, would be irretrievably wrecked if this party should come into power. Even now, in order to hold his hard-won ground, he finds it necessary to make friends with wealthy and influential men.

It is an interesting fact, which would certainly appear inexplicable to naïve persons, that the bitterest opposition to his efforts comes from the rank and file of the physicians of the city. These supposed guardians of our health look askance at his establishment of health-centers. He has manned these with an efficient corps of young physicians, dentists, and visiting nurses, who give free advice and treatment to thousands of the school-children of the city. The doctors, however, are almost without exception on the war-path for the scalp of the commissioner.

The health commissioner in question would long ago have resigned in disgust were it not for his peculiarly warlike and stubborn temperament. In addition to the tenacity of a gila-monster, he possesses marked political sagacity. This he has gained from a realization of its absolute necessity to a successful prosecution of his work. Convinced of the value of his cause, he stops at nothing to insure the perpetuation of his efforts. He matches intrigue by counter-intrigue, and has succeeded in rolling logs of a greater weight than those of his opponents. He fights fire with fire.

There are, it is sad to relate, lamentably few men of his kind who, combining good training and exact knowledge with the warrior temperament and the uncompromising devotion of a religious zealot, still possess a sufficient modicum of Jesuitical craft.

The Wise Man

Ante porcos

By L. A. G. Strong

When from the upland of his mind
  He came to us a little while,
Wisdom, as if in malice, kept
  Strange reticence beneath his smile.

Never a word but seemed to hint
  Some vast deliberate unsaid.
We prayed for clearer speech. He shrugged,
  And took his wisdom to the dead.

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But just then the convicted man, ordered to his feet to hear the judgment, gave a wild trapped look to the right and the left; and as he did so, the whites of his eyes foamed for the flash of a moment in their long narrow corners. Something began to speak within the judge.

"That man has something bad within him," it said. "He has something bad within him, and he can't help it." And before he knew it, while still his lips were framed to give out the heaviest sentence, he heard himself giving out a lighter one.

Riding home afterward across the salt marshes, the judge said to himself:

"That dog Jerrup's life was some good after all. Maybe that is the only reason why he was at all. Just so the man be given a lighter sentence; just so the man have a little less prison and a little more freedom.

"But," he thought on, "was that altogether a good thing, that the highwayman should have been given a lighter sentence? Perhaps it was a bad thing."

The judge was no longer sure. Jerrup was exercising still his maleficent faculty of throwing him into doubt. A fog was coming from the sea. As he drove along, the judge was passing through the fog of the sea and the fog of his doubts. "Life is certainly a mix-up," he sighed; and then smiled.

But there was one who held no doubt, one who was certain, and that was small Jim. He had accepted resolutely the judge's story, and now, through him, Jerrup in a way was still alive—alive with a good deal that sort of a life which some live in paradise, through the faith of those they have left behind. Whenever he was asked about Jerrup, Jim would say firmly and gravely:

"Jerrup is down the coast with a little boy and a little girl and is very happy. They put a blue ribbon around his neck, and they love him. He is very happy. There are great fields for him to run on, and mountains. It 's near the beach, so that he can swim when he wants to, just as he used to do with me. And it 's away down the coast, with no people to bother him, with no people at all except the little girl and the little boy, and their father and mother, who love him. So, you see, he is very happy."

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Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

II—What Is Preventive Medicine Preventing?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

THE purpose of the medical profession is said to be the cure of disease and the prevention of its occurrence. It is possible in America, as well as elsewhere, to detect a growing air of sniffishness toward the pound of cure, together with an increased regard for the ounce of prevention. This is true of progressive physicians and advanced thinkers generally. The present vogue of preventive medicine is chiefly a product of the humanism that has resulted from the advance of physical science and the decline of Christianity. Modernism tends to put aside the worship of deity and to substitute for religion a supreme arrogance, a confidence that mankind can look out very well for itself.

The same tone of defiance in the face of the terrors and the limitations besetting all living things is to be heard in the voices of hygienists and preachers of public health. It is implicit in the later researches of Metchnikof, who boldly demanded the extension of our biblically allotted threescore years and ten. It is to be discovered in the ringing appeals of public health orators of the type of V. C. Vaughan. According to perorations of this kind, the purpose of the science of the study of disease is not academic, but always utilitarian. Its aim is the conquest of maladies that have terrified man from the beginning of time. It purposes to lengthen the insufficient span of years now accorded us. It hopes to bring about the production of a new race of healthy, efficient, happy, and upstanding men. Scientists in the study of disease are represented to be animated not by intellectual curiosity, but are supposed, rather, to be driven to their labors by a deep love for suffering mankind.

This humanitarian spirit is not confined to the bacteriologist, chemist, epidemiologist, and engineer of the health army, but is ascribed, by some dexterous twist of rhetoric, to the medical profession as a whole. It is here that the pretensions of the gild rise to the highest pitch of fatuity. For the medical profession is said by certain public-health orators to be the only one that works constantly, by its efforts in disease prevention, to remove the necessity for its own existence!

There can be no doubt that preventive medicine holds out the promise of the conquest of disease. The mortality rate from tuberculosis and typhoid, from yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, is being reduced noticeably in many countries by the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of hygienists. The mean length of life is alleged to have been materially extended. Given a little

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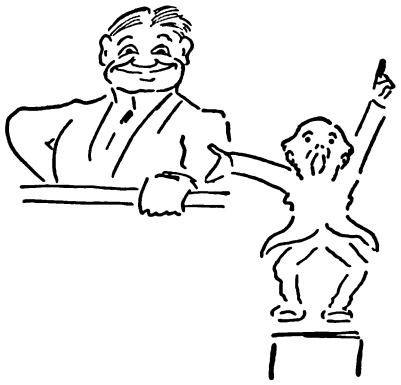
more knowledge, a few more public health officers, a more efficient hygienic gendarmerie, a slightly more intelligent and docile citizenry, and there is no reason why any one should die from an infectious disease, or any obstacle remain in the path of a grand, unparalleled, gorgeous, and stupendous proliferation of the human race.

So intimate the shouters for public health. It will be our task in the pages that follow to inquire whether such an event is desirable, and, if so, to find out in whose hands the abolition of disease should be placed.

Is the wide-spread and unrestrained practice of preventive medicine desirable? Serious objections have been advanced that it may not be. The writer brings these forward with considerable trepidation, realizing that they will be denounced as immoral, unethical, and anti-social by all forward-looking citizens. But the objections had best be faced now rather than when the evils that they point out have become irremediable. It is best to follow the advice of Huxley, who remarked that "there is no alleviation of the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

The first objection to the continuance of the campaign of disease prevention that has been made is concerned with the question of the population of the earth. This has been increasing during the past at an astounding rate. Hygienists admit that their fight is already saving countless thousands of babies and adults who would otherwise die. Every new conquest of disease is heralded with joy and thanksgiving. Every new advance results in gifts of further sinews for the war against disease. Additional progress may be



A new race of men

looked for in the near future, with a resulting augmented rate of increase of a population that is already too dense for comfort. The twin demons of famine and pestilence have been visualized as the eternal regulators of the amount of population on the earth's surface. These ogres, whose activities are asserted by many in the long run to be beneficent, are now sorely beset by socialism on the one hand and by preventive medicine on the other.

Humanitarians deprecate the bogy of overpopulation, and hold that collateral advances in the production of the prime necessities of life will keep pace with the rapid increase of the *genus homo*. But there is a limit to raw materials and a maximum of rate of production. It is entirely conceivable that the present augmentation of inhabitants may surpass those limits. In consequence, it is only a question of time before there will be great difficulty in supplying the necessities of all. What is more, the

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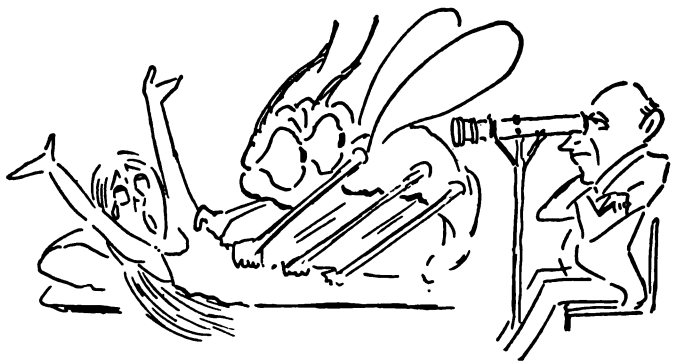
inordinate and rabbit-like fecundity of humanity results in other grave evils. The first is that of war. Socialists, pacifists, and humanitarians generally would do well to turn from their denunciations of emperors, capitalists, and secret diplomacy to an examination of this question. Nations like the Central empires literally burst their bounds because of lusty, constantly growing populations. No arms congresses, no florid gestures by Mr. Harding or other great statesmen, no mere preachment of human brotherhood, can prevail against the overflowing of such excessively philoprogenitive nations. It might be objected that war automatically restrains overgrowth. This is not the case, for accurate statistical investigation shows that it does not kill enough people to counterbalance the always more densely swarming humanity. Again war, as at present practised, is very objectionable. It is an instigator of Bolshevism, which has frightened the better class of our citizens to the verge of insanity, and threatens all the organizations and institutions that we prize most highly.

Another evil of overpopulation is the alarming growth of the great municipal agglomerations. As the number of our inhabitants increases, little dispersion over the land is to be noted. On the contrary, the rural population shows a relative decrease, and the incessant human agglutination into stinking and tawdry cities goes on unrestrained. It is toward the perpetuation of these multitudinous sweating groups that preventive medicine in the long run tends.

It has been remarked that humanitarians and socialists advocate changes in the system of distribution and increase in production to offset the grave problem of overpopulation. Hygienists of a more advanced outlook dare to suggest that the problem may be met by the deliberate limitation of offspring. This plan is officially indorsed and very prevalent in several European countries, but in America the movement still suffers disfavor.

The second objection to the indiscriminate extension of the practice of preventive medicine is based upon its tendency to bring about the survival and subsequent multiplication of the unfit. Thus the hygienist who organizes the efficient supervision of the milk supply saves the cretins, morons, and achondroplastic dwarfs, as well as the healthy and well favored babies of the lusty middle class. This tendency of hygiene to inhibit the normal purgative methods of nature has been the subject of accurate mathematical analysis by the biometrician Karl Pearson. Pearson concludes that the humanitarian



Is preventive medicine desirable?

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hygienist unwisely opposes the mechanism of the survival of the fittest by which nature has kept down a too great proliferation of undesirables. He contends that continued advance in public health may swamp us with a plague of defectives.

Just as the physical and chemical researches of men like Newton, Faraday, Helmholtz, and Van t'Hoff are inspiring events in the dark history of human bigotry and ignorance, so those of Pasteur and Claude Bernard, of Bordet and Loeb, in biology and pathology are luminous and instructive. But the first-mentioned investigations, in themselves beautiful, have led to the hideous development of modern industrialism. Those of the biologists may result in a final choking of the world by a horde of fifth-rate and undesirable persons. It becomes a commonplace of observation that humanity makes ill use of the achievements of its brilliant sons. It is not yet ready for the boons that science can confer.

But it does not follow from this that the science of the study of disease should in any way be inhibited.

Since the prosecution of science of all kinds is desirable, but the application of its discoveries at present unwise, it is necessary to concoct some plan that will insure the perpetuation of research, but suspend for a time its practical, or, to be accurate, its impractical application. Preventive medicine might, for example, be put down by drastic laws, and the funds now expended upon it be diverted to the scientific study of disease. The results obtained, instead of being made available to society, should be kept secret, excepting from the qualified persons who are conducting the researches. Then, in case humanity should awake one fine morning to find itself with the ability to check its present irrational philoprogenitiveness, and to devise and execute a plan for the suppression of the breeding of the unfit, the bottled-up knowledge accumulated by the intensive researches of the scientific Ku Klux might be uncorked for the benefit of the emerging superman.

It is realized that, while the objections to disease prevention discussed in the preceding pages are sound, it is impossible even to suggest that their logical conclusion be put in practice. The race becomes more and more used to comfort, to physical ease, to the alleviation of illness and amelioration of pain. It can no longer sit resignedly by, contemplating fatalistically its ravishment by fearful plagues. It loses the stoicism, the fortitude, the ignorance, the sense of powerlessness before scourges characteristic of the ancients. Therefore we are forced to turn from the logic of the perils of preventive medicine. Humanity will not heed these perils. So, all that is left for us to do is to consider to whom the task of public health is to be intrusted, if we are to increase the

Frightened by Bolshevism

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good and reduce the ill effects of preventive medicine.

The principle rôle of preventive medicine lies in the control and extermination of infectious diseases. Scientists in the study of disease have dredged up many interesting facts in regard to the characters and habits of the nefarious authors of such malaises. They begin to learn something of the way in which microbes are transferred from diseased to healthy persons. This, together with the study of the resistance of persons to infection, constitutes a branch of knowledge which forward-looking doctors are pleased to call the science of epidemiology.

Deliberately swallowed microbes

American medicine may be proud of the fundamental contributions of some of its sons to the problems of the eradication of disease. This work was animated by that spirit of self-abnegation and passion for truth that led the old German hygienist Pettenkofer to test the validity of Koch's claim of the discovery of the microbe of cholera by swallowing deliberately an entire culture of the virulent organisms. This was the spirit of the American Theobald Smith in his researches in Texas fever and tuberculosis; of the army surgeons Reed, Carroll, Agramonte, and Lazear in their dramatic discovery of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever; of Reed, Vaughan, and Shakespeare in the deadly camps of Cuba during the Spanish-American War; of Gorgas in the brilliant sanitary achievement that made possible the construction of the Panama Canal; of Ricketts in his studies of Rocky Mountain spotted fever and tabardillo; of Noguchi in the discovery of the cause of yellow fever; and finally of Park, Williams, and Krumwiede, of the New York Health Department, who work devotedly and efficiently at the task of control of infectious disease in our metropolis despite the fact that they have scanty material, are paid miserable stipends, and have to defer to the imbecile whims of grafting and ignorant New York political magnificoes.

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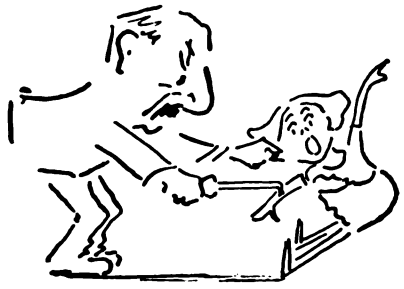

Dosing school-children

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In short, the typical small city health officer, and to some extent the gentlemen who fill this office in our more pretentious agglomerations, are frequently politicians, orators, and poltroons whose salaries might better be devoted to municipal displays of fireworks or to monthly barbecues for the poor of the community. Their effect upon the incidence of infectious disease is virtually nil. Progress in replacing the retired or unsuccessful otolaryngolists, ophthalmologists, and obstetricians by sanitary engineers and real doctors of public health is retarded greatly by the inexplicable theory that the occupant of the office should possess the degree of M. D. It would seem that these formidable letters have a cabalistic significance, which causes the microbic authors of plagues and pestilences to turn up their toes and die at a wave of the hand of the owner of these magic symbols.

The intrusting of the health of our communities to physicians of the type just described leads to serious embarrassment and needless economic losses to our citizens. But the ludicrous picture presented by such persons is surpassed by that of officials who enthusiastically apply the more or less scientific data of bacteriology to practical epidemiology. Such misapplication is remindful of the asininities engaged in by physicians who make their diagnoses exclusively by modern biochemical tests. It is easy to find such instances in the field of public health.

Let us present an example of the public enbarrassment that might result from this ignorant and enthusiastic attention. A small city is stricken with an epidemic of diphtheria. The alert health officer of the town administers prophylactic doses of antitoxin to all school-children who prove to have positive Schick reactions, and to such adults as will submit to the test. By some odd chance the families of the three plumbers of the town have been smitten with the disease. The good doctor swabs the throats of the healthy members of the family, and finds by bacteriological examination of this material that all three of the plumbers harbor organisms which have the appearance of diphtheria bacilli; at least he is so informed by his bacteriologist. The health officer then declares a quarantine of these households, and places the plumbers in durance vile until such

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time as the noxious organisms disappear from their throats. He makes daily cultures. Each time the results are positive. The organisms persist. Meanwhile the situation of the town becomes first trying, then embarrassing, finally desperate. Sinks are stopped up, pipes burst, and the resulting inundations cause great damage; one child is scalded to death in its cradle by a flood resulting from such an accident. Bath-rooms, deprived of the attentive care of these indispensable mechanicians, fall into disuse.

The citizens become frantic. Meetings of protest are held. The release of the plumbers is demanded. But the health officer is firmly backed by the city administration and the police, and remains obdurate. He insists that these important citizens are still carriers, and thus a menace to the community. Life in the town becomes more difficult. Sanitation grows impossible. Finally, plumbers are imported at great expense from neighboring cities. They attempt, with the promptness and efficiency characteristic of the gild, to repair the accumulated damage; but it has reached staggering proportions, and small progress is made. Meanwhile the interruption of sanitation has resulted in the outbreak of dysentery, typhoid, and paratyphoid fevers. The new plumbers are among the first to succumb.

The lamentable condition of the town has now been noised abroad. Additional plumbers are sought out, but refuse to come, even when offered princely sums. Life is disorganized. Citizens flee the place by night. Pestilence stalks abroad. Finally, the notoriety of the affair necessitates the intervention of experts who find, upon checking up the work of our zealous health officer, that the original plumbers are not carriers of authentic diphtheria bacilli! Their throats harbor diphtheria-*like* microbes, it is true, but test proves them to be non-toxin producers, and hence entirely harmless. Such a calamity as the one just described is entirely possible, given a health officer sufficiently enthusiastic, ignorant, and backed by an adequate power for the enforcement of his dicta.

Public health activity should, if possible, be freed from the clutches of politicians whose obscenities make our municipal government the laughing-stock of the world. The entanglement of public health with politics is one of the worst of the influences that retard it; for it is now comparatively easy to find efficient commissioners of health, since these persons begin to be graduated in droves from the new schools of hygiene of our universities. But the chief difficulty in the way of their efficient functioning is that of the idiotic change of political power so frequently occurring in the majority of American cities.

The writer has a friend who is a particularly efficient health officer in a rapidly growing Middle-Western city. He complains bitterly and with shocking profanity of the vicissitudes that beset him. At present he has rather a free hand in his activities. The majority of the city council and the mayor are in sympathy with his progressive efforts. He has been accorded a liberal budget, which he uses with breadth of vision and discretion. But he lives constantly in the fear of a return to power of the minority party, which proposes to make "economy" the slogan of its campaign. These

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Machiavellians, in order to keep at least partly their promises of a reduction of municipal taxation, threaten to slash mercilessly the budget of our health officer. His plans, the result of five years of educational activity, of oratory, of battling with ignorance, of intrigue, would be irretrievably wrecked if this party should come into power. Even now, in order to hold his hard-won ground, he finds it necessary to make friends with wealthy and influential men.

It is an interesting fact, which would certainly appear inexplicable to naïve persons, that the bitterest opposition to his efforts comes from the rank and file of the physicians of the city. These supposed guardians of our health look askance at his establishment of health-centers. He has manned these with an efficient corps of young physicians, dentists, and visiting nurses, who give free advice and treatment to thousands of the school-children of the city. The doctors, however, are almost without exception on the war-path for the scalp of the commissioner.

The health commissioner in question would long ago have resigned in disgust were it not for his peculiarly warlike and stubborn temperament. In addition to the tenacity of a gila-monster, he possesses marked political sagacity. This he has gained from a realization of its absolute necessity to a successful prosecution of his work. Convinced of the value of his cause, he stops at nothing to insure the perpetuation of his efforts. He matches intrigue by counter-intrigue, and has succeeded in rolling logs of a greater weight than those of his opponents. He fights fire with fire.

There are, it is sad to relate, lamentably few men of his kind who, combining good training and exact knowledge with the warrior temperament and the uncompromising devotion of a religious zealot, still possess a sufficient modicum of Jesuitical craft.

The Wise Man

Ante porcos

By L. A. G. STRONG

When from the upland of his mind
  He came to us a little while,
Wisdom, as if in malice, kept
  Strange reticence beneath his smile.

Never a word but seemed to hint
  Some vast deliberate unsaid.
We prayed for clearer speech. He shrugged,
  And took his wisdom to the dead.

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strange taint in his blood, or his mother's blood? . . . Would he end his days in a madhouse? . . . What a fate, what a dreadful fate! A slavering grayheaded man, wandering through the Valley of the Black Pig forever and forever?

Better to end it now.

Yes, but would that end it? The material envelop of cells and fluids gone, might there not . . . Worse off yet, if anything were left . . . There might be something left; there was the trouble . . . One knew so little, so abominably little . . . Only material wisdom was certain, and that said, don't chance it . . .

Drink? . . . He had his men to think of, his ship . . . It might grip him.

But was he forever doomed to this mournful weeping-place, place of rain, place of mists, gray boulders, and moaning winds? . . . Must he abide in the Valley of the Black Pig until the Boar without Bristles came lumbering out of the red west, and went grunting, eating ravenously, eating prey of souls, until he lay down in obscene sleep, and the stars one by one guttered like candles, and the sun shot into a vast explosion, and the moon was a handful of peat ashes, and the whole great universe snapped like a gun-shot, and the debris of all created things fell downward like a shattered wall, faster, faster, faster, to where, where, where?

§ 7

In the streets now the June snow fell, not the soft and flaky petals of the North, but a bitter steel-like snow that whirled. And the winds of the pampas hurried like furies through the sordid streets, and stopped to snarl, as a dog snarls, and now moaned, and now howled sharply, as a wolf howls. There was something cold, malignant, about it all . . . Old Irish writers said that hell was cold. *An Ait Fuar*, they called it, the Cold Place. *Ait gan chu gan chat, gan leanbh, ait gan ghean, gan ghaire*, a place without a dog or cat or child, a place without affection or laughter . . . Had sainted Brendan come on Buenos Aires in winter on his *vayahe* to Hy Brazil, and thought in his naïvety that here was hell? . . . And was he wrong?

Cold of wolves! It must have been like this in an ancient Paris when Villon thieved and sang, and the wolves came clamoring at the gates . . . and the crusaders in warm Palestine . . . Or in Russia—Siberia, a cold name . . . Here it was hell, but in Europe . . . oh, different there! The heavy flakes, so solid, so wonderful, the laden trees, the great stretch of white. And in the houses the farmers blessing the snow, that would keep the ground warm and fertile for the coming year, that the blue flax might arise, and the fields of corn, with the great pleasance of the clover, and the golden-belted bees . . . And the turf fires of Ulster, and Christmas coming, and after that Candlemas, and then March of the plowing, and glossy crows busy in the fields . . . Always something to see ahead . . . Not in Ireland only, but England, the jingle of bells and the people of ruddy faces . . . And in Germany, too, the bluff important burghers having their houses heated by quaint porcelain stoves, huddling themselves in furs, and waddling obesely . . . Very pleasant . . . And in France, too, in the *assommoirs*, the tang of wine in the air and the blue hue of smoke,

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mate who would wade into a mob of twenty with swinging fists, and the navigator who could calculate to a hair's-breadth where they were by observing the unimaginable stars—they were not of the craft of Noah; they were men who knew their job . . . just men . . . as a ticket clerk on a railroad is a man . . .

To him, for a long time now, ports were ports only, places whither one went to get or deliver cargo. Baltimore, like some sweet old lady; Para, heavy, sinister with rain; Rio, like some sparkling jewel; Belfast, dour, efficient, sincere; Hamburg, dignified, *gemütlich;* Lisbon, quiet as a cathedral —they were not entities; they were just collections of houses covering men and women. Men and women, they were born crudely, as a calf is born of a cow, they lived foolishly or meanly, and they died . . . And they were hustled out of the house quickly . . . They thought themselves so important, and they lacked the faithfulness of the dog, the cleanliness of wild animals, the strength of horses, the beauty of tropic birds, the mathematical science of the spider, the swiftness of fishes . . . How the devil had they ever arrogated to themselves the lordship of created things?

To him, for a long time now, the world had been, was, one mean street . . .

§ 2

Of all cities, none was better calculated to foster this mood of his than the one to which his business now brought him—Buenos Aires on the Plata. Leaving Liverpool with steel and cotton, there was an immensity of ocean to be traversed, until one came to the river mouth; then fifty leagues of hard sailing to the abominable anchorage . . .

Here now was a city growing rich ungracefully—a city of arrogant Spanish colonists, of poverty-stricken immigrants, and of downtrodden lower classes . . . a city of riches . . . a city of blood . . . Here mud, here money . . .

Into a city half mud hovels, half marble-fronted houses, Gauchos drove herd upon herd of cattle, baffled, afraid. Here Irish drove streams of gray bleating sheep. Here ungreased bullock carts screamed. From the blue grass pampas they drove them, where the birds sang, and water rippled, where was the gentleness of summer rain, where was the majesty of great storms, clouds magnificently black and jagged lightning, where were great white moons and life-giving suns, where was the serpent in the grass, and the unique tree, where were swift horses . . . Beeves that had once been red awkward calves, and then sullen, stupid little bullocks, and then proud young bulls, with graceful horns . . . such as earnest Christians believed had lowed at the manger of Christ born in Bethlehem . . . And stupid, suspicious sheep, that had once been white gamboling lambs, playful as pups, and so ridiculously innocent-looking!—Did n't they call their Lord *Agnus Dei,* Lamb of God? —and gentle ewes and young truculent rams, like red-headed school-boys, eager for a fray, and shame-faced wethers . . . And by their thousands and their tens of thousands they drove them into Buenos Aires, and slew them for their hides . . .

But this was sentimental, Shane said. Bullocks and sheep must die, and the knife is merciful as any death.

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But ought n't these things be done by night, privily, as they should bury the dead? Must they drive down these infinities of creatures, and slaughter them openly and callously, until the air was salt with blood, until carrion crows hovered over the city in battalions. Had they no feeling, had they no shame? Must the pitiful machinery of life be exposed so airily?

Of course it must, he knew. These things had to be done in bulk. Now were n't the Middle Ages, when one killed a cow because one had to eat, one killed a sheep because the winter was coming when woolens were needed. All Europe needed shoes, saddles, combs, antimacassars, afghans, what not. And Europe was a big place; so in bulk they must bellow and bleat and die, and have their hides torn from their pitiful bodies, salted, and chucked into the hold of a ship.

Of course it must. That was civilization!

§ 3

From long ago, from far away, came the chime of old romance, but very thin, like the note of a worn silver bell, that could not hold its own against this blatancy. Came ancient immortal names—Magellan, that hound of the world, whining fiercely, nosing for openings that he might encircle the world, he had been up the silver river. Sebastian Cabot, too, the grim marauder, seeking to plunder the slender Indians, he had been here. It was he had christened the great stream—Rio de la Plata, the river where silver is. And Pedro Gomez, who headed the greatest expedition the Argentine ever saw, and founded and named the city. And fighting Beresford, the British general who took it from Spain, and Whitelock who lost it again . . . Campbell could see his bluff grenadiers, their faces blackened with powder, their backs to the wall, a strange land, a strange enemy, and blessed England so far away . . . And the last of the Spanish viceroys, with a name like an organ peal, Baltazar Hidalgo de Cisneros y Latorre—a great gentleman, he had been wounded fighting Nelson in Trafalgar Bay. Campbell could almost see his white Spanish face, his pointed fingers, his pointed beard, his pontifical walk . . . And of them nothing remained. Nothing of Magellan, nothing of Cabot, nothing of Gomez, nothing of stanch Beresford, or bluff John Whitelock, or of the great hidalgo . . . *Stat magni nominis umbra?* . . . No, not even that. The shadows of the great names had gone . . . The dim chime of a silver bell drowned by the lowing of dying cattle, by the screech of bullock carts, by the haggling of merchants over the price of hides . . .

But he could not remain on board ship in port. Ships, he had enough of them! There was nothing to do but go ashore, landing at high tide at one of the two lugubrious piers, and make his way toward the squares . . . past the blazing water-front where the prostitutes chanted like demented savages, past the saloons where sailors drank until they dropped, or were knifed or robbed or crimped. Down the ill lit streets, which must be trodden carefully, lest one should stumble into a heap of refuse. Down to the Plaza Victoria, with its dim arcades, or to the 25 de Mayo, with its cathedral, its stunted paradise-trees. And from the houses came shafts of light, and the sounds of voices, thump of guitars like little drums, high argu-

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ments, shuffle of cards . . . Dark shadows and lonely immigrants, and the plea of some light woman's bully—"*cosa occulta* . . ." A dim watery moon, the portico of her cathedral, a woman exaggerating the walk . . . Pah! Immigrants fearful of the coming snow . . . A *vigilante* strutting like a colonel. Mournful pampa winds.

The theaters? Sugary Italian opera; a stark Spanish drama, too intense for any but Latins, foreign; debauched vaudeville, incredibly vulgar; or at the concert hall, sentimental Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon songs, with an audience of grave uncritical exiles—a little pathetic. No!

The clubs? Oh, damn the clubs! A blaze of light and raucous voices, ship-

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masters, ship-chandlers, merchants discussing the riddle of local politics and the simony of office; or the price of hides and freight charges; how a shipmaster could turn a pretty penny in bringing out shoddy clothes or pianos. They were crazy for pianos here! Rattle of glasses and striking of matches. Ceremonious salutations.

"Well, Captain, what kind of a trip did you make out?"

"Pretty fair, Captain."

"Will you have a little snifter, Captain?"

"Well, Captain, seeing that it 's you—"

"Paddy, a little of what ails him for the captain—"

And after a while the whisky would dissolve the ceremony, and would come nauseating intimacies—

"We shipped a stewardess in Hull—" or, "There was an Irish girl in the steerage, a raving beauty, and when I saw her, I said, 'Wait.' So—"

They were all the same. Give them whisky and time, and the talk would come around to easy money and easy women. All were the same, bluff, sentimental, animal, all but the one or two hawk-eyed, close-lipped men who came and went silently, who drank little and drank by themselves. These men made the really big money, but it was n't easy; they took a chance with their lives, smuggling slaves from Africa for the Argentine plantations, or silver from Chile and Peru. But as for the rest, easy money, easy women!

Well, what was Campbell fussing about? Was n't he, too, making easy money, bringing agricultural steel and cotton goods here and taking away his tally of hides?

And as to easy women, was n't there Hedda Hagen?

A shipmaster had introduced him to her at a band concert in one of the public squares—a tall Amazonian woman with hair white as corn, and eyes the strange light blue of ice. Her head was uptilted—a brave woman. The introduction had a smirking ceremony about it that defined Frôken Hagen's position as though in so many words. Her bow was as distant to Shane as his salutation was curt to her. Shane was suddenly annoyed.

§ 4

The captain of the American boat talked incessantly while the band blared on. Strolling Argentines eyed the woman's blond beauty at a respectful distance. They trotted to and fro. They loped. They postured. She paid no attention. To her they were nonexistent. To the American skipper's conversation she replied only with a flicker of the eyelids, a fleeting smile of her lips. Shane she seemed to ignore. She was so clean, so cool, so damnably self-possessed.

"Frôken Hagen," Campbell ventured, "are n't you sick of all this? Captain Lincoln says you have been here for five years. Are n't you dead tired of it?"

"No." Her voice was a strong soprano timbre.

"Don't you want to get back to the North again?"

"Often." She had a quiet, aloof smile. Somewhere was the impression of a gentlewoman. She did not mean to be abrupt. She was just immensely self-possessed.

It occurred to Shane suddenly that he liked this woman. He liked her dignity, her grave composure. He liked her coolness, her almost Viennese grace. He liked her features; but for

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the wideness of her mouth and the little prominence of chin she would have been immensely beautiful. Her corn-like hair, massively braided, must be like a mane when down, and beneath her Paris frock he could sense her deep bosom, great marble limbs. Her voice had the cool sweet beauty of Northern winds . . . Her eyes were steady, her chin uptilted. Somewhere, sometime, somehow she had mastered fate.

About, in the gaslit square, escorted, guarded, went other women, reputable women. Great raw-boned women, daughters of Irish *porteños*, with the coarseness of the Irish peasant in their face, the brogue of the Irish peasant on their Spanish, but punctiliously Castilian as to manners; gross Teutonic women; fluffy sentimental Englishwomen, bearing exile bravely, but thinking long for the Surrey downs; gravid Italian women, clumsy in the body, sweet and wistful in the face; Argentinas, clouded with powder, liquid of eyes, on their lips a soft little down that would in a few years be an abomination unto the Lord; women of mixed breed, with the kink of Africa in their hair, or the golden tint of the Indian in their skin. Good women! And yet . . . For grace, for coolness, for cleanliness, the venal Swedish girl outshone them all . . .

"Fröken Hagen," Campbell said, "may I call on you some time?"

"If you like."

"Does that mean you don't want me to come?"

She smiled at him.

"Mister Campbell,"—she laughed gently,—"you know very well what I am. If you don't call on me, it won't mean anything to me. If you do call, I think I 'll be rather glad. Because on first appearances I like you. But do whatever you like. I have no wiles."

"Thank God for that!"

Lincoln, master of the *Katurah Knopp*, listened in with a silent chuckle. She was a queer one, Hedda was. And Campbell, he was a queer one, too. Two queer ones together. Hedda was all right, but a man sickened of her quick. She was n't what you might call warm. No affection; that 's what a man missed far from home, affection. Yes, affection. Hedda had none. She was a fine woman, but she had no affection. He liked to see men get stung. In a few days Campbell would be down at the club with a face as long as to-day and to-morrow. He would call for a drink angrily.

"Well, Captain, what 's got into you? You don't look happy."

And Campbell, like the others, would grumble something about a big Swede.

"Hey, what 's wrong? Ain't Hedda treated you right?"

"Sure, she treated me right," he would say as the others said, "but that woman 's not human. Take away that rot-gut and gi' me whisky. I got a touch o' chill."

Lincoln had seen it all before. He liked to see it all the time. He chuckled as Shane turned to him.

"Lincoln, are you seeing this lady home?"

"Not if you want to."

"I don't want to break up any arrangements of yours."

"Tell the truth," Lincoln said, "I 've got a little party on to-night. A party as is a party—Spanish girls, Spanish dancers . . . I wish I could take you, but it ain't my party . . ."

"Then I 'll see Miss Hagen home."

Dog-gone, Lincoln would have to go

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down to the club and tell 'em how Campbell of the *Maid of the Isles* got stuck with the human iceberg!

§ 5

Without, the west wind had increased suddenly, a cold steady wind, coasting down the Argentine pampas, bending the sparse trees and giant thistle, ruffling the river, shallowing it, until to-morrow many a poor sailorman would regret his optimistic anchorage . . . Shane shivered . . . To-morrow October would be making a din in the streets . . . And the poor skippers fighting their way around the Horn, icy winds and head seas and immense gray dirty-bearded waves . . . To-morrow three men were to be shot in the 25 de Mayo for a political offense, and Shane could see them in the bleak dawn, three frightened stanch figures, the soldiers would be blowing their fingers in the cold air, and their triggers would be like ice to the touch . . . the shoddy tragedy . . .

But within the room was warm, a little fire of coal in the unusual grate, and the soft and mellow light of candles, and here and there Gauchos' blankets on the wall, and here a comfortable chair, and there a table of line, and brass things . . . clean and ascetic, and yet something womanly about the place, the grace and composition of things . . . And with her coming into her house, Hedda Hagen's manner had changed gently . . . She was no longer frigid, aloof . . . She unbent into calm smiles, and the grace of a hostess of the big world . . . the quiet masonic signal of a certain caste . . .

"I wonder," he said, "am I dreaming?"

She paused suddenly. She had taken her hat off, and was touching things on tables with her large fine hands. She turned her head toward him. There was a half-smile in her eyes.

"Why?"

"It does n't seem right."

"That you never saw me before, that you are here in this house after meeting me a half-hour ago, and that you can stay here the night?"

"Yes."

"Well, it 's true."

She was once more the hostess. It was as if some one had sprung nimbly from a little height to the ground.

"I can't give you any whisky, but I can make you tea. Or have my maid brew you some coffee?"

"Is that a Russian samovar?"

"Yes."

"Then I 'll have tea."

So queer! Without, the wind blustered and the little din of it crept into the room somehow, and within was warmth, and the stillness of still trees. And grace. Beauty moved like an actress on the stage. All her motions were harmonious, could have gone to some music on the violin. Now it was the easy dropping to her knees as she lit the quaint Russian tea-pot, now an unconscious movement of her hand to push back a braid of her hair, now the firm certain motion of her strong, white unringed fingers. Now her large graceful body moved like some heroic statue that had become quick with life. The thought came into his head somehow that if he had had a sister, he would have liked her to have been like this splendid blond woman . . .

Yet into this house, where she had settled like some strange bird in an alien land, came shipmasters, reeking with drink, came merchants with their

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minds full of buying and selling and all the petty meannesses of trade, came dark Latins who hankered for blond women . . .

"God! I can't understand."

She came toward him frankly.

"*Amigo mio*, have you a right to understand?"

"I 'm sorry."

"No, but— See! You and I have often met. I mean there is a plane of us who must be loyal to one another. You understand. And to you, to one of us, I don't want to lie. Only certain persons have a right to ask. A father, a mother, a child, a sister, or brother or husband. But our destinies touch only, hardly even that. Will never grip, bind. There is no right you have, beyond what—you buy, and there are things—I don't sell."

"I 'm sorry," Shane turned aside. "I was just carried away. But I should go."

"Do you want to go?"

"No."

"Then stay. Others stay."

"But—"

"Are you better than the others?"

"No," he thought. "Of course not. Worse perhaps. I know better."

"You are nearly as honest as I am." She laughed. She put her hand out in a great frank gesture.

"If I can smile, surely you can." Her fingers beckoned. "Come, don't be silly."

He caught her hands and laughed with her. He had been acting like a boy in his twenties, and he a man of forty-two . . .

§ 6

He had thought somehow that in this affair of Hedda he would find—oh, something: that once more the moon would take on its rippling smile, and the sun its sweet low laughter, and the winds be no longer a matter of physics, but strong entities. Quickly, unconsciously the thought had come to him . . . With the wife of his young days had come the magic of romance, and with Claire-Anne of Marseilles had come as a line storm of passion, and with the Arab lady had come the scheme of an ordered life, good composition, and rich color . . . They had lasted but little and gone as a rainbow goes . . . With Hedda there was nothing . . . It was just abominably wrong . . .

Here he was, young,—for his forty-two he was young,—supple, successful in his way, rich if you wanted to put it in that word. And no heart for life; listless. It was wrong . . . All he could think of doing was to be intimate with an easy woman. No zest for her great noble frame, her surge of flaxen hair. The veneer of conventional good manners, conventional good taste only made the actuality of it more appalling . . . she with the gifts of life and grace, he with his, and all they could do was be physically intimate . . . And she took money with a little smile, contemptuous of herself, contemptuous of him . . . They both knew better, yet there you were . . . God! Even animals had the excuse of nature's indomitable will!

Yes, this made him face things he had been trying to pass casually by. Forty-two, a touch of gray at the temples, a body like a boy's, hooded eyes like a hawk's, and a feeling in him somehow that an organ—his heart maybe—was dead, not ailing—just unalive. Once he had zest, and he did n't

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even have despair now. If he could only have despair! . . .

Despair was healthy. It meant revolt. A man might sob, gnash his teeth, batter walls with his bare fists, but that only meant he was alive in every fiber. He might curse the stars, but he was aware of their brilliance. He might curse the earth that would one day take his lifeless body, but he must know its immense fecundity. A man in revolt, in despair was a healthy man.

But despair was so futile. Ah, there it was! Life's futility. It was the sense of that which had eaten him like a vile leprosy. Mental futility, spiritual futility. Of physical he did not know. All that was left him of his youth was a belief in God. At sea he was too close to the immense mechanism of the stars, on land too close to milling millions, not to believe, not to accept as an incontrovertible fact.

But the God of degenerate peoples, the antagonistic, furious, implacable God—that was a ridiculous conception. A cheap, a vain one. "Like flies to wanton boys, so are we to the gods," was n't that how Shakspere's blind king had uttered it? "They kill us for their sport." How strangely flattering—to believe that the Immensity that had conceived and wrought the unbelievable universe should deign to consider man, so weak that a stone, a little slug of lead, could kill him, an enemy worth bothering about! Man with his vanity, his broad fallibility, his poor natural functions!

And as to the God of the optimists, how ridiculous, too! "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." So pathetic! They never saw that they did want. That for every well-filled body there were a hundred haggard men. They thought of him as benevolent, firm, but benevolent, like Mr. Gladstone. To them he was an infinitely superior vestryman with a tremendous power for dispensing coal and food to the poor. And the poor devils were so patient, so loyal! And so stupid! They thought that much flattery, much fear would move Him. Their conception never even rose to considering God a gentleman, despising flattery and loathing fear. Poor, poor devils!

To Shane He existed, though as how to think of Him was difficult. Why a man? Why not some strange thing of the air, as a cuttlefish is of the sea? Something tenuous, of immense brain power, of immense will. Something cold. But why even that? Why not, as the cabalists had it, a figure, arithmetical or geometrical, a sound . . . A formula of some great undiscoverable, indefinable thought . . . He was cold, He was efficient, He had so much brains . . .

It seemed to Shane that this optimism, this despair, were strange mental drugs, going through the mental system as a depressant or a stimulant would go through the physical, creating illusions . . . illusions . . . and the sane man was one who had no illusions, not the meaning a man uses of the phrase when he has been jilted by a woman or wronged out of money by a friend, but actually, finitely no illusions. He was sane, a few other men in the world must be sane, but the rest were drugged for their hell or their Fiddlers' Green.

Fiddlers' Green! Good God! Fiddlers' Green!

His mind flashed back a moment to the shining isle, the greensward, the singing waves, the sunlight on the

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green jalousies, but strangely his mind could see nothing. He could no longer make a picture for himself. Symbols were barren algebraic formulæ. Not enchanters' words. No light. No glamour. Only strange sounds reverberating in the gray caverns of his head . . . Once in the dead past he could see the Isle of Pipers; no more! It was n't his past that was dead. The past lived. It was he who was dead, he, his present, his future.

Out of the gray caverns of his head came a thin echo of a word he had known and he a boy—the Valley of the Black Pig. A phrase from some old folk-tale heard on a wintry Antrim coast. Some prophesy of old wives that when the Boar without Bristles would appear in the Valley of the Black Pig, then the end of all things was nigh . . . He had a faint memory that somewhere in Roscommon was the Valley of the Black Pig . . . But that did n't matter; what mattered was the memory it evoked . . . Gray, gray, gray . . . Gray hills, gray boulders, gray barren trees, a gray mist sluggishly rising from the ground, and a gray drizzle of rain, falling, so slowly . . . And gray rotting leaves beneath his feet . . . A little wind that moaned among the boulders, and the cawing of unseen, horrible birds . . . Neither was there direction, nor time, nor space . . . Everything gray like the grayness of old women's bodies . . . There was no sun, and the moon abhorred the valley. In such a place as this wandered the souls of women who had killed their children, of monks who at dark of night had said the black mass . . . Here were masters who had deserted tall, gallant ships . . . Hither witches rode on the bleak east wind, to be flogged by their master and horribly caressed . . . The Valley of the Black Pig . . . Here were those who had read the frightful inscription on the altar of the Unknown God . . . Gilles de Rais, marshal of France, and Avicenna; Nicolas Flamel and his wife Petronella; Lady Alice Kyteler of Kilkenny, and Gerald of Desmond, the great earl; and newer names, Dee and Edward Kelly . . . Degraded majesty with soiled beards . . . Gray, gray . . . And the faint ghosts in cerecloths, and the horrible shapes of the mist . . . The drizzle of the rain, and the rustle of the Feet of the Goat . . . The cawing of strange birds and the wind among the boulders and souls, weeping, weeping—unhoping, undespairing, weeping, weeping . . . The Valley of the Black Pig . . .

What was it? In God's name, what was it that had made him this way, his being suddenly lifeless, like a cow that goes dry, or a field that is mysteriously, suddenly fallow? . . . And weariness seem immortal . . . What had led him into this dreadful cemetery of mind? Had he gone too far in thought and emotion and come to a dreadful desert place within himself? . . . Had he eaten of the tree of which the cabalist wrote:

"Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat;

"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

Had he blundered on it unwittingly, eaten ignorantly, and surely died? . . . Or was he going mad? Good God! Could that be it? Was there something they had n't told him—or a

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do, and you coming this long way to tell me news."

"I 'm very thankful to you, Shane Campbell, very thankful indeed. It 's just the way of you to ask a poor sailorman does he want a lift half-way across the world. But I 'll never again see Ballycastle with living eyes."

"And why not, man Simon?"

"It 's this way, Shane Campbell. It 's this way. When I came back after six years, four years lost on the coast, my three fine sons were gone, twenty and nineteen and seventeen they were. Gone they were, following the trade of the sea. And herself, the woman of the house, was gone, too. I did n't mind the childer, for 't is the way of the young to be roving. But herself went off with another man. A great gift of making a home she had, so there was many would have her, in spite of her forty year'. Into the dim city of Glasgow she went, and there was no word of her. And she might have waited, Shane Campbell, she might so. Four years lost on the coast of Borneo, and to come and find your childer scattered, and your wife putting shame on you. That 's a hard thing."

"You 're a young man, Simon Fraser. You 're as young as I am, forty-two. There 's a quarter century ahead of you. Put the past by and begin again. There 'd be love at many a young woman for you. And a house and new bairns."

"I 'm a back-thinking man, Alan's kinsman, a long back-thinking man. And I 'd always be putting the new beside the old, and the new would not seem good to me. The new bairns would never be like the old bairns, and it would na be fair. And as for women, I 've had my bellyful of women after her I was kind to, and was true to for one and twenty years, going off with some sweating landsman to a dingy town . . . I was aye a good sailor, Shane Oge . . .

"It 's by now, nearly by . . . So I 'll be going up and down the sea on the chance of meeting one of my braw bairns. And maybe I 'll come across one of them on the waterfront, and him needing me most . . . And maybe I 'll sign articles wi' one aboard the same ship, and it 's the grand cracks we 'll have in the horse latitudes . . . Or maybe I 'll find one of them a young buck officer aboard a ship I 'm on; and he 'll come for'a'd and say, 'Lay aloft, old-timer, with the rest and be pretty damned quick about it!' And I 'll say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' And think, 'Wait till you get ashore, and I 'll tell you who I am, and give you a tip about your seamanship, too, my grand young fellow' . . . Life has queerer things nor that, Shane Oge, as maybe you know . . . The only thing that bothers me is that I 'll never see Ballycastle any more."

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Simon Fraser?"

"There 's a wee thing, Shane Campbell, just a wee thing."

"What is it, man Simon?"

"Maybe you 'd think me crazy—"

"Of course not, Simon."

"Well, then, when you 're home, and looking around you at the whins and purple heather, and the wee gray towns, maybe you 'll say, 'Glens of Antrim, I ken a man of Antrim, and he 'll never see you again, but he 'll never forget you.' Will you do that?"

"I 'll do that."

"Maybe you 'll be looking at Ballycastle, the town where I was born in."

"Yes, Simon."

"You don't have to say it out loud.

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excited Latin voices. *"Encore un boch! T'es saoul, mon vieux! Merde! Je suis comme le Pont Neuf!"* A raucous voice singing a political skit:

Cordieu, Madame! Que faites-vous ici!

Cordieu, Madame! Que faites-vous ici?

Je danse le polka avec tous mes amis!

Je danse le polka avec tous mes amis!

Buenos Aires, hell!

And the worst was the strange inversion of time. Here winter was, cold streets, steely snow, garbage frozen to stone . . . And in Europe was sane June. Purple flower of the heather in Ulster, and white flower of the bogs, and in the little bays of Antrim, men spearing flounders from boats in the long summer evenings. And the bairns hame from school, with a' their wee games, fishing for sticky-backs wi' pins, and the cummers spinning. Eigh, Ulster! And in England, they punting on the Thames among the water-lilies. Soft Norman days, and in Germany the young folks going to the woods . . . In Buenos Aires, hell!

Within the house a cold that the little fire could only gallantly fight against. Without, cold of wolves.

"Hedda, you come from a cold country. Tell me, is it like this in Sweden, anytime?"

She was sitting in the candle-light, doing the needlework she took such quietness in. Her firm white hands moving rhythmically, her body steady, her eyes a-dream. It was hard ever to think that she was—what she was. It was hard for him to think the word now, knowing her. She looked up and smiled.

"No, Shane, not like this, It 's cold, very cold, but very beautiful. By day the country-side is quiet, white, ascetic, like some young nun. And at night there are lights and jollity. It is like a child's idea of fairy-land. One wishes one were further North, where the reindeer are. One is not enemy to the cold, as you are here. One accepts it. It has dignity. Here it is naked, malevolent. That 's the difference."

"Naked, with awful hands . . . A cold that seizes . . ."

"Yes, Shane." She took up her work again. "Sometimes I think long until I get back to Sweden."

"You—you are going back?"

"Of course, Shane."

"When?"

"Five, six, seven years, unless I die or am killed. Certainly I shall go back."

"Yes, but in five, six—hum!"

"But what, Shane?"

"I once knew a woman, Hedda. She was like you—just having friends. And she was as handsome as you are, too. She did n't have your head, your poise. She liked beauty, as you do. But this woman looked forward, as I don't think you do. She saw herself always going down. She saw herself in the end like the helmet-maker's daughter, in some archway of the city, seeking a couple of pence . . . And she was afraid, horribly afraid."

"She was a silly woman."

"How, Hedda?"

"She did n't know two things. That luck changes, destiny is sometimes as kind as it is cruel. And also, when you are old, the money of the archway will bring you as much joy, a drink, a bed, a meal for the morrow, as do the diamonds of youth. The old don't need much, Shane. They have n't far to go."

"But you, Hedda. Are n't you

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Adventures of an Illustrator

VIII—Getting Into Russia

By Joseph Pennell

ONE summer day in the year 1890, while E—— and I were bicycling from Berlin to Budapest, or rather from Calais to Budapest, writing and illustrating a series of articles for the London "Illustrated News," we were in Berlin, when up turned Harold Frederic, full of Jews. They were admirable, they were martyrs, they were persecuted. He would avenge them in "Scribner's" and "The New York Times," and the Rothschilds were back of him. And I must come along, and we would do an article on Kieff, the holiest place in Russia, and another on Berdichef, where, it appeared, there was a bigger horse-fair.

The fair at Berdichef was to be held in November. I waited as long as possible for the vintage in Transylvania, and it was only a day or so before I had to start that I went to the consul in Budapest and asked him about getting my passport viséd. He looked at it and said it was no good. I asked why. He told me because it was more than two years old, a fact that I was not aware of and one that was not stated on it. I asked the consul to get me a new one by telegraph from the minister in Vienna. He said that this was not possible, and he doubted if the minister would issue it, anyway.

So I told him the story of this very passport, how I had asked for it in London a few years before, and the minister had refused me. I simply told him that it did n't matter, for I should just go to Cooks' Tourist office and get a British one. He said all right; that did n't matter either; and then I told him that, as soon as I had got it, I should give a lunch to all the American newspaper correspondents in London, and tell them that he had compelled me to do so. The passport was handed me, signed and sealed, before I left the embassy, or legation, as it then was. I have usually found American diplomats more ready to be polite to the last foreign refugee or renegade than to those who have been Americans for centuries. But it appeared that a passport abroad is granted only on personal application. At home it is sent only on a written application,—such is American red-tape,—and there was n't time to go to Vienna. To get into Russia, a passport must be viséd, for it is no good without.

Now, that consul was a man of ideas, and knowing the importance of the case, he said:

"The Russian consul in Pest is a friend of mine. I will give you a personal letter of introduction to him. If you, when you call, choose to ask him to visé the passport; and if he does so, though I wash my hands of the affair, you can go. But, mind, if you get into Russia and have any trouble while there,—and you most likely will

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get into trouble,—you can claim no protection from the United States whatever."

The Russian consul was charming, and viséd the passport at once. I was also furnished with official documents from the Hungarian Government to officials at Brody, on the Russian frontier, where the customs bar between the two countries crosses the streets. I was arrested promptly. And as the officials would talk nothing but Polish and could not read Hungarian or American, and insisted on my taking my hat off when I came into their mighty presence, though they kept theirs on, and as I forgot more than once, as there was no place to put my hat but on my head, I came near being sent back to Budapest. But, finally, I not only arranged matters with them, but made a number of drawings in the town.

At the Russian side of the frontier my passport was examined, my baggage was examined, and I was examined. As everything seemed in order, I was allowed to go on, and went slowly on in the Pullman, the only excitement being that the night before I got to Kieff some tremendous Russian official boarded the train, and as his greatness required an entire compartment, the Russian lady who was in the one next to mine was put, in her nightgown, into mine. I can only say she conducted herself with perfect propriety, and not as in a Russian novel, though she did smoke big black cigars.

At Kieff I went at once to the monastery I had come to draw. It stands high up above the plain, within the walls of the fortress. Long before I reached the gate I saw the pilgrims on their last day's tramp to it, for one of the great festivals of autumn was about to be held, and from all over Greater Russia the pilgrims were coming. Some from Siberia, I was told, had been eighteen months on the way. They were in rags. They carried not scrip, but tea-kettles, and all had staves or clubs. They were penniless; they were genuine, not tramps, not amateurs. At the gate many fell upon their faces, and crawled all the way to the church.

I walked, and then asked if I could find some monk who could talk English, as I was told at the hotel I should. The brother sent me, an Irishman, was charming, and at once went to ask for the permission to draw, which he assured me before he went would be refused, and it was.

But I had provided myself with tiny sketch-blocks and bits of paper, and on these I made notes of what I could not remember; but I can never forget the crowd of silent pilgrims stretched upon the church floor, waiting for the mass, the monks, each like a Christ in his stall beneath the tiny gem-like windows, the great gold lamps, the glittering icons in the gloom, and the high gold gates reaching to the roof, on which all the light from the painted windows fell. It was St. Mark's glorified.

All day I stayed there and in the other churches of the city, and when the evening service came, and the choir chanted at their great reading-desks, and the responses came down from the boys in the dome, it was too beautiful for this world.

Next day was the feast, and I was early in the church; but it was crowded. The pilgrims, ragged and smelly, were prone upon the floor, and among them, erect and motionless, in dazzling uniforms and court-dress, the generals and

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officials. There was even more beautiful chanting, and at last the gates slowly opened, and generals and officials and I fell upon our knees, and one by one curtains of blue, of rose, of gold were slowly wafted aside amid clouds of incense that filled the cathedral, the holiest in Russia. In the midst for a moment, in glory, we saw the metropolitan, who blessed us. Then the curtains were wafted back, the gates were closed, the chanting ceased. It was over.

But as I looked, a great stone in the floor was rolled away, and leading downward was a flight of steps. One by one the worshipers who were near it descended, and, as I was near, I went, too. The stairs ended in a small crypt, lighter than the church above, in the center of which, on a great stone covered with tapestry, was a richly robed metropolitan wearing his crown and holding an icon. He was very still. By his side, reading a book, was seated a monk, to whom soon was brought a plate of food by other monks. He moved slightly, and as he moved there was a clanking, and I saw the two were chained together. Then I was touched, and motioned to rise from my knees and follow the rest in order to make room for others on the stairs. By winding passages, through horrid catacombs filled with dead monks in their robes, chained to the walls till they molder to dust, I came out. And when that night I told the consul what I had seen, he gasped, and said:

"My God! you have seen it! It is the living death, and you have seen what we have only heard of! The live monk chained to the dead metropolitan will stay with him till he, too, dies."

Days I spent in the churches, in the market, on the river-bank. I saw the pilgrims come down the river on great boats or being ferried over it, to climb the steep bank on the top of which the convent stands, topped by its green and gilded domes, a landmark that glitters from afar. I saw half-naked prisoners, chained together, driven through the streets by armed men. I lunched in gorgeous cafés, filled with glittering officers and beautiful ladies. I bought swell furs in the great fur markets. I saw mounted Cossacks, with swords drawn for no reason that I could find, gallop through a great wide avenue filled with crowds, and I could get no explanation from the people into whose house I rushed before they slammed and bolted the door. I saw Jews driven and beaten to the railway station, and when I came up on the train at midnight, I heard wailing, and I saw on the platform, before I was pushed back again into the car, a crowd of prisoners, off, I suppose, to Siberia, though many were Jews. I saw a great military funeral in the fortress church. And I saw, though I hardly dared to draw it, the beauty of the town piling up on the river-bank. I saw the starving, penniless pilgrims fed. I did a number of sketches, and for the first, and almost the last time, made a number of photographs, using a kodak, then a new toy. Frederic never turned up.

But nothing I ever saw in my life approached the glory of the wonderful mass or the mystery of the living death.

After I had spent some days in Kieff, I found that if I wanted to see the great fair at Berdichef I must go there at once. I went with a letter from the British consul—there was no

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American representative in the city—to the governor-general of the province to ask permission to go. This the consul told me was necessary. I did not tell him my passport was worthless. With firm, but polite, frankness the governor-general told me I could not go. So I started for the frontier as soon as I could get my passport viséd.

The eighteen hours or so of dreary steppe, pine forest, and morass succeeding morass and pine forest were covered, relieved only by the long stops at the excellent railway restaurants, where there was time to dine. But if the Russian trains ran as much as they stopped, they would arrive sooner. Sometimes, when the train stopped, I could see a muddy, rutty track leading off in the direction of a copper dome on the horizon. Crowds of Jews, peasants, and soldiers were at every station, and the most charming sight was to see great bearded, decorated officers kiss with tears. Toward evening of the next day I, too, took a droshky, and with others raced across the fields to a distant town in which there was a decent hotel. After dinner I went out, and found the bazaar crowded with Jews and flaring with lights—I went into synagogues. It was the eve of some feast, or the Sabbath, and the fur-capped figures, covered with praying-cloths, reading, praying, and chanting, were unforgetable, and as soon as I got back to the hotel I put them down, though notes were made through the window of the synagogue. The town was Berdichef.

Next morning I went to the market and started a big drawing of it. I had not been at work an hour when a Jew came to me and told me in French I must come with him. He took me to a carriage with three horses and two mounted Cossacks, and away I went, stared at by the Jews, who apparently did not dare to form a crowd. After a short drive we drew up at the office of the chief of police, and there, too, were all my things, which had been brought from the hotel. I was very contemptuously asked in French what I was doing and why I had come. I told the officer to see the horse fair. All my things were examined, and as the drawings were found to be only sketches of Kieff, pilgrims, and Jews, they were dismissed as worthless or with a laugh because they were true. I had my camera with me still, as I knew from experience in Hungary that the Jews would not pose even for money. The negatives, I was told, must be developed, and in the carriage, but alone, I was sent to a photographer. Now, among these I knew were negatives taken in the fortress at Kieff, and as the monastery is within it, probably I had, in getting a pilgrim or a monk, taken a bastion as well, as the ridiculous machine, of course, will do. But the photographer, who also talked French, was human, and whenever anything that looked like a fort was developed, we destroyed it. When the prints were made, the chief of police found them quite harmless, and I supposed I could go when I wished; still, my passport, taken the night before at the hotel as is usual, was not given back to me, and I was told to wait. So I went on drawing for several days, meaning to stay for the great fair, which would be held in about a week. But the passport was not returned. I got a good deal done, but wherever I went, I was always followed either by Cossacks or by the original Jew who had arrested me.

As I was getting tired of this, I my-

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self went to the chief of police and asked him about things and what was the matter. He told me at once that I was in Berdichef without permission, which was no news; and I asked him if I could return to Kieff and get it. He said, "Yes." I asked when the trains went. He knew nothing of the trains, but if I wanted to go, I could, with a chain round my leg, on foot, escorted by four Cossacks; and it would take fifteen days, and I must pay all their expenses and my own. Then he ended by saying that he did not talk French, which he had spoken all the while, and thereafter addressed all his questions to me through the Jew, who, it appeared, spoke fluent Whitechapel cockney.

I went back to the hotel to find the landlord in tears. His hotel would be ruined because I was in it. I told him nothing would give me greater pleasure than to leave, if he would only get my passports back viséd. Then he broke into fresh tears and fluent Russian. So, to relieve the landlord and also myself, I made up my mind to start that night without the passport. The only thing that bothered me was the beautiful fur coat I had bought, which was too heavy to run away with. So after a good dinner, always watched by the Jew, I went up-stairs to bed, lay down, fully dressed, on the warm stove in my room, for it was cold. About midnight, when I knew the train would start, I got up and looked out of the window. In the front street the lamplight shone on two Cossacks, muffled up in great coats, resting on their guns. I went to the back window, overlooking another street, and there by the moonlight I saw two more Cossacks muffled up, resting on their guns. I undressed, and went to bed on my stove. For the first time in my life I knew what a genuine fright was. In the morning I went to the station, always attended, and wrote out two telegrams in French, one to E—— in Budapest, and the other to the American minister in St. Petersburg, and handed them in.

A superior official who was called told me in French that they did not accept messages in that language. I humbly asked him to translate them, and he sternly refused, but put them in a drawer. I had more attacks of fright. I went back to the hotel, looking out on the way for a letter-box, which I at last found. I wrote a letter to the ambassador in Vienna, got a stamp from the porter, and, going out, walked away from the hotel, followed by my Cossacks. But I easily evaded them, and dropped the letter into the box. Now I knew I must be safe.

I stayed for days at my own expense, and nothing happened save that not a person in the hotel would speak to me or come near me, and in the stores I could scarcely buy a thing. I heard nothing. I was now sure I should spend months in the place, and more time in Siberia later till I escaped; for if I could not do as creatures of the Stepniak and Kropotkin type could, I should be ashamed of myself. But for a week nothing happened. E—— knew where I was. I had written her from Kieff before I left, and did n't worry.

On the eighth day, I think it was, at lunch, a man came up to me in the hotel and spoke, the first person for a week, and he talked American. He said he had heard how I had been treated, and it was all over the town. And people were afraid to do anything for me or even speak to me, but he was different. He had studied in the

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dental college in Philadelphia, and the photographer was his brother-in-law, and Russia was an awful place, and his brother-in-law was very good. And then I cross-questioned him, and there was no more doubt that he had been in Philadelphia than that many of the Jews with their side ringlets cut off had been in London and New York. He said if I would come that night to his brother-in-law's, he thought things could be arranged. I went. There was a good supper, and after supper the chief of police came in and found his French again, and frankly told me that if I would give him five hundred rubles I could go the next day. As I was sure that in a few days I should hear from the United States minister, I refused, and refused when he came down to fifty. Then he said that the next night there were two trains for Austria, one at twelve and the other at three, and asked which I would take. I said I would take the first, and he seemed relieved, and told me that my passport would be at the station.

I packed up the next day, paid the landlord, who, with smiles and tears, bade me good-by, and long before midnight was at the station. There a charming officer of Cossacks greeted me, asked me what class I was going, bought tickets and berths for me and himself in the Pullman,—at my expense,—got into the compartment with me,—he could talk but little French,—and off we went. Repeatedly that night and the next day the train was boarded by officials, who either saluted him or whom he saluted. They looked at the passport, and we went on. There was a final examination at the frontier, and one or two people were stopped. Then we were out of Russia, but the officer still stayed. It was late at night when we stopped at the first Austria-Hungarian station. I got out, and so did the officer. On the engine were two Cossacks. At the Austrian customs office he saluted, and jumped on the train. I was free.

All the way to Pest I was the subject of a wild ovation, and there was E——, reporters from all over the place, the consul, and a wire from the minister, Colonel Fred Grant, to come to Vienna at once. When I got there I was told that the United States would take up immediately the matter of my detention and expulsion, that he had heard from Washington; but when I showed him the passport, his only remark, besides asking E—— and me to dinner, was to say, "You should thank your stars that you are coming to dinner rather than going to Siberia."

While I was in the legation my letter from Berdichef was delivered to him. He opened and read it.

"Well," said I, "now you have the facts before they have." Without a word, he took another unopened letter, held it over a samovar, and the envelop opened.

"I thought you would know that trick," he said. There were more interviews, and I was supposed to have injured my health, though there would be no damages for that, and even the doctor was disgusted when he found that the cough came only from my tonsils and did not mean consumption.

Joseph Conrad, who came from Berdichef or Brody to become the pride of English literature and English seamanship by way of a tramp steamer to the Congo, told me that the people of his native town said that if I would come back again, they would crucify me. I have not been to Russia since.

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The Month in World Affairs

By LOTHROP STODDARD

Genoa and After—The Near-Eastern Tangle

WAS the Genoa Conference a real success or a failure? The answer to this query must depend, first, upon whether we regard Genoa as primarily a political or an economic conference, and, second, whether we look at it from the long or the short view.

If we consider the Genoa Conference from its political aspect, especially as envisaged by Premier Lloyd George, we can hardly consider it as anything but a failure. Mr. Lloyd George went to Genoa with an ambitious program whose main points were a general European settlement with Russia, the reintroduction of Germany into the European family of nations, and the establishment of a genuine concert of Europe founded upon a general non-aggression pact similar to the Four Power Treaty concluded at the Washington Conference between America, France, Great Britain, and Japan assuring peace in the Pacific for the next decade.

Such were Mr. Lloyd George's objectives. And not one of them did he attain. Russia and Germany have not been reinstated in the European family of nations; on the contrary, they have flocked off by themselves and have signed a separate treaty, which, though economic, is widely regarded as the forerunner of intimate political and even military relations. As for the European concert, it is conspicuous by its absence, while a non-aggression pact of the Washington model has proved an impossibility.

In the minds of those who had pinned their hopes upon the success of the Lloyd George program its failure has aroused acute pessimism. Typical of this attitude are the gloomy words of the British publicist Sir Philip Gibbs, who exclaims despondently: "We are in a worse state now than if the Genoa Conference had not happened, for it has intensified perils which lay dormant, speeded up hostilities and policies which were playing a waiting game, and forced forward certain grave issues which might have been postponed and in the course of time eliminated."

This extreme pessimism, however, does not appear to be justified. Despite its failures, the Genoa Conference seems to have been distinctly worth while, both on its political and, even more, on its economic side. For one thing, it was the calling of the conference that did more than anything else to avert, or at least to postpone, the explosion which was threatening Europe early last spring. As Mr. Lloyd George himself expressed it on his return home from Genoa: "We must remember that only a few weeks ago armies were massing on frontiers extending thousands of miles with the

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evident intention of marching against each other. By the Genoa Conference their march has been arrested."

These dramatic words do not overstate Europe's acutely critical situation during the opening months of the present year. At that time Soviet Russia was girding itself for battle with its European neighbors, while France was preparing to invade Germany. If those disasters had occurred, Europe would have been on fire. Instead, Europe assembled at Genoa. Granted that quarrels were the order of the day, it was better that delegates should hurl speeches at one another across the green tables than that armies should hurl shells and bullets at one another across the green fields. Disagreements? Failure to achieve a constructive "settlement"? Granted. And yet for weeks all factions got together, exchanged ideas, tackled specific problems in committee, and formulated joint reports. Genoa may be a failure, but we are now in full summer, and Europe is not ablaze. Russia and her adversaries have agreed not to attack one another for the rest of the year, and an international gathering at The Hague is taking up the Russian problem where Genoa laid it down. As for France and Germany, the ominous date, May 31, has long past, and not a French soldier has moved beyond the occupied zone, while in Paris the world's leading financiers are attempting to evolve a solution of the German reparations problem. Would these things have occurred if the Genoa Conference had not taken place? It seems highly doubtful, especially when we consider the conference's economic activities.

It is these activities which are Genoa's best justification. Here we find positive, constructive achievements whose importance will be increasingly recognized as time goes on. It must not be forgotten that the conference's program was a broad one, including a general consideration of Europe's economic difficulties. The fact that specific problems like Russia and Germany stood in the lime-light and got most of the publicity should not blind us to other matters of less dramatic appeal, but of great intrinsic importance. Let us consider two of these, the problem of finance and the problem of communications.

The outstanding symptoms of Europe's economic ill health are undoubtedly the disorganization of its finances and the paralysis of its communications. Many of the world's wisest economists have stated that Europe's present woes are due mainly to unsound finances. With the exception of England and a few of the minor nations, like Holland and Switzerland, who maintained their neutrality during the late war, Europe is to-day weltering in financial chaos. All pretense of maintaining the gold standard has been abandoned, currencies have been enormously inflated by endless issues of paper money, budgets have remained unbalanced, and exchanges have become a wild delirium. Under these conditions healthy economic life, especially large-scale industrial production, is obviously impossible.

To study Europe's economic ills and attempt to formulate constructive remedies the conference early appointed a number of economic commissions, the most important being those on finance and transport. The finance commission was headed by Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the

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British Exchequer. This body of eminent experts undertook a broad survey of the whole European currency situation. The finance commission's findings are embraced in a report whose main recommendations are as follows: stabilization of currency, freedom of banks from political pressure, reëstablishment of the gold standard, and balancing of budgets. The financial ills of Europe, it was frankly admitted, were too deep-seated to be cured at once. However, a balancing of budgets, deflation of currencies, and reëstablishment of a gold standard would check the downward course and bring great relief, with good prospect of positive cure at no very remote period.

This report is a happy augury. The fact that the representatives of all Europe found themselves in substantial agreement on an economic program so fully in accord with the findings of the world's best economic thinkers indicates that Europe is facing economic realities and may be expected soon to begin cleaning house and getting down to business. Retrenchment, hard work, thrift, and honesty may not be as sensational a program as the fly-by-night economic panaceas that have had such a vogue these last few hectic years, but they are the things that count in the end. The only real dissenting voice was that of the Russian representative, who naturally could not be expected to approve recommendations so at variance with the theory and practice of communism. Aside from this there was no serious dissent to the commission's report, which was characterized by the eminent British authority, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, as "a financial code not less important to the world to-day than was the civil code of Justinian."

The report of the transport commission is likewise of great importance. Ever since the war the state of both land and water communications in central and eastern Europe has been deplorable. During the war years the railroads greatly deteriorated, neither road-beds nor rolling-stock being adequately repaired. And as a result of the peace treaties the situation became even worse. The new frontiers were drawn with scant regard for existing lines of communication, while no effective methods of coöperation were devised between states which, mutually suspicious and hostile as they were, practised policies of the most short-sighted egoism. Acting on the motto, "What we have we hold," each state grabbed all the rolling-stock it could lay hands on. Engines, freight- or passenger-cars, canal-boats, and river steamers, once crossing a frontier, were never returned. Therefore they never crossed a frontier, but were laboriously unloaded, and the freight carried across the border, to be reloaded into other conveyances on the other side. This spelled nothing short of paralysis in transportation and inflicted a body-blow to Europe's economic existence. Of course things were most chaotic in central Europe, but in Russia the absence of hampering frontiers was nullified by an even more complete breakdown of road-beds and rolling-stock.

So crying were these evils that even before Genoa attempts had been made to remedy them. Nearly two years ago an international transport conference met at Barcelona and passed resolutions advocating freedom of transit on pre-war principles. Still more

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recently another conference had met at Porto Rose and had drafted a convention for the apportionment of rolling-stock between the various central European states. However, very little had been actually done. The transport commission of the Genoa Conference went exhaustively into the whole situation and issued a report confirming and amplifying the recommendations passed at Barcelona and Porto Rose. The main items of its program were as follows: conditions of international transport to be regulated without regard to politics; the richer states to aid the poorer states to restore their railroad systems; the Barcelona resolutions for freedom of transit to be adopted by all countries; the Porto Rose conventions for the apportionment of rolling-stock to be generally approved; a general European transport conference to be held in the near future.

Such are the main economic achievements of the Genoa Conference. And surely these are of great significance and value.

The distinctions between the Genoa Conference on the one hand and The Hague and Paris conferences on the other hand must be clearly understood. The Genoa Conference was a general meeting of all Europe for a broad program of discussion and action. The Hague and Paris conferences are meetings of experts, representing a limited number of states and concerned each with a specific problem. At The Hague an official meeting of accredited experts are taking up the problem of Russia's political and economic relations with the rest of Europe. At Paris a technically unofficial meeting of bankers and financial experts are discussing the problem of German reparations. At Paris the United States is prominently represented, it being generally acknowledged that the financial rehabilitation of Europe is impossible without American collaboration.

Considering Genoa from its diplomatic aspect, the two outstanding events are the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo and the sharp opposition between England and France. Last month I discussed the significance of the Russo-German treaty and showed that it was not a mere diplomatic manœuver, but the logical fruit of centuries of close economic and cultural relations. As for Anglo-French antagonism, I discussed that subject in this department some months ago and showed that here, likewise, we are in the presence not of a temporary diplomatic flurry, but of a deep-going tendency, extending over centuries, which was bound to reappear as soon as the common German peril that united the two nations for a decade had passed away.

There can be little doubt that the Genoa Conference intensified rather than appeased the current antagonism between the two nations. Viewed from this angle, Genoa was a diplomatic battle-ground between Great Britain, supported by Italy and most of the "neutrals" on the one hand, and France, backed by Belgium, Poland, and the Little Entente on the other. France disliked the very idea of the Genoa Conference, opposed Mr. Lloyd George's program, and, by effectively blocking the main points in that program, won a tactical victory. The resultant exasperation of English public opinion is well reflected in the angry comments of the British press.

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This deepening antagonism between France and England is a very serious matter, because both nations are drifting into traditional attitudes that in the past have spelled war. The best hope for a bettering of relations lies in English common sense and French keenness for realities. Even Premier Poincaré does not act as fiercely as he talks. As one of his compatriots has wittily remarked, "Monsieur Poincaré begins by banging the table—but not the door."

Summing up the results of Genoa, it appears that the balance was on the right side, that the holding of the conference was clearly justified, that a grave crisis threatening European peace was allayed, and that further benefits may be expected from the special conferences of The Hague and Paris, which are Genoa's immediate outgrowth.

THE NEAR-EASTERN TANGLE

While Europe has been taking stock of its difficulties at Genoa, the adjacent regions of western Asia and northern Africa collectively known as the Near East have remained a prey to profound unrest, which steadily increases with the course of time. Everywhere there is trouble: in Asia Minor, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and along the north African shores of the Mediterranean from the mouth of the Nile to the mountains of Morocco. The disturbances vary considerably in intensity and method, but their underlying motive is always the same, a rebellious discontent against European control and a desire for independence.

In Asia Minor the situation is truly deplorable. The warfare that has been going on for the last two years between Turks and Greeks shows no signs of immediate settlement. Neither party being able to overcome the other, extensive military operations have been discontinued, but sporadic fighting and mutual oppressions of civilian populations keep racial and religious animosities at a white heat. The Turkish Nationalist government of Mustapha Kemal, established at Angora in the interior of Asia Minor, harasses the Greek lines by guerrilla raids and maltreats the native Greeks and Armenians under its control. The Greeks, firmly planted at Smyrna and adjacent districts of western Asia Minor, strive to turn their military occupation into permanent possession and are enrolling the native Christians into an auxiliary force known as the "Micrasiatic Army." In the background hover the European powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, intriguing against one another, angling for concessions, and aiding one or other of the local combatants. Meanwhile Asia Minor, the battle-ground of all these conflicting forces, goes steadily from bad to worse, its economic life disrupted, its unfortunate inhabitants conscripted into the contending armies, forced into exile as penniless refugees, or exposed to maltreatment and massacre.

Farther eastward the Arab lands are seething with unrest. These regions, formerly part of the Ottoman Empire, are now under European control. This control is veiled under the guise of mandates of the League of Nations, but the inhabitants bitterly resent even this degree of tutelage and clamor for the independence virtually promised them by the British and French governments as the price of their rebellion again Turkey during

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get into trouble,—you can claim no protection from the United States whatever."

The Russian consul was charming, and viséd the passport at once. I was also furnished with official documents from the Hungarian Government to officials at Brody, on the Russian frontier, where the customs bar between the two countries crosses the streets. I was arrested promptly. And as the officials would talk nothing but Polish and could not read Hungarian or American, and insisted on my taking my hat off when I came into their mighty presence, though they kept theirs on, and as I forgot more than once, as there was no place to put my hat but on my head, I came near being sent back to Budapest. But, finally, I not only arranged matters with them, but made a number of drawings in the town.

At the Russian side of the frontier my passport was examined, my baggage was examined, and I was examined. As everything seemed in order, I was allowed to go on, and went slowly on in the Pullman, the only excitement being that the night before I got to Kieff some tremendous Russian official boarded the train, and as his greatness required an entire compartment, the Russian lady who was in the one next to mine was put, in her nightgown, into mine. I can only say she conducted herself with perfect propriety, and not as in a Russian novel, though she did smoke big black cigars.

At Kieff I went at once to the monastery I had come to draw. It stands high up above the plain, within the walls of the fortress. Long before I reached the gate I saw the pilgrims on their last day's tramp to it, for one of the great festivals of autumn was about to be held, and from all over Greater Russia the pilgrims were coming. Some from Siberia, I was told, had been eighteen months on the way. They were in rags. They carried not scrip, but tea-kettles, and all had staves or clubs. They were penniless; they were genuine, not tramps, not amateurs. At the gate many fell upon their faces, and crawled all the way to the church.

I walked, and then asked if I could find some monk who could talk English, as I was told at the hotel I should. The brother sent me, an Irishman, was charming, and at once went to ask for the permission to draw, which he assured me before he went would be refused, and it was.

But I had provided myself with tiny sketch-blocks and bits of paper, and on these I made notes of what I could not remember; but I can never forget the crowd of silent pilgrims stretched upon the church floor, waiting for the mass, the monks, each like a Christ in his stall beneath the tiny gem-like windows, the great gold lamps, the glittering icons in the gloom, and the high gold gates reaching to the roof, on which all the light from the painted windows fell. It was St. Mark's glorified.

All day I stayed there and in the other churches of the city, and when the evening service came, and the choir chanted at their great reading-desks, and the responses came down from the boys in the dome, it was too beautiful for this world.

Next day was the feast, and I was early in the church; but it was crowded. The pilgrims, ragged and smelly, were prone upon the floor, and among them, erect and motionless, in dazzling uniforms and court-dress, the generals and

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officials. There was even more beautiful chanting, and at last the gates slowly opened, and generals and officials and I fell upon our knees, and one by one curtains of blue, of rose, of gold were slowly wafted aside amid clouds of incense that filled the cathedral, the holiest in Russia. In the midst for a moment, in glory, we saw the metropolitan, who blessed us. Then the curtains were wafted back, the gates were closed, the chanting ceased. It was over.

But as I looked, a great stone in the floor was rolled away, and leading downward was a flight of steps. One by one the worshipers who were near it descended, and, as I was near, I went, too. The stairs ended in a small crypt, lighter than the church above, in the center of which, on a great stone covered with tapestry, was a richly robed metropolitan wearing his crown and holding an icon. He was very still. By his side, reading a book, was seated a monk, to whom soon was brought a plate of food by other monks. He moved slightly, and as he moved there was a clanking, and I saw the two were chained together. Then I was touched, and motioned to rise from my knees and follow the rest in order to make room for others on the stairs. By winding passages, through horrid catacombs filled with dead monks in their robes, chained to the walls till they molder to dust, I came out. And when that night I told the consul what I had seen, he gasped, and said:

"My God! you have seen it! It is the living death, and you have seen what we have only heard of! The live monk chained to the dead metropolitan will stay with him till he, too, dies."

Days I spent in the churches, in the market, on the river-bank. I saw the pilgrims come down the river on great boats or being ferried over it, to climb the steep bank on the top of which the convent stands, topped by its green and gilded domes, a landmark that glitters from afar. I saw half-naked prisoners, chained together, driven through the streets by armed men. I lunched in gorgeous cafés, filled with glittering officers and beautiful ladies. I bought swell furs in the great fur markets. I saw mounted Cossacks, with swords drawn for no reason that I could find, gallop through a great wide avenue filled with crowds, and I could get no explanation from the people into whose house I rushed before they slammed and bolted the door. I saw Jews driven and beaten to the railway station, and when I came up on the train at midnight, I heard wailing, and I saw on the platform, before I was pushed back again into the car, a crowd of prisoners, off, I suppose, to Siberia, though many were Jews. I saw a great military funeral in the fortress church. And I saw, though I hardly dared to draw it, the beauty of the town piling up on the river-bank. I saw the starving, penniless pilgrims fed. I did a number of sketches, and for the first, and almost the last time, made a number of photographs, using a kodak, then a new toy. Frederic never turned up.

But nothing I ever saw in my life approached the glory of the wonderful mass or the mystery of the living death.

After I had spent some days in Kieff, I found that if I wanted to see the great fair at Berdichef I must go there at once. I went with a letter from the British consul—there was no

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American representative in the city—to the governor-general of the province to ask permission to go. This the consul told me was necessary. I did not tell him my passport was worthless. With firm, but polite, frankness the governor-general told me I could not go. So I started for the frontier as soon as I could get my passport viséd.

The eighteen hours or so of dreary steppe, pine forest, and morass succeeding morass and pine forest were covered, relieved only by the long stops at the excellent railway restaurants, where there was time to dine. But if the Russian trains ran as much as they stopped, they would arrive sooner. Sometimes, when the train stopped, I could see a muddy, rutty track leading off in the direction of a copper dome on the horizon. Crowds of Jews, peasants, and soldiers were at every station, and the most charming sight was to see great bearded, decorated officers kiss with tears. Toward evening of the next day I, too, took a droshky, and with others raced across the fields to a distant town in which there was a decent hotel. After dinner I went out, and found the bazaar crowded with Jews and flaring with lights—I went into synagogues. It was the eve of some feast, or the Sabbath, and the fur-capped figures, covered with praying-cloths, reading, praying, and chanting, were unforgetable, and as soon as I got back to the hotel I put them down, though notes were made through the window of the synagogue. The town was Berdichef.

Next morning I went to the market and started a big drawing of it. I had not been at work an hour when a Jew came to me and told me in French I must come with him. He took me to a carriage with three horses and two mounted Cossacks, and away I went, stared at by the Jews, who apparently did not dare to form a crowd. After a short drive we drew up at the office of the chief of police, and there, too, were all my things, which had been brought from the hotel. I was very contemptuously asked in French what I was doing and why I had come. I told the officer to see the horse fair. All my things were examined, and as the drawings were found to be only sketches of Kieff, pilgrims, and Jews, they were dismissed as worthless or with a laugh because they were true. I had my camera with me still, as I knew from experience in Hungary that the Jews would not pose even for money. The negatives, I was told, must be developed, and in the carriage, but alone, I was sent to a photographer. Now, among these I knew were negatives taken in the fortress at Kieff, and as the monastery is within it, probably I had, in getting a pilgrim or a monk, taken a bastion as well, as the ridiculous machine, of course, will do. But the photographer, who also talked French, was human, and whenever anything that looked like a fort was developed, we destroyed it. When the prints were made, the chief of police found them quite harmless, and I supposed I could go when I wished; still, my passport, taken the night before at the hotel as is usual, was not given back to me, and I was told to wait. So I went on drawing for several days, meaning to stay for the great fair, which would be held in about a week. But the passport was not returned. I got a good deal done, but wherever I went, I was always followed either by Cossacks or by the original Jew who had arrested me.

As I was getting tired of this, I my-

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out of a program that would make of the medical profession a national health army instead of the physical wrecking crew of private practitioners it now is, and that would inject sanity into our daily habits of living, would go further toward making us a physically fine people than any foundation studying this or that disease can possibly do. We need foundations for the study of cancer and hook-worm and yellow fever and typhus. I am not attempting to send even a breath of criticism in their direction. I am only concerned to suggest that throwing several million dollars at a group of scientists and saying to them, "Study cancer," is a relatively easy thing to do. The world is waiting for the rich man who will undergo the intolerable fatigue of thought in addition to the gracious gesture of benevolence, and furnish the imaginative impulse that will awaken medical statesmanship in the medical profession, and convince the masses of our citizens that they should be as fanatically propagandist about health as about prohibition.

And I am not at all sure that the last word has been said on the real relation of endowment to education. We know with what apparent inevitability huge endowments cast a spell of conservatism over educational institutions. We know how frequently the trustees of certain universities can better be described as the trustees of dead men's estates rather than as trustees of the university. We know how frequently the money interest in our universities puts safety above scientific veracity in the employment and dismissal of professors. I wonder if the next great adventure in education will not be the development of a self-supporting university. I am watching with the keenest interest Mr. Arthur Morgan's experiment at Antioch. If he can succeed in creating an institution that can support itself through the part-time employment of students in active and remunerative work and through the rendering by its faculty members of commercially profitable services to the outside world, and do all this primarily because it means a better type of education and a better type of educators and not as the conventional effort to make education possible for poor boys, Mr. Morgan will render a greater service to the nation than any man can do by handing over a billion dollars in endowment to any one or several of our educational institutions. In addition to the development of sounder educational theory, he will have taken a most effective step toward loosening the clutch of the dead hand from our educational system.

But I am wandering too far, perhaps, from my friend who faces the immediate and practical problem of disposing of his fortune. I wanted, however, to suggest at the outset that the rich man who refuses to be content with the lazy method of handing over his money to some "good" cause and really attempts in critical fashion to reëxamine the whole psychology of patronage, and attempts to devise ways and means of preventing his fortune from becoming ultimately a dead hand rather than a living purpose will transform the job of will-making from a morbid affair into an exciting adventure.

I should like now to set down certain observations regarding rich men and their money both during their lifetime, when their living will

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dictates its use, and after their death, when their documentary will dictates its use. All five of the statements that I now want to make I have already made at one time or another in these columns during the last four years; but it will be of value, I think, to summarize them in this connection.

First, taken by and large, the rich man's greatest opportunity for public service lies inside his private business. That is to say, statesmanship in business is of greater social value than philanthropy outside business. I have often thought of the case of Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie, when he reached the zenith of his industrial and financial power, sold out and spent the rest of his life in so-called "public work." He endowed libraries, built peace palaces, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation as a distinguished servant of the common good. I wish Mr. Carnegie had possessed the requisite imagination and statesmanship to see that in his steel industry he possessed a remarkable social laboratory under his immediate control—a laboratory in which he might have helped the nation to experiment its way toward some solution of the vexed problem of industrial relations. I cannot but feel that had he spent his energy and his money in this fashion there would now stand to his credit something far more satisfying than the cobwebs that have been spun across the entrance to his peace palace at The Hague. In other words, Mr. Carnegie had the opportunity to be a statesman in business; he chose to be a philanthropist outside business.

Second, there is something fundamentally ineffective in the final working out of virtually all endowed efforts. I believe that normal human beings basically dislike having things done for them. It may be that some day we shall discover that the only uplift that really uplifts is the doing of some creative thing, the example of which will be contagious, and doing it so successfully, that it pays its own way.

Third, it is a dangerous thing for the American people to permit rich, conservative, old men to endow for future generations their own old and conservative ideas.

Fourth, the only thing any man of sincere and disinterested public spirit has the right to project across future generations is the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind. Even this right must be hedged about by the proviso that the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind be dynamic, liberal, and headed toward the future. No man has the right to embalm in an endowment the political, social, economic, or religious ideas that he may hold at the time he makes his will. The moment any rich man goes beyond an effort to perpetuate his good impulse and attempts to give immortality to his fixed notions he becomes a menace to a free people. From the point of view of the public good it is much better for him to waste his substance in riotous living and dissipate his fortune in the collection of bric-à-brac. As Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee once said, "We do not mind in America having our millionaires around everywhere collecting yesterday's porcelains. What we mind is their idea of collecting yesterday's ideas."

Fifth, no one has yet devised a technic for endowing the endower's impulse in distinction from his ideas.

As I stated in an earlier paragraph, it is refreshing to find a rich man who

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in the main is willing to subscribe to at least the first four of these statements. I have said that my rich friend is animated with the pioneer's instinct, and possesses a creative mind. He may yet render my fifth statement obsolete by devising a technic for endowing that elusive thing, the liberal spirit. If he does, he will be the world's greatest benefactor.

I doubt that he will. I do not believe that it is possible to express the liberal spirit generation after generation through any one organization or piece of machinery that any man can devise and endow. The spirit of the inventor, of the pioneer, of the progressive is constantly in conflict with established institutions. If the first group selected by the rich man to administer his fortune for liberal purposes is to be self-perpetuating, the obvious fact is that the members of this group will select their successors at a time when advancing age has rendered them more conservative. This means that the second generation of administrators will be more conservative than the first, that the third generation will be more conservative than the second, and so on. If the group of administrators is to be replaced by the method of election from various business, industrial, and social groups, it seems to me inevitable that the gangrene of politics will sooner or later eat away the founder's purpose.

How, then, is a rich man to provide for the *continuous* functioning of his fortune after his death? The answer is, I think, that he cannot and should not. There are of course all sorts of qualifications to this dogmatic statement. I think it is possible and desirable for certain fortunes to be left intact as endowments to scientific research and the like. My statement applies only to the rich man who desires that his fortune shall, generation after generation, promote political, social, and industrial liberalism. I have my own notion of what I should do if I were a multimillionaire facing the problem of making my will, and wanted to be as certain as it is humanly possibly to be that my fortune would minister to liberal and progressive social policies. My notion clusters around the endowment of living genius, and would mean that my fortune would disappear as an entity or single fund at the end of one generation. But this is another story for another issue.

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British Exchequer. This body of eminent experts undertook a broad survey of the whole European currency situation. The finance commission's findings are embraced in a report whose main recommendations are as follows: stabilization of currency, freedom of banks from political pressure, reëstablishment of the gold standard, and balancing of budgets. The financial ills of Europe, it was frankly admitted, were too deep-seated to be cured at once. However, a balancing of budgets, deflation of currencies, and reëstablishment of a gold standard would check the downward course and bring great relief, with good prospect of positive cure at no very remote period.

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Such are the main economic achievements of the Genoa Conference. And surely these are of great significance and value.

The distinctions between the Genoa Conference on the one hand and The Hague and Paris conferences on the other hand must be clearly understood. The Genoa Conference was a general meeting of all Europe for a broad program of discussion and action. The Hague and Paris conferences are meetings of experts, representing a limited number of states and concerned each with a specific problem. At The Hague an official meeting of accredited experts are taking up the problem of Russia's political and economic relations with the rest of Europe. At Paris a technically unofficial meeting of bankers and financial experts are discussing the problem of German reparations. At Paris the United States is prominently represented, it being generally acknowledged that the financial rehabilitation of Europe is impossible without American collaboration.

Considering Genoa from its diplomatic aspect, the two outstanding events are the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo and the sharp opposition between England and France. Last month I discussed the significance of the Russo-German treaty and showed that it was not a mere diplomatic manœuver, but the logical fruit of centuries of close economic and cultural relations. As for Anglo-French antagonism, I discussed that subject in this department some months ago and showed that here, likewise, we are in the presence not of a temporary diplomatic flurry, but of a deep-going tendency, extending over centuries, which was bound to reappear as soon as the common German peril that united the two nations for a decade had passed away.

There can be little doubt that the Genoa Conference intensified rather than appeased the current antagonism between the two nations. Viewed from this angle, Genoa was a diplomatic battle-ground between Great Britain, supported by Italy and most of the "neutrals" on the one hand, and France, backed by Belgium, Poland, and the Little Entente on the other. France disliked the very idea of the Genoa Conference, opposed Mr. Lloyd George's program, and, by effectively blocking the main points in that program, won a tactical victory. The resultant exasperation of English public opinion is well reflected in the angry comments of the British press.

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This deepening antagonism between France and England is a very serious matter, because both nations are drifting into traditional attitudes that in the past have spelled war. The best hope for a bettering of relations lies in English common sense and French keenness for realities. Even Premier Poincaré does not act as fiercely as he talks. As one of his compatriots has wittily remarked, "Monsieur Poincaré begins by banging the table—but not the door."

Summing up the results of Genoa, it appears that the balance was on the right side, that the holding of the conference was clearly justified, that a grave crisis threatening European peace was allayed, and that further benefits may be expected from the special conferences of The Hague and Paris, which are Genoa's immediate outgrowth.

THE NEAR-EASTERN TANGLE

While Europe has been taking stock of its difficulties at Genoa, the adjacent regions of western Asia and northern Africa collectively known as the Near East have remained a prey to profound unrest, which steadily increases with the course of time. Everywhere there is trouble: in Asia Minor, in Syria, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and along the north African shores of the Mediterranean from the mouth of the Nile to the mountains of Morocco. The disturbances vary considerably in intensity and method, but their underlying motive is always the same, a rebellious discontent against European control and a desire for independence.

In Asia Minor the situation is truly deplorable. The warfare that has been going on for the last two years between Turks and Greeks shows no signs of immediate settlement. Neither party being able to overcome the other, extensive military operations have been discontinued, but sporadic fighting and mutual oppressions of civilian populations keep racial and religious animosities at a white heat. The Turkish Nationalist government of Mustapha Kemal, established at Angora in the interior of Asia Minor, harasses the Greek lines by guerrilla raids and maltreats the native Greeks and Armenians under its control. The Greeks, firmly planted at Smyrna and adjacent districts of western Asia Minor, strive to turn their military occupation into permanent possession and are enrolling the native Christians into an auxiliary force known as the "Micrasiatic Army." In the background hover the European powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, intriguing against one another, angling for concessions, and aiding one or other of the local combatants. Meanwhile Asia Minor, the battle-ground of all these conflicting forces, goes steadily from bad to worse, its economic life disrupted, its unfortunate inhabitants conscripted into the contending armies, forced into exile as penniless refugees, or exposed to maltreatment and massacre.

Farther eastward the Arab lands are seething with unrest. These regions, formerly part of the Ottoman Empire, are now under European control. This control is veiled under the guise of mandates of the League of Nations, but the inhabitants bitterly resent even this degree of tutelage and clamor for the independence virtually promised them by the British and French governments as the price of their rebellion again Turkey during

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the late war. England and France have partitioned the entire region between themselves in the form of three mandates, two of these, Mesopotamia and Palestine, being held by England, the third, Syria, being held by France.

The mandatories have never had an easy time of it. In both Syria and Mesopotamia heavy fighting accompanied and followed the imposition of European control. The situation was complicated by the fact that neither England nor France was satisfied with the division of the spoils, and they intrigued against each other in their respective spheres. Toward the Arabs the two countries pursued somewhat different policies. In Mesopotamia, after a period of sharp repression, England adopted a conciliatory attitude, granting it qualified independence as the "Kingdom of Irak" under the rule of Feisal, the Arab leader whom the French had expelled from Syria. In Syria, on the other hand, France pursued a policy of thoroughgoing repression, enforced by a large French army under one of their most determined colonial soldiers, General Gouraud. After Feisal and other Arab nationalist leaders had been expelled or imprisoned, Syria was quiet, but that it was the quiet of repression the grave disturbances of the last few months have made abundantly plain.

Curiously enough, the disturbances appear to have been precipitated in consequence of events connected with the visit of an American traveler, Mr. Charles R. Crane of Chicago. Mr. Crane was no stranger to Syria. During the Versailles Peace Conference he was chairman of a commission sent to Turkey by President Wilson to ascertain the wishes of the local populations. The report of this commission has never been published, but Mr. Crane and other members have stated that the great majority of the Syrians were strongly opposed to any form of French control. This naturally made Mr. Crane very popular with the Syrian nationalists, so when he arrived in Damascus early last April he was immediately surrounded by his nationalist friends, who gave him an ovation that was really a political protest against French rule. In order not to embarrass the French authorities, Mr. Crane left Syria. The French authorities, however, did not forget the incident and promptly arrested many of the nationalist leaders, including their most influential personality, Dr. Shahbander, a man of great popularity, often called the Gandhi of Syria.

This provoked serious trouble. The nationalists promptly staged monster demonstrations demanding the publication of the report of the American commission and the sending of an international commission of inquiry into the French mandate. Terming these demonstrations seditious, the French authorities dispersed them and made fresh arrests. Thereupon fierce rioting broke out in Damascus and most of the other cities of Syria. The riots were quickly repressed by machine-gun fire, causing heavy loss of life; but the country districts were not so easily quieted. Here the inhabitants, reënforced by swarms of Bedouins from the desert, rose in open insurrection and inflicted some sharp punishment on the French troops. At this writing, despite General Gouraud's quick action and severe measures, quiet has not been restored. Meanwhile Mr. Crane, visiting Europe,

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sharply criticized French rule in Syria, asserted that more trouble was impending, and gave a most pessimistic report to the Council of the League of Nations. According to Mr. Crane, hostility of the whole Moslem world toward the Western nations, including the United States, is rapidly increasing, this hostility being primarily due to a feeling that promises of independence have been broken. Mr. Crane reported that the Moslems are far less eager for reconciliation with the West than they were at the close of the late war, and are to-day unwilling to accept compromise agreements which were then popular. Mr. Crane went on to state that the present situation is serious not only for the European powers, but also for America, because Americans share in the general unpopularity of the Europeans. This might jeopardize American missionary enterprise in the Near East, which has already cost so many millions and so much energy. There was, concluded Mr. Crane, real danger that, unless the anti-Western movement were checked, the missions might have to abandon their field.

Mr. Crane's prophecy of growing trouble is borne out by events in other portions of the Near East. In Mesopotamia, for example, British concessions have not sufficed to eradicate unrest. At the Genoa Conference representatives of King Feisal of Irak presented a strongly worded memorandum claiming independence for Syria and protesting against French rule. At the same time King Feisal refused the demand of the British high commissioner in Mesopotamia to prohibit demonstrations against the British mandate over that country. Instead, King Feisal formed a constitutional assembly with broad powers over foreign as well as internal affairs. All this has caused strained relations between Feisal and the British authorities, and British reënforcements are reported on the way to handle the situation.

In Palestine, likewise, the situation is very tense. The Arab inhabitants, Christian as well as Moslem, are growing steadily more hostile toward the Jews, fearing that the Zionists plan a Jewish state in which the non-Jewish inhabitants, who comprise about ninety per cent. of the population, will be subjected to Zionist minority rule. Only the presence of British troops prevents the recurrence of the anti-Jewish riots which occurred last year.

In Egypt matters are quieter, following the grant of qualified independence, but the situation is frankly unstable, and trouble may break out again at any time. Farther west along the north African littoral the Italians are having a very bad time of it with their Tripolitan subjects. Last March the latest of a series of fierce rebellions broke out, driving the Italians back toward the coast. At present the arrival of heavy reënforcements has enabled the Italians to conduct a vigorous offensive against the Arab rebels, though the latter are as yet far from subdued. Still farther westward, the French north African possessions of Tunis and Algeria are outwardly calm, but the growth of nationalist movements disquiets the French authorities. Lastly, in Morocco, the Spaniards are pegging away with their costly and interminable war against the Riffian mountaineers. Such is the present state of the Near East—not a pleasant picture.

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make men temperate. One moves despairingly in a circle; they can't leave off drinking till they have something else to cheer them, & they can't get a taste for that something else till they leave off drinking. At least, this is the form of fact in the case of our own day-labourers. But of course, we as well as you, have the drinking mania which is part of the idle-wealthy craving for excitement.

Always yours
Sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

George Lewes died in November, 1878. For many weeks thereafter George Eliot saw virtually no one; she wrote to no one; she read no letters. Her entire time was given over to her grief and to work on the unfinished writings of the man who had been her spiritual and intellectual mate. Thus it is not until the month of April that she thanks Miss Phelps, whom she now addresses as "Dear Friend," for her words of sympathy. On this same day she has also sent a letter to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Priory,
North Bank,
Regents Park.
April 10, .79

Dear Friend

One word of thankfulness to you—a word that I am the more urged to write because of your tender feeling that I should be spared every possible burden. Your first letter has made a gentle echo in my mind ever since I read it—I mean its ending, where you say that 'Death is not the worst sorrow'. That is what I need to keep within me as a ground of complete submission. The *worst* of all is such a moral change as disease often brings in a beloved being. They are happy, in the comparative sense that belongs to the word 'happy' in this world of trouble, who see their best-loved die with a soul unblighted, leaving their image from blot or shadow. The time will come, if I live, when I shall feel only my great, great share of blessedness, & my sorrow itself as a gift beyond the common lot, because it is the offspring of a love beyond the common lot.

I gave what you sent me about Gwendolen to our Son, who likes to read things concerning me. I shall hear from him what he feels on the subject. Ever since the end of November I have been absorbed in preparing for the press such writing of my husband's as is left in a state to present to the public, & one of the volumes is to appear next month. And I am trying to found a useful student's life as a memorial of His life—a prolongation of his work. I have only lately begun to write any letters except those demanded by business. But now I have just been writing to Mrs. Stowe, & I could not lay aside my note-paper without easing my heart of its gratitude to another of kindred feeling who has long entered into the meaning of "America" for my thoughts.

Yours always sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

The final letter to Miss Phelps differs from the previous ones both in the place of its composition and in its signature. In May, 1880, George Eliot had married J. W. Cross, her junior by many years and the son of an old friend, to whom Herbert Spencer had introduced her. The

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out of a program that would make of the medical profession a national health army instead of the physical wrecking crew of private practitioners it now is, and that would inject sanity into our daily habits of living, would go further toward making us a physically fine people than any foundation studying this or that disease can possibly do. We need foundations for the study of cancer and hook-worm and yellow fever and typhus. I am not attempting to send even a breath of criticism in their direction. I am only concerned to suggest that throwing several million dollars at a group of scientists and saying to them, "Study cancer," is a relatively easy thing to do. The world is waiting for the rich man who will undergo the intolerable fatigue of thought in addition to the gracious gesture of benevolence, and furnish the imaginative impulse that will awaken medical statesmanship in the medical profession, and convince the masses of our citizens that they should be as fanatically propagandist about health as about prohibition.

And I am not at all sure that the last word has been said on the real relation of endowment to education. We know with what apparent inevitability huge endowments cast a spell of conservatism over educational institutions. We know how frequently the trustees of certain universities can better be described as the trustees of dead men's estates rather than as trustees of the university. We know how frequently the money interest in our universities puts safety above scientific veracity in the employment and dismissal of professors. I wonder if the next great adventure in education will not be the development of a self-supporting university. I am watching with the keenest interest Mr. Arthur Morgan's experiment at Antioch. If he can succeed in creating an institution that can support itself through the part-time employment of students in active and remunerative work and through the rendering by its faculty members of commercially profitable services to the outside world, and do all this primarily because it means a better type of education and a better type of educators and not as the conventional effort to make education possible for poor boys, Mr. Morgan will render a greater service to the nation than any man can do by handing over a billion dollars in endowment to any one or several of our educational institutions. In addition to the development of sounder educational theory, he will have taken a most effective step toward loosening the clutch of the dead hand from our educational system.

But I am wandering too far, perhaps, from my friend who faces the immediate and practical problem of disposing of his fortune. I wanted, however, to suggest at the outset that the rich man who refuses to be content with the lazy method of handing over his money to some "good" cause and really attempts in critical fashion to reëxamine the whole psychology of patronage, and attempts to devise ways and means of preventing his fortune from becoming ultimately a dead hand rather than a living purpose will transform the job of will-making from a morbid affair into an exciting adventure.

I should like now to set down certain observations regarding rich men and their money both during their lifetime, when their living will

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dictates its use, and after their death, when their documentary will dictates its use. All five of the statements that I now want to make I have already made at one time or another in these columns during the last four years; but it will be of value, I think, to summarize them in this connection.

First, taken by and large, the rich man's greatest opportunity for public service lies inside his private business. That is to say, statesmanship in business is of greater social value than philanthropy outside business. I have often thought of the case of Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie, when he reached the zenith of his industrial and financial power, sold out and spent the rest of his life in so-called "public work." He endowed libraries, built peace palaces, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation as a distinguished servant of the common good. I wish Mr. Carnegie had possessed the requisite imagination and statesmanship to see that in his steel industry he possessed a remarkable social laboratory under his immediate control—a laboratory in which he might have helped the nation to experiment its way toward some solution of the vexed problem of industrial relations. I cannot but feel that had he spent his energy and his money in this fashion there would now stand to his credit something far more satisfying than the cobwebs that have been spun across the entrance to his peace palace at The Hague. In other words, Mr. Carnegie had the opportunity to be a statesman in business; he chose to be a philanthropist outside business.

Second, there is something fundamentally ineffective in the final working out of virtually all endowed efforts. I believe that normal human beings basically dislike having things done for them. It may be that some day we shall discover that the only uplift that really uplifts is the doing of some creative thing, the example of which will be contagious, and doing it so successfully, that it pays its own way.

Third, it is a dangerous thing for the American people to permit rich, conservative, old men to endow for future generations their own old and conservative ideas.

Fourth, the only thing any man of sincere and disinterested public spirit has the right to project across future generations is the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind. Even this right must be hedged about by the proviso that the spirit, the purpose, and the general direction of his mind be dynamic, liberal, and headed toward the future. No man has the right to embalm in an endowment the political, social, economic, or religious ideas that he may hold at the time he makes his will. The moment any rich man goes beyond an effort to perpetuate his good impulse and attempts to give immortality to his fixed notions he becomes a menace to a free people. From the point of view of the public good it is much better for him to waste his substance in riotous living and dissipate his fortune in the collection of bric-à-brac. As Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee once said, "We do not mind in America having our millionaires around everywhere collecting yesterday's porcelains. What we mind is their idea of collecting yesterday's ideas."

Fifth, no one has yet devised a technic for endowing the endower's impulse in distinction from his ideas.

As I stated in an earlier paragraph, it is refreshing to find a rich man who

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in the main is willing to subscribe to at least the first four of these statements. I have said that my rich friend is animated with the pioneer's instinct, and possesses a creative mind. He may yet render my fifth statement obsolete by devising a technic for endowing that elusive thing, the liberal spirit. If he does, he will be the world's greatest benefactor.

I doubt that he will. I do not believe that it is possible to express the liberal spirit generation after generation through any one organization or piece of machinery that any man can devise and endow. The spirit of the inventor, of the pioneer, of the progressive is constantly in conflict with established institutions. If the first group selected by the rich man to administer his fortune for liberal purposes is to be self-perpetuating, the obvious fact is that the members of this group will select their successors at a time when advancing age has rendered them more conservative. This means that the second generation of administrators will be more conservative than the first, that the third generation will be more conservative than the second, and so on. If the group of administrators is to be replaced by the method of election from various business, industrial, and social groups, it seems to me inevitable that the gangrene of politics will sooner or later eat away the founder's purpose.

How, then, is a rich man to provide for the *continuous* functioning of his fortune after his death? The answer is, I think, that he cannot and should not. There are of course all sorts of qualifications to this dogmatic statement. I think it is possible and desirable for certain fortunes to be left intact as endowments to scientific research and the like. My statement applies only to the rich man who desires that his fortune shall, generation after generation, promote political, social, and industrial liberalism. I have my own notion of what I should do if I were a multimillionaire facing the problem of making my will, and wanted to be as certain as it is humanly possibly to be that my fortune would minister to liberal and progressive social policies. My notion clusters around the endowment of living genius, and would mean that my fortune would disappear as an entity or single fund at the end of one generation. But this is another story for another issue.

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GEORGE ELIOT

A Drawing from Life, with Changes by Mr. John Cross in the Lines of Forehead and Nose to Conform with His Idea of Likeness

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Unpublished Letters of George Eliot

With Comment by George S. Hellman

THE little group of letters here for the first time printed are, apart from the interest of their contents, noteworthy for two rather exceptional reasons. In the first place, they are addressed by the woman who was then the most distinguished female author of the eastern continent to a noted woman writer of the western continent. In the second place, they form a series of a sometimes intimate and deeply revelatory nature between two persons who never met, but who had points of close mental and temperamental contact.

When, in the early months of 1873, George Eliot first wrote to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in acknowledgment of the American woman's words of appreciation of "Middlemarch," she was fifty-four years old, and all her greater novels excepting "Daniel Deronda" had been published. Miss Phelps, not yet past the third decade of her life, had during the ten years since her first entrance upon serious literary work achieved a reputation extending into many lands, her novel, "The Gates Ajar," having gone beyond the hundred-thousand mark both in the United States and in Great Britain, and having found its way through translations into the hearts and minds of other peoples. Begun during the days of our Civil War and issued a few years after that conflict had terminated, but while its wounds were still grievous, this book had for generous aim the consolation of women whose husbands, sons, and lovers had perished in battle; and the insistence of Miss Phelps on the necessity of full human joy in the life after death was a challenge toward the consideration of problems that teachers of dogmatic religion usually preferred to ignore. It was thus a fine human document that intellectually and emotionally could make ready appeal to George Eliot, a woman to whom dogma meant little, and humanity much.

Of the two women, both of them introspective, the American was probably more sensitive and assuredly had a touch of morbidness not found in George Eliot, although she, too, like Miss Phelps, was a prey to ill health. But in their artistic conscientiousness and their high purpose of a practical nature in a world of men and women who needed all that might be offered them in the way of emotional solace

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and moral support in the upbuilding of character, these two were strongly alike. It is, then, with unquestionable sincerity that in the first of these letters George Eliot writes to Miss Phelps and of Miss Phelps as a "fellow-worker" whose words for her have "a peculiar sweetness."

The Priory,
21, North Bank,
Regents Park.
Mar. 18 .73

My dear Madam

You were quite right in believing that words of sympathy from a fellow-worker would have a peculiar sweetness to me, & though I narrow my letter-writing as far as my conscience will allow, I cannot rest without thanking you heartily for your generous expression of feeling.

As to the "great novel" which remains to be written, I must tell you that I never believe in future books of my own, & always after finishing any work I have a period of despairing I can ever produce anything else worth giving to the world. The responsibility of the writer becomes heavier & heavier—does it not?—as the writer grows older and the voices of the dead more numerous. It is difficult to believe, until the germ of some new work grows into imperious activity within one, that it is possible to make a really needed contribution to the poetry of the world—I mean possible for oneself to do it.

But I do not write to you for the sake of telling my personal doubts. I write to thank you, & to assure you that your helpful friendliness will be borne in memory by

Yours very sincerely,
M. E. LEWES.

In the next letter the formal "My dear Madam" becomes "My dear Miss Phelps." The lecture referred to in the second paragraph was one of a series delivered at Boston University on "Representative Modern Fiction," and there is no better evidence of how firmly George Eliot sought to follow her rule of not reading any criticism concerning her writings than in her frankness in stating that her husband, but not she, will be glad to read this lecture by Miss Phelps. But more important is the sentence wherein the great English novelist, now at the height of her career, maintains that her point of view toward life, her philosophy of life, had not changed since her first entrance into fiction with the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Certainly a woman not easily shifted, she shows herself here, quietly referring to the man whom she had never married as "my husband"; quietly asserting that her spirit in relation to the basic principles of all human endeavor and accomplishment had remained fixed since the days of her youth.

The Priory
21, North Bank
Regents Park
Dec. 16. .76

My dear Miss Phelps

I am very grateful to you for your generous words of sympathy and I am deeply touched by the image you suggest to me of yourself struggling under delicate health to fulfill worthily an office that may make a new precedent in social advances & which is at the very least an experiment that ought to be tried. America is the seed-ground & nursery of new ideas, where they can grow in a larger, freer air than ours.

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Your lecture if you are good enough to send it will, I am sure, be read with interest by Mr. Lewes, but I hardly ever read anything that is written about myself—indeed, never unless my husband expressly wishes me to do so by way of exception. I adopted this rule many years ago as a necessary preservative against influences that would have ended by nullifying my power of writing. Mr. Lewes reads anything written about me that comes in his way & occasionally gives me reports of what he reads if it happens to show an unusual insight or an unusual ineptitude. In this way I get confirmed in my impression that the criticism of any new writing is shifting & untrustworthy. I hardly think that any critic can have so keen a sense of the short-comings in my works as that I groan under in the course of writing them, & I cannot imagine any edification coming to an author from a sort of reviewing which consists in attributing to him or her unexpressed opinions, & in imaginary circumstances which may be alleged as petty private motives for the treatments of subjects which ought to be of general human interest.

But I am confident, dear Miss Phelps, that whatever you have spoken or written is free from any such characteristics as those I refer to—nay, is full of a spirit animated & guided by a wide-reaching fellowship. I have been led into this rather superfluous sort of remark by the mention of a rule which seemed to require explanation. It is perhaps less irrelevant to say, apropos of a distinction you seem to make between my earlier & later works, that though I trust there is some growth in my appreciation of others & in my self-distrust, there has been no change in the point of view from which I regard our life since I wrote my first fiction—the "Scenes of Clerical Life." Any apparent change of spirit must be due to something of which I am unconscious. The principles which are at the root of my effort to paint Dinah Morris are equally at the root of my effort to paint Mordecai. Enough of me & my doings.

You and Mrs. Stowe might well beguile me by your loving invitations to cross the wide Atlantic, if it were not that Mr. Lewes's health is threatened in a peculiar way by any such perturbation of the heart's action as might come from a sea voyage. It is this that hinders me from carrying out my longing to go to the East, & that must forbid me equally from seeing your land of the Future. You speak of friends—Mr. and Mrs. Fields of Boston—to whom I should be glad to have my best remembrances offered when you see them.

Once more, dear Friend, believe in a gratitude which I will venture to call affectionate, from yours in sincerity,

M. E. LEWES.

In 1877, Miss Phelps published a novel, "The Story of Avis," one of the strongest of American works of fiction based on the theme of conjugal infidelity. George Eliot thanks her for a copy of this book, which she is reading as an exception to her rule to forego contemporary fiction: and we meet with the extraordinary statement that at a time when Dickens and Thackeray had already published much of their famous work, George Eliot knows nothing of contemporary English novels save of the insignificant

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works of Thackeray's daughter and the now almost forgotten writings of Anthony Trollope. The final paragraph of this letter relates to the prohibition movement, in which Miss Phelps, as in woman suffrage and other social endeavors, was a protagonist.

George Eliot held to the belief that a literary craftsman could accomplish more for humanity by reserving his talents and energy for the expression of his art, and from organized efforts toward social betterment she held herself aloof; but her sympathy with active laborers in these fields was never in question.

The Priory,
21, North Bank,
Regents Park.
Nov. 13, .77.

My dear Miss Phelps

Sincere thanks for your kind letter and for the copy of "Avis" which has been duly sent to me. I have read several chapters, & shall continue to read the work with interest, but as I shall read it slowly, taking it up at odd moments, I cannot defer all signs of my sympathy till I reach the end. What you say of broken health as a hindrance & a severe demand for submission to doing the smaller things where you had hoped to do the greater, goes straight to my heart. This sort of renunciation or resignation enters more or less into the life of every ardent soul, for its vision & longing must always be larger than its achievement, but when the limit is fixed by bodily weakness or malaise the trial is incomparably hard. I know something of this.

I find the writing of these early chapters filled with indications of that keen sensibility & observation which are only to be attained through much inward experience, which always means a large proportion of pain as well as enjoyment. But do not expect 'criticism' from me. I hate 'sitting in the seat of judgment,' & I would rather try to impress the public generally with the sense that they may get the best result from a book without necessarily forming an 'opinion' about it, than I would rush into stating opinions of my own. The floods of nonsense printed in the form of critical opinions seem to be a chief curse of our time, a chief obstacle to true culture.

In general—perhaps I may have told you—it is my rule not to read contemporary fiction, & I have had to say so in many cases to countrywomen of yours. But you are an exceptional woman to my feeling, & I read your "Avis." Only let this be *entre nous*. I am usually studying some particular subject, & the reading I take outside that line is done aloud to Mr. Lewes. I daresay you will understand that for my own spiritual food I need all other sorts of reading more than I need fiction. I know nothing of our contemporary English novelists with the exception of Miss Thackeray's & (a few of) Anthony Trollope's works. My constant groan is, that I must leave so much of the greatest writing which the centuries have sifted for us, unread for want of time.

I can answer your kind inquiries about my health more cheerfully than usual. A summer spent on the breezy hills of Surrey & in untravelling quietude has sent me back to town with a sense of strength which I had not known for the last two or three years.

O that difficult question—how to

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New York far lonelier? Was I not really finding loneliness within myself? What, after all, except a keen interest in things of the eye and mind had the years brought me?

I re-read the meaningless words that I had so painfully wrought, and pitched the manuscript into the waste-paper basket. Then I closed my eyes and marshaled the years before me. Things of the mind and eye. Adventure, action, work, but not the vital, the racial thing that makes for content. I was lonely for a fundamentally sound reason. I had wandered from my destiny. Nothing to show for those three short years woven of laughter and love, but atheism and the futility of my art to express what was real within me.

It must not be so. Since fate had denied me those dream children of my teens, I would discover another way. Somewhere I would find a child that would carry on the little life that so long since had slipped over the border.

It was my great idea. I kept it within myself for a long time. Then I broached it to the boss.

He was sane, scientific, and kind, but obdurate. One's own children were well enough. There was a mixture of fate and duty about one's own. But failing these, why go abroad looking for trouble? Of course the maternal instinct was a perfectly normal factor. The right kind of a woman always had it. But why mar the perfect calm of a childless life by dragging into it somebody else's youngster? Absurd, chimerical.

Chimérical. So it was. I admitted it. All the ordinary arguments were on the boss's side. My proposal conjured up a horrid picture of discomfort, of responsibility, and of risk. I saw this quite clearly. But, still, I reiterated, I wanted to adopt a child.

The boss admitted grimly that this was obviously true. But as yet, he also insisted, I had given no sound reason for making the sacrifice.

§ 2

I cast about in my mind. It was patent, even to me, that an ancient bereavement, however permanent and far-reaching in its effect, was not a sound reason for involving a man in this particular kind of discomfort and responsibility. And, anyhow, I had just proved to myself that I had no words for expressing the wordless. But there must be other reasons. I dived into the workaday part of my mind.

It was, I said, a question of one's philosophy, of the code on which was based one's plan of life. There had been a time when the church planned and inforced such a code. But most of us now, church-goers or not, were masters of our own line of conduct.

Among the tenets of my own code was the idea that you are obligated to put more into society than you took out of it, to leave life in some way a little richer than you found it. The theory of social evolution was based on this idea. Mental and spiritual progress of society could come only if enough of us recognized this obligation and fulfilled it. I had always believed, I said, that I had a peculiar gift in training children. If I could adopt a child I would be doing my best bit toward my obligation.

And on what, asked the boss, did I base my belief that I had talent for child training?

He had me there, of course. I did not realize then, as I do now, that my conviction was common to every

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wedding journey of the great novelist, now past the age of sixty, had been spent on the Continent. Then came the return to Witley; and, on December 22, 1880, her death.

This letter to Miss Phelps is one of the last of the letters of George Eliot, and in its closing lines it seems almost prophetically to include a phrase that might serve as an epitaph for its author: "A mind free enough to make a larger world for yourself by creating is a great blessing." Although, in George Eliot's life with Lewes, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's later marriage to Herbert D. Ward, both the English woman and the American experienced the usual joys and the usual anxieties that are the general human lot, they were foremost and essentially "free minds," creating through their self-expression a larger world not only for themselves, but for countless others.

The Heights, Witley,
Nr. Godalming.
Aug. 24 .80

My dear Miss Phelps

I thank you with much feeling for thinking of me kindly & sending me some of your work, which has a certain sacredness for me from its being done under bodily suffering. I am but lately returned from the continent & my attention has been occupied by immediate demands, but your volume of "Sealed Orders" lies on my little table to be taken up & read episodically either by me or to me. My absence from England has made me seem more than usually a defaulter to my correspondents. Mrs. Stowe wrote to me in the beginning of May telling me that her daughter was coming to England & would like to see me, but I only knew this when the occasion had long gone by—Mr. Charles Lewes, who looked at my letters for me, having simply written me word that Mrs. Stowe's was among them. If you are seeing that honoured woman will you kindly mention this little fact to her?

I have carefully laid by your letter in some place, intending to copy your address, & now I am unable to find it, so that I must send this brief note to the care of your publishers.

I wish you could have given me reason to hope that you had before you a time of recovery & confirmed health. It makes a large part of one's calm & comfort in this difficult world to think of the lots of those we know as free from any hard pangs either of sorrow or bodily pain. That you have a mind free enough to make a larger world for yourself by creating is a great blessing. Perhaps the writing too may be a pain, but the negation would be worse.

Believe me, dear Miss Phelps, with high regard,

Yours sincerely
M. A. CROSS.

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The old way! The worker in the organization took pains to show me that the old way had not been pretty. I learned how black from their angle is the page of history that tells the story of the progress of the dependent child up from slavery. Quite so! Slavery. Charles Dickens told a part of it in his "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," but only the kindlier part.

At the very time that philanthropists were stirring the sensibilities of England with tales of the brutalities of the American slave systems, they were ignoring the fact that English mill-owners were trafficking in child labor. These mill-owners were supplied regularly with pauper children by overseers of the poor. It was often customary for the parish authorities to get rid of imbeciles by supplying one idiot with every group of twenty sane children. All of these children were doomed to slavery from the moment they entered the factory door. Nominally, they were apprentices. Actually, they were slaves who got no wages; whom it was not necessary to feed or clothe decently because their places could be easily filled.

Their hours of labor were limited only by total collapse. There was no segregation of sexes. Disease, misery, vice, grew as in a hotbed. Many died and were buried secretly lest the uncanny number of little graves attract public notice. The philanthropists took no heed until the factories bred a malignant fever that spread over the people at large.

America has no greatly better boast to make of her earlier treatment of the pauper child. It has been a long, bloody climb for little, unguided feet from apprentice days to the present time, from the little factory slaves of England to our own sweat-shops and cotton-mills, from the workhouse of Oliver Twist to the baby-farms of Chicago, from old *Fagin* to the New England housewife who adopts a girl to make a household drudge of her or the farmer who takes a boy to become the perpetual hired man. A long and bloody climb!

But the new era has arrived. We have with us to-day the social worker who uses the intelligence and Wasserman tests directly on the child and indirectly but none the less thoroughly on the would-be parents. We have gradually dawning on the public the idea that the pauper child is also a human child, that bad habits are not heritable.

I blush to admit that most of these facts about the handling of the dependent child were new to me. Once launched, however, on the trail of this most poignant type of news, I was unwearied in my pursuit of it. I was shown the ignorant and the intelligent placing of children. I learned that nothing is so terrible as ignorant sentimentality may be, nothing so tender as the ruthlessly scientific system is. Day after day I saw unsung miracles wrought, unsung tragedy averted, ceaseless endeavor rising above seemingly hopeless failure.

I saw the lovely four-year-old whom everybody wanted to adopt withheld until a would-be mother could be found who would face unflinchingly the fact that the charming little girl's Wasserman test had been positive—a mother thoroughly equipped to handle the terrible problem of venereal taint. In the earlier days the taint would not have been detected until at fourteen or

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fifteen the child broke down physically or mentally.

I saw the bad boy of eight whom nobody wanted put again and again under the intelligence tests by a psychiatrist who finally discovered his childish complex and began the struggle for his cure, which was wrought after many months of patient effort by the organization. He was then taken by people who before his treatment would not have given him a moment's consideration.

I saw the handsome little boy of five whom again everybody wished to adopt withheld because the intelligence test had found him defective. He must have no home save with people who would be willing to act as foster-parents to a subnormal child.

I saw frowsy, uncouth, foul-mouthed children of ignorant and disgusting parents tested and pronounced normal. I then watched these same workers systematically groom the small imps into pleasant-mannered youngsters purified of body and mind, and I saw them enthusiastically adopted by people who would on earlier contacts have drawn their garments aside.

The children that I saw! The little, poignant life histories that I read! The curious psychology of would-be parents that I observed! The infinite patience and persistence of the child-placing experts whom I watched!

I could not, of course, hope to understand more than the general methods used by the people who had given their lives to this highly specialized work, but what generalities I got had a far-reaching effect on my own purpose.

All that I learned I handed on to the boss.

Marriage is like any other difficult profession. One learns not to expect quick results. The boss never asked me to tell him the details of my search. What I did tell him was couched carefully in terms of work for my magazine. But my reports were full, and deliberately lost none of their poignancy in the telling. A man married to a female fiction writer has his own side of the story! Nevertheless, I gave the boss the tales as they happened. I could not hope to improve on the truth.

The real effect that I wanted to produce on him was that child adoption as handled by a scientific organization had reduced the gambling element to about fifty-fifty with the own-child hazard. You ordinarily know far less about the eugenic history of your husband's family than you do about the ancestry of the child you have adopted under proper conditions! I wanted the boss to get this, and I wanted him to feel that while he suspected that I was actuated by deeply sentimental reasons, I was actually going about the matter dispassionately, that I was learning with my mind and not with my heart. A man wants his wife to be clear-seeing about everything but himself! And that, too, is biologically right.

Perhaps a year after my first contacts with the child-placing organizations I began to invite to our apartment youngsters who appealed to me as attractive. I always asked them for a Saturday afternoon when the boss normally would be at home. But almost invariably, on such Saturdays, the boss would leave as the child appeared.

But not every time. One afternoon as I was coming into the apartment with a little gray-eyed boy, the boss,

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hastening out, bumped into us. He gave the child a keen glance, muttered that he had business in Jersey, and rushed away. Half an hour later he returned and joined the little boy and me in the window-seat. The three of us played together all the afternoon, the boss never ceasing to regard the child with a keenly appraising eye.

After supper, when the little boy had been returned and the wreckage of the afternoon cleared away, the boss remarked that the child had a brain, a good brain. I nodded and said that his intelligence test had been high. But, commented the boss, he did n't look strong. No, he was not strong. He was just over an attack of bronchial pneumonia and needed special care. I was favored with an enigmatic glance, and the conversation languished.

One Sunday the boss said:

"What 's that patter-phrase you 've been using? Oh, I remember, case history. Is that child's case history satisfactory?"

"Exceptionally fine," I replied carelessly.

"But he looks delicate. Big enough perhaps, but bad color."

"As I told you, he 's been very sick."

The boss favored me with a stare, lighted a cigarette, and went on with his Sunday paper.

On Monday he said:

"Well, you pseudo-scientists get me! There is a fine little child evidently ill,—he might get T. B. for lack of a good home,—and you cold-bloodedly piffling around about intelligence tests and case-histories. I 'm going out and buy a child's bedroom set. You go get that child."

And thus the first battle was won.

But not the war. That was to continue.

Life is so. In one of Robert Louis Stevenson's poems there are some lines that to me are unforgetable.

"To go on forever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise
And contend for the shade of a word and the thing not seen with the eyes."

To take punishment standing and, if not gaily, at least silently. To be unafraid to face facts and never, never to bluff yourself. To speak truth or be still. To give more than you take—these are the basic ideas that I 'm trying to give my little son.

§ 3

I paused here and looked out of the window. Young April. Just beyond the window the waters of Long Island Sound, blue beyond comprehension, lap-lapping against gray rock heaps. The rose pink of budding oaks, the smell of moist earth and salt tide—God, how curiously that odor moves one!—the scream of gulls, the song of robins. How far, how very far from that little mid-Western town and the basket before the base-burner—the basket that held the three most important years of my life! I fought with God for her life and I failed.

I want my little son to fail in many things. Failure will temper his metal as nothing else can—if he learns to meet failure gallantly. I want him to succeed with his talent if he develops one, but far more than this I want him to succeed as a human being.

Well, he came to us, quite as uneasy, quite as eager and excited, as we were, but with a far greater burden than ours

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resting on his tiny shoulders. For little as he was, he knew, with that pathetic too-early knowledge of the dependent child, that he must make good with us. Failure was terror unthinkable to him.

Heavens, how hard it all was! The high-strung, difficult child, the two grown-ups with their set, old-maidish ways, the little New York apartment. There is no underestimating the discomfort of the first six months. It was chaos. I almost went mad over my upset routine. I woke every morning with a sick sense of our overwhelming and unescapable responsibility. I discovered depths of irritability and bad temper within myself that I never before had sounded. The grasshopper became a burden, and desire failed. Yet never from that first morning, when, a small, naughty, clinging hand in mine, we came home together, have I regretted the undertaking.

It goes without saying that almost every one who knew us thought we were fools. Why, why, they insisted, take on a burden like that when you don't have to! Some comment, eh, on the having of own children? They pitied the boss. They considered me as a poor, well-meaning nut. Why, why, with a so-called art which, they said, some people at least liked, why jeopardize it by an act like this?

Good heavens! as if talent was so fragile a thing that a child riproaring about the house could destroy it! If my talent was of so frail an order, it was not art at all that I was cultivating, but sickly temperament, and the sooner I discovered it and changed my work, the better.

The happiest thing about life is that nothing lasts forever. How unendurable living would be if this were not so. Joys and griefs, laughter and tears, sunshine and shadow, change and counter-change, how wonderful, how intriguing it all is!

Imperceptibly, of course, we grew accustomed to one another's ways. The child gave in to our ideas and idiosyncrasies. We eased off here and tightened there, and finally, assured that nothing could take him from us, the child became normal. I, responsible as a mother must be for the details of training of a child's early years, changed too, changed more than anybody. Perhaps I, also, was merely becoming normal. At any rate, by the end of the first year, the apprehensive side of my feeling of responsibility had disappeared. My nerves had steadied. The home had again become well ordered and how much more a home I surely need not attempt to say. I had come to see that, after all, even in moments of deepest exasperation and exhaustion, the overwhelming sense of tenderness toward a child's helplessness never leaves one, that having seen what I have, the eyes of the brain never lose sight of that long, sad procession of little lonely feet moving up from slavery. And a dawning sense of having fulfilled one of one's obligations ushered in a sort of content that nothing else can bring.

Nor is that all. I have said that I have changed, and I have. It is not only that now I can forgive the unforgivable and refuse the pardon to pardonable, that my nerves are now polished steel, that my sense of humor has fed vastly and deliciously and waxed stronger. It is not only that I have become a member of a class that speaks the language of childhood, that can see life table-high with all its mysteries, incongruities, and joys,

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that my whole angle toward child training has shifted, but that there has come to me, just at what point I cannot say, a profound conviction that the little child who died so long ago has never died, can never die as long as my home shelters with the old devotion other children of another decade.

But I must get on a bit with the "what happened next" part of this story. The simplest, surest way that I know of to halve the difficulty of bringing up a child is to bring up two children. Any mother will tell you this. Children entertain and discipline one another in a way no grown-up can.

I did not discontinue my interest in the general work of child-placing organizations after my own little son came home with me, and so one day, about two years after young Gray-Eyes arrived, I saw a tiny blue-eyed girl whom I instantly knew to be mine. Fortunate it was all round that she proved to be a little person of exceptional brilliancy and fineness, for the hand of fate was on me the moment I saw her, and I had to bring her home. She has explained to me since that the reason she did n't recognize me at once was because they had lost her so long in hospitals. I have accepted her apology.

The boss had by this time developed a certain quality of resignation that I have observed is common to most fathers. And, anyhow, answer me this: What man ever held out more than fifteen minutes against a tiny blue-eyed, yellow-haired female, with the beguiling manner inseparable from the perfect blond? Scientific? Businesslike? Hah! It was so easy for that baby girl that it was cruel.

Thus the circle was completed.

Don't let me put the closing of the circle in too casual a light, however. You must realize that in order to recognize my little daughter as instantly as I did, my child-placing expert must have grilled a fair amount of education into me. After you have studied the game some time, if you are a child-lover, you get a sort of feeling about children, a sort of antenna, that tells you things your tongue finds difficult to phrase. Just as,—pardon the analogy,—if you are a dog-fancier, you become expert in picking a good dog. When you guess that a child is thoroughbred, you are not mistaken as often as might be supposed.

As a matter of fact, I was not casual nor was I running any greater risk than the own mother who, poor soul, must take what is wished on her. There are certain fundamental questions which must enter into the forming of judgment about a dependent child. Here are a few of them.

Why is the child open to adoption? Was the physical stock of the family below par, so that there was no surviving relative of either parent to take the child? What were the family traits that brought about the dependence of the child? Were these traits the result of environment and external pressure or of inherent and heritable traits?

If the child is old enough to respond satisfactorily to the intelligence tests, have these tests continued over a long enough period to convince you that the child's mental type will fit fairly well into your family type? For example, a child not of the mental type, though normal, would be unhappy in a college professor's home, but might fit well in a laborer's family. The delicate, artistic type

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The Adopted Mother

By Honoré Willsie

YEARS and years ago, when I was about eight years old, I came into the dining-room on a wet November morning and found that my mother was not at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Schaeffer, the neighborhood nurse, was there instead. She was a very brisk person, as I remember, and she answered the quick fall of my heart before my lips framed the question.

"I have a present for you, my dear. The doctor brought it in the night. Your mother is staying in bed to take care of it. Look!"

There was a chair drawn close to the base-burner. In the chair was a clothes-basket. Mrs. Schaeffer stooped over the basket and pulled down a bit of blanket. A baby! A tiny red-faced baby!

Underneath a bashful, tomboyish exterior I was an extremely emotional child. I had lived much in my eight years in the way of tensity of feeling. Yet after all these years I still recall that the profound emotion that shook me then dwarfed all the sensations that I had experienced before.

It was not at all the feeling that all little girls have on seeing a new baby. It was not the feeling that I myself had had and still do have when some fortunate woman allows me to hold one of those heavenly little bundles. This was different.

In the first place, I held in complete scorn the drool about the present and the doctor. I was eight years old and I had been in public school for a year. I knew where babies hailed from. I knew their cost. Nobody knew that I knew; that is, none but my playmates. My mother had told me to come to her when I was twelve and she would tell me the true story of the stork. I fully intended to come to her then. But, in the meantime, knowing that the baby was coming and full of erroneous information, I had suffered torments of apprehension.

I adored my mother. She was a brilliant and beautiful woman whose affection for her children reached heights of passionate devotion possible only to the highly mental type. My brother, my sister, and I were bound to her by ties so vital that any thought of her suffering was misery to us. I had been very sure that she would die. And now it was all over; she was doing well, and this was her baby. Our baby. Life, so strange and in many ways so frightening, once more had twisted me with fear and vicarious pain and then, as often before, had relented and left me with something beautiful. I felt this clearly. The baby was to me what the rainbow must have been to the lonely and bewildered voyagers stranded on Mount Ararat.

She was more than that. She was the mystery and beauty of life.

I knew much more about grown-up troubles than my elders dreamed I did. I worried over family matters that

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they did not dream I knew. I was finding life full of incomprehensible responsibilities. I wanted to help so much and did n't know how to make them understand that I was quite capable of understanding. And in the midst of all the uneasiness and bewilderment this beautiful thing had happened. How marvelous! How unbelievably good! What happiness!

My big brother and my younger sister stood beside the basket with me.

"She shall be my baby!" announced my brother. "Let me hold her."

I looked at Mrs. Schaeffer in an agony of apprehension. She smiled and lifted the orris-scented bundle.

"A man can't have a baby," she said with finality. "This shall be sister's baby." She laid the bundle in my arms.

And she was my baby. Mother was an invalid for several years. There was no money for a nurse. She was my little child. She was with me every moment when I was not at school. I bathed her, fed her, tended her, and loved her for three years.

Three years! What a tiny lifetime! Too short to have meant much of itself, but what a long, long life in the profundity of its influence on me!

She died of diphtheria after an illness of a single day.

We had thought it only a heavy cold, and we children had not been isolated. I was standing beside her when the doctor shook his head at my mother and laid down the feeble little hand. It was January. I went out into the back yard and knelt in the snow by the woodpile.

"Listen, God," I said threateningly, "I 'm going to pray to you to save her. If you don't save her, I 'll never pray to you again. I 'll not even believe you are God."

I did pray, and He did not heed, and I returned from her funeral a complete little atheist and with a more or less serious attack of diphtheria.

Some fool—many fools, have said with a sigh and a smile that it 's a blessing children forget their griefs. Listen! A child over ten forgets nothing in the way of actual grief. The wound heals, of course, but the memory scar is permanent.

I have no regrets now for that tragedy of my childhood, though it took me many years to give up regretting. I do not think it a good or gracious thing for a human being to come through childhood without having looked upon some of the gaunt realities of life. Such glimpses tear away illusions while the mind is still plastic enough to reform to the actual, give a capacity for evaluating joy impossible to the untried child, give maturity a poise that life's worst blows can only temporarily disturb.

The only marked outward result of this childish experience was that for long years I kept away from little new babies despite an inveterate and incurable love for the little children of the neighborhood which was so marked that their mothers trusted them to me when they would not trust them to their own older daughters. Inwardly I remained an atheist, though they sent me to church with meticulous regularity. How could they know that I had the same contempt for their stories of the Eternal Goodness that I had had for the tales of the stork? Me! I had seen a new-born babe and I had tested their God, whose very foundations they said was love for His

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She has become dilatory, slovenly, and adorably casual about it, too. Heigho! All to do over again with her!

Blue-Eyes has had her whipping, too. For lying. That was two years ago. At present she takes keen pride in the absolute honesty of her spoken word. How long this will last I do not know. Her faults are more difficult to handle than her brother's because she is more subtle, less high strung, more sensitive, with less sense of fair play. I must finish whatever I begin with her because she never forgets or fails to take advantage of any weakness or lack of determination on my part. They both apparently have one blanket rule of their own. Never in any circumstances to obey one of our rules until they have tried by every method conceivable to wear us down on its enforcement.

I know exactly what you are thinking as you read this. You are saying to yourself, "No own mother ever could be so harsh to her children." And just because I knew you would think that I put it in the story, which is not a story about child training at all, but about child adoption.

I am undoubtedly stricter with my children than any own mother I know, because I see my children more clearly than own mothers do. I doubt very much if I love them now any less than the others, but I certainly started unhandicapped by the blind love that makes them see dimly.

And what is love, anyhow? Was it love that made the mother of the twelve-year-old fail to see his lies, or was it a sort of self-indulgence peculiar to mothers? I have often thought that love is more maligned than any other human gift. Great love is not blind. Great love sees with a clarity of vision that cannot be hoodwinked. Not that it was love that caused me at first to see my children's failings and to punish them with entire thoroughness.

I saw these children physically as their physician saw them, mentally and spiritually as their psychiatrist saw them. I was as much without prejudice or preconceived idea as you are when you spend a week-end with your old college chum and pass judgment on her children. She, of course, adores them. To you they are badly trained, promising young imps you 'd like to get into your clutches for a few months and show her!

And herein lay my vast advantage over own mothers. I saw my children as they were. And because my responsibility was voluntarily taken, I dare not allow my growing love for them to becloud my vision. I dare not let my tenderness for their sweetness and charm and utter trust in me move me one jot from my determination to help them conquer the weaknesses that would mar their success as human beings.

For they must succeed. The whole structure of child-placing rests on the success of the children who are placed. You may fail with your own child. You may let this and that go, betting on his outgrowing it. You may wink at faults you would not tolerate in your college chum's child. After all, his failure is between you and him. But my children's failure! Good heavens! If they stumble and fall, they cause to stumble that long procession of little bloody feet moving up from the children's hell.

I must dream big for them. If they succeed, their success has ramifications for good your child's success cannot

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achieve. My little daughter has responsibilities on her gay and brilliant little mind that your daughters can never take. It is a strange era for women, anyhow. War has so upset the economic equilibrium of the world that all women ought to be producers of economic values. This without regard to their financial status or the ability of their men to support them. Production is at so low an ebb that men working alone cannot increase the world's wealth soon enough to prevent long years of misery. The women, all women, for a few years of their lives, at least, ought to work. And so my little daughter must grow up understanding this and prepared to enter a productive profession.

No one has as yet found a substitute for the individual home as the nucleus of the nation. No one as yet has been able to refute the statement that on the sanctity of its women and the integrity of its homes rests the ultimate virility of the nation. Inefficient, slipshod housewife and mother she may be, still the home pivots on her as it will pivot on nothing else. So my little daughter must learn to be a home-maker and a mother.

It is a heavy double job. Even if he could, no man would be fool enough to undertake both. But my daughter must, and so must yours. But here your child's job ends. Mine must go still further.

This is her obligation to that little life of three years. She, too, must see with eyes not always tear-dimmed the procession that has toiled upward for so many generations, and she must yearn toward it with a love nobler even than that she will bear toward her own children, and out of that love must come service to the world's dependent children, service practical, concrete, idealistic.

She has a fine mind, but with it, thank heavens! goes a nature inherently debonair. It 's a curse for a woman to have a big brain and no charm. I want her always to be debonair even when I can no longer shield her from life's adversities. I want her to be honorable in little things. Few women are. I want her to keep her lovely, quiet sense of humor. As long as she keeps that, it will take many, many tragedies to hurt her too much. For a sense of humor is, after all, a sense of proportion. And I want her to hang to her plan of life. Though she be mauled to the earth, she must rise "and contend for the shade of a word and the thing not seen with the eyes."

Codes are difficult matters to evolve. It takes a great deal of living to make a workable one, and it takes a deal of mental discipline to live up to one.

When I was casting about for the right sort of code to give my children, my mind naturally harked back to my own childhood for suggestion. I had been an atheist, was still, as far as I knew; yet with all and all I knew where I had got such ethics as I had clung to all my life, namely, from the despised Sunday-school lessons of my youth. None, I knew, had evolved such a workable code of ethics as Jesus. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and its Thirteenth Amendment had been possible, I believed, because the moral fiber of the men who created them was woven of this selfsame code. Given this code in early youth, no matter how much of the ritual or credal aspects of it was stripped away, a human being could never, unless wilfully, lose cer-

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woman who loves children. But I was silenced for the time being, and we let the matter rest. Outwardly, at least. But I had no rest within. For as the months rushed swiftly and more swiftly into the years, I realized that what I had thought to be a longing was really an urge too deep to control.

Why do we do things? Are our acts entirely controlled by race memory, by voluntary desire, by forgotten incident, by the nuances of suggestion? Or is our lot predestined, and does something higher than all these influences direct our ends, rough-hew them how we will?

I do not know. Rough-hew them how we will, I did not at all want to be the editor of a woman's magazine. I was over-persuaded to take the job. Once undertaken, however, it proved to be entirely absorbing, and I liked it. I liked particularly the vast amount of work done for babies, which was traditional with this particular magazine. Among other services demanded by the readers was that I give information as to the where and how of child adoption.

Now, strange as it may seem, I never had looked concretely into this matter. The reason was perfectly sound to me. Of what use was it to torture myself by focusing on some particular child until the boss would consent to our taking one? But here were other people without my complicated inhibitions. They must be informed fully and accurately. I undertook to do so.

My idea had been that when I was ready to take a child I would search through an orphanage until I found one I wanted. That is the old method, and most people still think it is the only method. It did not take me long to discover that I had been deeply and inexcusably ignorant.

The first orphanage to which I made a pilgrimage for information referred me to a child-placing agency in New York City. One of the workers of this agency took me in charge, and a most drastic educational process was begun on me.

I cannot here set down the details of that intensive course, but I must give you at least an outline of what I learned that you may understand its effect on me.

I learned that the handling of the dependent child by certain groups of people had become as nearly scientific as anything as intrinsically inexact as the handling of the child could be. Not that all child-placing agencies are now scientific in the placing of children or that orphan asylums have become Binetian models of perfection. Far from it.

But the Wasserman test and intelligence tests have come into practical use, and the psychiatrist has fought his way from the children's courts into a permanent place as consultant for those who endeavor to study children intelligently. I discovered that in numerous instances there were child-placing organizations which took full advantage of these advances in science, that these organizations worked with a degree of understanding in finding homes for children that was almost unbelievable. I found that while numerous orphanages and agencies were conducted on the old lines of stupidity and sentimentality, still there were institutions to which one could turn with confidence that all that science could do for the right handling of a child's body, mind, and soul was being done.

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The old way! The worker in the organization took pains to show me that the old way had not been pretty. I learned how black from their angle is the page of history that tells the story of the progress of the dependent child up from slavery. Quite so! Slavery. Charles Dickens told a part of it in his "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," but only the kindlier part.

At the very time that philanthropists were stirring the sensibilities of England with tales of the brutalities of the American slave systems, they were ignoring the fact that English mill-owners were trafficking in child labor. These mill-owners were supplied regularly with pauper children by overseers of the poor. It was often customary for the parish authorities to get rid of imbeciles by supplying one idiot with every group of twenty sane children. All of these children were doomed to slavery from the moment they entered the factory door. Nominally, they were apprentices. Actually, they were slaves who got no wages; whom it was not necessary to feed or clothe decently because their places could be easily filled.

Their hours of labor were limited only by total collapse. There was no segregation of sexes. Disease, misery, vice, grew as in a hotbed. Many died and were buried secretly lest the uncanny number of little graves attract public notice. The philanthropists took no heed until the factories bred a malignant fever that spread over the people at large.

America has no greatly better boast to make of her earlier treatment of the pauper child. It has been a long, bloody climb for little, unguided feet from apprentice days to the present time, from the little factory slaves of England to our own sweat-shops and cotton-mills, from the workhouse of Oliver Twist to the baby-farms of Chicago, from old *Fagin* to the New England housewife who adopts a girl to make a household drudge of her or the farmer who takes a boy to become the perpetual hired man. A long and bloody climb!

But the new era has arrived. We have with us to-day the social worker who uses the intelligence and Wasserman tests directly on the child and indirectly but none the less thoroughly on the would-be parents. We have gradually dawning on the public the idea that the pauper child is also a human child, that bad habits are not heritable.

I blush to admit that most of these facts about the handling of the dependent child were new to me. Once launched, however, on the trail of this most poignant type of news, I was unwearied in my pursuit of it. I was shown the ignorant and the intelligent placing of children. I learned that nothing is so terrible as ignorant sentimentality may be, nothing so tender as the ruthlessly scientific system is. Day after day I saw unsung miracles wrought, unsung tragedy averted, ceaseless endeavor rising above seemingly hopeless failure.

I saw the lovely four-year-old whom everybody wanted to adopt withheld until a would-be mother could be found who would face unflinchingly the fact that the charming little girl's Wasserman test had been positive—a mother thoroughly equipped to handle the terrible problem of venereal taint. In the earlier days the taint would not have been detected until at fourteen or

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fifteen the child broke down physically or mentally.

I saw the bad boy of eight whom nobody wanted put again and again under the intelligence tests by a psychiatrist who finally discovered his childish complex and began the struggle for his cure, which was wrought after many months of patient effort by the organization. He was then taken by people who before his treatment would not have given him a moment's consideration.

I saw the handsome little boy of five whom again everybody wished to adopt withheld because the intelligence test had found him defective. He must have no home save with people who would be willing to act as foster-parents to a subnormal child.

I saw frowsy, uncouth, foul-mouthed children of ignorant and disgusting parents tested and pronounced normal. I then watched these same workers systematically groom the small imps into pleasant-mannered youngsters purified of body and mind, and I saw them enthusiastically adopted by people who would on earlier contacts have drawn their garments aside.

The children that I saw! The little, poignant life histories that I read! The curious psychology of would-be parents that I observed! The infinite patience and persistence of the child-placing experts whom I watched!

I could not, of course, hope to understand more than the general methods used by the people who had given their lives to this highly specialized work, but what generalities I got had a far-reaching effect on my own purpose.

All that I learned I handed on to the boss.

Marriage is like any other difficult profession. One learns not to expect quick results. The boss never asked me to tell him the details of my search. What I did tell him was couched carefully in terms of work for my magazine. But my reports were full, and deliberately lost none of their poignancy in the telling. A man married to a female fiction writer has his own side of the story! Nevertheless, I gave the boss the tales as they happened. I could not hope to improve on the truth.

The real effect that I wanted to produce on him was that child adoption as handled by a scientific organization had reduced the gambling element to about fifty-fifty with the own-child hazard. You ordinarily know far less about the eugenic history of your husband's family than you do about the ancestry of the child you have adopted under proper conditions! I wanted the boss to get this, and I wanted him to feel that while he suspected that I was actuated by deeply sentimental reasons, I was actually going about the matter dispassionately, that I was learning with my mind and not with my heart. A man wants his wife to be clear-seeing about everything but himself! And that, too, is biologically right.

Perhaps a year after my first contacts with the child-placing organizations I began to invite to our apartment youngsters who appealed to me as attractive. I always asked them for a Saturday afternoon when the boss normally would be at home. But almost invariably, on such Saturdays, the boss would leave as the child appeared.

But not every time. One afternoon as I was coming into the apartment with a little gray-eyed boy, the boss,

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formed, it would be only one step more to make the process commercially available. It takes a German to do that. Then we should be deluged not with German goods, but with German gold, as plentiful as pig-iron. The consequences would be—well, one can hardly imagine what the consequences would be. Finance would have a spell of raving lunacy."

"Would n't you think that if it were true, they would be very secretive about it?" Canaday asked.

Sir Edward replied slowly:

"I 'm thinking what I should do in the place of an imaginary man named, let us say, Tannhauer. If it were true, I might put the world off scent by sending out rumors that could be investigated and proved false. All the rumors so far have been, perhaps, of that character. On the other hand, if it were untrue, yet believable, I might first implant the suggestion at large, and then act as if it were true. The credulity of the world is unlimited. I can imagine myself in his place operating upon it in a way to produce a profound delusion. The time is propitious."

It was quite dark in the cave when the interview ended. On the threshhold, emerging in the brilliant light of Sir Edward's office, they paused by mutual impulse to look each other over in a shy, almost furtive manner. Then they bowed and parted.

A week later one Guyles Canaday appeared at the Adlon Hotel, in Berlin, under his full right name, disguised not otherwise than by a malady of the imagination, an obsession, that is to say, amounting to mild insanity. The Germans regarded him first with amusement, then with wonder, and at length with that kind of awe that one who is consumed by a single passion inspires in others. In much the same way the natives of America centuries ago probably regarded the Old-World cross-bringers who could hardly wait to say, "God bless us!" or, "How do you do?" being all so full of one anxiety: where was the gold, the fabulous gold, the gold of their myth?

Here was a man in the twentieth century stalking the same rainbow. He had been stirred by reports of artificial gold-making in Germany. If such wizardry was true or in any degree probable, he wished to invest his whole capital in it. He seemed surprised that everybody was not already talking about it. His pockets were full of newspaper clippings, each one marked with the date and place of publication, and with a blue-pencil ring about the name of Herr Professor Somebody whose scientific importunities had obliged nature to yield up her most notable secret. Alas! once having yielded, she had apparently become a wanton. She had surrendered to no fewer than four German scientists, all at about the same time.

Canaday sent for them. He interviewed them severally and at great length. Laboratory demonstrations were arranged and carried out. He could not understand them. He knew nothing of science. Therefore he engaged other scientists for aid and counsel. The demonstrations had to be repeated in their presence, and each one became the subject of elaborate after-study in the form of technical reports. This took time; also it attracted a good deal of attention.

Visiting economists, especially from the United States, stopped to make

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resting on his tiny shoulders. For little as he was, he knew, with that pathetic too-early knowledge of the dependent child, that he must make good with us. Failure was terror unthinkable to him.

Heavens, how hard it all was! The high-strung, difficult child, the two grown-ups with their set, old-maidish ways, the little New York apartment. There is no underestimating the discomfort of the first six months. It was chaos. I almost went mad over my upset routine. I woke every morning with a sick sense of our overwhelming and unescapable responsibility. I discovered depths of irritability and bad temper within myself that I never before had sounded. The grasshopper became a burden, and desire failed. Yet never from that first morning, when, a small, naughty, clinging hand in mine, we came home together, have I regretted the undertaking.

It goes without saying that almost every one who knew us thought we were fools. Why, why, they insisted, take on a burden like that when you don't have to! Some comment, eh, on the having of own children? They pitied the boss. They considered me as a poor, well-meaning nut. Why, why, with a so-called art which, they said, some people at least liked, why jeopardize it by an act like this?

Good heavens! as if talent was so fragile a thing that a child riproaring about the house could destroy it! If my talent was of so frail an order, it was not art at all that I was cultivating, but sickly temperament, and the sooner I discovered it and changed my work, the better.

The happiest thing about life is that nothing lasts forever. How unendurable living would be if this were not so. Joys and griefs, laughter and tears, sunshine and shadow, change and counter-change, how wonderful, how intriguing it all is!

Imperceptibly, of course, we grew accustomed to one another's ways. The child gave in to our ideas and idiosyncrasies. We eased off here and tightened there, and finally, assured that nothing could take him from us, the child became normal. I, responsible as a mother must be for the details of training of a child's early years, changed too, changed more than anybody. Perhaps I, also, was merely becoming normal. At any rate, by the end of the first year, the apprehensive side of my feeling of responsibility had disappeared. My nerves had steadied. The home had again become well ordered and how much more a home I surely need not attempt to say. I had come to see that, after all, even in moments of deepest exasperation and exhaustion, the overwhelming sense of tenderness toward a child's helplessness never leaves one, that having seen what I have, the eyes of the brain never lose sight of that long, sad procession of little lonely feet moving up from slavery. And a dawning sense of having fulfilled one of one's obligations ushered in a sort of content that nothing else can bring.

Nor is that all. I have said that I have changed, and I have. It is not only that now I can forgive the unforgivable and refuse the pardon to pardonable, that my nerves are now polished steel, that my sense of humor has fed vastly and deliciously and waxed stronger. It is not only that I have become a member of a class that speaks the language of childhood, that can see life table-high with all its mysteries, incongruities, and joys,

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that my whole angle toward child training has shifted, but that there has come to me, just at what point I cannot say, a profound conviction that the little child who died so long ago has never died, can never die as long as my home shelters with the old devotion other children of another decade.

But I must get on a bit with the "what happened next" part of this story. The simplest, surest way that I know of to halve the difficulty of bringing up a child is to bring up two children. Any mother will tell you this. Children entertain and discipline one another in a way no grown-up can.

I did not discontinue my interest in the general work of child-placing organizations after my own little son came home with me, and so one day, about two years after young Gray-Eyes arrived, I saw a tiny blue-eyed girl whom I instantly knew to be mine. Fortunate it was all round that she proved to be a little person of exceptional brilliancy and fineness, for the hand of fate was on me the moment I saw her, and I had to bring her home. She has explained to me since that the reason she did n't recognize me at once was because they had lost her so long in hospitals. I have accepted her apology.

The boss had by this time developed a certain quality of resignation that I have observed is common to most fathers. And, anyhow, answer me this: What man ever held out more than fifteen minutes against a tiny blue-eyed, yellow-haired female, with the beguiling manner inseparable from the perfect blond? Scientific? Businesslike? Hah! It was so easy for that baby girl that it was cruel.

Thus the circle was completed.

Don't let me put the closing of the circle in too casual a light, however. You must realize that in order to recognize my little daughter as instantly as I did, my child-placing expert must have grilled a fair amount of education into me. After you have studied the game some time, if you are a child-lover, you get a sort of feeling about children, a sort of antenna, that tells you things your tongue finds difficult to phrase. Just as,—pardon the analogy,—if you are a dog-fancier, you become expert in picking a good dog. When you guess that a child is thoroughbred, you are not mistaken as often as might be supposed.

As a matter of fact, I was not casual nor was I running any greater risk than the own mother who, poor soul, must take what is wished on her. There are certain fundamental questions which must enter into the forming of judgment about a dependent child. Here are a few of them.

Why is the child open to adoption? Was the physical stock of the family below par, so that there was no surviving relative of either parent to take the child? What were the family traits that brought about the dependence of the child? Were these traits the result of environment and external pressure or of inherent and heritable traits?

If the child is old enough to respond satisfactorily to the intelligence tests, have these tests continued over a long enough period to convince you that the child's mental type will fit fairly well into your family type? For example, a child not of the mental type, though normal, would be unhappy in a college professor's home, but might fit well in a laborer's family. The delicate, artistic type

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would not be a success in farm life. The out-of-door, husky type would not do in a musician's family. Have you looked the child's weaknesses and bad points in the face and have you firmly made up your mind that, having undertaken the burden, you never will seek to cast it off? Are you conversant with the child's eugenic history? Are the health tests satisfactory?

These were the questions which loomed most important to me in the judging of any dependent child. How many own children would pass such a test with flying colors?

So, behold me, equipped with my fatuous egotism as regards my fitness to be a wise mother, equipped also with many admonitions from the child-placing organizations, and with certain hard-and-fast rules from a children's physician and a psychiatrist, starting out on the fine adventure.

My theories on child training! Alas and alack! not one of them, not a theory of all my original theories, has worked out! Even those that still are academically correct have failed when put to the test against that most immutable and uncontrollable fact of human development, child nature. Not a single one, mind you!

There is the matter of whipping. I don't believe in whipping children. Neither does the psychiatrist who advised me to lift the fear of corporal punishment from my older child, at once and finally. I did so, firmly convinced that a child could be ruled by love alone.

The months slipped by. It was, after all, very difficult to rule a child who did not fear his parents. It was proper to make the punishment fit the crime. Gradually I found myself inventing all sorts of ingenious and complicated rules and punishments, immensely interesting to me and, as to my dismay I gradually discovered, to my children also. Punishments, it seemed, were not always punishments, but stunts, endurance tests, sporting events. Still, I would not whip the children.

Every parent has one red rag. Mine is lying. Nothing angers me as does being told a lie by one of the children. Every parent has one pet illusion. Mine was that my little son would not lie. One day, a few months after my small daughter came home, I caught young Gray-Eyes in a whopper, a lie of premeditated cussedness. And he sprang it before some guests who were stopping with us over the week-end, a mother and her twelve-year-old son.

The mother was horrified. Her son, she said, never had lied to her, so she could give me no suggestions as to how to handle the case. I put the small criminal to bed on bread and water, and a little later held a conference with the twelve-year-old.

"What," I asked, "would you do to a boy that lied?"

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "all kids do lie, of course. I used to lie and lie and get away with it, too. I got ashamed of it at last. Mother should have given me one or two good lickings, and I 'd have quit sooner. But she does n't believe in whipping. You bet us kids do. We lick the daylights out of one another."

I was thoughtful and confused. I became more watchful and I scotched many lies. The fear lies and the fairy-tales lies I commented on, but let go. The mean, tattling lies worried me, and I kept after them sternly with every kind of fitting punishment

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I could devise or read about. This was for perhaps a year. Then came a lie so extraordinarily ornery that I dared not experiment further, and I offered the child his choice between a complete confession and a whipping. He refused to contemplate either, insisting that he never lied. I whipped him severely. When it was over, he was crying bitterly.

"Why, oh, why," I begged of him, "did you force me to do this?"

Suddenly he threw his arms about me.

"I began to lie after I found out you did n't believe in whipping children," he sobbed. "It was a lie. I 've told you lots of 'em. But I never thought you 'd lick a fellow. I 'll try to quit now."

And he has tried. He never told one of the mean lies again, and the fear lies are slowly, but surely, disappearing. Curiously enough, the whipping served, too, to increase the sense of companionship between us. I was no longer a mere mother. I was a strong-armed person, something like a fellow who recognizes the value of brute force in another fellow's training. I am now the recipient of many confidences about school fights, in particular why the battles are fought and what is the net effect on the loser.

We have had one other whipping for long-continued and increasing impudence. We are through with that, too.

Then there are rules. The boss and I both had a theory that it worked like this: You make a simple, sensible rule. You make the child thoroughly understand it. You command the child to obey it. Presto, the rule is enforced.

It makes me laugh now to think of it.

Take the matter of punctuality at meals. We are commuters now, and the small boy must leave for school when we leave for the train. Punctuality at breakfast is a prime necessity in our household. All this was explained over and over and in detail to the children. Rule: Rise with the rising-bell, wash, dress, leave your room in order, come to breakfast when the breakfast-bell rings.

At first the small girl was neatness and promptness itself. The small boy, seven years old when we became commuters, would not obey the rule. He read in bed. He read in the bath-room. He played marbles in his pajamas. He hung out the window talking to the milkman. His ears were back. He would not be in time. He said so. He arrived at breakfast frowzy, to find he could have no breakfast. He did not care in the least. He was too late for the automobile rushing the boss off. He calmly walked the two miles to school. Every morning for four months I went to his room and started him to his bath-room. Three mornings out of four he was late for breakfast. Finally, one winter's day, the auto chugging at the door, we rushed to his room. He was sitting against the bath-tub, in his pajamas, playing on his comb, "The Wind in the Willows" open in his lap. We jerked on his bath-slippers, wrapped him in his bath-robe, slammed him in the auto, and started off. He, of course, was taken only as far as the station with us, for he made a promise on the way over, and we sent him home to dress. We 've never had to repeat that punishment, either. He is virtually always prompt in appearing at meals now. But Blue-Eyes is a complete backslider.

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She has become dilatory, slovenly, and adorably casual about it, too. Heigho! All to do over again with her!

Blue-Eyes has had her whipping, too. For lying. That was two years ago. At present she takes keen pride in the absolute honesty of her spoken word. How long this will last I do not know. Her faults are more difficult to handle than her brother's because she is more subtle, less high strung, more sensitive, with less sense of fair play. I must finish whatever I begin with her because she never forgets or fails to take advantage of any weakness or lack of determination on my part. They both apparently have one blanket rule of their own. Never in any circumstances to obey one of our rules until they have tried by every method conceivable to wear us down on its enforcement.

I know exactly what you are thinking as you read this. You are saying to yourself, "No own mother ever could be so harsh to her children." And just because I knew you would think that I put it in the story, which is not a story about child training at all, but about child adoption.

I am undoubtedly stricter with my children than any own mother I know, because I see my children more clearly than own mothers do. I doubt very much if I love them now any less than the others, but I certainly started unhandicapped by the blind love that makes them see dimly.

And what is love, anyhow? Was it love that made the mother of the twelve-year-old fail to see his lies, or was it a sort of self-indulgence peculiar to mothers? I have often thought that love is more maligned than any other human gift. Great love is not blind. Great love sees with a clarity of vision that cannot be hoodwinked. Not that it was love that caused me at first to see my children's failings and to punish them with entire thoroughness.

I saw these children physically as their physician saw them, mentally and spiritually as their psychiatrist saw them. I was as much without prejudice or preconceived idea as you are when you spend a week-end with your old college chum and pass judgment on her children. She, of course, adores them. To you they are badly trained, promising young imps you 'd like to get into your clutches for a few months and show her!

And herein lay my vast advantage over own mothers. I saw my children as they were. And because my responsibility was voluntarily taken, I dare not allow my growing love for them to becloud my vision. I dare not let my tenderness for their sweetness and charm and utter trust in me move me one jot from my determination to help them conquer the weaknesses that would mar their success as human beings.

For they must succeed. The whole structure of child-placing rests on the success of the children who are placed. You may fail with your own child. You may let this and that go, betting on his outgrowing it. You may wink at faults you would not tolerate in your college chum's child. After all, his failure is between you and him. But my children's failure! Good heavens! If they stumble and fall, they cause to stumble that long procession of little bloody feet moving up from the children's hell.

I must dream big for them. If they succeed, their success has ramifications for good your child's success cannot

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achieve. My little daughter has responsibilities on her gay and brilliant little mind that your daughters can never take. It is a strange era for women, anyhow. War has so upset the economic equilibrium of the world that all women ought to be producers of economic values. This without regard to their financial status or the ability of their men to support them. Production is at so low an ebb that men working alone cannot increase the world's wealth soon enough to prevent long years of misery. The women, all women, for a few years of their lives, at least, ought to work. And so my little daughter must grow up understanding this and prepared to enter a productive profession.

No one has as yet found a substitute for the individual home as the nucleus of the nation. No one as yet has been able to refute the statement that on the sanctity of its women and the integrity of its homes rests the ultimate virility of the nation. Inefficient, slipshod housewife and mother she may be, still the home pivots on her as it will pivot on nothing else. So my little daughter must learn to be a home-maker and a mother.

It is a heavy double job. Even if he could, no man would be fool enough to undertake both. But my daughter must, and so must yours. But here your child's job ends. Mine must go still further.

This is her obligation to that little life of three years. She, too, must see with eyes not always tear-dimmed the procession that has toiled upward for so many generations, and she must yearn toward it with a love nobler even than that she will bear toward her own children, and out of that love must come service to the world's dependent children, service practical, concrete, idealistic.

She has a fine mind, but with it, thank heavens! goes a nature inherently debonair. It 's a curse for a woman to have a big brain and no charm. I want her always to be debonair even when I can no longer shield her from life's adversities. I want her to be honorable in little things. Few women are. I want her to keep her lovely, quiet sense of humor. As long as she keeps that, it will take many, many tragedies to hurt her too much. For a sense of humor is, after all, a sense of proportion. And I want her to hang to her plan of life. Though she be mauled to the earth, she must rise "and contend for the shade of a word and the thing not seen with the eyes."

Codes are difficult matters to evolve. It takes a great deal of living to make a workable one, and it takes a deal of mental discipline to live up to one.

When I was casting about for the right sort of code to give my children, my mind naturally harked back to my own childhood for suggestion. I had been an atheist, was still, as far as I knew; yet with all and all I knew where I had got such ethics as I had clung to all my life, namely, from the despised Sunday-school lessons of my youth. None, I knew, had evolved such a workable code of ethics as Jesus. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and its Thirteenth Amendment had been possible, I believed, because the moral fiber of the men who created them was woven of this selfsame code. Given this code in early youth, no matter how much of the ritual or credal aspects of it was stripped away, a human being could never, unless wilfully, lose cer-

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else is worth, because everything else is priced in gold. Hence the confusion. Finance felt its foundations quake.

Political consequences began to appear. Any one could see that if Germany manufactured gold to make her reparation payments with, it was exactly as if a debtor printed counterfeit money with which to pay his debts. If Germany was making the gold, as now was widely believed, then the Allies, her creditors, were swindled. What could they do about it? The treaty called for gold, and the gold that came out of Germany in this extraordinary manner was by every chemical test pure stuff.

Now above all the stock-exchange uproar could be heard a demand that the financial clauses of the peace treaty be revised. Payments should be exacted not in gold, but in goods and labor. This, of course, would require the consent of Germany, and that was awkward, for naturally Germany would demand concessions, and thus have the Allies on the hip. If the Allies refused to scale down the total sum of reparations, then Germany would have only to say: "Very well. We shall go on paying in gold."

The German press, led by Humfried's papers, had already begun to gloat over this prospect. The German people were now excited. They did not understand what was happening, nor did the newspapers, and Canaday doubted if even the Government knew the true inwardness of the situation; but whatever it was, it made the world howl, and that was enough for the German mind.

Canaday was cold with humiliation and rage. Here all this time he had been staring at something he could not see. He had now gone so far as to risk building a very special and expensive intelligence machine, and it was useless. A series of events so strange and unnatural as to convulse the money universe had been taking place invisibly, right under his nose, and he knew no more about them than a man in Brazil. He remembered how Sir Edward had tapped his forehead, saying, "The forces are here."

There might be no Tannhauer. There might be no artificial gold process. But there was still the mystery. Where did the gold come from?

The Government always got it from the Imperial State Bank. Where the Imperial State Bank got it was nobody's business. That was what Humfried had just said in a public statement of one sentence.

By any hypothesis one was obliged to assume the existence of a prepotent conspiracy, having shape, habitat, brains, and mechanism. How could such a thing exist and act invisibly?

"I must be looking at it," Canaday kept saying to himself, "right at it; only I can't see it. There are two ways to conceal a thing. One way is to hide it ingeniously; the other way is to leave it so exposed that either one does not see it at all, or, seeing it, disbelieves the senses."

Tea was passing in the Adlon. For some time Canaday had been staring, his thoughts in space. Gradually he became aware that space was staring back at him through two blue eyes. They were very far away when he noticed them first. As his vision adjusted itself to near seeing, they rushed at him through a haze of smoke and stopped abruptly where they belonged, in the face of Hélène. She sat alone as usual, at a table in

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the corner, smoking a cigarette in a fragile holder eighteen inches long.

Since when he had been gazing through her in that unseeing way, or how long she had been looking at him, he did not know. He was not embarrassed. He knew her; that is to say, although he had no personal acquaintance with her, he knew a good deal about her.

During the war she was in the German secret service. Twice when passing through the Adlon in disguise as a spy he had observed her, sitting there as she sat now, indolent, voluptuous, significant, smoking slowly and continuously, as if performing a vestal fire rite, attracting and repelling men by some fascinating power of her eyes. He made a random note of her from afar, and afterward instructed his agents to watch her and report.

It was as he suspected. She was an adroit and daring worker in that field of human weakness where Delilah shears her Samson. All manner of men were caught in her net and departed without their secrets. She looked at them, and they came to her; or she looked at them, and they went away.

Arriving at the Adlon on Sir Edward Hare's business three years after the close of the war, Canaday was surprised to see her sitting there still, a symbol of man's reckless and forgotten purpose, discharged without honor, yet proud and disdainful in some eternal right of her own. He felt a twinge, having used the divine material in the same way himself, and then passed her out of his mind. Afterward, in his marginal vision, he saw her frequently, but he had not really thought of her again as a human being until this moment—the moment in which he found himself staring at her in that absurd, accidental manner, she staring at him.

Her expression was one of langorous interest, neither inviting nor forbidding, yet personal. He continued to stare at her, just to see what would happen. Suddenly her expression changed in a startling manner. She did not move her eyes. She was still looking directly at him. Yet he was sure she no longer saw him. Her thoughts and senses had gone elsewhere. In this strangely altered aspect of the woman there was a feeling so intense of mingled dread, hatred, and despair that Canaday instinctively looked about for some external cause.

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The Goose-Man waddled to a seat by the fireplace beyond the tea circle

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still the war, only now it proceeds on another plane. The forces are imponderable." He tapped his forehead. "They are here."

Canaday was looking fixedly at the bridge of Sir Edward's nose, which gave Sir Edward the sensation of being stared through by two gray eyes that he could not see into at all.

"Two years ago," said Sir Edward, "the Germans signed the treaty of peace. Why they put their hands to that document I have never been able to understand. What I cannot understand I wonder at. That keeps me superstitious. Then I begin to have hallucinations. They keep me awake. That all pertains to my business."

Canaday continued to study the bony structure of Sir Edward's nose and to say nothing, and Sir Edward, growing a little warm, got out from under his eyebrows and cut more directly to the heart of the matter.

"See what has happened in two years. The whole world is talking what amounts to German propaganda. What is it saying? What are Germany's creditors themselves saying? This: 'Germany cannot pay one hundred and thirty-two billions of gold marks. But if she could, that would be even worse. For if we received German goods in such enormous quantities, our own industries would be ruined.' This leads to utter confusion. Nothing is settled. Reparation is in suspense. Two years after the signing of the treaty the victors who made it are saying that it must be revised; that the demands upon Germany must be scaled down for everybody's good. I don't mean to say that is n't the logic of the case. I 'm entirely interested in something else. Are events in themselves ironic? I don't believe it. Then, had Germany some foresight of this outcome? I don't believe that, either. Foresight is not a faculty of nations. My hallucination is this: if Germany's great day-dream had unexpectedly produced her a superman, a new Machiavelli, a creature of supreme intelligence, and if he had been playing her cards since the armistice, he would have played them precisely as they have been played. Do you begin to make sense of what I am saying?"

"Not yet," said Canaday.

"It 's preposterous," said Sir Edward, nodding. "That 's why it worries me. If such a man existed, I know how he would work. He would keep himself deep in the background. He would conceal his power even from his own people, and cause them to obey his intelligence unawares. Intelligence is a force in itself."

"What would his name be?" Canaday asked.

Sir Edward nodded his head approvingly.

"It might be something like Tannhauer," he said.

"Your hallucination has a good deal of substance," said Canaday.

"Our minds are beginning to touch," said Sir Edward, complacently. "There is more of it. Every little while we hear that German scientists have so far penetrated the secret of matter as to be able to produce gold by a synthetic process of chemistry. I have had the highest opinion there is on this subject. Alchemy has been theoretically demonstrated. Transmutation of elements is now a familiar laboratory feat. The artificial production of gold is by no means a scientific impossibility. If once this particular act of alchemy were per-

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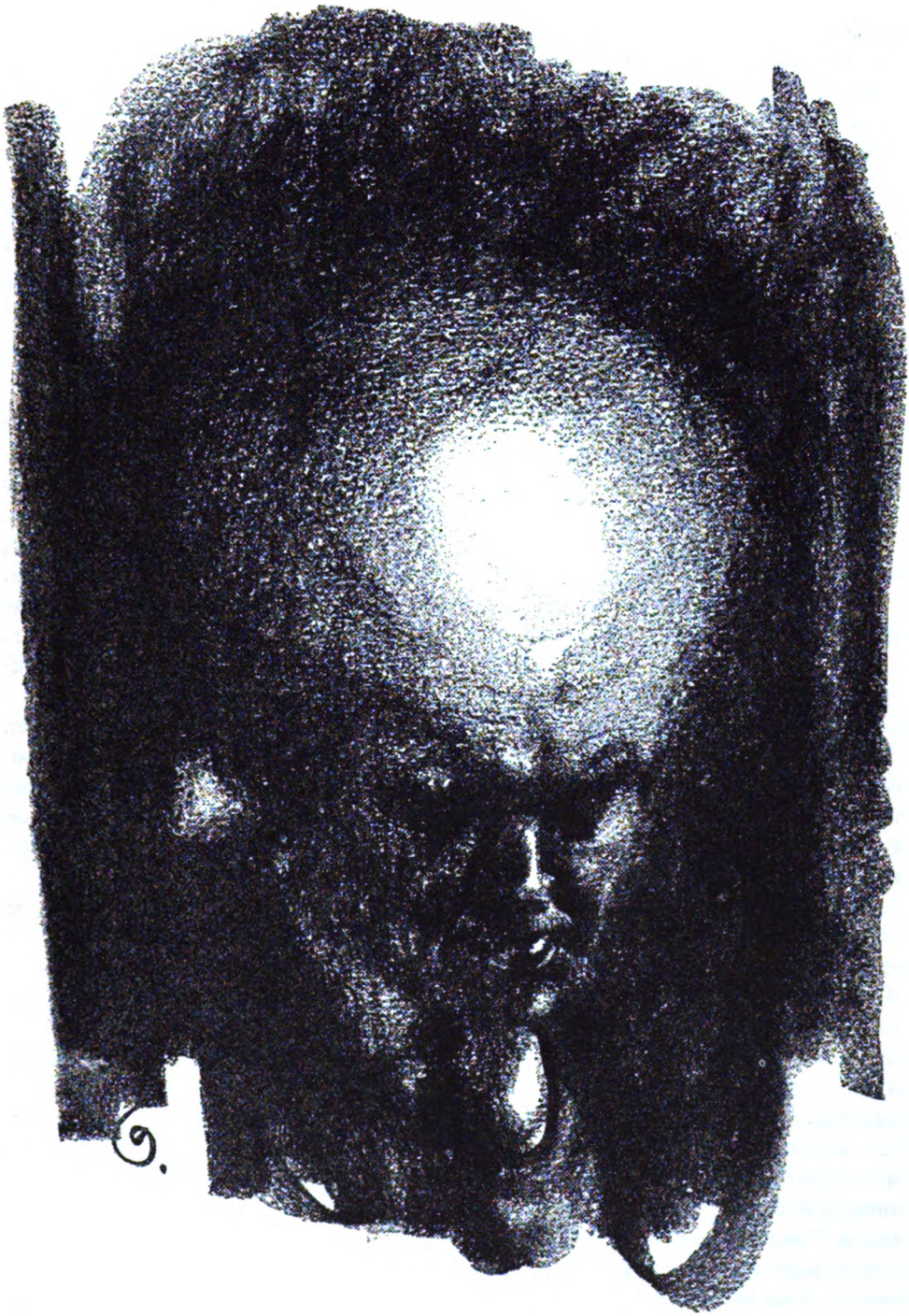

The Goose-Man

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perfunctory investigations, gave their disbelieving opinions to the press, and passed on, leaving Canaday in jealous possession of the field. His industry was enormous. He brought his reports with him to the dining-room and consumed them with his food. At tea, which is meant to be an important public function at the Adlon, there he was again, totally immersed in his work, brooding over charts of chemical symbols, drawings of apparatus, technical papers.

Evenings he might be seen visiting seriously and late with doctors of science, to whom he was a Heaven-sent source of revenue.

The Adlon Hotel, you must understand, is an institution in Berlin life for which there is no exact analogy elsewhere. Berliners were excessively proud of it before the war because it was English-like. It became a focal point, a kind of gregarious apex, expensive enough to exclude the proletariat, and yet so democratic that only by the depth of mine host's genuflection could one tell when the great Junkers and high-born came and went. When the war came, all English and French words were banished. Everything else went on as before.

The Adlon by that time was a tribal habit that could not be broken. Besides, its uses were indispensable. It was a twilight rendezvous. Everybody went there when there was no other place to go. Marshals, diplomats, bankers, and members of the Reichstag, pursuing their intrigues, passed one another in its corridors without bowing. Distinguished outlanders, foreign journalists, visiting potentates, German-Americans, Irish conspirators, paroled enemies and spies, all living together under a single roof according to one rule, which was to mind one's own business, greatly simplified the work of the police, who had to watch everybody.

After the war the spectacle fell off; yet the Adlon was still a place where, if you sat long enough, you would see everybody of any figure at all in the pattern of current events.

And there sat Canaday for weeks on vertical end, amassing an education in modern chemistry. You may think that some of those doctors of science, perhaps, were not true in that character, that they were, in fact, his own secret agents. It was not so. He would have known how to put his hands on twenty spies who had served his military intelligence machine through the war, but this job was material of another texture. He worked alone.

Every gold-making process that he had found turned out almost at once to be an imposture. That did not prove anything in general. The true process, if it existed, might lie behind these frauds. So, without revealing his opinion of them, he continued his investigations most elaborately, waiting for anything that might happen, and meanwhile extending the power and range of his oblique observations. He formed two conclusions: first, if there was a true synthetic process, it was more deeply concealed than a military secret; second, if there existed a super-brain in relation to such process or in any relation whatever, the German nation was unaware of it.

He read everything, he saw a great deal, he listened in his sleep, yet never had he heard of anything like the Tannhauer of Sir Edward Hare's hallucination. Everybody in Germany

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was speaking another name—Humfried! Humfried!

This Humfried was a prodigious person. He had grown suddenly gigantic from what he devoured. Whatever he touched he swallowed; whatever touched him got swallowed, and it was in each case like a natural event, uncontrollable. Nothing could sate his appetite. It grew with feeding. He swallowed up the coal-mines, then the iron-mines, then basic industries and most of the mercantile marine, then industries above industries in a perpendicular manner, until he was in his own person a master trust, containing the destinies of German business.

There were those who dared to criticize him; whereupon, as an impalpable morsel, he swallowed a great portion of the German press. His power and audacity were incredible. Those of the German people in whom the instinct of king worship survived, having been deprived of their kaiser, turned to this clumsy, bull-necked, ferocious man as a new type of monarch. A legend grew that he was the Moses that would deliver Germany from her oppressors. He brought no new ideas to bear upon industry or business. His passion was to combine and control existing things. One theory was that he meant to gain control of all exports and imports, and this outcome seemed neither fantastic nor improbable. He issued mandates to business. The Government feared him, for he threatened to swallow it. Whom he disliked he crushed. His tyrannical sway was irresistible because he was the one man in Germany who pursued a definite purpose, whatever that might be.

Canaday studied this marvel attentively. It was easy to do. Humfried went to and fro openly. Publicity attended his movements and acts. His utterances were widely printed. Everybody talked about him. Much could be learned by listening. It happened that he was frequently visible at the Adlon, for he kept rooms there, not to live in, not as a place of business, but as a convenient refuge to which he often retired at the end of an arduous day.

As Canaday studied Humfried his curiosity grew. In the first place it was hard to believe that a person of his physiognomy should have in himself that quality of subtle, reasoned imagination which appeared in his work. The round skull, the sloping forehead, the heavy nose, denoted a man of terrific will and headlong action, able to say yes or no on the spot without reflection. Well, here was a contradiction. In an unexpected situation, no matter how urgent it was, he invariably and obstinately reserved decision. This was a matter of public record in so many cases that Canaday was obliged to set it down as a characteristic of the man, though his whole aspect belied it. And then there was a notable incongruity about his utterances. They were of two kinds. Those of one kind were commonplace to the point of being fatuous. Those of the other kind were sometimes bold and clear, sometimes enigmatic, but always original and startling. Canaday noticed, too, that his commonplaces were spontaneous, whereas those utterances which were effective and electrified public opinion were of a prepared character.

There were two possible explanations. One would be that Humfried was a dual genius; that is to say, a

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as—well, somewhat as Goethe still lives in *Faust*. But destroy his work, and you kill him twice. That is what lies in your power to do."

"How?" she asked.

"Do you know anything about his work?"

"What I know I cannot understand," she said.

"You would n't, of course," said Canaday. "And because you do not understand it, you could never destroy it alone."

He stopped talking and looked away. After a long silence she asked:

"Are you waiting for me to speak?"

"Yes," he said.

"You want to destroy him, too," she said, "but you cannot do it alone. You need me. There is something I can do. But before going any further, you wish me to say I am willing to do it, whatever it is. Is that what you are waiting for?"

"More than that," said Canaday.

"You wish to be sure of me," she said. "You can't think of any way to prove me."

"That 's it," he said.

On the table between them was a crystal spirit-lamp. In the musing, self-absorbed air of one preparing a ritual she brought it to a position directly in front of her, removed the cap, trimmed the wick, and lighted it. For several minutes she watched it, as if waiting for the flame to reach its maximum intensity. Her bare arms lay on the table, encircling the lamp. Not a word was spoken.

Then in a very deliberate manner she lifted her left arm and held it on the flame,—hard on it,—so that the little blue pillar of fire wickedly flattened its head against her skin and throbbed with orgiastic delight.

She had not once looked at Canaday since beginning this extraordinary act. Nor did she look at him now. She sat perfectly rigid, with not a tremor in her arm, until one would have thought she was a spectator like Canaday, fascinated in the same way. It required a smell of burning flesh to break the spell of his amazement.

"Stop it!" he cried out.

She met his eyes steadily and said, in exactly her former voice:

"I will hold it there until you are sure."

He dashed the lamp away.

She caught a handkerchief around the burn, disdaining his aid, and said:

"If you are sure, go on."

Canaday was deeply agitated; also, he was convinced. He could trust her. She was a providential instrument waiting on his purpose. But what a terrible instrument!

Above the surface of a lovely, languid pool to see a hideous shape upheave and disappear; to remember why it was bidden to appear for that instant, in order that one human being might be made reassured as to another's lethal motive against a third; to sense the thin unreality of life's suavities from one torn glimpse beneath the shadows—how strange!

He was sick and horrified. The smell of live rendered flesh hung about them still. It must have been a very bad burn. He wondered at what men can do to women almost without knowing it. What had Tannhauer done to her? That was none of his business.

"It is as if a page were missing in the middle of a book," he said. He was surprised at the sound of his own voice, that it was natural and concealed his emotions. "And this miss-

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strong motive for doing so. Discovery would be inevitable. No such thing had happened. Humfried's increasingly arbitrary and momentous decisions were never challenged. He was accepted as an original power from whose acts there was no possibility of appeal to a higher source. The Government so accepted him. This proved that if he were a dynamic instrument acting under the direction of another mind, the truth was unsuspected in Germany.

Therefore what manner of contact could be imagined between Humfried and the improbable Machiavelli of Sir Edward Hare's fancy? And how could such a relationship be concealed?

This was the blind alley in which Canaday found himself at the end of three months. All that he had been able to do was to multiply Sir Edward's ifs.

Then a strange thing came to pass. It took the whole world by surprise, and filled Canaday with vague uneasiness. On a certain date, a quarterly instalment of the German reparation coming due, and everybody wondering what new excuse the Germans would

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plead at the last moment, suddenly, without notice, they stepped up and paid the whole sum of half a billion marks in gold!

Nobody knew what to make of it. There were no explanations, no promises as to the future, no conversations about it whatever. They simply paid the gold, and the Allies, who had been ready to take extreme measures in the expected event of a default, were nonplussed.

One immediate effect was a rise in the value of the paper mark all over the world. It rose from less than half a cent to a full cent and a half.

After all, perhaps the Germans had made up their minds to pay and possessed a greater capacity for payment than had been represented. But even so, where did they get this gold? Rumors of an artificial gold-making process were revived, and discussed in a popular way, not quite seriously, yet with symptoms of credulity. However, the bankers said that that amount of gold might somehow have been lost sight of in the statistics.

The excitement was all outside of Germany. Canaday observed only dull indifference on the part of the German people, who had no enthusiasm for reparation payments in any manner. They expressed no curiosity about it. Humfried came and went as usual. His newspapers, which Canaday studied diligently, avoided the subject of reparations and continued to print interminable economic essays of an abstract character.

As the due date of the next quarterly instalment drew near the financial universe was alight with rumors and conjecture. Germany gave no sign of her intentions; then a second time, at the last minute, she came forward with half a billion marks in gold and paid without a word.

This was a sensation indeed. It passed the boundaries of probability. The price of the paper mark on the international money markets advanced to four cents. Foreign correspondents in Germany besieged their sources of information. The Government was cryptic. The bankers were bland and evasive. But Humfried, receiving the correspondents by appointment in a body, as he had never done before, emitted this snarling statement:

"Our former enemies demand to be paid in gold. In the treaty they stipulated for gold payments. Now Germany is paying in gold. It will do them no good. Gold of itself will not place one brick upon another in the devastated areas of France. Only labor will do that. But they do not want our labor; it competes with their own. They want gold, gold, gold. Before long they may know what it is like to have molten gold poured down their gullets."

This statement, instantly cabled out in every language, produced a profound impression. The possibility that the Germans were making gold synthetically now began to be discussed seriously in a scientific spirit, always with one conclusion. The feat might be physically possible on a small laboratory scale, but it was unbelievable that the Germans suddenly and secretly could have perfected a process for producing the metal in large quantities. This was meant to be reassuring. The effect was otherwise. The financial world, founded upon gold, was left clinging to a scientific but.

Imagine what would happen if gold,

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the basic term of all values, were of a sudden to become as plentiful as iron!

Scientists, journalists, economists, bankers, and trained investigators from everywhere came in haste to Germany to see for themselves. They found nothing. They found not even the impostors whom Canaday had investigated, for they had been mysteriously suppressed by the Government. By this time Canaday, to justify his presence in Germany, had been obliged to equip a laboratory and engage chemists to carry on original research. There were moments when he doubted if he was fooling anybody but himself. He had a sense of being himself observed—merely the sense of it. Trained as he was in the ways of secret police craft, he could never detect the evidence of that which his instinct warned him was true. He was disgusted, chagrined, and utterly baffled, wondering all the time what Sir Edward was thinking of him.

Time passed. Another reparation instalment came due. In London, Paris, New York, in all the money-centers, the value of the paper mark fluctuated violently as speculators bought and sold them by way of making their bets for and against a repetition of the impossible.

You must bear in mind that for several years before this Germany had been printing paper marks in enormous quantities, and selling them all over the world for what they would bring. That was why the mark, worth twenty-four cents in gold before the war, had fallen to the nominal value of less than half a cent. Billions of these paper marks were now in circulation in all the great financial centers and were bought and sold for speculation. They were sold by speculators who thought them worthless and expected them to be repudiated like counterfeit money, which in fact they were; and they were bought by people who will buy anything on a gambling chance if it is cheap enough. At the low point the German mark was so cheap that one could have bought two thousand for ten dollars. And literally millions of people everywhere, people who had never speculated in impalpable things before, had been buying marks with the simple thought that some day they might be worth something. If not, then little was lost. The extent of this speculation was amazing.

Well, the day came, and a third time Germany silently paid in gold. Canaday, reading the news of the world as it was printed in Germany, and then the English, Continental, and American papers as they arrived, knew what it would be like to sit calmly at the source of an earthquake, observing its effect and feeling none of the tremors.

International finance surrendered to panic. The German mark rose wildly to twelve cents, and at the same time, for the same reason, on the stock-exchanges of London, Paris, New York, even Tokio, dividend-paying shares began to rise tremendously, and interest-paying bonds began to fall. Why this would be bound to happen in the event of an unlimited addition to the world's supply of gold every economist knows. It need not be technically explained again. Besides, as everybody remembers, it did happen. If you do not know what gold is worth, whether it may not become as cheap as copper or lead, then there is no telling what anything

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else is worth, because everything else is priced in gold. Hence the confusion. Finance felt its foundations quake.

Political consequences began to appear. Any one could see that if Germany manufactured gold to make her reparation payments with, it was exactly as if a debtor printed counterfeit money with which to pay his debts. If Germany was making the gold, as now was widely believed, then the Allies, her creditors, were swindled. What could they do about it? The treaty called for gold, and the gold that came out of Germany in this extraordinary manner was by every chemical test pure stuff.

Now above all the stock-exchange uproar could be heard a demand that the financial clauses of the peace treaty be revised. Payments should be exacted not in gold, but in goods and labor. This, of course, would require the consent of Germany, and that was awkward, for naturally Germany would demand concessions, and thus have the Allies on the hip. If the Allies refused to scale down the total sum of reparations, then Germany would have only to say: "Very well. We shall go on paying in gold."

The German press, led by Humfried's papers, had already begun to gloat over this prospect. The German people were now excited. They did not understand what was happening, nor did the newspapers, and Canaday doubted if even the Government knew the true inwardness of the situation; but whatever it was, it made the world howl, and that was enough for the German mind.

Canaday was cold with humiliation and rage. Here all this time he had been staring at something he could not see. He had now gone so far as to risk building a very special and expensive intelligence machine, and it was useless. A series of events so strange and unnatural as to convulse the money universe had been taking place invisibly, right under his nose, and he knew no more about them than a man in Brazil. He remembered how Sir Edward had tapped his forehead, saying, "The forces are here."

There might be no Tannhauer. There might be no artificial gold process. But there was still the mystery. Where did the gold come from?

The Government always got it from the Imperial State Bank. Where the Imperial State Bank got it was nobody's business. That was what Humfried had just said in a public statement of one sentence.

By any hypothesis one was obliged to assume the existence of a prepotent conspiracy, having shape, habitat, brains, and mechanism. How could such a thing exist and act invisibly?

"I must be looking at it," Canaday kept saying to himself, "right at it; only I can't see it. There are two ways to conceal a thing. One way is to hide it ingeniously; the other way is to leave it so exposed that either one does not see it at all, or, seeing it, disbelieves the senses."

Tea was passing in the Adlon. For some time Canaday had been staring, his thoughts in space. Gradually he became aware that space was staring back at him through two blue eyes. They were very far away when he noticed them first. As his vision adjusted itself to near seeing, they rushed at him through a haze of smoke and stopped abruptly where they belonged, in the face of Hélène. She sat alone as usual, at a table in

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the corner, smoking a cigarette in a fragile holder eighteen inches long.

Since when he had been gazing through her in that unseeing way, or how long she had been looking at him, he did not know. He was not embarrassed. He knew her; that is to say, although he had no personal acquaintance with her, he knew a good deal about her.

During the war she was in the German secret service. Twice when passing through the Adlon in disguise as a spy he had observed her, sitting there as she sat now, indolent, voluptuous, significant, smoking slowly and continuously, as if performing a vestal fire rite, attracting and repelling men by some fascinating power of her eyes. He made a random note of her from afar, and afterward instructed his agents to watch her and report.

It was as he suspected. She was an adroit and daring worker in that field of human weakness where Delilah shears her Samson. All manner of men were caught in her net and departed without their secrets. She looked at them, and they came to her; or she looked at them, and they went away.

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The Goose-Man waddled to a seat by the fireplace beyond the tea circle

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and sat down with his hat on. He just sat there. Presently and with apparently a great effort the woman rose. First she took several irresolute steps toward Canaday; then she turned left at an acute angle, then right, then left again, and so, by a long zigzag course, approached the Goose-Man, who all the time sat quite still. The nearer she came to him the more agitated she was, and in taking the last few steps it seemed to Canaday that she fluttered, as a bird does walking headlong into the serpent's mouth. Then she dropped into the seat at his side, and Canaday could see that he was talking to her.

Any such glimpse of the interior human drama interested Canaday. He moved half-way across the room to a position in which he could examine the Goose-Man. He was immediately and very disagreeably struck by a peculiarity of the face. The lower lip and the chin were grossly sensual, but the upper lip was thin and tight, and all the upper part of the face so far as it showed under the hat was cold and unemotional.

There was something strange about the head, something in its proportions that Canaday could not account for. He was seized with an odd desire to view it with the hat off. This curiosity became at length extravagant, and overwhelmed discretion. He sauntered past the seat on which the two sat, made a turn behind it, caught his foot in the rug, threw out his arms, and contrived in natural awkwardness to unhat the Goose-Man.

A scene resulted. The Goose-Man came instantly to his feet, with his stick upraised as if to commit violent assault. There was Canaday, bowing, holding out his hat to him, trying to apologize. The Goose-Man's rage was unreasonable. He did not speak. Apparently, it was by the utmost effort of self-restraint that he refrained from bringing the stick down on Canaday's head. Instead, he struck the hat out of Canaday's hand, picked it up himself, pulled it back on his head, and waddled off.

With his hat on he was an insignificant figure, not to be looked at a second time unless for his ludicrous manner of locomotion; but with his hat off! Well, Canaday had seen what he believed to be the most extraordinary head in the world. He could n't think of it as a head at all. It was an edifice. Its height from the eyebrows up was three times the length of the face from the eyebrows down. It was entirely bald and very white. The skull was boat-shaped, with a flare above the ears. At first sight there was a sense of shocking deformity. That was an illusion. There was no deformity; the head was magnificently modeled. The secondary sensation was one of awe or consternation produced by the unexpected mass and significance of one human cranium.

Just as the Goose-Man reached the main corridor and turned toward the street door Humfried came in. They seemed not to see each other and passed without the slightest voluntary sign. Nor could Canaday, who was watching, say there was any involuntary sign or gesture. Perhaps it was only that they were a little too oblivious. Whatever it was that betrayed them subtly, he received the vivid psychic impression that they did know each other and were both surprised; and in that instant his memory, performing one of its auto-

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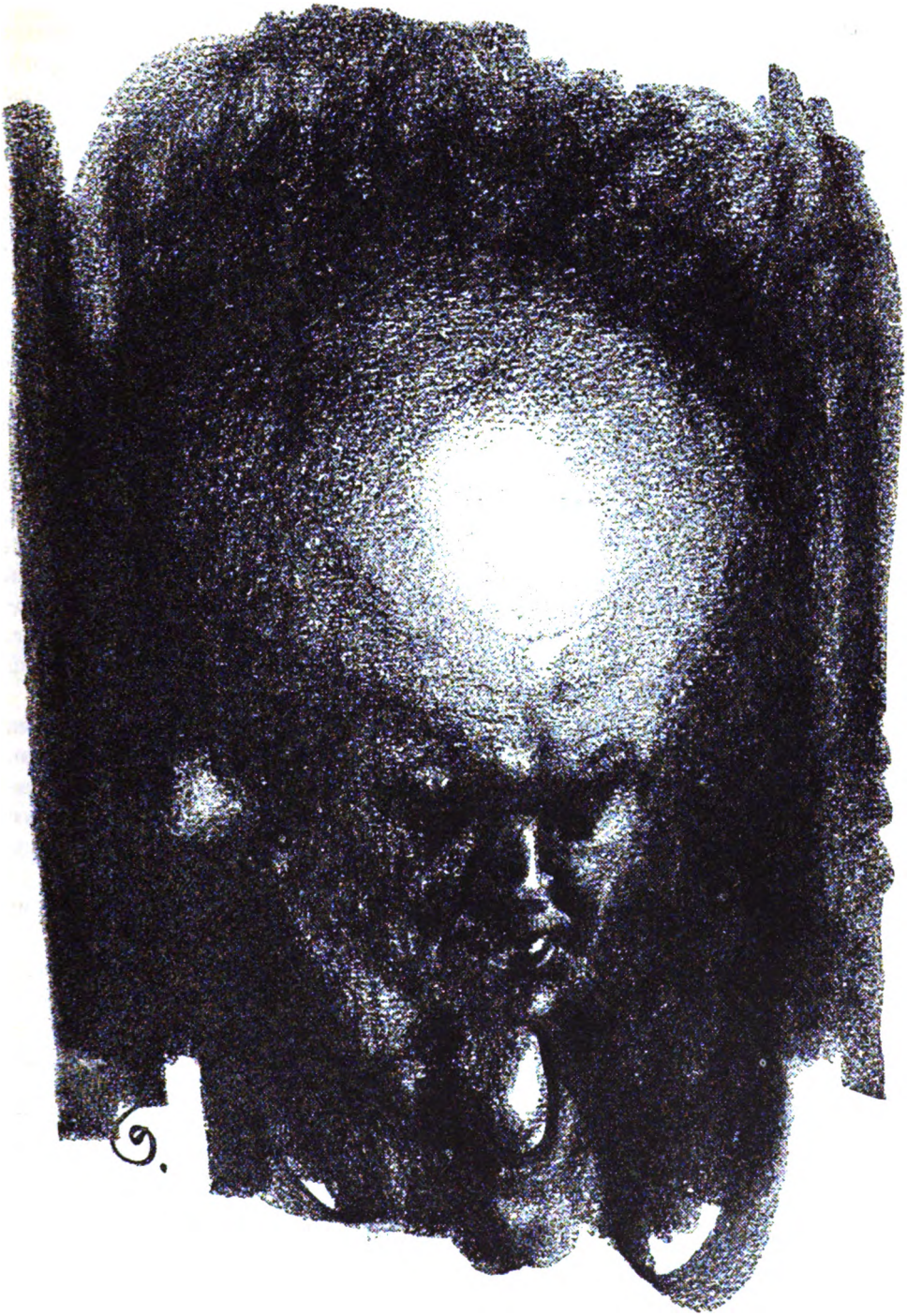

The Goose-Man

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plan. I can't explain it to you more than to say that it anticipated not only the outcome, but every critical event of the war by deduction from facts as he knew them. I refused to have anything to do with it. Then he disappeared. Yet I knew he was living in Germany. I have had excellent sources of information there all the time. They became quite futile. I could n't make sense of what was going on. Everybody said it was Humfried. I did n't believe it, for I knew Humfried. Well, I kept thinking of Tannhauer. It might be he. That was all I said."

Canaday's part was finished, except that he had Hélène on his conscience. Sir Edward was easily interested in her welfare, and when Canaday set his face toward Berlin again to keep his appointment with her, he was authorized to fulfil her utmost wish, reasonable or unreasonable. She might have a Mediterranean villa, a castle in Spain, anything her heart wanted.

He had plenty of time; in fact, a whole day to spare. But chance had yet its part to play. A series of petty mishaps retarded him, and, lastly, he got into a railroad wreck, so that it was ten o'clock in the evening when he arrived at the Adlon. The clerk behind the desk handed him a note in Hélène's hand, but unsigned. It was this:

"Six o'clock Friday. If you get this, it may be already too late. But come to No. 16, B——strasse, one flight up, and do not knock."

That was the address of Tannhauer's apartment.

Canaday went immediately. The house was the ordinary type of some Berlin apartment-building. There was a dim light in the entrance-hall. The landing at the top of the first stair-flight was dark. He could make out one door. This he tried, and it opened.

The interior was cold and unlighted. He stepped inside and listened. There was no sound, yet an indefinable sense of presence. He turned a pocket flash-light into the darkness. It revealed Tannhauer's large room as Hélène had described it—the great blue tile stove, the plain chairs and long table, the piles of newspapers against the walls.

Beyond the stove he saw the edge of a seated figure. He moved a little to bring it into full view. It was the figure of Hélène, sitting bolt upright, with her eyes open. He approached, holding the light on her, expecting instantly that she would move or speak. She sat perfectly rigid, staring at him with a fixed expression.

When he was almost close enough to touch her the truth he had been trying to repel broke through his senses. He stopped in horror.

A string, passed around her forehead and tied to a rung in the high back of the chair, was what held her head up. Her hands were crossed in her lap, and she was dead.

Hardly aware of what he was doing, he went about opening every door until he had seen the whole apartment. It was deserted. Returning to Hélène, he saw on her lap, under folded hands, the white edge of an envelop. He slipped it out and jumped with surprise. It was addressed to him, Mr. Guyles Canaday, but the writing was not Hélène's. He tore it open and read:

"Permit me.
The Goose-Man."

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On the Sense of Direction

By W. H. HUDSON, *Author of* "GREEN MANSIONS," *etc.*

RECALLING the long months I have spent on divers occasions, in heat and cold, by day and night, on foot and on horseback, on that vast vacant territory bordering on the lands inhabited by men and cattle, or outside them, I am reminded of the value in such regions of a sense and instinct common to man and beast, the sense of direction, which in civilized and populous districts is of no more importance than our decayed sense of smell.

And here I come back to my interview with my lady stag,[1] reposing with her back to me and adjusting her ears so as to listen to the incomprehensible sound I emitted while attending to the other understandable ones that come to her from the wood.

If by an exercise of magic I could have projected the power of abstract thought into her cervine brains, our colloquy would have been more interesting, and she would have told me how much I had lost by developing a bigger brain and assuming an erect position on my hind legs. Thus my muscular sense and sense of equilibrium, with perfect coördination of all the nerves and faculties in me, were inferior to hers. Finally, assuming that she was the same hind I spoke about in the first of these papers, she would have reminded me of her action on that occasion; how, when insulted by the offer of an acorn by a creature in a scarlet mantle, she had savagely resented and resolved at the same time to accept the gift and punish the giver; and how she snatched the spray from the outstretched hand, then, on the instant of doing so, took a flying leap over the child's head and, at the moment of her forefeet touching the ground, lashed out behind with so good an aim that she grazed the face, and, given an inch more, would have slashed it open with her sharp knife-like hind hoofs.

A great quarrel, with many keen thrusts on both sides, also with some laughter, and all the time the feeling in me, bitter as death, that she had the best of the argument, that it would have been better that animal life had continued till the time of the dying of all life on the earth with no such development as that of the large-brained being who walks erect and, smiling, looks on heaven.

But I had no magic: all I could do was to tease and mystify her by whistling, and she could do no more than give me a small share of her listening attention. Finally, unable to make any sense out of the sounds I emitted, she got up as I have told, shook herself to get rid of dust and dead leaves on the coat, then walked straight away without a glance at the person sitting behind her. If she had been a great lady in a drawing-room, who had taken offense at some injudicious or impertinent remark I had

[1] See Mr. Hudson's "A Hind in Richmond Park" in the July issue.

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dropped in conversation with her, and had got up and walked away without a word or look, ruling my existence out, she could not have done it better. She walked straight away to some other place in the park where she wished to be. To that spot she would go in a bee-line, not thinking about the right direction or, indeed, about anything, but with mind agreeably occupied with the sights and sounds and scents that came to her.

Then came my turn to go, as it was now late in the day, and after some moment's hesitation as to which gate would suit me best for an exit on that afternoon, Richmond, Kingston, or Sheen, I, too, got up and walked off, occupied with my own thoughts and also, like the hind, amusing myself with the sights and sounds and scents, leaving the whole business of getting to my destination to my legs and the compass in my brain.

Here, too, as in the sense of equilibrium, she had an immense advantage over me, incalculably great if night and thick darkness had surprised us still together at that spot. Not in Richmond Park only, but on Exmoor, or in any vast deer-forest in the North, she would go by night or day unhesitatingly in a direct line to her destination. But no sooner am I in a place I don't know and lose sight of the sun, or have been making many turns in a wood, than I lose the sense of direction. Thus, if I go to Piccadilly Circus by tube and, leaving my train, wander about in the galleries in search of the right station for some other part of London, I cease to know the points of the compass. But for the lettering on the walls and the arrow-heads and pointing fingers, I am as effectually lost as if I had fallen into a very deep hole and had, at the end of it, crawled out at the antipodes.

Judging from myself (a very bad case, I dare say), the sense of direction is a dwindling one in our civilized state and in many of us appears to be wholly gone. Yet to man living in a state of nature it is of vital importance, as it is to all animals endowed with locomotive organs—wings, fins, legs, and, in the ophidians, ribs and scales. The snake does not move, as the ancients thought, by means of its fiery spirit. And we know that snakes, with virtually no horizon at all and so short-sighted that they can have no landmarks, do yet possess the sense of direction in a remarkable degree. Thus there are authentic cases on record of tame snakes traveling long distances back to the home from which they had been removed, incidents similar to those we are accustomed to hear every day with regard to our domestic animals and pets. Apart from such cases we see from observation of their habits that the snake could not do very well without such a sense. Take the snakes that inhabit great grass countries like the prairies, or, better still, the absolutely flat pampas, where, moving on their bellies, they are down in the grass and seldom have their heads above it. In that temperate climate they do not estivate, but spend the eight or nine warm months distributed over the land. The snake may go a long distance in search of the female. Going to her, he has the wind and the message it conveys to him for guide; but there is no extraneous force, no "nimble emanations" to lead him back to his accustomed haunts, the home where he passes his long summers and his whole life. At the ap-

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proach of winter, in May, he returns to his hibernaculum, which he shares with many others of his kind, coming in from all directions and various distances. The wintering site is as a rule in a mound on the plain formed by rodents, armadillos, and other excavating mammals, and in one of the old cavities they mass themselves together to drowse away the two or three cold months. It is plain that without a sense of direction the serpent could not find his way back to the same spot each year.

§ 2

As to insects, a little observation of wasps, bees, ants, and others, both social and solitary, that cannot carry on the business of life without constantly returning to one point, is enough to show that they could not exist without such a sense. It is perhaps most easily seen in the ants. Take your seat on the turf on a chalk down and look at the ground and you will see a minute black ant hurrying about on his business. You don't know how long he has been abroad, but the chances are you will get tired of watching him before he returns to his home. For a home he has a minute hole somewhere under the grass leading into his subterranean galleries, where he spends part of his time; and as his sense-organs are specialized in two directions, he will then move about as freely in the dark and know just what to do and how to do it, as when out in the brilliant sunlight. Night and day and above-ground and underground are all one to him. If, when watching him, you try the experiment of putting a finger close to him, he is overwhelmed with astonishment; at first struck motionless and then, recovering his faculties, he rushes wildly away. The near approach of your finger to him was like a tremendous tornado charged with every violent animal smell in the world bursting suddenly upon a horse, let us say. But soon he recovers from his panic and goes on with his everlasting quest, and you are obliged to go after him on your hands and knees to keep him in sight. He is probably now leagues away from his home, still hurriedly pushing his way through the endless forest. For to him the grasses are like trees and their stems like trunks, and they stand up and lean and lie about in all positions. He goes round this one, crawls under the next, and climbs over a third, and cannot see a distance of half an inch before him. Tired of watching him, you get up and go away, and he goes on and on, and will continue to go on until he finds what he is looking for, and then will set out on his return, working his way through that interminable forest, that boundless contiguity of shading grasses, straight to his home.

And as with serpents and insects and fishes and batrachians, so it is with birds and mammals, all of which when out and away from home on their various quests are, as the poet has said of the migrating bird,

"Lone wandering, but not lost."

There is no hamlet in the kingdom, or, I imagine, anywhere in the world, where you will not be told strange, yet familiar, stories of a domestic or pet animal returning from long distances to its old home over ground unknown to it, where it could never have memorized the landmarks. Such instances are so common that any one who thought it worth his while could collect a volume full of them in a few

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weeks. Even here, in this house in Penzance, where I am writing these papers, two such cases have been related to me of cats; one that was sent away to a distant village in a closed basket and promptly returned to its home here; the other of a cat received here from St. Just, seven miles away over a rough moor, which disappeared on the evening of its arrival and reappeared the very next day at St. Just. Also I have just received from a correspondent in America an extraordinary case of a dog sent by rail and water across the country to a Southern State, which soon vanished from his new home, to reappear several months later at his old home, eight hundred miles distant. This is an authentic case, and the astonishing thing is that in that immense journey the desire for home, the nostalgia, the impelling force, was not overcome by the difficulties; by hunger and fatigue and the hostility and persecutions met with from man and dogs encountered on the way. The overpowering desire for home had carried him through all this misery, and he arrived at last, looking like a very old worn-out dog.

As we higher animals are also subject to nostalgia, we can sympathize with the cat and dog in their sufferings in a strange place, the sense of disharmony. Especially so if we consider that smell, which is nothing to us, is to them more than sight, more even than vision and hearing together. They live in smells. In the familiar smells of their home, their surroundings, in and out of doors, they are in their element, at peace. Instinctively the animal regards every strange smell with suspicion: it is a warning of danger, perhaps, and for all his domestication and tameness he cannot be free of this inheritance. We can imagine, then, what it must be to remove an animal of this kind, a cat, let us say, from his familiar home into a world of unknown smells!

In my early home on the Argentine pampas we thought less about cats and dogs in this connection than of horses; for it was in a region where, as the Gauchos say, the horse is the legs that carry you. It was a common thing to hear a Gaucho say when his horses, or some of them, had been stolen, that he counted on the recovery of such a one, seeing that however far they took him from his home and district, however long they kept him hobbled or collared to another horse, he would, on the first opportunity that offered, make his escape and find his way back.

Here I will insert the history of a horse I was intimate with for a space of over ten years. He was an iron gray, the color called *moro* by the natives, and as he was the only one of that color in our troop, we named him Moro. He came to us from some Gaucho friends who lived at their estancia about forty miles south of our home; and as we were warned that Moro was a home-loving horse, it was necessary to keep him collared to one of the horses of the establishment for a month before letting him go free. I retain a very vivid recollection of this animal, so that he stands out from the hundreds of horses I have ridden among the half a dozen or so that have most impressed me with their personality. He had a spirit and dash above all the horses I have known and ridden: to be touched with whip or spur would drive him wild. One had to keep a tight rein on him, as with a man on his back his one desire was to

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let himself go at his topmost speed. But he had a silken mouth and the most perfect control over his motions. He was the only horse I ever possessed that when at full speed could be brought to a sudden stand, and then, with a touch on his neck, be made to spin round as on a pivot. His instant response when you set him to do these things seemed to show that he loved doing them. His chief fault was that he was intolerant of strangers, and if carelessly approached by one he did not know, he would lash out with his heels; so that our visitors always had to be warned not to go near the dangerous animal.

One day on coming home on Moro I rode into the patio, or yard, and, leaving him standing there, went into the house. Just then a child of some people on a visit to us, a little boy of seven from town and perfectly ignorant of country things, ran out, and seeing Moro standing there with his long tail almost touching the ground, went to it and, twisting his little hands into the hair, began swinging himself to and fro. The moment I caught sight of him I thought it was all over with the child, for Moro was in a passion, tossing his head and stamping on the ground; in another moment the child's brains would be dashed out! I yelled at him, and loosing his hold, he came to me unhurt. Every one said it was a miracle; it was Providence that saved the child's life. It was, I think, the animal's intelligence, his knowledge that it was an innocent child and not a grown-up that was taking this liberty with him which restrained his impulse to strike.

The one thing about Moro which comes properly into the subject I am writing about was his home instinct. Although he became reconciled to his new surroundings and attached to the horses he lived and grazed with, whenever we had a long spell of cold, windy, and rainy weather in winter, always a time of intense discomfort to horses living on the flat, open, unsheltered plain, where not a tree was growing, Moro would disappear. Then, as a rule, after a week or two there would be a message from our distant Gaucho friends to inform us that Moro had turned up at their place and that he would be sent as soon as any one of the estancia had occasion to travel our way. On his return it was not necessary to collar him to another horse. He was always pleased to be back with his familiar friends and companions, and would settle down and live quite contentedly until, when another bad spell in the weather occurred, he would disappear again.

§ 3

The explanation of Moro's action is, I fancy, simple enough. He was reconciled to his second home and attached to the animals he consorted with and had no desire to return to his former home in ordinary circumstances, but in the intense discomfort induced by a seemingly endless spell of bad weather, when he was being lashed with cold rain perpetually day and night, he was reminded of his home. He had an image of the wide green plains bathed in everlasting genial sunshine; the image, the vision, produced the illusion that even thus would he see it again if he returned to it, and in the end he fled back a distance of forty miles to escape from his misery.

We know that animals are capable of visualizing past scenes in this way.

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I have given instances of this faculty and the delusions it gives rise to in writing of the horse and guanaco in my "Naturalist in La Plata."

It remains to speak of the sense of direction in man. He is dependent on the same senses and faculties as any other rapacious mammal in his quest for food. No doubt the higher we go in the organic scale the less dependent the animal is on instinct pure and simple; in other words, the more does intelligence enter into the instinctive act. Thus we will find an instinct common to mammals and birds less intelligent and more perfect in the latter. In birds, we may say, the sense of direction is more nearly infallible than in mammals. Thus you will see a basket full of homing pigeons released at the Marble Arch, the birds all flying off in various directions to their homes in different parts of the country, from twenty or thirty to two or more hundred miles distant; and the chances are that not one out of twenty-five or thirty will fail to turn up at its destination. As the pigeon has existed in a domestic state for thousands of generations, it may be assumed that its homing faculty is not as perfect as in the wild bird. The bird has this faculty in greater perfection than the mammal because it needs this, owing to its wings, which give him an immensely wider range and swifter motion. The mammal, moving on the ground, has more need of intelligence in every act of its life, in every step it takes, and, no doubt, memorizes more. Yet I should say that the mammal, including man, in a state of nature, is no more able to do without that sense than the small ant, "lone wandering, but not lost," on the grassy down.

I should say, then, that as mentality enters more into the actions of man, even in his most primitive state, than in other mammals, the sense of direction is less perfect in him than in them. Also that in highly civilized man, especially in urban districts, the sense is so weak as almost to be regarded as obsolescent. Like the sense of smell it is not needed, and in that condition its decay is inevitable. Nevertheless, when the need comes, it revives, and when one is among savages or semi-civilized men much given to roaming, one meets with instances of the sense as acute and efficient as in the lower animals.

I heard a good deal said on this subject early in life. As a boy it interested me because, when I took to long solitary rambles, on foot or horseback, I made the discovery that I had a rather poor sense of direction, and when I got lost, which happened from time to time in a fog or at night and even in broad daylight when I was out of sight of all known landmarks, it had an extremely distressing effect on me and appeared to be a danger. Later, when I had grown up, I had some discussions on the subject with a young Gaucho friend. One day in company he told us of a day spent in a search after lost horses at a long distance from the ranch where he had his temporary home. He had a companion with him, and when they were from nine to ten leagues from home, night came very suddenly on them, with a black cloud covering the whole sky and rain in torrents. His companion cried out that there was nothing to do but dismount and spend the night sitting on their saddles and trying to keep themselves dry by wrapping their skin horse-rugs and ponchos

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round them. My friend laughed at such a proposal, and said that they would go back and would be at home in about four hours or so and would then be able to dry their clothes and get something to eat. The other was incredulous; it was all a flat plain with no road and not a star to show them the way. Nevertheless, they set out, and arrived before midnight at the hovel which was their destination, and only when they dismounted and pushed the door open could he convince his companion that no road or light of star was needed to find your way back; nothing, in fact, was wanting but one's own sense.

It was just that sense, I told him, that I was without, and I knew that many others were in the same condition, otherwise we should not hear of people getting lost. That he possessed this sense in such perfection seemed almost incredible.

He replied that to him it seemed incredible that any sane person complete in his senses should be without it. He had to believe there were such men, just as there were others blind or deaf or idiots from birth. It made him laugh. For how could any one, no matter how far he might go in a strange district or how many turns he might take, fail to know just where he was and the exact direction of the place he wished to return to? You could take him blindfolded fifty leagues off into any place unknown to him, and lead him now in this or that direction, then take off the bandage in a dark night and set him free, and he would not be lost. Naturally he would know the right direction to take. How could he help knowing it?

I was surprised at hearing all this as up till then I had looked on this young Gaucho friend who did not know a letter of the alphabet as a good-natured half-fool. He was a big fellow, so dark, with such thick lips and such broad nostrils, that one supposed he had negro blood in him, and, negro-like, he was much given to laughter. But he had coarse, lank black hair, which was not negro-like. As he had been so much on horseback he waddled on the ground, and was like a big clumsy animal walking with difficulty on its hind legs. Then, there were his garments; one, waistcoat or blouse, as a rule, new and of some crude, glaring color, yellow or scarlet or blue, and all the others old and frayed and the color of clay. Usually he was without boots, being a poor devil, with his big iron spurs buckled on his bare feet. But now I conceived a great respect for him and envied him the possession of something I lacked.

This is perhaps an extreme case; nevertheless, men of that kind, who were never lost and never at a loss, were not uncommon on our Argentine frontiers. A man of that kind, who had a bold and adventurous spirit as well, was called a *rastreador*, and was employed to go out into the desert to spy on the Indians.

It is probable that even in our ultra-civilized state there are individual persons among us who possess the sense in a high degree, although they may not know it themselves, just as there are those who have a sense of smell as acute as that of any pure savage. This would not be strange: more wonderful is the fact that on some rare occasion the faculty should revive and burn in its pristine power in a person in whom it had appeared to be non-existent. Here is a case in point.

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Years ago, when following a discussion on a sense of direction in man in one of the weekly journals, I read of an instance of this reversion of the brain to a past state, a recovery of a lost sense. It occurred to a man, a dweller in a town, who went with a friend for an autumn holiday in a forest district in North America. They camped on the borders of a forest at a distance from any settlement, and the narrator, taking his gun, went off alone into the woods to look for something to shoot. He spent long hours in the forest, and at last, when he was deep in it, surrounded on all sides by trees and remembered that he had taken many turns, it suddenly came to him with a shock that he was lost, miles distant, probably, from his starting-point, and had not the faintest idea in which direction it was. He was terribly distressed, for the day was drawing to a close, and he feared that to whichsoever side he directed his steps it would perhaps only take him farther away. He fired several shots in the hope that some hunter or some one looking for him would hear them and come to his rescue. But no one came, and no answering shot or shout broke the silence. Then, when his distress was greatest, when he was in despair, all at once a light came to him, a sudden sense of relief, a feeling and a conviction that he knew exactly which direction to take. So convinced was he that he set out not only confidently, but gladly. His instinct proved true.

§ 4

This narrative interested me deeply simply because it so closely resembled an experience I once had, the one and only time when I have known the full meaning of such a sense, its certitude, and its value to the lower animals and to man living in a state of nature, as he has existed for, let us say, a million years. My case was this. I was in a forest and in the middle of a thick wood covering an area of several miles, with dense thickets and bogs and streams on its borders. I had been in it for several hours, watching some woodland birds I was interested in. Absorbed in my occupation, night surprised me, and a sudden darkness, caused by a cloud, overspreading the sky, I realized that I was lost, since I did not know in which part of the wood I was or which direction to take, and could not see on which side the sun had gone down. I feared, too, that if I tried to get out, I should most probably get among the bogs and streams and dense thickets. And it was getting cold, as I was in the thinnest summer clothes and had been perspiring profusely. Suddenly, while standing there peering into the thick blackness all round me and feeling keenly distressed, relief came, and it was as if I had been captive and was unexpectedly set free. I did not know where I was and where the feared bogs were, but I knew in which direction to go. There was no hesitation, no shadow of a doubt. Off I went, rejoicing, where my supernatural faculty, as it then almost seemed to be, commanded, and after walking for half an hour came upon a blacker blackness, where the undergrowth was so dense that it was extremely difficult to force my way through it. Again and again I came to places like that, yet dared not attempt to get round these thickets, fearing that if I varied the least bit from the bee-line I was making, I might lose the sense of

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"The landing at the top of the first stair-flight was dark"

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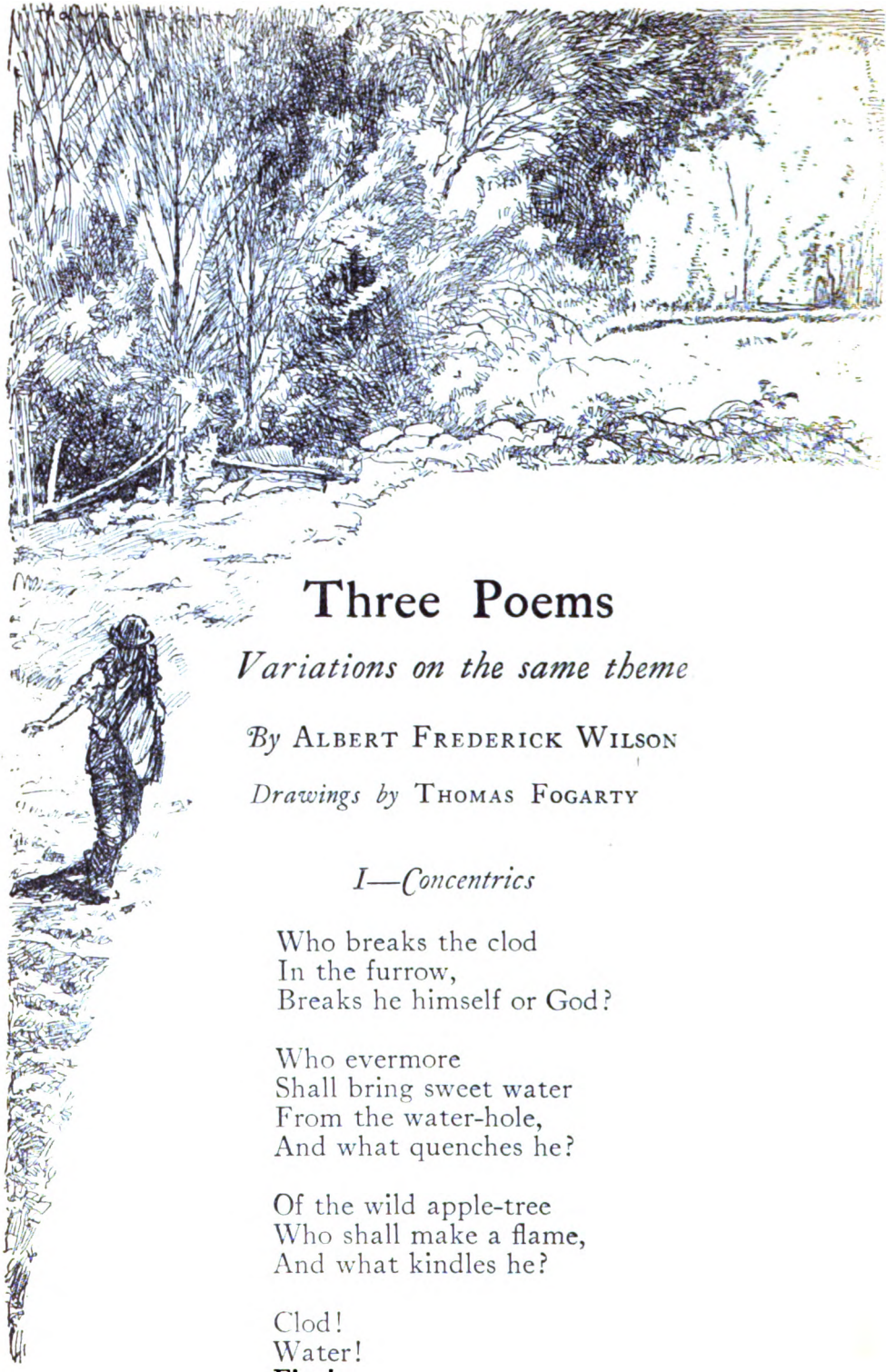

Three Poems

Variations on the same theme

By Albert Frederick Wilson

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

I—Concentrics

Who breaks the clod
In the furrow,
Breaks he himself or God?

Who evermore
Shall bring sweet water
From the water-hole,
And what quenches he?

Of the wild apple-tree
Who shall make a flame,
And what kindles he?

Clod!
Water!
Fire!

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Swinging by,
With only the breath
Of their unseen wings.

But I—

I stand in the furrow.
I linger by the water-hole.
I rest where the wild thorn burns.

II—Black Loam

With the mute patience
Of growing things,
The alder thicket
Gathered the deep loam
And held it there
In the hollow by the wood.

But in the fall
My neighbor cleared the patch,
And in the spring
He seeded it to corn.

I used to watch him
In the early sun,
Planting from his apron bag,
Stopping now and then
To lean and take the earth
Between his crooked hands
And get the smell of it.

"It 's getting scarce," he 'd say.
"It 's getting scarce,"
And shake his head.

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dropped in conversation with her, and had got up and walked away without a word or look, ruling my existence out, she could not have done it better. She walked straight away to some other place in the park where she wished to be. To that spot she would go in a bee-line, not thinking about the right direction or, indeed, about anything, but with mind agreeably occupied with the sights and sounds and scents that came to her.

Then came my turn to go, as it was now late in the day, and after some moment's hesitation as to which gate would suit me best for an exit on that afternoon, Richmond, Kingston, or Sheen, I, too, got up and walked off, occupied with my own thoughts and also, like the hind, amusing myself with the sights and sounds and scents, leaving the whole business of getting to my destination to my legs and the compass in my brain.

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And as with serpents and insects and fishes and batrachians, so it is with birds and mammals, all of which when out and away from home on their various quests are, as the poet has said of the migrating bird,

"Lone wandering, but not lost."

There is no hamlet in the kingdom, or, I imagine, anywhere in the world, where you will not be told strange, yet familiar, stories of a domestic or pet animal returning from long distances to its old home over ground unknown to it, where it could never have memorized the landmarks. Such instances are so common that any one who thought it worth his while could collect a volume full of them in a few

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weeks. Even here, in this house in Penzance, where I am writing these papers, two such cases have been related to me of cats; one that was sent away to a distant village in a closed basket and promptly returned to its home here; the other of a cat received here from St. Just, seven miles away over a rough moor, which disappeared on the evening of its arrival and reappeared the very next day at St. Just. Also I have just received from a correspondent in America an extraordinary case of a dog sent by rail and water across the country to a Southern State, which soon vanished from his new home, to reappear several months later at his old home, eight hundred miles distant. This is an authentic case, and the astonishing thing is that in that immense journey the desire for home, the nostalgia, the impelling force, was not overcome by the difficulties; by hunger and fatigue and the hostility and persecutions met with from man and dogs encountered on the way. The overpowering desire for home had carried him through all this misery, and he arrived at last, looking like a very old worn-out dog.

As we higher animals are also subject to nostalgia, we can sympathize with the cat and dog in their sufferings in a strange place, the sense of disharmony. Especially so if we consider that smell, which is nothing to us, is to them more than sight, more even than vision and hearing together. They live in smells. In the familiar smells of their home, their surroundings, in and out of doors, they are in their element, at peace. Instinctively the animal regards every strange smell with suspicion: it is a warning of danger, perhaps, and for all his domestication and tameness he cannot be free of this inheritance. We can imagine, then, what it must be to remove an animal of this kind, a cat, let us say, from his familiar home into a world of unknown smells!

In my early home on the Argentine pampas we thought less about cats and dogs in this connection than of horses; for it was in a region where, as the Gauchos say, the horse is the legs that carry you. It was a common thing to hear a Gaucho say when his horses, or some of them, had been stolen, that he counted on the recovery of such a one, seeing that however far they took him from his home and district, however long they kept him hobbled or collared to another horse, he would, on the first opportunity that offered, make his escape and find his way back.

Here I will insert the history of a horse I was intimate with for a space of over ten years. He was an iron gray, the color called *moro* by the natives, and as he was the only one of that color in our troop, we named him Moro. He came to us from some Gaucho friends who lived at their estancia about forty miles south of our home; and as we were warned that Moro was a home-loving horse, it was necessary to keep him collared to one of the horses of the establishment for a month before letting him go free. I retain a very vivid recollection of this animal, so that he stands out from the hundreds of horses I have ridden among the half a dozen or so that have most impressed me with their personality. He had a spirit and dash above all the horses I have known and ridden: to be touched with whip or spur would drive him wild. One had to keep a tight rein on him, as with a man on his back his one desire was to

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let himself go at his topmost speed. But he had a silken mouth and the most perfect control over his motions. He was the only horse I ever possessed that when at full speed could be brought to a sudden stand, and then, with a touch on his neck, be made to spin round as on a pivot. His instant response when you set him to do these things seemed to show that he loved doing them. His chief fault was that he was intolerant of strangers, and if carelessly approached by one he did not know, he would lash out with his heels; so that our visitors always had to be warned not to go near the dangerous animal.

One day on coming home on Moro I rode into the patio, or yard, and, leaving him standing there, went into the house. Just then a child of some people on a visit to us, a little boy of seven from town and perfectly ignorant of country things, ran out, and seeing Moro standing there with his long tail almost touching the ground, went to it and, twisting his little hands into the hair, began swinging himself to and fro. The moment I caught sight of him I thought it was all over with the child, for Moro was in a passion, tossing his head and stamping on the ground; in another moment the child's brains would be dashed out! I yelled at him, and loosing his hold, he came to me unhurt. Every one said it was a miracle; it was Providence that saved the child's life. It was, I think, the animal's intelligence, his knowledge that it was an innocent child and not a grown-up that was taking this liberty with him which restrained his impulse to strike.

The one thing about Moro which comes properly into the subject I am writing about was his home instinct. Although he became reconciled to his new surroundings and attached to the horses he lived and grazed with, whenever we had a long spell of cold, windy, and rainy weather in winter, always a time of intense discomfort to horses living on the flat, open, unsheltered plain, where not a tree was growing, Moro would disappear. Then, as a rule, after a week or two there would be a message from our distant Gaucho friends to inform us that Moro had turned up at their place and that he would be sent as soon as any one of the estancia had occasion to travel our way. On his return it was not necessary to collar him to another horse. He was always pleased to be back with his familiar friends and companions, and would settle down and live quite contentedly until, when another bad spell in the weather occurred, he would disappear again.

§ 3

The explanation of Moro's action is, I fancy, simple enough. He was reconciled to his second home and attached to the animals he consorted with and had no desire to return to his former home in ordinary circumstances, but in the intense discomfort induced by a seemingly endless spell of bad weather, when he was being lashed with cold rain perpetually day and night, he was reminded of his home. He had an image of the wide green plains bathed in everlasting genial sunshine; the image, the vision, produced the illusion that even thus would he see it again if he returned to it, and in the end he fled back a distance of forty miles to escape from his misery.

We know that animals are capable of visualizing past scenes in this way.

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I have given instances of this faculty and the delusions it gives rise to in writing of the horse and guanaco in my "Naturalist in La Plata."

It remains to speak of the sense of direction in man. He is dependent on the same senses and faculties as any other rapacious mammal in his quest for food. No doubt the higher we go in the organic scale the less dependent the animal is on instinct pure and simple; in other words, the more does intelligence enter into the instinctive act. Thus we will find an instinct common to mammals and birds less intelligent and more perfect in the latter. In birds, we may say, the sense of direction is more nearly infallible than in mammals. Thus you will see a basket full of homing pigeons released at the Marble Arch, the birds all flying off in various directions to their homes in different parts of the country, from twenty or thirty to two or more hundred miles distant; and the chances are that not one out of twenty-five or thirty will fail to turn up at its destination. As the pigeon has existed in a domestic state for thousands of generations, it may be assumed that its homing faculty is not as perfect as in the wild bird. The bird has this faculty in greater perfection than the mammal because it needs this, owing to its wings, which give him an immensely wider range and swifter motion. The mammal, moving on the ground, has more need of intelligence in every act of its life, in every step it takes, and, no doubt, memorizes more. Yet I should say that the mammal, including man, in a state of nature, is no more able to do without that sense than the small ant, "lone wandering, but not lost," on the grassy down.

I should say, then, that as mentality enters more into the actions of man, even in his most primitive state, than in other mammals, the sense of direction is less perfect in him than in them. Also that in highly civilized man, especially in urban districts, the sense is so weak as almost to be regarded as obsolescent. Like the sense of smell it is not needed, and in that condition its decay is inevitable. Nevertheless, when the need comes, it revives, and when one is among savages or semi-civilized men much given to roaming, one meets with instances of the sense as acute and efficient as in the lower animals.

I heard a good deal said on this subject early in life. As a boy it interested me because, when I took to long solitary rambles, on foot or horseback, I made the discovery that I had a rather poor sense of direction, and when I got lost, which happened from time to time in a fog or at night and even in broad daylight when I was out of sight of all known landmarks, it had an extremely distressing effect on me and appeared to be a danger. Later, when I had grown up, I had some discussions on the subject with a young Gaucho friend. One day in company he told us of a day spent in a search after lost horses at a long distance from the ranch where he had his temporary home. He had a companion with him, and when they were from nine to ten leagues from home, night came very suddenly on them, with a black cloud covering the whole sky and rain in torrents. His companion cried out that there was nothing to do but dismount and spend the night sitting on their saddles and trying to keep themselves dry by wrapping their skin horse-rugs and ponchos

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round them. My friend laughed at such a proposal, and said that they would go back and would be at home in about four hours or so and would then be able to dry their clothes and get something to eat. The other was incredulous; it was all a flat plain with no road and not a star to show them the way. Nevertheless, they set out, and arrived before midnight at the hovel which was their destination, and only when they dismounted and pushed the door open could he convince his companion that no road or light of star was needed to find your way back; nothing, in fact, was wanting but one's own sense.

It was just that sense, I told him, that I was without, and I knew that many others were in the same condition, otherwise we should not hear of people getting lost. That he possessed this sense in such perfection seemed almost incredible.

He replied that to him it seemed incredible that any sane person complete in his senses should be without it. He had to believe there were such men, just as there were others blind or deaf or idiots from birth. It made him laugh. For how could any one, no matter how far he might go in a strange district or how many turns he might take, fail to know just where he was and the exact direction of the place he wished to return to? You could take him blindfolded fifty leagues off into any place unknown to him, and lead him now in this or that direction, then take off the bandage in a dark night and set him free, and he would not be lost. Naturally he would know the right direction to take. How could he help knowing it?

I was surprised at hearing all this as up till then I had looked on this young Gaucho friend who did not know a letter of the alphabet as a good-natured half-fool. He was a big fellow, so dark, with such thick lips and such broad nostrils, that one supposed he had negro blood in him, and, negro-like, he was much given to laughter. But he had coarse, lank black hair, which was not negro-like. As he had been so much on horseback he waddled on the ground, and was like a big clumsy animal walking with difficulty on its hind legs. Then, there were his garments; one, waistcoat or blouse, as a rule, new and of some crude, glaring color, yellow or scarlet or blue, and all the others old and frayed and the color of clay. Usually he was without boots, being a poor devil, with his big iron spurs buckled on his bare feet. But now I conceived a great respect for him and envied him the possession of something I lacked.

This is perhaps an extreme case; nevertheless, men of that kind, who were never lost and never at a loss, were not uncommon on our Argentine frontiers. A man of that kind, who had a bold and adventurous spirit as well, was called a *rastreador*, and was employed to go out into the desert to spy on the Indians.

It is probable that even in our ultra-civilized state there are individual persons among us who possess the sense in a high degree, although they may not know it themselves, just as there are those who have a sense of smell as acute as that of any pure savage. This would not be strange: more wonderful is the fact that on some rare occasion the faculty should revive and burn in its pristine power in a person in whom it had appeared to be non-existent. Here is a case in point.

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Years ago, when following a discussion on a sense of direction in man in one of the weekly journals, I read of an instance of this reversion of the brain to a past state, a recovery of a lost sense. It occurred to a man, a dweller in a town, who went with a friend for an autumn holiday in a forest district in North America. They camped on the borders of a forest at a distance from any settlement, and the narrator, taking his gun, went off alone into the woods to look for something to shoot. He spent long hours in the forest, and at last, when he was deep in it, surrounded on all sides by trees and remembered that he had taken many turns, it suddenly came to him with a shock that he was lost, miles distant, probably, from his starting-point, and had not the faintest idea in which direction it was. He was terribly distressed, for the day was drawing to a close, and he feared that to whichsoever side he directed his steps it would perhaps only take him farther away. He fired several shots in the hope that some hunter or some one looking for him would hear them and come to his rescue. But no one came, and no answering shot or shout broke the silence. Then, when his distress was greatest, when he was in despair, all at once a light came to him, a sudden sense of relief, a feeling and a conviction that he knew exactly which direction to take. So convinced was he that he set out not only confidently, but gladly. His instinct proved true.

§ 4

This narrative interested me deeply simply because it so closely resembled an experience I once had, the one and only time when I have known the full meaning of such a sense, its certitude, and its value to the lower animals and to man living in a state of nature, as he has existed for, let us say, a million years. My case was this. I was in a forest and in the middle of a thick wood covering an area of several miles, with dense thickets and bogs and streams on its borders. I had been in it for several hours, watching some woodland birds I was interested in. Absorbed in my occupation, night surprised me, and a sudden darkness, caused by a cloud, overspreading the sky, I realized that I was lost, since I did not know in which part of the wood I was or which direction to take, and could not see on which side the sun had gone down. I feared, too, that if I tried to get out, I should most probably get among the bogs and streams and dense thickets. And it was getting cold, as I was in the thinnest summer clothes and had been perspiring profusely. Suddenly, while standing there peering into the thick blackness all round me and feeling keenly distressed, relief came, and it was as if I had been captive and was unexpectedly set free. I did not know where I was and where the feared bogs were, but I knew in which direction to go. There was no hesitation, no shadow of a doubt. Off I went, rejoicing, where my supernatural faculty, as it then almost seemed to be, commanded, and after walking for half an hour came upon a blacker blackness, where the undergrowth was so dense that it was extremely difficult to force my way through it. Again and again I came to places like that, yet dared not attempt to get round these thickets, fearing that if I varied the least bit from the bee-line I was making, I might lose the sense of

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direction that guided me. I must, I felt, keep the line. Eventually I got free of the wood, and coming into an open space, I dimly discerned a dwarf tree with a stout, malformed trunk, which I recognized as one of my landmarks on the borders of the wood, and there saw that I was actually making a bee-line for my destination. *Now* I knew where I was, and remembered that another smaller wood lay before me, then a mile or so of open grass-land to the lonely farm-house I was making for.

The feeling I had experienced on that one occasion, from the moment it came to me in the depths of that dark wood that I knew my way, was one of intense elation. It affected me like the recovery of something exceedingly precious so long lost that I had been without hope of ever finding it again; and it was like the recovery of sight to a blind man; or like that "vision of paradise" which a temporary recovery of the sense of smell had seemed to Wordsworth as he sat in a garden full of flowers; or like the recovery of memory in one who had lost that faculty. And this elation lasted until I recognized the landmark, the deformed tree, and began to memorize the wood that yet remained to be got through, and the open ground beyond it. Memory and thinking took the place of something that had been like an inspiration, an intuition, and had a sobering effect. I had now to rely on my memory and reasoning faculties.

It was a strange experience, perhaps the strangest I have ever had, when I remember the many occasions on which I have lost myself and have had long anxious hours of wandering in some unfamiliar place with no faintest intimation of any such helpful sense in me. For if this sense is so feeble in or so lost to us, how came it to revive and function so perfectly on this one occasion? The psychologist cannot help me, seeing that he takes no account of such a faculty; nor the physiologist, since there is no organ known to his science. But there is, there must be, an organ, albeit unrecognizable, a specialized nerve in the brain, I suppose, which keeps a record of all our turns and windings about, and ever, like the magnetic needle, swings faithfully round to point infallibly in the direction to which we desire in the end to return. This, at all events, is how it must be in the lower animal and in savage men. Admitting so much, how came it to revive and function so perfectly in an individual person who had appeared to be without it? I can only suppose that it is not actually obsolete in us, that it still exists and continues to function feebly—so feebly, indeed, that we rarely or never become aware of it. If this be so, I take it that on this one occasion the nerve was excited by my mental state, the agitation I felt, the sense of being lost in that dark wood, that in that state it recovered the record of all the changes of direction I had taken in my roamings about, and eventually produced that conscious feeling of confidence.

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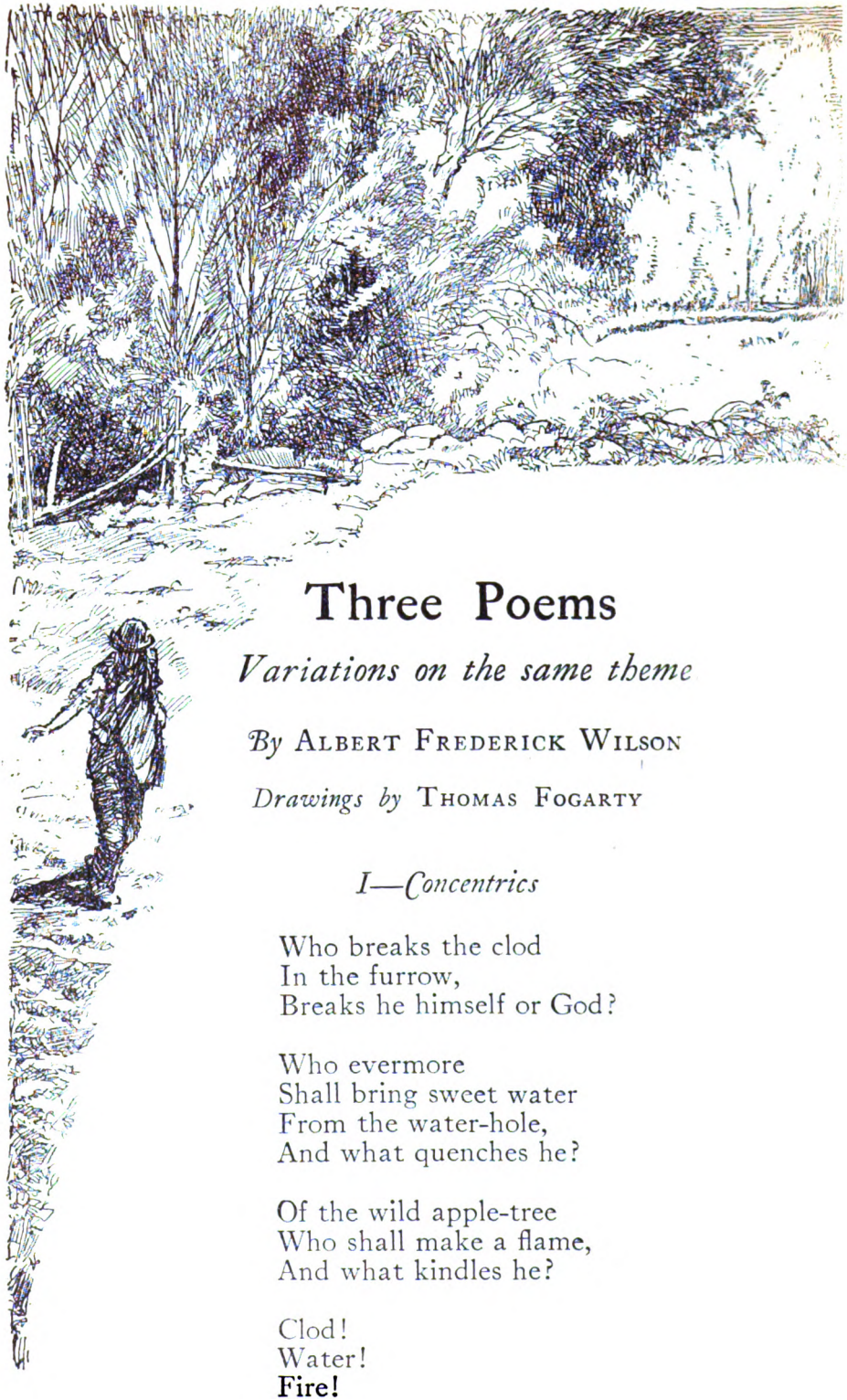

Three Poems

Variations on the same theme

By Albert Frederick Wilson

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

I—Concentrics

Who breaks the clod
In the furrow,
Breaks he himself or God?

Who evermore
Shall bring sweet water
From the water-hole,
And what quenches he?

Of the wild apple-tree
Who shall make a flame,
And what kindles he?

Clod!
Water!
Fire!

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Swinging by,
With only the breath
Of their unseen wings.

But I—

I stand in the furrow.
I linger by the water-hole.
I rest where the wild thorn burns.

II—Black Loam

With the mute patience
Of growing things,
The alder thicket
Gathered the deep loam
And held it there
In the hollow by the wood.

But in the fall
My neighbor cleared the patch,
And in the spring
He seeded it to corn.

I used to watch him
In the early sun,
Planting from his apron bag,
Stopping now and then
To lean and take the earth
Between his crooked hands
And get the smell of it.

"It 's getting scarce," he 'd say.
"It 's getting scarce,"
And shake his head.

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And later,
When the year
Had brought the corn
Much higher than his head,
And August burned his barren hills,
Sometimes I 'd find him there at dusk.
"It 's getting scarce," he 'd say,
"It 's getting scarce,"
And shake his head.

III—Vespers

Of three
Who sat in the dooryard sun,
One said, "I 'd like a hill,
When this is done,
A place where I can look around,
Provided I 'm not sleeping sound."

And one:
"Hill or vale, what 's that to me?
I 'd like a place beneath a tree,
And when the spring is here about,
I 'd climb up with the sap and shout."

But the third said:
"I 'll take the dip
In the old wood lot,
Where I can lie in peace and rot
Until, some day, as those things go,
Some one will pinch my dust, just so,
And say, 'Why, man, this stuff will grow!'"

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the market. The refugees live in Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques, under tents and in barracks, camp in fields and on the streets.

With the evacuation of Wrangel's army and the transferring of numbers of Russians to Bulgaria and others of the Balkan States, the condition of the remaining Russians is slightly better. A few have been fitted into the routine of Turkish life and occupations, and some will probably remain there. They have developed talent for running restaurants and cabaret shows. The Moscovite, which is the best and most popular restaurant in Constantinople, is making its owners rich again, and in the gala-days of boat arrivals this spring reaped a plentiful harvest of American dollars.

It is a festive place, the Moscovite, where women freshly come from the paradise of shoppers, in Paris creations, fox-trot with officers of the Allied armies to the latest importation of American jazz. There they meet the Russian *zakuska* for the first time, thrill at the acrobatic feats of the high-booted, skirt-coated Cossack officer with an eighteen-inch waist and immeasurable dash, and make whispering inquiries of the local residents as to which of the waitresses are "real live princesses."

Russians who cannot run restaurants give language lessons or keep commission shops, where what is left of the treasures they were able to smuggle out of Russia are being sold to the wealthy strangers. Here and there on the street one sees an old officer selling paper flowers made by wounded soldiers back in refugee camps. But the real refugee problem of the future has to do with the Turks and the Armenians.

Though they think America has been unfair in never giving her people a hearing of their case, the Turk at the moment seems far more kindly disposed to America than to any other of the foreign powers. The Angora Government, which, as every foreigner in Turkey realizes fully, is all the government there is, would like her commercial exploitation to come from America. The Turkish Nationalists, fully aware of the primitiveness of their country, have an almost superstitious reverence for our boasted efficiency. But that is only part of it. It is because they believe that America is interested in protection of investment and return of capital, but does n't worry much about politics, that they favor her. They realize that she is not entirely altruistic or disinterested, but think she will not worry as to who does the governing if her investors are given a square deal.

The American high commissioner is extremely popular. He is an indefatigable worker, able, energetic, outspoken, and fearless, very much beloved by his associates and the natives. The Turks, used to more devious methods of approach, seem to be impressed by his directness. I quoted an English friend of mine who said open diplomacy is as impossible and utterly ridiculous as open love-making.

"Yes," said the admiral, "it is an excellent parallel if one is making love to some one else's wife. If one is making love to one's own wife, one need not be ashamed of it. Between nations it is the same. If one nation is trying to get something to which it has no right, then I can understand the need to be secret about it. Otherwise there is none."

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the thousands. More questions were asked and answered. All of them, when they sailed away from Constantinople, had undergone the experience of their predecessors. The propaganda had overshot the mark.

Nations, like men, are largely the sum of their reactions to their friends and enemies among their neighbors. The continuation of propaganda which presents the Turk always with his curving knife, and takes no count of factors, economic, social, political, and religious, responsible for his impulses and acts, will never help toward a real understanding of the Near-Eastern problem.

If the capital of the Turk were off on some obscure by-path of the world, it is possible that the picture of the bleeding knife might in time give place to a lovely pastoral filled with dark-skinned shepherds herding Angora goats. It is partly because Constantinople has the ill fortune to sit in the middle of the highroad of commerce between Europe and Asia that she has such an evil reputation.

No one need minimize the suffering of the Armenians and other minority peoples of the Near East, but it should be possible to look behind the atrocity story and discover the elements that make Turkey what she is to-day and find out what she may become to-morrow.

The atrocity story has blinded sharper eyes than ours all down the ages, yet we never seem to become sophisticated about it. Religious antagonisms have long been used for the political and economic advantage of one or another power. Frequently they have been deliberately created and carefully nursed for the benefit of an ambitious ruler.

Turkey of to-day is not the arrogant, gilded, strutting despot of Abdul-Hamid's time, nor yet the cocky, conquering warrior of Enver and Talaat's day. It is a young man in a shabby, old garment, fantastic and childlike in his dreaming, perhaps, but magnificent in his singleness of purpose, and a power with which to reckon despite his poverty.

The Turkey diplomats talked about when they made the Treaty of Sèvres, and the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal, which went to Paris to unmake that treaty, were two entirely different entities. What has happened to bring about this change? What does it mean not only in the settlement of the Near-Eastern tangle, but in the economic readjustment of the world?

This new Turkey, fighting for its national life with the Greeks in Asia Minor, is as yet scarcely more than a name on a facile tongue, a light in an ardent eye, a hope in an impassioned heart. But it is all the Turkey there is worth mentioning to-day. And it is perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon of this aftermath of war, for though it is not to England's liking, it was more than half made in Downing Street.

Those who look on Turkey from a distance with the eye of the casual observer have little idea of the vitality and extent of the nationalist movement. It has what military power there is, what hope, what discipline. It has the support of all but the tiniest portion of the populace of what is left of that once mighty Turkish Empire. Though there are two governments side by side in Turkey, no one pretends that the Constantinople government functions.

I met New Turkey personified for

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the first time in Moscow last January, when I dined at the Turkish embassy with Ali Fouad, ambassador from the Government of Angora to the Soviet Republic. The ambassador was a rather short, stocky, matter-of-fact-looking Turk, but when he talked Turkey, his dull brown eyes flamed. He talked as I have heard no one talk since those early days of the Russian Revolution, when the halls of Petrograd were swarming with men who had caught fire in a cause. When he talked, and he seized the opportunity of every conversational lull, it was always of New Turkey.

Later, in Turkey, I was to meet many young Turks with that same fire in their eyes, that same ardor on their tongues, and some older ones. I was to find them in no less a place than the palace of Dolmabagché, where an unhappy crown prince quite frankly acknowledged that the government within the Sublime Port is but a straw man without power save as it comes from the nationalist seat at Angora, and that the hope of his country lies there.

My path of entry into Constantinople was not that which brought the American tourists to the Golden Horn. It was one which has been little traveled in these years of war, blockade, and revolution. I came across the Black Sea from Odessa, seaport of that country, which, if the plans of certain once famous statesmen had been realized, would to-day be ruling the sultan's capital.

Constantinople, seen against the background of hungry Russia, was not the same city the tourists saw. Except for a couple of grain ships unloading corn for the Volga famine regions, a shabby Greek trader from Constantinople whose cargo was largely smuggled diamonds and Russian wives, and an American destroyer, there were no boats to ripple the still, blue waters in the once lively Russian port.

The naval launch that carried me up the Bosporus, past the jagged walls and stone towers of the ancient Greek and Turkish forts, past blue-topped minarets of marble whiteness, cut through the shadow of many an alien craft. Judging by the shipping, Turkey has been almost as crippled in the matter of commerce as her proud neighbor, but there was no dearth of fighting seamen upon her waters. A British cruiser and some destroyers, two French battle-ships, big, ponderous, heavy-laden, a Greek man-of-war, more and more of them—the names told the stories of the far seas from which they had come. Little fishing-boats, sails swelling in the fresh afternoon breeze, snuggled close together, as if they needed friendly touch in this great company of foreign giants.

Along the shores stood a palace here, a villa there. Beyond lay an ancient cemetery, with headstones like tipsy asparagus stalks growing under the wind-worn cypress-trees, black-green against the afternoon sky.

Shabby, unpainted, dilapidated, but still beautiful, this Constantinople of 1922, with marks of sixteen years of war and countless fires cut like deep wrinkles in an old crone's face.

The Turk has a natural tendency to build, then leave his house to the elements to do what they will with it. When they have done their worst, he builds again. During those years of fighting there has been neither time nor money for building or even for furbishing.

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Constantinople, swarming with aliens, looked that first afternoon like a great house with a careless and none too reputable tenant. The city was *en promenade*. Soldiers and officers in the variegated uniforms of the army of occupation: English in khaki; Italian *carabinièri* in flowing capes and jaunty tri-corners; natty, little Frenchmen in blue-gray, walked the streets with women from all the odd ends of the earth. Blackened eyes, carmined lips, rose-tinted cheeks, and Paris fashions, a little belated, but Paris none the less, made European Constantinople, hectically pursuing pleasure, seen in that first glimpse against the background of Russia grimly struggling to sustain life, a tawdry abode of coquettes. I was to learn that the streets of Pera are only a piece of the picture, that under this light life there are seething hatreds, grim struggles, bitter determinations, and a gigantic desire.

The attitude of the resident American of Constantinople was not the least interesting of the things I found there. He goes to Turkey after having been thoroughly propagandized to hate the Turk as an enemy to all that spells civilization.

When he has lived with him a short time he frequently swings to the opposite extreme. When he has lived there a little longer he acquires a footing in that middle ground of judgment which gives him a point of view probably not far removed from truth. He learns from personal experience that every Turk is not an assassin, or every Armenian or Greek either a saint or a corpse. He does not minimize the terrible price of suffering the Armenian has paid, nor does he excuse the Turk; but he learns to search and find causes which modify his judgments. He discovers, too, that Turkey of yesterday is not Turkey of to-day, and that still another Turkey is in the building.

In Constantinople I found both Turks and Americans asking with some indignation why it is that America publishes only one side of the Greco-Turkish situation? When I asked what they would have us publish, they replied with questions.

"Why was the report of the commission of investigation of the Greek occupation of Smyrna suppressed? Why has no one ever blamed the Greeks for the atrocities committed against the Turks in that occupation?"

"Why does every one talk of Armenian refugees and never mention the seventy thousand Turkish refugees in Constantinople, driven out of their homes in Asia Minor by the Greeks?"

"Why does no one ever tell about the efforts the Turkish Nationalists made to prevent the Armenian evacuation of Cilicia?" Eventually one begins to join them in wondering.

§ 2

Smyrna is, of course, the sorest of the Turkish tender spots. The Turk maintains that atrocities there were committed by the Greeks under the eyes of Allied battle-ships, and that the Allies, aware of this, did not lift a voice in protest or a hand in protection.

It is true that the report of a committee of investigation of which the American high commissioner, Admiral Mark Bristol, and other equally qualified representatives of the Allied governments were members has never been made public. The commission found the facts sufficiently appalling to recommend the immediate with-

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drawal of the Greek army, but the affair stopped there.

It is fairly understandable why the English Government, actively backing the Greeks, was eager to keep the facts of this occupation from their public. The motive of our own Government in also pigeon-holing this report is not quite so clear. Our Government had less at stake. It might have considered that it could afford to trust the American people a little more fully with the facts. Atrocities are unpleasant reading at all times, but, after all, if one is to judge, one must have all and not half of the truth.

When the Turks took over Cilicia after the completion of the agreement between M. Franklin-Bouillon and Mustapha Kemal, the French contracted to evacuate what remained of Cilicia. Then Hamid Bey, undersecretary in the Ministry of Interior, was sent by the Angora Government to serve as political officer. The Nationalist government, hopeful of keeping the Armenians in their homes and on their farms, issued a general amnesty for all Christians and an order exempting them from military service. It is possible that if Hamid Bey had been permitted to reach a sufficient number of Armenian leaders sooner, he might have stopped the evacuation. When he did get there he talked to the heads of the churches and pleaded with them to urge their people to remain. M. Bouillon also gave assurances of his faith in the good intention of the Turks, but feeling over the long-continued Turko-Armenian feud was too high, and by that time nothing could stop panic and flight. The Turks maintained that they wanted the Armenians to stay on their lands; said they were necessary to the economic welfare of Cilicia, and would be given full privileges and adequate protection.

Whether there were fingers, neither French nor Armenian, in the pie, no one can say, but in these tangled intrigues of Near-Eastern-politics things are seldom so simple as they seem on the surface.

The Turks say they have listed all the property of the departed refugees and are holding it against the time of their return. They are still making every effort to induce the owners to come back, and it is probable that many will ultimately have to return if their problem is ever to be adequately solved.

The Turk, when he is allowed to speak, is as eloquent on the subject of his grievance against the Armenian and the Greek as the Armenian and Greek are eloquent about their wrongs. He maintains that all during these years of war the Armenian has stayed at home and reaped the harvest, while he went out to fight and die; that the Armenian was a spy and an informer, an active enemy even when he carried no gun. The uniforming of six thousand Armenians by the French in Cilicia caused rancor and bitterness.

The Turk in Constantinople naturally resents the presence of Greek men-of-war on the Bosporus. Americans to whom I spoke of it shared his feeling.

"It is n't fair play," one of them said. "It is a violation of international law. Greeks are breaking the neutrality which should be guaranteed by Allied occupation; Greek officers and men have the freedom of the capital of a country with which they are at open

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warfare, and make it a base of military operations."

§ 3

I spent a very interesting afternoon in Constantinople with a young Greek officer who drew me an ambitious map to show me his idea of the rebuilding of the Grecian Empire. When I laughingly suggested that he was hoping a little too much, he replied:

"Your country started with only thirteen States. And look at England!"

Turkey is a barometer of many things. A student of international politics can tell fairly well how affairs are going with Great Britain by watching her attitude toward Turkey. If she extends a reluctant olive branch to the Turkish Nationalists, it is probable that things are a little unsettled in Egypt, India, or some other corner of the Moslem world. When she proposes a new investigation of the Turkish atrocities and backs a Greek offensive, it is fairly safe to assume that things in the Moslem world are going not too badly from the British point of view, and England can afford to risk the ire of the inhabitants of certain of her possessions or spheres of influence. Sometimes her policy is determined by Turkish concessions to France and Italy.

British policy since September, 1914, when Turkey was precipitated into the World War on the side of Germany by an order to British-Indian troops to invade Turkish territory, down to the present day, seems to have been a series of blunders. A little constructive statesmanship immediately after the armistice might have saved a lot of trouble. Turkey was so helpless then that she had to accept any terms dictated. That day is past. While the Allies have been quarreling over the white meat and the dark, a handful of Nationalist Turks has succeeded in molding the Turkish people into a unit which more than makes up in determination what it lacks in economic power.

The task of England at the moment is a most difficult and unenviable one. It was simple enough to put the Greeks into Smyrna, but getting them out is another question. It is not altogether certain that the Greek army, even under orders from the Greek cabinet, would evacuate. The Greek troops are well fed and well equipped and ammunitioned. Between the campaigns of 1921–22 they had ample time to dig themselves in and make themselves comfortable. They have been led to believe that they are on their way to Constantinople and they are interested in the destination.

The troops of Mustapha Kemal, far less well fed, clothed, and equipped, have, on the other hand, the moral force of men who are convinced that defeat means the annihilation of them as a people. As a result of the Franco-Turkish agreement, their numbers have been reinforced by nearly one hundred thousand additional soldiers from Cilicia.

The English statesman who undertakes to make Turkish policy to-day probably ties his own noose. British influence in Constantinople has never been at such low ebb. The English realize they have blundered, and since the beginning of the year a change of policy has been evidenced in a multitude of small ways. Until January of this year no British officer was permitted to go to the house of a

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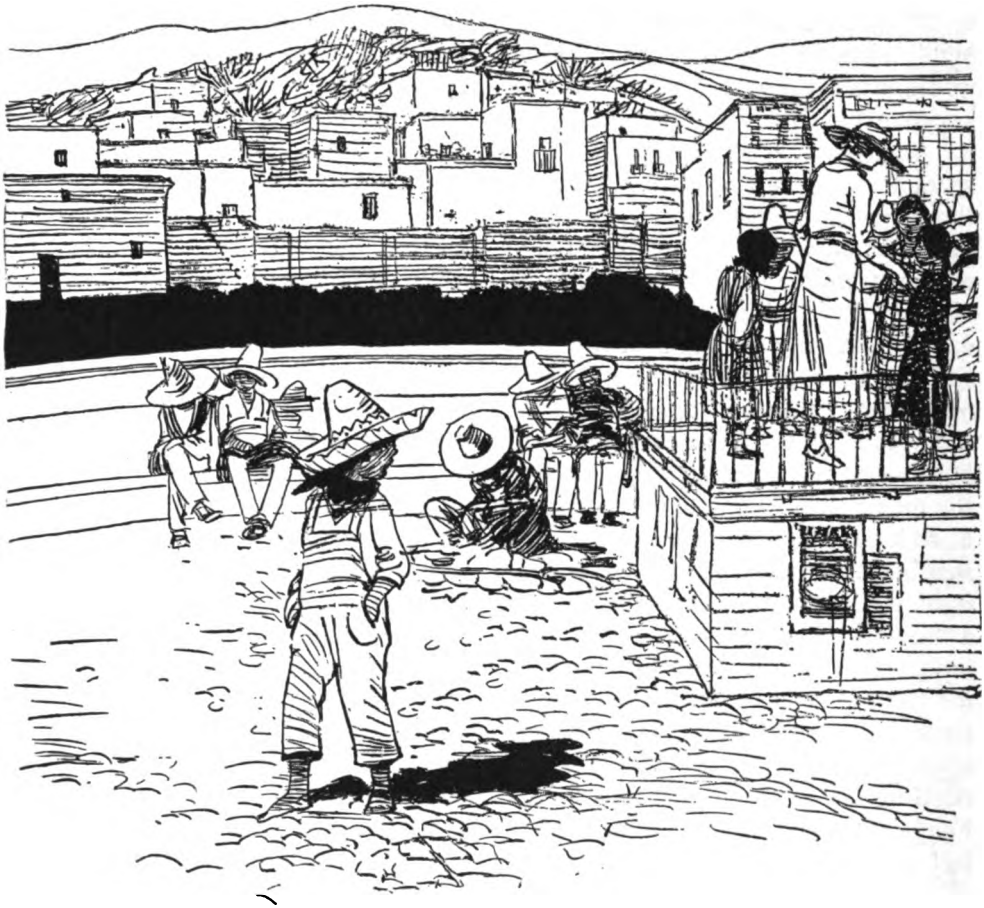

"Ramon, where were you yesterday? You know we can't get along without you."

He had thought of several jaunty rejoinders, and had almost decided upon *"Quien sabe?"* as being sufficiently non-committal and leaving the way open for further overtures.

He lingered a bit in anticipation of the encounter, but as he passed Ticher's desk, she only murmured:

"Good night, Ramon."

Buenol Had he not told her he did not like shows? At least no one could accuse him of seeming over-anxious.

Ramon did not go home at once, however. Curiosity gripped him to the plaza until the group on the platform was absorbed in its work. Then he crept gradually nearer until his pale, intent little face with its somber eyes could be seen peering through the railing. If Ticher noticed him, she gave no sign, but went right on shoving people into their places, beating time, and calling out instructions in her clear, soft voice.

It was to be a truly wonderful show. Ticher had made it up herself to fit the talents of her cast, and had allowed herself much dramatic liberty. There were Indian songs, written by Ticher, with apologies to Longfellow,

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sippi, purchased from us some years ago, now cruisers in the Greek Navy, outside the sultan's palace. It was too much for him. He moved to the summer palace at Yildiz, where he says he will remain until the Bosporus is once more free.

§ 4

Even in the palaces there are bitterness and poverty. There as everywhere they are dreaming of the day when the Bosporus will be clear. Crown Prince Abdul Medjid sits in his study at Dolmabagché, dreaming of the hour when Turkey will come into some semblance of her former glory.

"No one has ever lost as we have lost," the crown prince said to me. "Nothing is left of us but a little bit of Asia Minor. Surely we have a right to that. We have the right to live."

We were sitting in the study where he received me, a comfortable, book-lined room in a wing of the vast white palace. His aide, an ardent young Nationalist who gave me coffee in a huge and rather shabby-looking drawing-room filled with gold furniture upholstered in worn brocade, had taken me to his Highness and left us alone.

The crown prince, in his deep arm-chair, beside a huge flat-topped desk, is a rather striking figure. His face is long, and his features are deeply cut and powerful. His gray eyes look out from under shaggy, gray brows, and a bristling fan-shaped mustache veils, but does not hide, a finely molded mouth. Until he stands he gives the impression of being a big man. At all times he seems a rather pathetic one, anything but the conventional picture of the master of a harem living in the lap of idle luxury.

Life in the palace is dull, and there is something almost pathetic about the heir apparent's efforts to amuse and cultivate himself and his household, his passion to be "civilized" in the Western sense. He talked to me in French and English, and his sentences were charged with bitterness. He said:

"The English nation is good for us. The English people are our friends. Our enemies are Curzon and Lloyd George. They are blind men. They will not see the truth. They know only vengeance. Lloyd George is a big man, a historic man. For the war he was very good, but for peace he is inadequate. A man of war is not a man of peace. Lloyd George is worn out, tired; his genius is drained. England must have another man, a bold man. We have a great desire to be good friends with England if she will only permit, but what are we to do? Our capital is occupied. Our power is in Angora. For the moment it is our embassy. It is all we have."

Questioning the crown prince as to what lengths the Turks would go to save that little bit of Asia Minor, I ventured on rather dangerous ground. I asked him whether it was conceivable that in any circumstances Turkey would yield Constantinople.

He grew rigid with a dignity that was quite imposing. No ancestor of that earlier day when pomp and ceremony were in full bloom beneath the star and crescent could have been more regal.

"That is not a question for Turkey," he said. "That is a question for the Mussulmans of all the world. Constantinople is the capital of Turkey, but she is much more. Any attempt permanently to occupy Constantinople would bring about a holy war,

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calling the Mussulmans of every land to the defense of the sacred capital."

He spoke of the war and attributed Turkey's participation on the side of Germany to the mistaken diplomacy of England and France. "We were pushed into war," he said, "and now what have we?"

We drifted from talk of governments to talk of life in a Turkish palace. I asked him how he spent his time. He led me through a corridor into a mammoth desert of a room where two small potted palms in crape-paper skirts clamored vigorously for attention, as if they feared to be lost entirely in that vastness.

"There," said the crown prince, pointing to three great canvases on the walls; "that is the way I spend some of my time."

The first picture, as he explained it to me, was called "Harmony in the Harem." The room was a Turkish conception of a European drawing-room, stiff and formal; the occupants in stiff Paris models and conventional evening black were playing musical instruments. It is a portrait from life, a reproduction of the usual night scene in the palace of the crown prince. Here, vigorously, painstakingly in the interests of European culture, the crown prince, the royal princess, and the ladies-in-waiting, who make up the family orchestra, rehearse together until midnight and after.

"I painted it to present the women of my country in another light," his Highness explained. "They think of us abroad always with turbans and pantaloons."

I recalled the beautiful old Serai Palace overlooking the Golden Horn, to which the sultan's aide had taken me only the day before, and regretted that Western ideas often go hand in hand with the destruction of Oriental beauty. The low Turkish divans, soft, brocaded pillows, and inlaid tables in this abode of the ancient sultan were so vastly more worth saving than the stiff, flower-painted furniture and hideous modern German smoking-stands in the reception-room below stairs.

Off the big room containing the paintings there was a balcony, and I caught a glimpse of a short, stout woman in a bright rose-colored wool Jersey dress, with brilliant yellow hair and dark-penciled brows, sitting at a tiny table with a young English woman. When she saw me she fled. The prince explained that it was his wife, the princess, having her English lesson. The prince went to fetch her, and she came reluctantly back with him, shy and very much embarrassed because she was not dressed for receiving. We continued our talk of Turkish women. In Dolmabagché Palace, where the crown prince prides himself on being in all ways a disciple of Western culture, the princess is his only official wife. The other women of the family are spoken of as ladies-in-waiting. His one grown son is married to the sultan's daughter, and there is also a lovely, starry-eyed, oval-faced little princess of ten or eleven.

We discussed, among other things, the changing status of women and the harem. The word "harem," for all its rich connotation, is simply the name for the women's quarters in the Turkish home. Poverty in the palaces and out of them is more responsible than Western ideals for the changed condition there. Education and the world movement for broadening the

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freedom of women have, of course, had their influence. The French novel also put a window of a kind in the Turkish harem, and many Turkish men are vigorously protesting the notions of freedom which they have put into the heads of the women. But necessity, rising out of the long, protracted wars, is the real mother of freedom for Turkish women. The Turkish coffers, both public and private, are too depleted to permit the expensive establishments of the old days. Men are no longer able to maintain women in idleness, and war, with its demands on man power, has made woman labor an actual necessity.

If the "big princess," as they call the wife of the crown prince within the palace circle, finds life limiting, there are other members of the Turkish royalty who in the days since the Allies came to Constantinople have enlarged the cage to a most astonishing size. One very charming princess, who three years ago was not even permitted to appear when her husband entertained foreign guests, now plays American rag-time for them, and, on a rare occasion, adventures delightedly into the mazes of the one-step.

Before I left the palace the artist prince led me to another one of his gigantic canvases, showing the Constantinople of a long-gone day. The veiled ladies wore filmy costumes of tinted chiffons instead of that somber offspring of a nun's habit and a rain cloak that is the garment of the few remaining old-fashioned women of Constantinople. Brown-checked European sack-suits, like the one his Highness was wearing, had not come into fashion then.

"Thus it was long ago," he said, "under my grandfather and my father." Then came the plaint of any husband anywhere whose wife is over-familiar with the oft-repeated story of his hobby. "She does not take enough interest in the pictures." The princess only smiled a wide, shy smile.

§ 5

From the palace I went to the palace stables and saw the picture of another Constantinople problem of to-day. It is occupied no longer by prancing steeds and brilliant trappings, but by Russian refugees, crowded there by the hundreds, one small fraction of the hundred and fifty-odd thousand homeless people from Asia Minor, Russia, the Caucasus, and Mesopotamia. Though the refugee problem is small to-day compared with that of a year ago, it is still taxing Turkish housing and Turkish hospitality far beyond their limit.

The Turkish refugees, who are greatly in the majority, have fled from Thrace and Smyrna and parts of Anatolia, now occupied by the Greeks. The Greeks and Armenians—about forty-five thousand of them—deserted their homes at the approach of the Turkish Nationalist in Asia Minor and the Caucasus. Vast sums of money from the Near-East and American Red Cross have been poured in to relieve the situation, and this flow of money cannot cease until some definite solution of the problem of these people has been found. Most of those familiar with the Near-East questions believe that the logical solution is some readjustment that will return them to their original homes.

In Constantinople, where commerce is stagnant, human labor is a drug in

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the market. The refugees live in Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques, under tents and in barracks, camp in fields and on the streets.

With the evacuation of Wrangel's army and the transferring of numbers of Russians to Bulgaria and others of the Balkan States, the condition of the remaining Russians is slightly better. A few have been fitted into the routine of Turkish life and occupations, and some will probably remain there. They have developed talent for running restaurants and cabaret shows. The Moscovite, which is the best and most popular restaurant in Constantinople, is making its owners rich again, and in the gala-days of boat arrivals this spring reaped a plentiful harvest of American dollars.

It is a festive place, the Moscovite, where women freshly come from the paradise of shoppers, in Paris creations, fox-trot with officers of the Allied armies to the latest importation of American jazz. There they meet the Russian *zakuska* for the first time, thrill at the acrobatic feats of the high-booted, skirt-coated Cossack officer with an eighteen-inch waist and immeasurable dash, and make whispering inquiries of the local residents as to which of the waitresses are "real live princesses."

Russians who cannot run restaurants give language lessons or keep commission shops, where what is left of the treasures they were able to smuggle out of Russia are being sold to the wealthy strangers. Here and there on the street one sees an old officer selling paper flowers made by wounded soldiers back in refugee camps. But the real refugee problem of the future has to do with the Turks and the Armenians.

Though they think America has been unfair in never giving her people a hearing of their case, the Turk at the moment seems far more kindly disposed to America than to any other of the foreign powers. The Angora Government, which, as every foreigner in Turkey realizes fully, is all the government there is, would like her commercial exploitation to come from America. The Turkish Nationalists, fully aware of the primitiveness of their country, have an almost superstitious reverence for our boasted efficiency. But that is only part of it. It is because they believe that America is interested in protection of investment and return of capital, but does n't worry much about politics, that they favor her. They realize that she is not entirely altruistic or disinterested, but think she will not worry as to who does the governing if her investors are given a square deal.

The American high commissioner is extremely popular. He is an indefatigable worker, able, energetic, outspoken, and fearless, very much beloved by his associates and the natives. The Turks, used to more devious methods of approach, seem to be impressed by his directness. I quoted an English friend of mine who said open diplomacy is as impossible and utterly ridiculous as open love-making.

"Yes," said the admiral, "it is an excellent parallel if one is making love to some one else's wife. If one is making love to one's own wife, one need not be ashamed of it. Between nations it is the same. If one nation is trying to get something to which it has no right, then I can understand the need to be secret about it. Otherwise there is none."

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"Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Right, lef', an' one, two, tlee.
Down, aim, an' shoot, two, tlee.
One, two, tlee, stand up."

It was ten o'clock when she crossed the plaza on her way home. As she passed the corner of the platform, she was startled to hear a shuddering sigh almost at her shoulder. Frozen in her tracks, she listened. There was a slight rustle, and then, from the corner where the sacred canoe lay anchored, came heavy breathing, as of some one in a sleep of utter exhaustion. Why, instead of shrieking or fleeing terror-stricken, she indomitably mounted the steps and turned toward the canoe, she could not have explained. But in a moment she knew as she gathered in her arms a sleeping, tear-stained little figure in khaki overalls and a rakish red scarf rather the worse for salt water.

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"And you are making poor Hortensia unhappy. She has a very beautiful dress, but she cries and cries because she knows that, in spite of it, she is ugly. She says that Ramon is right, that she does look like Maggie. I think she is going to spoil my show, because she is so unhappy she cannot sing."

Ticher waited a moment. The little form in her arms was still very tense.

"And I want you in the show," she added irrelevantly.

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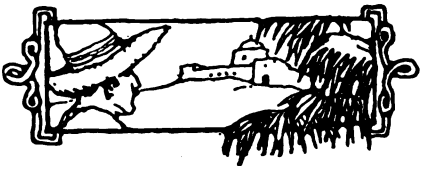
"*Bueno!*" said Ramon, deliberately and with dignity, as becomes a man making a concession to one of the weaker sex. "To-morrow I weel tell Hortensia that in her red dress she iss *muy bonita*. It iss not true, as you know, but I weel do it—for you, Ticher."

Then with a sobbing breath he leaned luxuriously against Ticher's warm, comfortable shoulder.

"To paddle in that canoe to-morrow night, Ticher," he demanded rapturously, "what do I wear?"



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"Say, Ticher, leave me paddle the canoe. I know how fine," burst in red-headed Lawrence McGuire, Miss Lipscomb's one American pupil.

"But, Lawrence," she protested, "I have another nice part for you. I need you to be the American scout who is caught by the Indians and escapes."

"Wat?" wailed the destined *Leatherstocking*. "Ain't I goin' to get to be an Indian? Aw, heck! Miss Lipscomb—"

Ramon fixed her with a challenging eye.

"I weesh be Americano, Ticher," he announced firmly.

Ticher breathed a prayer for patience to the god of all harassed impresarios. The third grade turned upon Ramon incredulous eyes.

"I thing Ramon iss crazee," volunteered Hortensia Valdes, frankly. "The Americano will not get to wear such nize *trajes* like us, will he, Ticher?"

There was an audible murmur of interest. Clearly, so far as the third grade was concerned, Hortensia had touched the vital issue.

Angela Robles voiced the common concern when, in a voice hushed and breathless, she asked:

"But, Ticher, what do we wear?"

Reverently they listened as Ticher spoke of feathers, fringe, and beads, of gorgeous head-pieces and bows and arrows, of knives and tomahawks.

"And you will all try very hard to have nice costumes, won't you?" Ticher besought them, guilty in the knowledge that they would be gorgeous to a man, even though their resplendence involved the sacrifice of the baby's cradle or the family cook-stove. Mamas Robles, Guiterrez, Salvador, and others would see to that.

"Oh, yess, ma'am," the third grade chorused solemnly. In the consecration of the moment they turned hostile, contemptuous eyes upon the luckless Gilberto Villa, whose only offense was to interrupt the conference with the daily formula, "Ticher, the bell rinks."

What stupid pig could have a soul so dead as to obtrude thoughts of mere bells and recesses when the talk was of feathers and beads, of shows and costumes?

Ramon's swagger was perhaps a trifle exaggerated as he sauntered to the playground. Ramon was beginning to entertain doubts of the wisdom of his attitude during the last half-hour. Further exposition is, of course, impertinently unnecessary. Without a doubt the reader has easily penetrated Ramon's none too subtle disguise, and has seen that the one thing that Ramon most ardently desired in his contrary little heart was to paddle that canoe across the stage while the others sang about him. Had anything more been needed to captivate his romantic and truly Mexican imagination, it was Ticher's glowing description of the gallant regalia in which the third grade was to dazzle its public.

Ramon was uneasily aware of the fact that he had been quite unnecessarily firm in his refusals. Well, *mañana* all would arrange itself. Very evidently the show could not go on without Ramon Sedillo. Ticher wanted him for an Indian. *Bueno!* In good time he would graciously allow her to persuade him—not too easily, of course; meantime—

Ramon cocked a bright, interested

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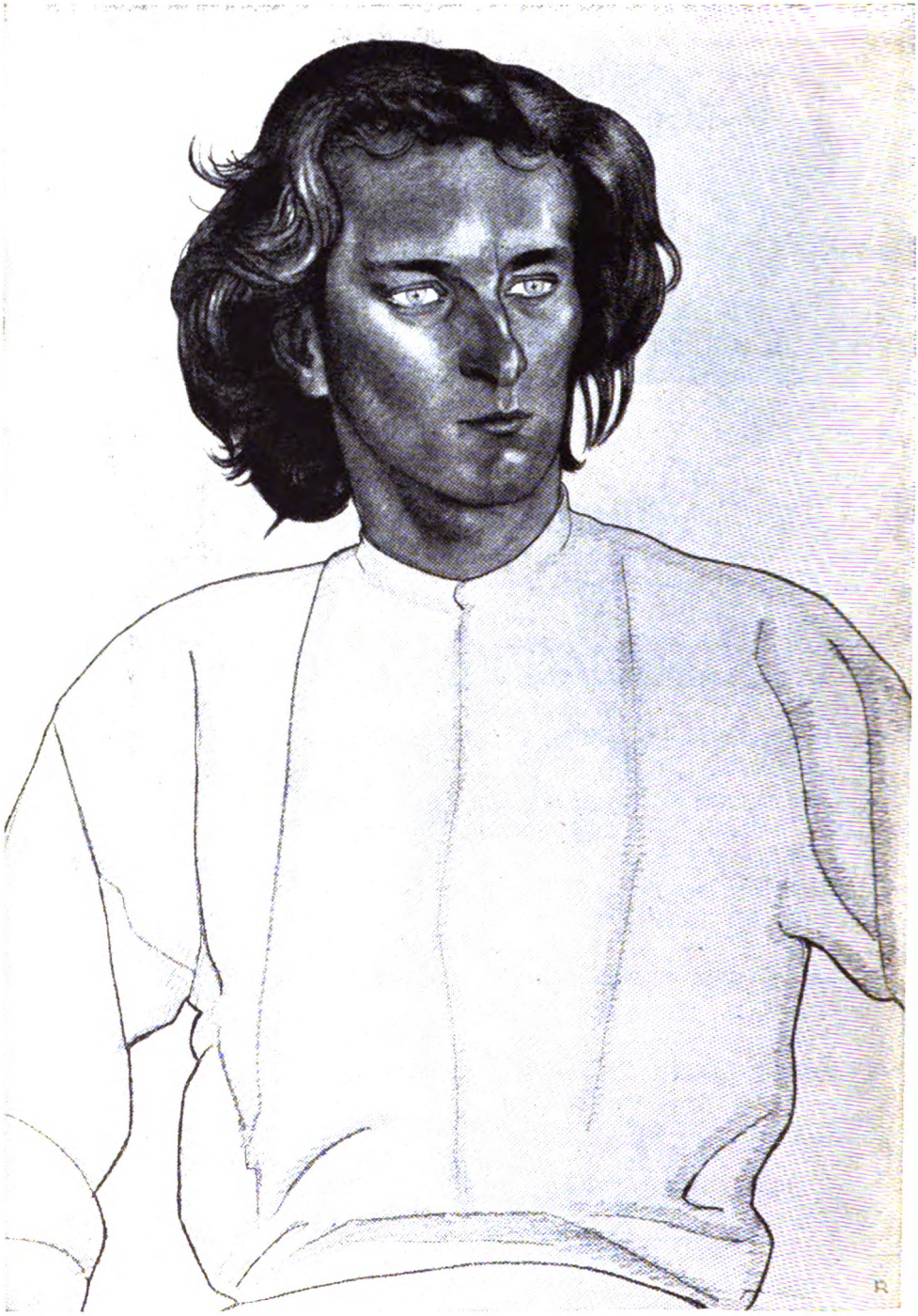

Melchor Breitsamter, *John*

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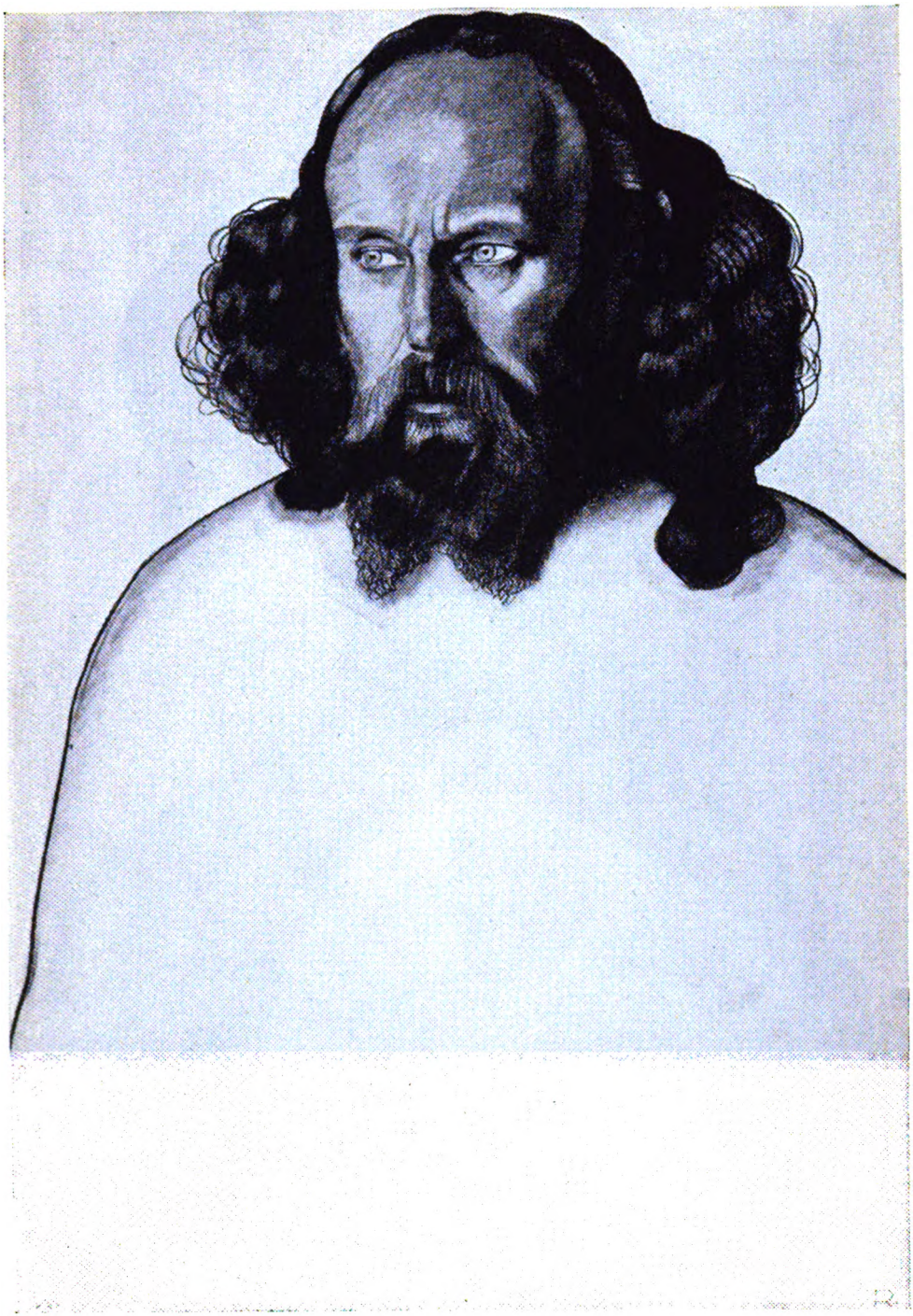

Anton Lang, *Christ*

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Marta Veit, *Virgin Mary*

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Dominicus Klammer, *second Pharisee*

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Alvis Lang, *Nathaniel*

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Georg Gomeyer, *a boy in the play*

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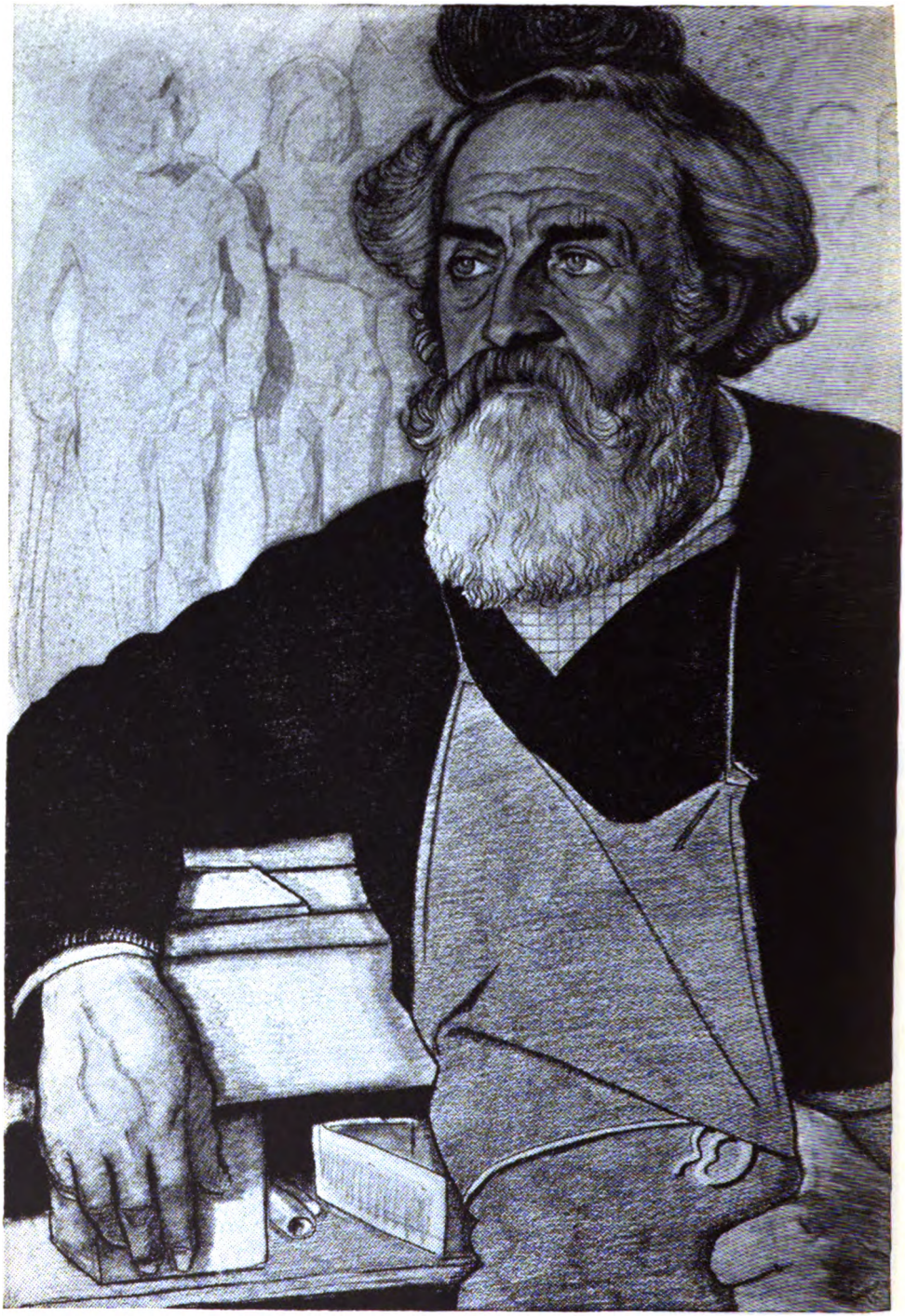

Andreas Lang, *Peter*

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the sister of Gilberto she marry heem-self. I thing maybe Gilberto he eat too mooch."

"Then he will not be here for the show to-morrow?"

"*Quien sabe?*" replied Maria, delighted with the effect she was producing.

"Maybe he iss alretty with the good God and the sweet Mary," put in Jesus, piously.

Ticher was aware of an impious doubt.

"He iss awful' bad, Ticher," chimed in Pedro. "Gilberto like mooch the cake, and she make heem seek all over hees mama's silk—"

"Well, children," Ticher cut short Pedro's expedition into realism, "we 'll have to get along without him."

Ramon hardly dared believe in this good fortune. Now he had only to wait. Ticher knew that he could learn in an hour what it took weeks to teach a Gilberto or a Pedro. How happy she would be to know that he was prepared for the emergency! At any rate, she must realize that this was no time to be unpleasantly insistent about apologies. And what he had said about Hortensia was no more than the truth, as Ticher must know as well as he.

But when he lingered confidently after the rest had gone, Ticher only looked at him a moment and then turned her face again to the window, though there was nothing to see outside but Pedro's old burro. Ramon found his way to the door through a blinding haze of tears.

The rehearsal went badly that afternoon. For some reason that she could not have explained, Ticher did not assign any one to Gilberto's part. Hortensia, more temperamental than ever, wept uncontrollably, and would not explain herself until Ticher sent the others away. Then she wailed miserably, her gaunt, rough-hewn face hidden in her ugly, gnarled old-woman's hands:

"It iss that I am so ugly, Ticher. My nize dress it make no *diferencia*. Ramon is right when he tells me 'Maggie.' I am like her."

Comforting the poor ungainly creature, Ticher was sadly aware that that afternoon there had been no forlorn little spectator across the way.

She worked late in her school-room that night, getting things ready for the morrow. And always among piles of costumes, willow boughs, and canvas, she saw an earnest, white-faced little figure doggedly stepping off the measures of the hunting-dance to its own breathless chanting of

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Then with a sobbing breath he leaned luxuriously against Ticher's warm, comfortable shoulder.

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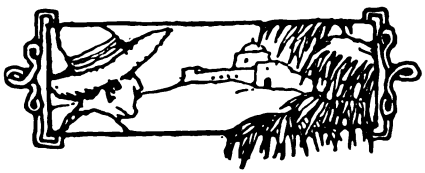

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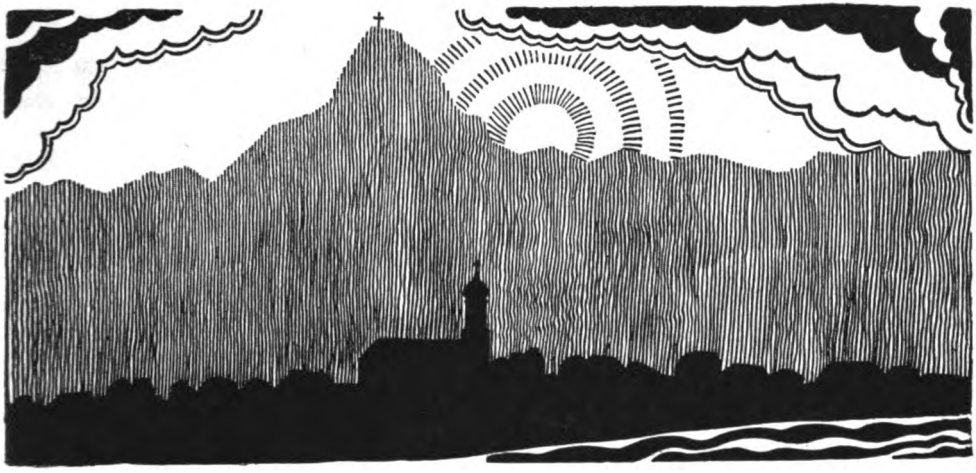

Drawings of the Oberammergau Players

by

Winold Reiss

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Melchor Breitsamter, *John*

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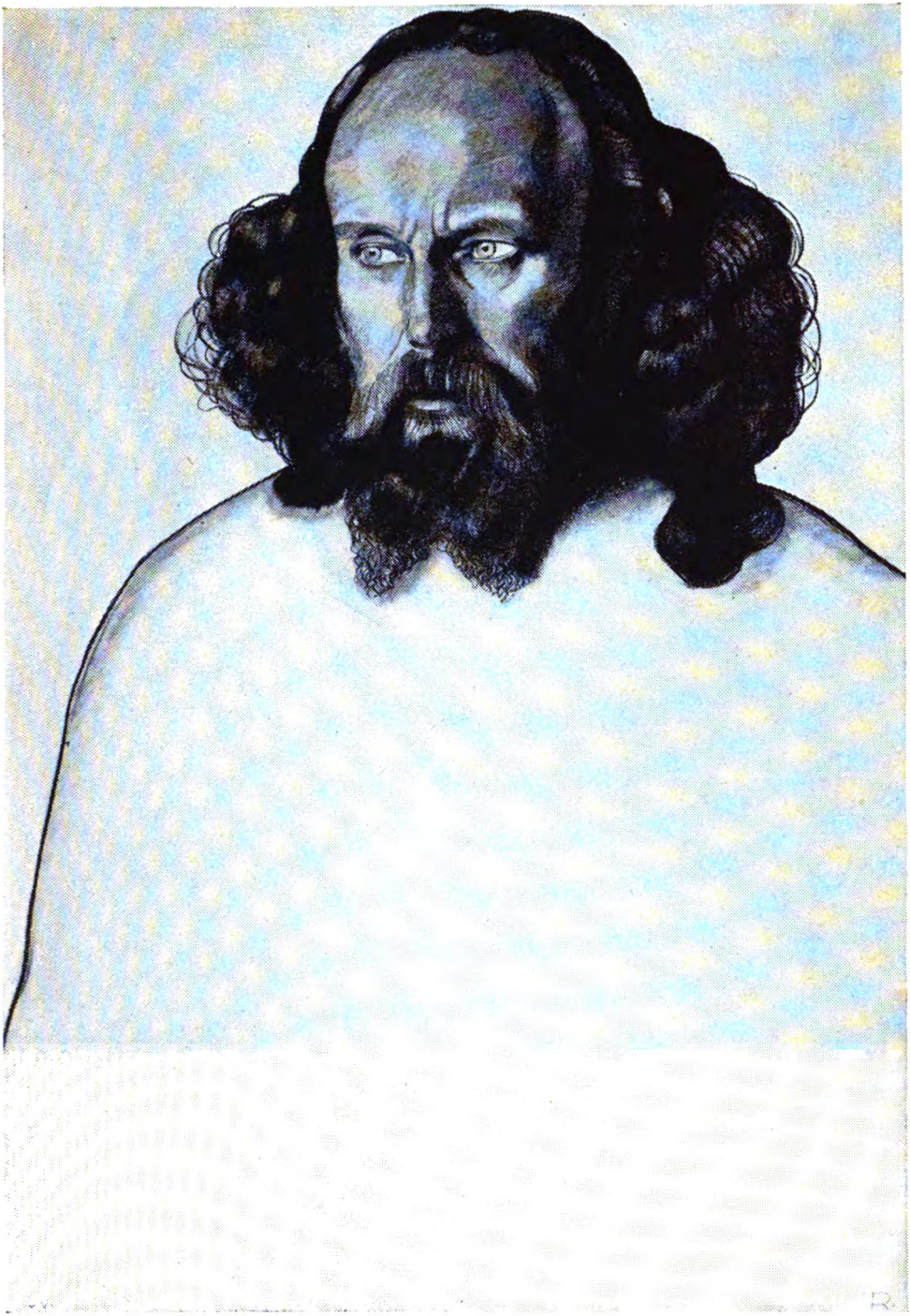

Anton Lang, *Christ*

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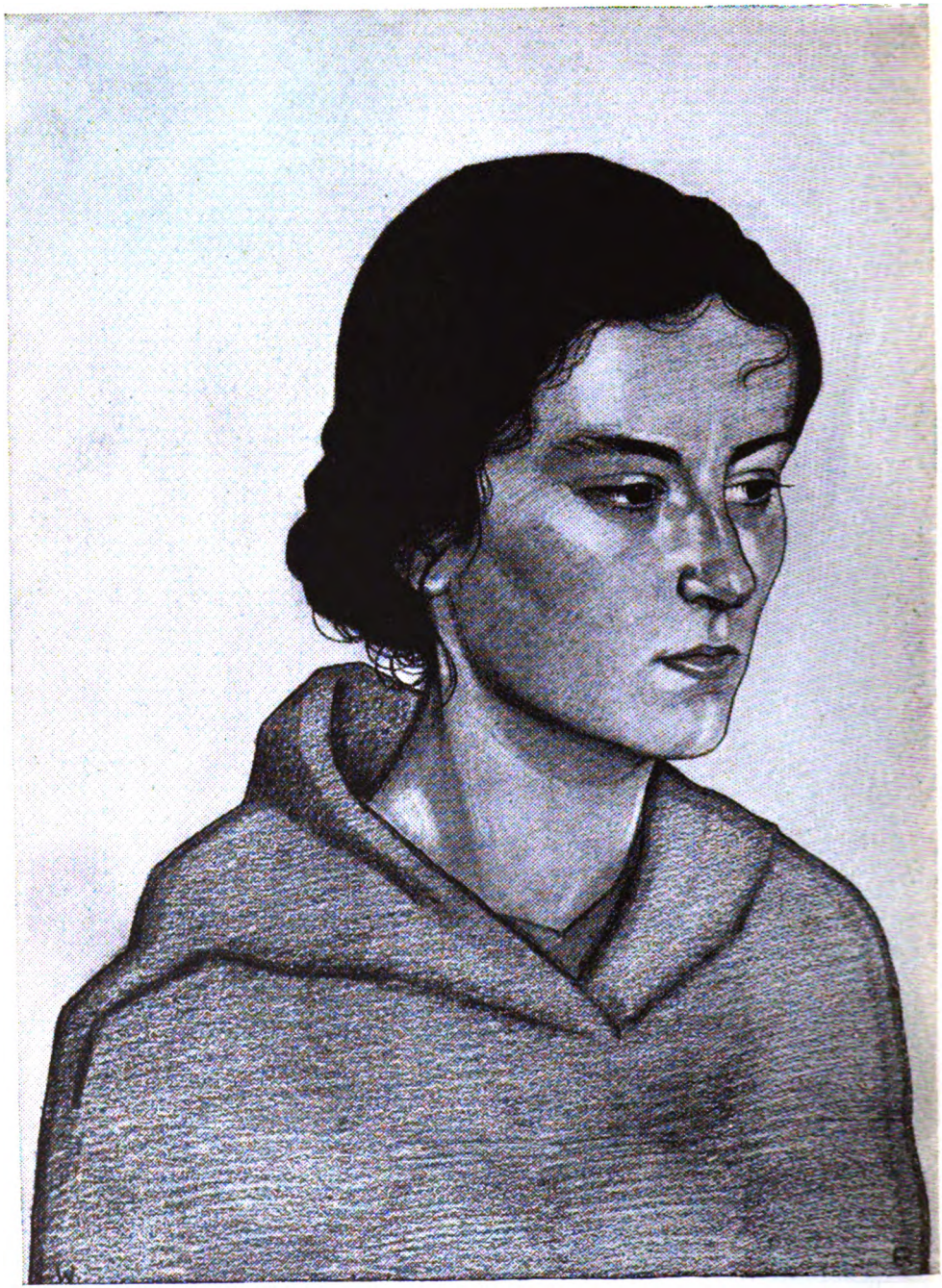

Marta Veit, *Virgin Mary*

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Dominicus Klammer, *second Pharisee*

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Alvis Lang, *Nathaniel*

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Georg Gomeyer, *a boy in the play*

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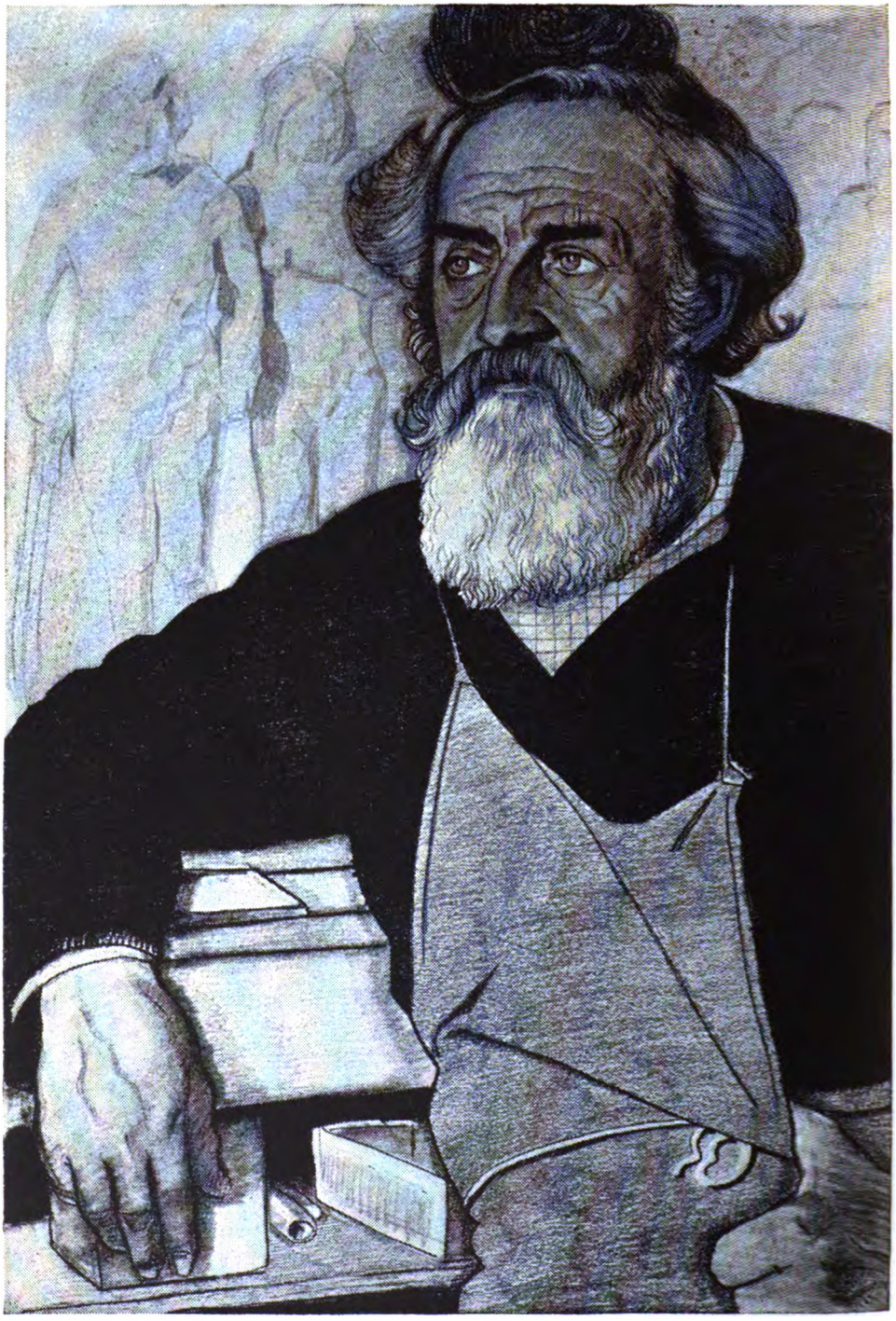

Andreas Lang, *Peter*

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Johann Zwink, *Judas*

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Franz Kirchmeier, *one of the old men about the cross*

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The Oberammergau Players

By WINOLD REISS

LONG before I ever had the good fortune to become acquainted with Oberammergau and the passion-players I had heard much and read much about them. I have been and seen, and I have brought back a different picture from the one I carried with me into the Bavarian hills. It is this picture that I shall try to convey, some of it in these few pages, but more, since I can say more with brush and pencil than with words, in the drawings I have made of the players themselves.

To understand Oberammergau and the actors in the passion-play one must first understand the spiritual ideal that has possessed the village and its people these three hundred years. This little valley in the Bavarian mountains, shut in from the outside world and strangely untouched and uncorrupted by the thousands of visitors who have come to it, has been a laboratory of the human spirit. Here the great experiment of a common devotion to an uplifting and beautiful observance has developed in the peasants purity of heart and simple goodness that are everywhere reflected in their faces. The little community has worked out its own salvation. Its faith sprang from a common grief; its people are held together by a common ideal. It is one of the few spots in all the world where faith and idealism have successfully withstood materialism and commercial greed.

In the year 1633 *der Schwartze Tod* (smallpox) was devastating Bavaria as one of the consequences of the Thirty Years' War. In the Oberammergau Valley this "Black Death" had carried off entire families; every day there were new victims; in one little village only a single married couple survived. With a simple faith that they might bring about divine intervention against further ravages of the plague, the grief-stricken survivors met together and took a vow that every tenth year the people of their village would represent the martyrdom and crucifixion of Christ. It is written in the community archives that no further death from the plague occurred after this vow was taken. The first play was given in 1634.

To-day there persist the same simple faith and deep religious feeling that prompted the vow made three centuries ago. That is the chief reason that the passion-play has been saved from becoming a commercial thing, as otherwise it might easily have become. If no outsiders came to view it, the play would still be given. Oberammergau has never advertised itself to the outside world; the great audiences which gather now represent an accumulated interest which is largely the product of the last fifty years.

The money from the admission fees is used first to cover the cost of the production, and then to pay each of

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the players a small salary sufficient for daily needs. What remains, after these expenses are subtracted, goes entirely for charity and community welfare. Because of the war, the last few years have not yet been remunerative. How little thought is given to financial gain was shown this spring when an American motion-picture company made an offer of seventy million marks for the picture rights. The offer was promptly refused.

It is not only in the tenth year, when the passion-play is to be performed, that the peasants of Oberammergau live in the atmosphere of it. The play is a part of their lives from the day they are born, and it is the dearest wish of every child sometime to be cast for an important rôle. Despite this there is seldom any feeling of envy or jealousy once the committee elected by the villagers has selected the cast. After all, every one has some rôle, if it is only as one of the crowd in the mob scenes. Various families, however, are as proud of their connection with the play as any aristocrat of the achievements of his ancestors at court or in battle, and it is a great honor to number *Christs* and *Marys* or other important characters in one's family tree.

The Oberammergau peasant leads a very moral life, for at all times he must live up to the standard considered necessary to make him worthy the great privilege of the part he plays. Perhaps his greatest temptation is to hunt in the well-stocked Bavarian forests, a temptation to which he sometimes yields. To preserve the game the Government has stringent laws and many game wardens; hunting is a perilous sport. Cases of young men being caught, and sometimes seriously wounded by wardens, happen just often enough to prove the thoroughly human side of the peasants. The sympathies of the village are all with the offenders; nevertheless, justice is justice, and those who are caught are, if cast for important rôles, degraded to the mob, and sometimes even, I believe, barred from the play. Other moral offenses are similarly punished.

Instead of describing the players according to the importance of their rôles, I shall take them in the order in which I drew them. I intentionally left Anton Lang (the *Christ*) until the last for two reasons: first, because I wanted to get thoroughly into the spirit of Oberammergau and the passion-play before I attempted to portray its central figure; and, second, because I wanted to keep my interest fresh by working toward a climax.

It was a cold, bright day in February when I stepped off the train at the Oberammergau station. Protected all around by snow-clad mountains, a handful of gaily painted little houses nestled in the valley, half hidden under their wide, snow-laden roofs. Snow lay over everything, and the brilliant sunshine over that; before me stretched glistening surfaces of pinks and yellows shot with long stretches of blue wherever the shadows fell.

I scanned the hardly broken road, and then started to pick my way toward the village, sinking knee-deep at the first steps I took. A small boy plowed his way toward me. As he came nearer, I saw that he was very beautiful, with long hair and dreamy eyes. It seemed to me a good omen to meet this little Christ-child on the moment of my arrival.

Later I learned that he was Georg

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"Very good, sir," said the messenger.

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep.

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there, with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep forever. "My son!" groaned the boss; but no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men, perhaps, might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise forever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled! The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together, they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvelously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey could n't make enough of the boy. And he was n't in the least spoiled. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid."

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head: "Deeply regret to inform you—" And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago! six years! How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He was n't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it was n't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad ink-pot, and was trying feebly, but desperately, to clamber out again. "Help! help!" aid those struggling legs. But the sides of the ink-pot were wet and slippery; the fly fell back and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed

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apron and a blue shirt, with sleeves rolled back above the elbows, and his face was begrimed with the sweat and dirt of toil. I told him my reason for coming; and when he asked me to wait "*bitte schön*" till he had finished shoeing his horses, he showed a row of astonishingly white teeth. I watched the play of his muscles as he worked, contrasting his brawny strength and the rough toil at which he labored with the part of the high priest he was to play, and I wondered.

When he had finished the cart horses, he washed, and took me upstairs, where he lives. He posed with a shy smile, somewhat self-consciously, all the masterful strength of his muscles gone. And again I wondered. In the bright daylight I noticed how black was his hair and how swarthy his complexion. I remarked upon the fact, and he told me that one of his ancestors had come from Spain back in the sixteenth century. Here, then, was a partial answer to some of the things I had wondered about. The family name was Ruez, but Bavarian usage had changed it to Rutz. As he sat before me, handsome in his swarthy way and magnificently strong, my thoughts turned involuntarily to Fernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico; for such a man as this that same "stout Cortez" must have been.

The following day broke clear and sunny—a day full of the joy of living. It seemed to me a specially good day to ask Marta Veit, who was to play the part of the *Virgin Mary*, to pose for me. So I shouldered my pack, and, following my landlord's directions, found myself at the door of a small, rather poor little house on the main street. I knocked. No answer. I knocked again. Still no answer. *Mary's* home stood seemingly deserted, like some mysterious little house in a fairy-tale. I was about to leave after knocking for the third time, when the door suddenly swung open, and a little old man stood in front of me. Two dark eyes peered out from under a remarkable thatch of hair; the remainder of his face was almost completely hidden by a thick beard. In his hands he clutched some wood-carving tools. He bade me enter.

Inside, the place looked like a workshop of old-time Nuremberg, and my feeling of unreality was augmented. The old man listened attentively to my wish, and then shuffled to the rear and called up a dark stairway:

"Marta! Marta! A gentleman from America wishes to draw you."

A clear voice answered:

"Will the gentleman from America please to mount the stairs?"

I mounted, and found myself on the threshold of a small room. Within stood a slender girl with a face like a saint's. She was very pale, and the paleness was accented by her unusually dark hair. She barely looked at me; then her gaze seemed to detach itself and center on some open space far beyond. She granted my request for a sitting with a hardly perceptible nod of her head and a detached little smile. I drew her in silence, for I had not the heart to disturb again the quiet of that little room, with its curiously rare atmosphere and sense of remoteness from all the things of the world. I can still see her sitting there, with loosely clasped hands, drooping eyes, and a transfigured expression. Some of that strange calm accompanied me as I left the house—a calm her personality

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seemed to exhale, and which subtly enveloped the place where she lived.

I have heard others beside myself remark upon this quality of Marta Veit's. It is as though her whole existence were a prayer. She is detached from worldly things, meditative, absorbed completely in the part she is to play. It is this same quality, in a lesser degree, that makes the people of Oberammergau different from the common run of humanity. It is primarily a quality of deep earnestness. The part of *Mary* is given only to especially pure-minded girls, and to be cast for it is considered not only a personal, but a family, honor.

The part of the *Apostle John* is regarded in much the same way, and the young man who is selected to play it must be of the highest moral character, and both he and his family gain distinction by the honor. The young man cast for the part this year is Melchior Breitsamter, who according to both moral and physical requirements is regarded as a thoroughly acceptable *John*. It is the tradition of Oberammergau that *John* must have blue eyes and light hair; Melchior has light blue eyes, and his hair is blond and slightly auburn in tinge. He has the look of one who would follow his faith through life and death. He comes of a family that has always had important rôles in the play. This year his father is an apostle, and his uncle plays *King Herod*. His father is by trade a builder and owns a sawmill, where Melchior helps him carry on the business.

I come now to Andreas Lang, who plays the rôle of *Peter*, and whom I found exceptionally talented and one of the most interesting men in Oberammergau. Andreas Lang is sixty years old, and has played six times in the passion-play, always in a rôle of some importance. He has kept the simplicity of the peasant, but his active mind has reached out toward all sorts of things. It was Lang who made the first mountain descent in Bavaria on skees of his own making. The village laughed at him in those days, but to-day skeeing is the favorite winter pastime in that part of the country. Lang has read widely, especially the Bible, which is unusual for a Bavarian Catholic.

He has two sons and a daughter, all exceptional people. The daughter has a good singing voice and sings in the play. One son is a painter, the other a sculptor. The latter, whose name, I believe, is Franz Lang, is the director of the play this year. He is married to an American girl he met during the previous play, and has visited the United States. He seemed little impressed by our cities, but had much to say of the beauty of the West and the Rocky Mountains.

One day on the road I met a young fellow in workman's clothes who, despite being unkempt and unshaven, was singularly attractive and good-looking. I spoke to him, and asked him if he would pose for me. He answered that he would do so that same evening.

"What rôle are you playing?" I asked of him.

The reply came promptly:

"*The King of Egypt*," and I found myself somewhat taken aback by "his Majesty."

When evening came, however, I found him clean and shaven, resplendent in a picturesque white

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shirt, and looking like a contemporary of Düer.

One of the minor characters it gave me special pleasure to portray was my dear old friend Franz Kirchmeier, a true type of the Bavarian mountaineer. Despite his eighty-six years, he still takes a part in the play as one of the mob. He is a great-grandfather, with three generations living in his house. I shall never forget the wonderful hours I spent in his home, especially one afternoon. I was drawing Kirchmeier's wife when two musicians happened in. They began to play a "*Schuhplatte*," and old Kirchmeier, unable to resist the tempting melody, took hold of his wife, who is also in the eighties, and together they danced with such youthful spirit as would have honored a young couple.

Another one of the older men who sat for me was Dominicus Klammer, who plays one of the *Pharisees*. He is so old that his memory is failing. When my drawing of him was completed, he was as pleased as a child, and he wanted his wife to see. Poor old fellow! She has been dead five years, but he went to the door and called her, and could not understand why she did not come.

At the last, as I had planned, I went to Anton Lang. By trade he is a potter and also sets up stoves. His son and several workmen help him in the business. Frau Lang is a realistic, energetic woman who keeps a boarding-house called "Daheim." She speaks a fluent English, and has the gift of making every one feel at home.

The character of the *Christ* has left its imprint on Anton Lang, mind and body and soul. When I drew him, he seemed, like Marta Veit, the *Mary*, to have withdrawn from the things of earth, to have detached himself from his every-day work and his family, and to be living in an inner world of contemplation and prayer. His wife says that it is always so as the time for the play approaches.

He posed for me in his studio, and as I worked, now and then we talked. Whenever I spoke of the play, his eyes flooded with light, and an uplifted look came over his countenance. He told me, too, of his travels in the Holy Land. He visited all the places where Christ was known to have been, and returned greatly inspired.

His successor in the part of *Christ* will have a hard time to live up to the spiritual portrayal that Anton Lang gives. This year he plays *Christ* for the third and last time. I have been told that he puts so much concentrated energy into the part that he is usually carried off unconscious after the scene of the crucifixion.

When I took my leave he spoke particularly of his many friends in America, and expressed his gratitude for the kindness they have shown him, and for the appreciation they have brought to the life-work of Oberammergau and its people.

I felt very sad the day I left. I shall never forget the wonderful days during which I worked among the players, and I shall always be grateful for the inspiration they gave me. I hope that in what I have set down here, and more through my drawings of the people, I may be able to convey some of the atmosphere of Oberammergau as I found it.

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The Fly

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

"Y'ARE very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great green leather arm-chair by the desk of his friend, the boss, as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, after his stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesdays he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day, though what he did there the wife and the girls could n't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed.

Well, perhaps so. All the same we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him. Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added:

"It 's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it 's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped "The Financial Times" with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact, he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I 've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the last —how many?—weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet, with a pattern of large white rings. 'New furniture," and he nodded toward the massive book-case, and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating." He waved almost exultantly toward the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks, with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim in trying to remember. "Now, what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

"Poor old chap! He 's on his last pins," thought the boss. And feeling kindly, he winked at the old man and said jokingly: "I tell you what. I 've got a little drop of something here that 'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It 's beautiful stuff; it would n't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk,

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and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That 's the medicine," said he, "and the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q. T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He could n't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It 's whisky, ain't it?" he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D' you know," said he, peering up at the boss, wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." He looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that 's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It 'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It 's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" he tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his mustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly:

"It 's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain: he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you 'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They are quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Could n't be better if they were at home. You 've not been across, have yer?"

"No! no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There 's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it 's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice, broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice, broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D' you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she had n't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it 's trading on our feelings. They think because we 're over there having a look round, we 're ready to pay anything. That 's what it is." He turned toward the door.

"Quite right, quite right," cried the boss, though what was quite right he had n't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the gray-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubbyhole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run.

"I 'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," then said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

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"Very good, sir," said the messenger.

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep.

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there, with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep forever. "My son!" groaned the boss; but no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men, perhaps, might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise forever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled! The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together, they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvelously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey could n't make enough of the boy. And he was n't in the least spoiled. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid."

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head: "Deeply regret to inform you—" And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago! six years! How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He was n't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it was n't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad ink-pot, and was trying feebly, but desperately, to clamber out again. "Help! help!" aid those struggling legs. But the sides of the ink-pot were wet and slippery; the fly fell back and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed

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round it; then the front legs waved, took hold, and pulling its small sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and sitting down, it began like a minute cat to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings, down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little begger seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

"He 's a plucky little devil," thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things, that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of— But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But, behold! the front legs were again waving. The boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly: "You artful little—" And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last as he dipped the pen deep into the ink-pot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on!" said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen; in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen: the fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket, but such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away, the boss fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was— He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

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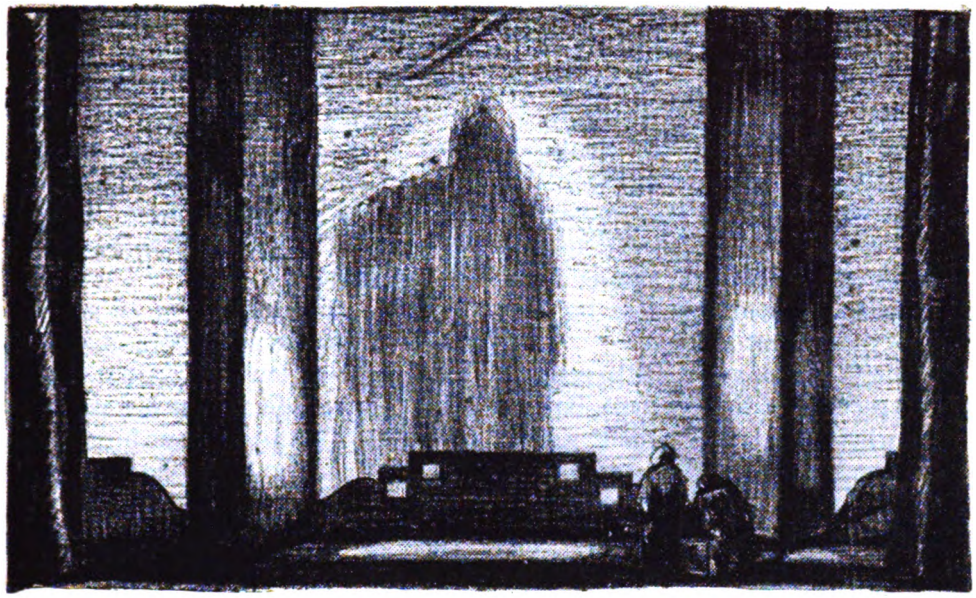

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The expressionist version of a prison scene in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." The simple, barred triangle of white on a black stage gave a surprisingly vivid impression of endless rows of cells, an impression accentuated by the voices of prisoners coming out of the darkness. Drawn by Lucie R. Sayler from the setting by Robert Edmond Jones and Cleon Throckmorton

Neighborhooders have made, and made their own. Not drama or ballet or pantomime or mere pageantry; a combination of all molded into unity. For finale these esthetic missionaries to the Ghetto survey their season's labors, find few as good as they had hoped, and decide to forestall this and other pens by a travesty on their own misdeeds, "The Grand Street Follies," a clever and heady circus, albeit amateur, and rivaled only by that other amateur picnic, "The No-Sirree," staged by the newspaper critics for single private performance in impudent compliment to Balieff.

The Provincetown Players descend from the exclamation-point to the question-mark. Not only why, but often even what. Once more a face and a season saved by a single event, O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," gift of the author to the theater that reared him, produced with the assistance of Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones before the former takes it uptown to wider audience.

Superficially, the Theater Guild has its best season. Artists making money! More than they know how to spend! On their riskiest ventures! Arthur Richman's "Ambush"; the egregious mongrel, "He"; Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" (the evening of the old Hebrew's life might have been long enough to view it comfortably); Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight." Barring "Ambush,"—and its immunity is debatable,—the question obtrudes: Why? Stunts? Yes. If

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servant girls hustling impatiently, and the servant boys in their corduroy trousers bound with rushes at the knee, their heavy brogues, their honest jests of Rabelais . . . and in the fold the silent sheep, and great solemn cows warm in their stalls . . .

Five years, going on six now, since he had left the sea, and invested his fortune in a Belfast shipyard, and taken over the homestead of Clan Campbell to run as it had always been run, wisely, sanely, healthily . . . There were the servant boys and girls, with a comfortable roof above them. There were the cotter tenants, satisfied, certain of justice. At the shows his shorthorns took ribbons. For local charities his duty was done . . . But there was something lacking.

It was n't peace. Peace he had in plenty. The spring of the heather, the tang of the sea brought peace. The bats of twilight, and the sally branches, and the trout leaping in the river at the close of day. And the twilight itself, like some shy girl . . . Out of all these came an emanation, a cradle-song, that lulled, like the song of little waves . . . And as for pleasure, there was pleasure in listening to the birds among the trees, to seeing the stooking of barley, to watching the blue banner of the flax, to walking on frosty roads on great nights of stars . . . To riding with the hunt, clumsily, as a sailor does, but getting in at the death, as pleased as the huntsman, or the master himself . . . To the whir of the reel as the great blue salmon rushed . . . Pleasure and peace, and yet not satisfaction.

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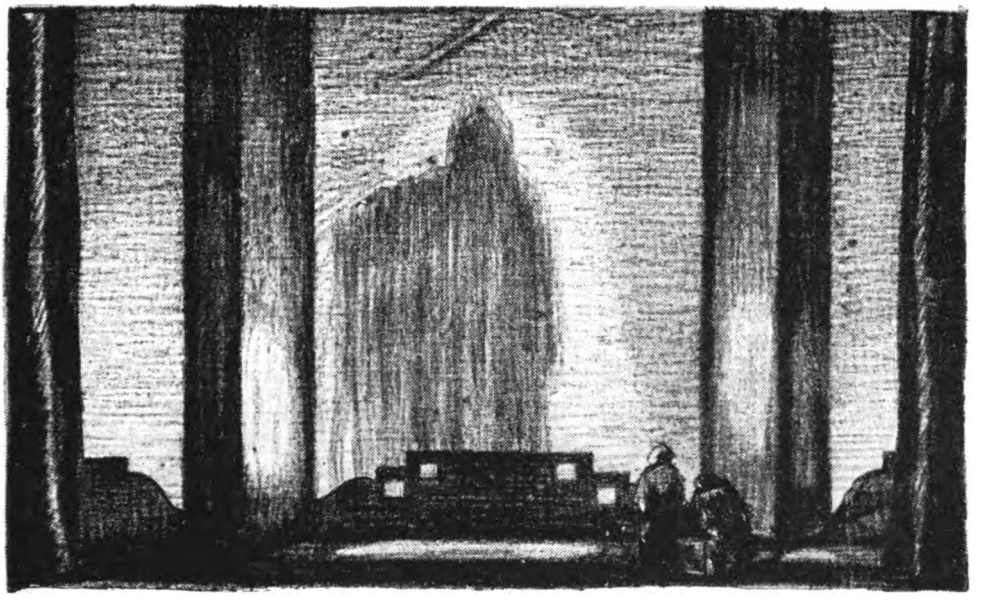

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streets . . . Blessed are the pure in heart" . . . He had gone like a flame through the pagan places of the world, and here he was dying in the Antrim glens, with the quiet of Christ about him, the droning of God's little bees, and the lowing of the cattle of Bethlehem . . . He was a great man. He had only one contempt—for hired clergymen.

There were three folk of heroic stature around him: the admiral and Simon Fowler and the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

§ 4

A very small townland is Tusa-h Erin; the smallest in Ireland, it is said. And a very strange name on it—Tusa-h Erin, the Beginning of Ireland. Why it is so called, none knows. Possibly because some Highlanders named it this on landing there. Probably because it was a division between the Scottish and Irish clans. So it was called when the Bruce fled to Ireland. So it is called to this day.

Twenty acres or so are in it, a wind- and sea-lashed little estate, a great gray house, and a garden of yew-trees. For ten years it had been untenanted until a Miss O'Malley had bought it, and opened the great oak doors, and let the sea-air blow through the windows of it, and clipped the garden of the yews. The county people knew little of her except that she had a great reserve. To the glensmen she was *Bean Tusig Erin*, the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

"What kind of person is she?" Shane asked.

"A strange woman is in it, your Honor, a strange and dark woman."

"An old lady?"

"If she was one of us, she would be an old woman, your Honor, what with the bitter work and the hard ways. But being what she is, she is a young woman, your Honor. I heard tell she said she was thirty-four."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Well, now, your Honor, that would surely be a hard thing to say. A great dark face she has on her, and her head high, the like of a grand horse. Barring her eyes, you might call her a fine woman."

"What 's wrong with her eyes?"

"Hard eyes she has, your Honor, hating eyes. She 's always looking at you to see if it is an enemy is in it. A queer woman, your Honor; the like of her was never known."

"But how?"

"The talk that 's at her, your Honor. The great hatred she bees having of England, and the talk of old Irish times."

"And she a lady?"

"You 'd think it was a queen was in it, with the high head of her, and the proud step of a racing horse. You would, your Honor; you would so."

He asked the admiral about her.

"Do you know this Miss O'Malley?"

"I had the honor to meet her twice, Campbell. A very great woman. A great loss, Campbell, a great loss."

"Who is she, sir?"

"Good God! do you mean to tell me you don't know who Grace O'Malley is?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"The greatest Shaksperian actress, possibly, the English stage ever knew. And you never heard of her! Good God! how abominably ignorant you merchant marine men are!"

"Abominably so, sir . . . But please tell me, sir, why does she hate England so much?"

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"It 's hanging their hats on the bones of her they 'd be, and them sticking out the like of branches from a bush."

"Yerra Jasus! Do you hear the man, and her round as a bottle from the fine filling feeding! You could walk your shin-bones off to the knee, and you 'd not find a cow as has had the treatment of this cow. Let you be on your way now—"

"Look, honest man. Put out your hand, and wait till I spit on my fist—"

Through the doors of Michael Doyle's public house a young farmer walked uncertainly. He gently swung a woman's woolen stocking in his right hand, and in the foot of the stocking was a large round stone:

"I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle," he announced, "the son of old Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, a great man in his day, but never the equal of young Packy McGee. I have gone through Scotland and Ireland, Wales, and the harvest fields of England, and I have never yet found the equal for murder and riot of young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, and I don't care who knows it. Is there any decent man in this fair that considers himself the equal of young Packy McGee?"

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And he walked through the fair, chanting his litany and gently swinging the woman's woolen stocking with the large round stone in the foot of it . . .

The penny poet changed from the high grace-notes of "The Red-haired Man's Wife" to the surge of a come-all-ye. There was the undercurrent of a pipe drone to his voice:

"Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well a while,
All round the borders of Erin's green isle,
And when the war 's over, return I shall soon,
And your arms will be o-o-open for your Enniskillen Dragoon!"

In the intervals between verses a black-bearded man with blue spectacles announced solemnly that he was Professor Handley, direct from the English and German universities, empowered by the Rosicrucian order to distribute a remarkable panacea at the nominal sum of sixpence a bottle.

Forests of cows' horns and drovers' sticks, clamor of frightened cattle, emphatic slapping of palms. Clouds of dust where the horse fair was carried on. Stands of fruit and cakes. Stalls of religious ornaments, prayer-books, and rosary beads . . . A shooting-gallery . . . A three-card trickster, white and pimpled of face . . . A trick-of-the-loop man, with soap-box and greasy string . . . A man who sold a gold watch, a sovereign, and some silver for the sum of fifteen shillings . . . An old man with the Irish bagpipes, bellows strapped to arm, playing "The Birds among the Trees," "The Swallow-tail Coat," "The Green Fields of America" . . . Small boys regarding him curiously . . . Later young farmers and girls would be dancing sets to his piping . . . At the end of the street a ballad-monger declaiming, not singing, his head thrown back, his voice issuing in a measured chant . . .

A knot of older people had gathered around him, white-headed farmers, bent turf-cutters of the glens, a girl-child with eyes like saucers. A priest stopped to listen . . . The crude English of the ballad faded out, until there was noting but disheveled agony . . . rhythm . . . a wail . . . somewhere a leaping current of feeling . . . There was a woman on the edge of the crowd, a lady . . . She came nearer as though hypnotized . . .

The country bard stopped suddenly, exalted, and swung dramatically into Gaelic . . . Dropping the alien tongue, he seemed to have dropped fetters . . . His voice rose to a pæan . . . he took on stature . . . he looked straight in the eye of the sun . . . And for Shane the clamor of the drovers ceased . . . And there was the plucked note of harpers . . . And fires of ancient oak . . . and wolf dogs sleeping on skins of elk . . . And there was a wasted place in the twilight, and grass through a split hearthstone . . . And a warrior-poet, beaten, thinking bitter under the stars . . .

"Do threasgar an saoghal agas do thainis an gaoth mor smal—
Alastrom, Cæsar, 's an mend do bhi da bpairt;
Ta an Teamhais na fear agas feack an Traoi mor ta!
'S na Sasonaigh fleir, do b' fheidir go bhfaig n dis bas!"

A voice spoke excitedly, imperiously to Shane:

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it was so queer to be called my child at forty-seven,—"all knowledge is important. All details of knowledge. We come we know not whence, and we go we hope we know whither. Our history, our motives, our all, is vague. All we have is faith, a great broad river; but knowledge is the little piers . . . "

They had all been significant: Alan Donn, his father, even Uncle Robin, whom he had thought only a bookworm in the fading sunshine. The world was better, more mature, for their having lived . . .

And he had nothing. Here he was, drawing on to fifty, close on forty-eight. And he had done, achieved nothing. He had no wife, no child; had achieved no valorous, unselfish deed. Had not even a little song . . .

§ 3

And then he said to himself: "I am too sensitive. I have always been too sensitive. The stature of my family has dwarfed me in my own esteem. Have n't I got as much right as others to the quiet of the glens?" And again he said: "I sit here and I think. And my thoughts grow into a maze. And I wander in it, as a man might wander through some old gardener's fancy, having stumbled on it inadvertently, and now being in it, not knowing the secret of exit." But a maze was non-existent, did a person regard it so, and if one were to walk on nonchalantly, a little turn would come, and he would find himself in the wide sunshine and smiling flowers. And he said: "Damn the subleties! A person is born, lives, dies. And what he does is a matter for himself alone." But some inner antagonist said, "You are wrong."

And he said: "Look at the people around me. What more right have they than I to this quiet Ulster dusk?" And the antagonist smiled. "Well, look."

First were the farmers and the fisherfolk. Well, they did n't count. They were natural to the soil, as grass was. They grew there, as the white bog flower grew. An institution of God, like rain. And then there were the summer visitors, honest folk from the cities. Well, they had a right. They spent their winters and autumns and springs in mills and counting-houses, clearing away the commercial garbage of the world. And when the graciousness of summer came, they emerged, blind as moles, peak-faced. And before them stretched the Moyle, a blue miracle. The crisp heather, the thick rushes, the yellow of the buttercups, the black bog waters. And when clouds came before the sun, the mountains drew great purple cloths over them. And in the twilight the cricket chirruped. And at night the plover cried out against the vast silence of the moon. And the hearts of the selling people turned from thoughts of who owed them money and who was harrying them for money. And the tight souls opened, just a little perhaps, but even that—Poor garbage men of the world, who would begrudge them a little beauty?

Then there were the county people, the landlords, the owners of the soil. Red-faced sportsmen, connoisseurs of cattle, a sort of super-farmer, they were as natural to the soil as the fisherfolk or the tillers. Their stock remained from ancient tides of battle, centuries before. The founders of the families had been Norman barons, Highland chiefs, English squires; but

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the blood had adapted itself, as a plant adapts itself in a strange country. And now they were Ulster squires, smiling, shy, independent. They had a great feeling for a horse and a powerful sense of fair play. They were very honest folk. A station had been set them, and they lived in it, honestly, uncomplainingly, quite happily. But a meadow was a piece of land to them and a river a place where trout could be caught, and snow was a good thing, because it kept the ground warm. They were a folk Shane respected a great deal, and who respected him; but they were n't his folk.

Above all these of his neighbors towered three figures, and the first of these was the admiral.

He had a name. He had a title, too—Baron Fraser of Onabega. But, to everybody he was the admiral, and in speech plain "sir." A purple faced and terrible old man, with bushy white eyebrows and eagle's eyes. Very tall, four inches over six feet, very erect for all his ninety years, with his presence there thundered the guns of Drake, there came to the mind the slosh of old Benbow . . . He had been a midshipman with Nelson at Cape Trafalgar.

Silent and fierce, about his head clouds of majesty, all his life had been spent with pursed lips and hooded eyes, keeping watch for England . . . And never a great battle where he could prove himself the peer of Benbow and Drake and Nelson . . . Never a dawn when the fleet rolled down to battle with polished guns and whipping flags . . . And a day came when he was too old . . . So here he was in the Antrim glens . . .

A great life, his, a great and serviceable life, frustrated of glory . . . And well he deserved the quiet of Ulster, where he sat and wrote his long letters to archæological papers, proving, he thought, that the Irish were a lost tribe of Israel and that the ark of the covenant was buried on Tara Hill . . . And there was none to laugh at him . . . All spirit he was, watchful, dogged, indomitable spirit, with a little husk of body . . . Soon, as he had directed, his old bearded sailormen would take his flag-covered casket out to sea in the night, and the guns would thunder, "A British admiral sails by" . . .

And there was Simon Fowler in his little cottage, who was dying by inches from some tropical malady . . . A small chunky man with white hair and wide blue eyes . . . He had been a missionary in Africa, in China, in India, not the missionary of sentimental books, but a prophet whose calm voice, whose intrepid eyes, had gained him a hearing everywhere . . . "Put fear away," he had preached in Africa; "let darkness flee. I come to tell you of the light of the world . . . After me will come the sellers of gin and of guns. But I shall give you a great magic against them. Little children, love one another." . . . In China his fire had shamed philosophers. "I know your almsgiving. I know your benevolence. It is selfishness. If I should give all my goods to feed the poor, and deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it availeth me nothing. Unless ye become as little children" . . . And in the sensuous Indian lands his voice rose in a great shout: "Subtle Greece is dead," he proclaimed, "and razed are the fanes of Ephesus. And the unknown god slinks only through the midnight

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"Never, never, never will return McCrimmon.

With war or peace never will come McCrimmon.

For money or spoil never will return McCrimmon.

He will come no more till the Day of the Gathering."

"A lamenting tune like that I heard."

"The drone was just the grinding of the waves, the air the wind among the yews."

"That 's possible. But is n't a phantom piper possible, too, in a land of ghosts?"

§ 8

"A land of ghosts." The phrase remained with him. And the lighted lamp and the burning peat fire seemed to invoke, like some necromantic ritual. How often, and he a young boy, had the names trumpeted through his being! Brian Boru at Clontarf, and the routed red Danes. And with the routing of the Danes, Ireland had come to peaceful days, and gentle white-clothed saints arose, and monasteries with tolling bells and great Celtic crosses . . . And gone were the Druids, their cursing-stones, their Ogham script . . . Gone old Celtic divinities, Angus of the Boyne; and Manannan, son of Lir, god of the sea . . . And the peace of Galilee came over the joyous hunting land . . . The little people of the hills, with their pygmy horses, their pygmy pipes, cowered, went into exile, under the thunder of Rome . . . And the land was meek that it might inherit the kingdom of heaven . . . And the English came . . . The earls of Ulster fled into Spain . . . And only here and there was a memory of old-time heroes, of Cuchulain of the Red Branch; of Maeve, Queen of Connacht, in her fighting chariot, her great red cloak; of Dermot, who abducted Grania from the King of Ireland's camp, and knew nine ways of throwing the spear . . . The O'Neills, remembered Shane, who brought Queen Elizabeth to her knees with love and terror . . . And Owen Roe, the Red . . . And the younger Hugh O'Neill, with his hard-bitten Ulstermen at Benburb . . . They had to bring the greatest general of Europe, Cromwell, the lord protector, to subdue the Ulster clans . . . Sullen peace, and the Stuarts came back, and again Ireland was lulled with their suave manners, the scent of the white rose . . . The crash of the Boyne water, and King James running for his life . . . And Limerick's siege, and the treaty, and Patrick Sarsfield and the Wild Geese setting wing for France . . . France knew them, Germany, Sweden, even Russia . . . Ramillies and the Spaniard knew Lord Clare's Dragoons . . . And Fontenoy and the thunder of the Irish Brigade . . . And Partick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, dead at the end of the day . . . Even to-day Europe knew them,—O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan and grandee of Spain; and Patrice McMahon, Duke of Magenta, who had been made president of the Republic of France,—they were of the strain of Lucan's Wild Geese . . .

And again a sullen peace, and Ulster rang to the trumpet of American freedom, and the United Irishmen arose in Belfast . . . And Napper at Napoleon's court, and Hoche with his ships in Bantry Bay . . .

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Wolfe Tone's mangled throat, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald murdered by his captors . . .

What had made these men, sane men, Ulstermen mostly, risk life and face death so gallantly? What brought out the men of forty-eight and the men of sixty-seven? What was making little Bigger fight so savagely in Parliament, blocking the legislation of the empire? What had got under their skins, into their blood? Surely not for a gray, half-deserted city? Surely not for little boys and purple mountains? Surely not for an illiterate peasantry, half crazed by the fear of hell?

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Arose from out the azure main—

Just like that!

And Scotland he could see as a young woman, in kilt and plaid and Glengarry cap, a shrewd young woman though, with a very decisive personality, clinching a bargain as the best of dealers might, a little forward. He could think of her as the young girl whose hand Charles the Young Pretender kissed, and who had said to him directly, "I 'd liefer hae a buss for my mou' "—"I'd rather have a kiss on my mouth." Scotland knew what she wanted, and got it, a pert, solid, likable girl.

But Ireland, Ireland of the gray mists, the gray towns. How to see her? The country ballad came to him. The *Shan Van Vocht*, the poor old woman, gray, shawled, pitiable, whom her children were seeking to reinstate in her home with many fields.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
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On the Currach of Kildare;
The boys they will be there.
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

No, not enough. One might work, sacrifice money, for the Shan Van Vocht; but life, no! He thought again. Poor Mangan's poem flashed into his mind and heart:

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not cry, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the Royal Pope
Upon the ocean green.
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen.
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope;
Shall give you health and help and hope.
My Dark Rosaleen!

Ah, that was it; not pity, but gallant, fiery love. Modern ideals and ancient chivalry . . . A young dark woman with a quivering mouth, with eyes bright in tears . . . There was an old favorite print that portrayed her, a slim, wistful figure resting a pale hand on a mute harp, a great elk-hound at her feet, on guard, and back of her the rising sun shone on the antique round tower . . .

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"It 's hanging their hats on the bones of her they 'd be, and them sticking out the like of branches from a bush."

"Yerra Jasus! Do you hear the man, and her round as a bottle from the fine filling feeding! You could walk your shin-bones off to the knee, and you 'd not find a cow as has had the treatment of this cow. Let you be on your way now—"

"Look, honest man. Put out your hand, and wait till I spit on my fist—"

Through the doors of Michael Doyle's public house a young farmer walked uncertainly. He gently swung a woman's woolen stocking in his right hand, and in the foot of the stocking was a large round stone:

"I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle," he announced, "the son of old Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, a great man in his day, but never the equal of young Packy McGee. I have gone through Scotland and Ireland, Wales, and the harvest fields of England, and I have never yet found the equal for murder and riot of young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee. I am young Packy McGee of Ballymoyle, and I don't care who knows it. Is there any decent man in this fair that considers himself the equal of young Packy McGee?"

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And he walked through the fair, chanting his litany and gently swinging the woman's woolen stocking with the large round stone in the foot of it . . .

The penny poet changed from the high grace-notes of "The Red-haired Man's Wife" to the surge of a come-all-ye. There was the undercurrent of a pipe drone to his voice:

"Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well a while,
All round the borders of Erin's green isle,
And when the war 's over, return I shall soon,
And your arms will be o-o-open for your Enniskillen Dragoon!"

In the intervals between verses a black-bearded man with blue spectacles announced solemnly that he was Professor Handley, direct from the English and German universities, empowered by the Rosicrucian order to distribute a remarkable panacea at the nominal sum of sixpence a bottle.

Forests of cows' horns and drovers' sticks, clamor of frightened cattle, emphatic slapping of palms. Clouds of dust where the horse fair was carried on. Stands of fruit and cakes. Stalls of religious ornaments, prayer-books, and rosary beads . . . A shooting-gallery . . . A three-card trickster, white and pimpled of face . . . A trick-of-the-loop man, with soap-box and greasy string . . . A man who sold a gold watch, a sovereign, and some silver for the sum of fifteen shillings . . . An old man with the Irish bagpipes, bellows strapped to arm, playing "The Birds among the Trees," "The Swallow-tail Coat," "The Green Fields of America" . . . Small boys regarding him curiously . . . Later young farmers and girls would be dancing sets to his piping . . . At the end of the street a ballad-monger declaiming, not singing, his head thrown back, his voice issuing in a measured chant . . .

A knot of older people had gathered around him, white-headed farmers, bent turf-cutters of the glens, a girl-child with eyes like saucers. A priest stopped to listen . . . The crude English of the ballad faded out, until there was noting but disheveled agony . . . rhythm . . . a wail . . . somewhere a leaping current of feeling . . . There was a woman on the edge of the crowd, a lady . . . She came nearer as though hypnotized . . .

The country bard stopped suddenly, exalted, and swung dramatically into Gaelic . . . Dropping the alien tongue, he seemed to have dropped fetters . . . His voice rose to a pæan . . . he took on stature . . . he looked straight in the eye of the sun . . . And for Shane the clamor of the drovers ceased . . . And there was the plucked note of harpers . . . And fires of ancient oak . . . and wolf dogs sleeping on skins of elk . . . And there was a wasted place in the twilight, and grass through a split hearthstone . . . And a warrior-poet, beaten, thinking bitter under the stars . . .

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Ta an Teamhais na fear agas feach an Traoi mor ta!
'S na Sasonaigh fleir, do b' fheidir go bhfaig n dis bas!"

A voice spoke excitedly, imperiously to Shane:

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"What is he saying? Do you know Gaelic?"

"I 'm afraid I 've forgotten my Gaelic, but I know this song."

"Then what is it? Please tell me. I must know."

"He says:

"'The world conquers them all. The wind whirls like dust.
Alexander, Cæsar, and the companies whom they led—
Tara is grass, and see how Troy is now!
And the English themselves, even they may die.'"

"How great!" she said. "How very great!" She turned to Shane, and as he saw the dark imperious face, he knew intuitively he was speaking to the Woman of Tusa-h Erin. She seemed puzzled for an instant. Something in Shane's clothes, his carriage.

"You don't look as if you understood Gaelic. How is it you can translate this poem?"

"I knew it as a boy. My father was a Gaelic poet."

"Then you are Shane Campbell."

"And you are the Woman of Tusa-h Erin!"

"You know Tusa-h Erin?"

"I know every blade of grass in the glens."

"If you are ever near Tusa-h Erin, come and see me."

"I should like to."

"Will you, really?"

"Yes."

She left him as abruptly as she spoke to him, going over to the balladmonger. She left him a little dazed . . . He was aware of vitality . . . He was like a man on a wintry day who experiences a sudden shaft of warm sun, or somebody in quiet darkness whose eye is caught by the rising of the moon.

§ 6

As in a story from some old unsubtle book, in passing the gates of Tusa-h Erin he had gone into another world, a grave and courteous world, not antique,—that was not the word,—but just older . . . A change of tempo . . . A change of atmosphere . . . The *Bois Dormant*, the Sleeping Wood of the French fairy-tale? . . . Not that, for the Sleeping Wood should be a gray wood, a wood of twilight, with the birds a-drowse in their nests . . . And here were clipt, rich yew-trees, and turf firm as a putting green's, and rows of dignified flowers, like pretty gracious ladies; and a little lake where a swan moved as to music; and the sunshine was rich as wine here . . . all gold and green . . . But the atmosphere? He thought of the cave of Gearod Oge, the wizard earl in the rath of Mullaghmost, and the story of it . . . A farmer man had noticed a light from the old fort, and creeping in, he had seen men in armor sleeping with their horses beside them . . . And he examined the armor and the saddlery, and cautiously half drew a sword from its sheath . . . And the soldier's head rose, and, *Bhfuil an trath ann?* his voice cried . . . "Has the time come?" "It is not, your Honor," the farmer said in terror, and shoved the sword back, and fled . . . And old men said for a surety that had the farmer drawn the blade from the scabbard, the wizard earl would have awakened, and Ireland been free . . . There was great beauty and great Irishness to that story, but there was terror to it, and there was no terror on this sweet place.

He said: "It is a trick of my head,

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My hand fell to my side . . . And then a panic came. My knees hit one another. My teeth chattered . . . awful, awful . . .

"There was such a silence. The audience stirred, whispered . . . Then some one laughed . . . Never laugh, Shane, suddenly with me . . . I crumpled up. They rang the curtain down . . . I stole away to Ireland . . . Whenever I am not hating enough, the thought of that laugh comes to me." . . . She shivered on her seat.

"That was only nervousness, Granya. Somebody got nervous and laughed."

"No, Shane; no."

"They talk of people laughing in the face of death. It 's just a nervous action, Granya."

"I tell you: no, Shane." She grew vehement. "It 's a cruel country, England. And Shane, they hate us Irish. As long as we are pleasant, witty, as long as we are buffoons . . . but let us be human beings, Shane, and they hate us" . . .

"Don't be silly, Granya!"

"I 'm not silly, Shane. I know. They hate us because we have something they have not. The starved Irish peasant is higher than the English peer. He has a song in his heart, a gay song or a sad song, and his eyes see wonders." . . .

"But, Granya, we are only a little people, and they all but rule the world . . . You are wrong. They don't hate us."

"Do you remember Haman, Shane, Haman who had everything:

"And Haman told them of . . . all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and he said: 'All these things availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the king's gate.'

"Shane, do you remember how Haman died?"

"Granya!"

She rose, her hands stretched out to the Irish hills. Her voice took on the throbbing of drums:

"O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Roseleen!"

"Poor Granya!" he said. He caught and kissed her hand.

She let her other fall on his shoulder for an instant.

"Good night, Shane!" she said abruptly. She moved swiftly toward the house through the yew-trees. In her pale frock, against the moonlit turf, between the dark trees, she was like some old, heart-wringing ghost . . .

§ 10

He brought back from Tusa-h Erin that night a sense of dread. What in God's name had Granya done? To what committed herself? There were rumors abroad that the men of sixty-seven were not yet dead . . . In America, in the hills of Kerry, in Galway, there was plotting . . . not glorious, but sinister plotting . . . God! had they enmeshed her?

He had three times heard her sing the old Ulster ballad of General Munro:

Up came Munro's sister. She was well dressed in green.

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And his sword by her side that was once bright and keen.
And she said to the brave men who with her did go:
"Come, we 'll have revenge for my brother Munro!"

He had looked on that as only a queer romantic gesture, but with what she said last night, it occurred to him that there was a deeper motive to it all . . . She was often in Dublin these days . . . Did they? Had they? . . .

If it had been the Jacobite times, or ninety-eight or even forty-eight, he would not have minded. The Irish night call these Irish rebellions, but in reality they were world affairs. James and the Prince of Orange were the clash of the ideal of courtliness and tradition worn to a thin blade and of the stubborn progress of pulsing thought. And ninety-eight was the echo of the surge for liberty—the frenzy of France and the stubborn Yankee steel . . . And forty-eight was another breathing of the world . . . Even sixty-seven he would not have minded. Sixty-seven was a gallant romantic rally, a dream of pikes amid green banners, and men drilling by a moonlit river . . .

But to-day was different . . . Revenge was in the air, and revenge was no wild justice, as an old writer had said. Revenge was an evil possession . . . an exhausting, sinister mood . . . The men who would fight this modern battle, if battle there was to be one, were dark, scowling men . . . The amenities of battle, the gallantry of flags meant nothing to them. They would shoot from behind ditches in the dark . . . In America was talk of dynamite . . . an idealist using a burglar's trick . . . There was no gallantry that way . . .

And, besides, it was n't an Irish war. It was a matter of agriculture . . . A war of peasants against careless landlords—Irish themselves, in the main, who had fled to England to avoid the suicidal monotony of Irish country life, and lost their money in the pot-houses and gambling-dens of London, and turned to their tenants for more, forgetting in the glamour of London the poverty of the Irish bogs . . . It was contemptible to squeeze the peasants as a money-lender squeezes his victims; but the peasants' redress, the furtive musket and horrible dynamite, that was terrible . . . God! what a mess! . . . And had Granya been caught into that evil problem, a kingfisher among cormorants?

And if she had, what was he going to do about it?

What could he do? What right had he to meddle with her destiny? Friendly they had become, close, sweet friends. The thought of her was like the thought of the hills purple with heather; but friendship and destiny are a sweet curling wave and a gaunt cliff. They were two different people, Shane Campbell and the Woman of Tusa-h Erin.

§ 11

She had been distraught all the evening, merry, feverishly merry at times, and again silent, her eyes far off, her mouth set. She rose suddenly from the piano she was playing and looked at him. Standing above the light of the candles, her face and head were like some dark, soft flower.

"Shane, you are a very true friend of mine, are n't you?"

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Wolfe Tone's mangled throat, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald murdered by his captors . . .

What had made these men, sane men, Ulstermen mostly, risk life and face death so gallantly? What brought out the men of forty-eight and the men of sixty-seven? What was making little Bigger fight so savagely in Parliament, blocking the legislation of the empire? What had got under their skins, into their blood? Surely not for a gray, half-deserted city? Surely not for little boys and purple mountains? Surely not for an illiterate peasantry, half crazed by the fear of hell?

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Ah, that was it; not pity, but gallant, fiery love. Modern ideals and ancient chivalry . . . A young dark woman with a quivering mouth, with eyes bright in tears . . . There was an old favorite print that portrayed her, a slim, wistful figure resting a pale hand on a mute harp, a great elk-hound at her feet, on guard, and back of her the rising sun shone on the antique round tower . . .

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A pretty picture, but was it enough? He tried to envisage her close, concentrated . . . There the dog, there the harp, there the slim form . . . But the face . . . It seemed to elude him . . . And suddenly it flashed at him with abrupt dark beauty . . . the face of the Woman of Tusa-h Erwin . . .

§ 9

The long Ulster twilight had set in, the twilight of bats, gray-blue, utterly peaceful . . . the little chiming of the sea . . . Even the wind was still . . . All things drowsed, like a dog before the fire . . . relaxed, but not asleep . . . Beneath her feet the turf was firm . . . beneath that the husheen-husho of the purple Moyle . . . Soon there would be a moon, and her servants would saddle Shane's horse for him, and he would ride home in the Antrim moonlight, eighteen miles of grim road, with the friendly moon above him, and the singing Moyle on his left hand, and on his right the purple glens . . . And the shadows . . . the delicate tracery of the ash-tree, and the tall rowans, and the massive blue shadows of the cliffs . . . a golden and silver land . . . A very sweet silence had fallen between them, as if music had ceased and become restful color . . . They watched the quiet swan . . .

"I am a little afraid to leave Tusa-h Erin," she said suddenly and softly, as though thinking aloud . . . "I am like a nun who has been in a convent . . . She is lost in the open world . . . Will I ever again find a place like Tusa-h Erin?"

"Granya, are you selling Tusa-h Erin?"

"I have sold it, Shane," she said.

"I am sorry," was all he could say. A little silence, and he could feel her smiling through the dusk.

"You never ask any questions, Shane?"

"It never occurs to me to ask them, Granya. If people want to tell me a thing, I know they will, and if they don't, why should I intrude?"

"I should like to tell you why I sold Tusa-h Erin, but I cannot. It is not my secret."

He nodded in the dusk.

"I understand."

She turned to him slowly. Her sweet dark head was like some fragrant shrub . . . Her low soft voice had so much life to it! . . .

"I wonder if you know what a friend you are, Shane? If you understand how peaceful it is to have you here? You are such a sweet fact, Shane, like the moon."

"I am a friend, Granya" . . .

"Yes, you are . . . And you know so little about me, Shane. And I know all about you . . . I know the adventures of your youth . . . And of the hard girl of Louth, and the poor harassed woman of Marseilles . . . And of the little Syrian wife whom you did n't know you loved until you lost her . . . and the gray voyages to the cruel country . . . At times I see you like a little boy hunting the leprechawn . . . And then I see your face, your eyes, and understand how you commanded men in ships . . . You are like some beautiful play, Shane . . . I wonder what is the ending?"

"It is already ended, Granya."

"No, Shane . . . I know; the end has n't come . . . I know you, Shane." She asked abruptly,

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"What do you know about me?"

"Nothing much, Granya, except that you are you. I heard you were a great actress . . . and that you had two babies who died."

"Not a great actress, Shane; a very good one, perhaps. I might have been great one day . . . and again I might n't—I shall never know . . . And I had two babies . . . They were very nice little people, Shane. I was very fond of them . . . But a physical life is a little thing, I have come to believe, and there is another life, a life of thought and emotion . . . And that one is so long . . . It seems ages since I was an actress and had two pretty babies . . . It seems in another life . . . Shane, I don't think I was alive until my babies died." . . .

"I don't understand, Granya."

"I mean this, Shane: that things were so casual to me. They came and they went, and I was what I was, and that was all . . . When you were a boy, Shane, you had what I never had, wonder . . . I was the child of actors, Shane, brought up to a mechanical tradition, knowing the business thoroughly—a part was words and directions, and a salary . . . That things were mimic meant nothing . . . do you see? That there was a life that was unreal, and another life that was real, and then a further life, too subtle, too profound for the value of words . . . one sees glimpses . . . one feels . . . and when you try to fix it, it eludes you . . . Do you understand? Like your mirage . . . a little . . . That is only a symbol . . . Am I talking nonsense, Shane? Anyway, I took things . . . well, just casually . . .

"See the moon rising, Shane?" she paused. She turned again. "I got married, just got married. He was a good man, Shane, but I did n't love him. I loved nobody. I got married because he was suitable, and every one got married. And just the same way I accepted marriage . . . And when he died, I was very sorry, but impersonally sorry . . . as if something nice in the world had been gone . . . a swan shot . . .

"And my little people, Shane, they were very nice little people . . . I was fond of them . . . but as I might be fond of some terrier dogs . . . I was good to them, Shane . . . Often I sit here and wonder, was I good enough? And, Shane, God is my witness, and this garden, and the moon above, there is nothing I could give them I held back . . .

"You know how they died, Shane? . . . I was playing, and my house went on fire, and the servants fled . . . When I came back from the theater a policeman said: 'We got everything all right, Miss O'Malley. Your dogs, your piano.' . . . 'Where did you put the babies?' I asked . . . They said, 'What babies?'

"Shane, I knew after a little while that I cried too easily . . . a little sweet rain of affection . . . April . . . I did n't forget them . . . I would n't let myself . . . And then I thought: 'God! if I had loved my husband, my heart would have been like a cracked cup when he died . . . And when my babies died—I could not have lived . . . And all I shed of tears was a little shower of April' . . . O Shane, one is n't like that when one is hurt . . . Do you remember David, Shane, when he went up to the cham-

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ber over the gate? . . . and as he went thus he said, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!' . . . And he was only a man, Shane . . .

"Am I bothering you, Shane? No? . . . I am just thinking aloud, with you there . . . I never thought I could with any human being . . .

"And then I knew, Shane . . . Part of me was not alive. That was terrible to know, like finding out a horrible deformity . . . or knowing you are insane . . . And I began to watch people . . . I could say, 'There is a woman who knows she is loved,' Shane . . . There is a radiance in her face . . . an indescribable something . . . You remember the Bible word, 'Shechinah' . . . the glory of the Lord! . . . And there were women with children . . . that they had lost themselves in the joy of giving . . . would always have that joy of giving . . . And it made me feel strange, shameful . . . as though I had no breasts . . .

"I must have been a little insane then, Shane. I would go along the streets, looking at people, and saying, 'Those persons look as if they would understand,' and thinking of stopping them with, 'please, a moment; there is something wrong with me.' But I knew they would n't understand . . . would n't believe it real . . . Even if they were kind, all they would say was, 'It 's all imagination,' . . . as if imagination were not the most terrible thing in the world . . . All that is wrong with the poor mad people is imagination . . . Shane, I was like some poor cripple holding out his deformity to the passers-by, asking for help . . . All he would want was money, but I wanted . . . Oh, I don't know what I wanted . . .

"And, then, Shane, I would go into a church and pray and wait, kneeling there, for something to happen . . . It never happened . . . Then I would laugh . . . People used to turn and look at me . . . I began to hate them . . . I grew proud . . . I hated them more and more.

"I said I 'd get back to work, and forget it all . . . I was made as I was made . . . Accept it . . . I thought I could . . . I was to play *Lady Macbeth* in Nottingham.

"You know how she enters, Shane. She comes in reading a letter. She is alone on the stage, in *Macbeth's* castle of Inverness: 'They met me in the day of success," she reads,—*Macbeth* is writing of the witches in the desert place,—'and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.' I came on as I always came on . . . And the moment I left the wings, Shane, saw the audience, a strange thing happened . . . Illusion died; not died . . . but was dead . . . And then I was supposed to be reading a letter that had never been written by people who had never possibly an existence, before an audience who had paid a little money to be amused . . . I could n't read it. I just could n't . . .

"Behind me in the wings they were prompting, whispering fiercely . . . But I could n't . . . I stood there . . . And then I said, 'I 'll go off the stage.' But I could n't do that even . . . My feet were shackled to the ground . . . I seemed to have been charmed . . .

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My hand fell to my side . . . And then a panic came. My knees hit one another. My teeth chattered . . . awful, awful . . .

"There was such a silence. The audience stirred, whispered . . . Then some one laughed . . . Never laugh, Shane, suddenly with me . . . I crumpled up. They rang the curtain down . . . I stole away to Ireland . . . Whenever I am not hating enough, the thought of that laugh comes to me." . . . She shivered on her seat.

"That was only nervousness, Granya. Somebody got nervous and laughed."

"No, Shane; no."

"They talk of people laughing in the face of death. It 's just a nervous action, Granya."

"I tell you: no, Shane." She grew vehement. "It 's a cruel country, England. And Shane, they hate us Irish. As long as we are pleasant, witty, as long as we are buffoons . . . but let us be human beings, Shane, and they hate us" . . .

"Don't be silly, Granya!"

"I 'm not silly, Shane. I know. They hate us because we have something they have not. The starved Irish peasant is higher than the English peer. He has a song in his heart, a gay song or a sad song, and his eyes see wonders." . . .

"But, Granya, we are only a little people, and they all but rule the world . . . You are wrong. They don't hate us."

"Do you remember Haman, Shane, Haman who had everything:

"And Haman told them of . . . all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and he said: 'All these things availeth me nothing as long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the king's gate.'

"Shane, do you remember how Haman died?"

"Granya!"

She rose, her hands stretched out to the Irish hills. Her voice took on the throbbing of drums:

"O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames warp hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Roseleen!"

"Poor Granya!" he said. He caught and kissed her hand.

She let her other fall on his shoulder for an instant.

"Good night, Shane!" she said abruptly. She moved swiftly toward the house through the yew-trees. In her pale frock, against the moonlit turf, between the dark trees, she was like some old, heart-wringing ghost . . .

§ 10

He brought back from Tusa-h Erin that night a sense of dread. What in God's name had Granya done? To what committed herself? There were rumors abroad that the men of sixty-seven were not yet dead . . . In America, in the hills of Kerry, in Galway, there was plotting . . . not glorious, but sinister plotting . . . God! had they enmeshed her?

He had three times heard her sing the old Ulster ballad of General Munro:

Up came Munro's sister. She was well dressed in green.

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Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

III—How Are We Educating Our Doctors?

Drawings by Clarence Day, Jr.

NOTHING could be more disconcerting to the observer of the trend of medical education than the confusion and cross-purpose that exist in regard to the kind of preliminary study necessary to those who aspire to become physicians. This lack of agreement is due, without doubt, to the *bouleversement* caused by the new importance of science in medicine. Many points of view exist among the professors whose duty it is to train physicians. Some insist that the doctor requires a broad cultural training. They demand that he should be versed in Latin, so that he may write his prescriptions accurately. He should, in addition, have a good knowledge of Greek, so that he may be able to unravel the meanings of the enormous number of recondite words existing in the mystic jargon of physicians. What is more, the growing politico-socio-economic importance of his profession requires that he have a knowledge of economics and political science and sociology. Again, since his *métier* carries with it the necessity of social prestige, he should be able to discourse upon the Elizabethan dramatists and upon the intellectual accomplishments of Neanderthal man. It is evident that the acquisition of such a vast body of irrelevant and unrelated knowledge requires several years of preliminary college training.

The apostles of the necessity of broad culture are opposed by educators who are convinced that the basis of medicine is now scientific. They count the ideas of the whoopers for broad culture as amiable bosh, and insist that the three or four years of preliminary training of the medical aspirant be devoted to science rather than to the acquisition of high-sounding nonsense.

Between these two opposing camps stand those who desire to compromise. These educators wish to combine the study of scientific and cultural subjects in a two-, three-, or four-year premedical course. This idea is probably at present in the ascendancy, despite the fact that it is manifestly impossible to receive thorough training in either of these two fields in so short a time.

The method pursued by the majority of prominent medical colleges is to require two years of pre-medical (mainly scientific) study, and to make a three or four years preparation optional to this. This system leads to great dissatisfaction, especially among the few students who have completed a college degree before entering the actual study of medicine. These persons are faced by two disturbing facts. In the

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first place, the average youth will not for a moment consider lingering in the academic grove for four years when he can plunge into what he considers the real preparation for his life's work after two short years of preliminary study. Hence the more adequately trained person finds himself in the demoralizing position of associating with persons who are obviously his inferiors in training, but who suffer no ostensible disadvantage in their actual medical studies. What is worse, he finds himself in the rear of persons who have confined themselves to the minimum requirement of the pre-medical two years in some minor college, and who, as third-year men in medicine, consider themselves to be vastly his superiors.

Another condition, still more disintegrating to the morale, faces the student who comes to the study of medicine after four years of good scientific preparation. This youth, following the advice of those supposed to know, has been convinced that the foundations of the intelligent study of medicine lie in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. He enters the first medical courses with confidence, aware of his superiority over the majority of his fellows. It is easy, then, to imagine his dismay when he discovers that he knows far more of physics and chemistry than many of his medical instructors, and finds himself surrounded by glib-memoried, poorly prepared young ignoramuses who shine by reason of their parrot-like ability to reel off an enormous number of unrelated facts crammed out of textbooks. The better-prepared person, whom a training in mathematics, physics, and chemistry has taught to question and to think rather than to remember voluminously, idiotically, and indiscriminately, finds himself in the rear ranks, and is apt to turn with bitterness upon those advisers who had the effrontery to pretend that the basis of medicine is really scientific.

The person thus trained in science who discerns the preposterous nature of this intensive intellectual stuffing, thereupon pays less and less attention to its pursuit. As a result, he begins to be looked upon as an inferior student, and generally becomes offensive to the nostrils of the anatomical instructors. These, in faculty meetings, transmit their opinion of the unhappy student's ability to their colleagues of other branches. This stigma is likely to cling to him throughout his career in the medical course.

On the other hand, the student may plunge blindly, but manfully, forward, spending whole mornings in class-rooms, entire afternoons in the laboratory, and after a hastily snatched dinner, consume untold energy in a diligent, but befuddled, effort to memorize a sufficient modicum of each of his subjects to make a presentable showing in the class-room next day. He rarely has a moment for the thoughtful consideration of disease as a whole or of the organism as a whole. At last, as the end of the course approaches, he gathers himself together for a final supreme orgy of fact retention. On the day of the examination he regurgitates this body of knowledge to the best of his ability, and then with a sigh of relief proceeds as rapidly as possible to forget it, so that his tired brain may be cleared for the reception of new masses of doctrine in the ensuing courses.

This process of alternate stuffing and spewing goes on for two, indeed,

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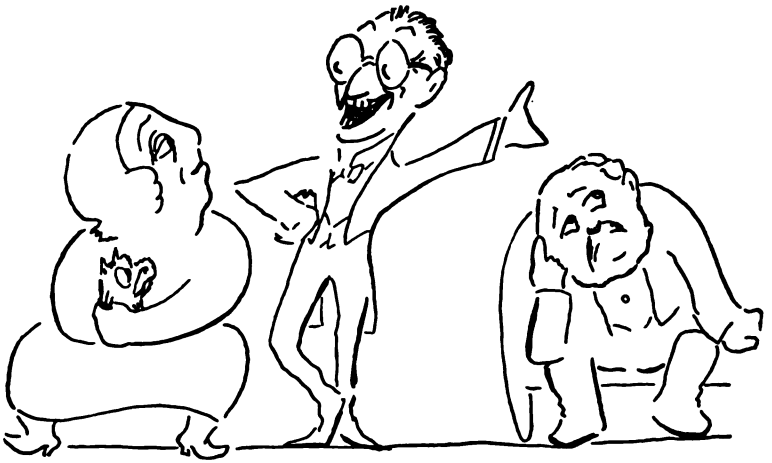

He should be able to discourse with authority

in the majority of colleges, for the better part of three years. Toward the end of the second year the student begins to look forward with a thrill of anticipation to his coming work in the hospital. Here at last he feels that he will be rid of the strain of the mastication and partial digestion of many apparently unrelated bodies of doctrine, and from the anxieties that attend their periodic regurgitation in examinations. During the interval between the termination of the laboratory courses and the beginning of the much-desired practical hospital studies, he does his best to forget the nightmare of the preceding two years, and so finds it easy to shed the uncomfortable mass of knowledge that has crowded his brain. In consequence, by the time he is well on in his third year and is beginning to devote his time more and more to the work at the bedside, he has become almost totally innocent of the staggering array of fact with which he was bedeviled in the laboratory courses. He begins to view those earlier years as a terrible experience, as a desert strewn with skeletons, which must be crossed by adventurers who would win to the promised land of practical work in the hospital.

The gap that the student consciously realizes to exist between the laboratory and the hospital work of the medical course is also apparent in the underground, and sometimes open, hostility existing between the laboratory and clinical professors. The former are properly indignant at seeing their efforts flouted by the fledglings who have just taken up hospital work. They resent having to spend hours in preparing materials, in demonstrations, in long laboratory periods, in the routine of hammering facts into the heads of a heterogeneous assortment of numbskulls, only to see these same dunces favor them with grimaces and leering smiles of condescension after arriving at the dubious dignity of hospital study. The professors of the sciences undoubtedly think that part of this *mépris* is subtly inculcated by the clinical teachers. These last, recipients of princely incomes, owners of motor-cars, necromancers of bedside

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lore, are held in vastly greater respect by the majority of students.

This opposition between laboratory and hospital, almost invariably existing as an undercurrent, at times flares up into open strife, dividing the clinicians and the scientists into armed camps, which engage in justs for ascendancy in the college. Such battles are of a quality of short-sightedness and nonsensical emptiness that would cause them to be regarded as the caperings of buffoons were they not so deleterious to the progress of medical education. They result in a reduction to absurdity of any attempt at the liaison that should exist between the laboratory and the hospital.

These conflicts are due largely to a confusion of ideals in the medical profession. Until medical educators resolutely face the fact there is no such thing as a science of medicine, and that the study of disease is a matter distinctly apart from the art of healing, the existing confusion will only be multiplied. At the present time the first two years of medical instruction assumes that all of the students are to become investigators of the problems of disease. Each person is held to the same criteria of excellence or, to be more accurate, of mediocrity. Excepting in institutions of the type of the Johns Hopkins and Harvard University medical schools, specialization in the laboratory branches in the earlier years is discouraged. The teaching is directed at the divine average lauded by that prophet of democracy, Walt Whitman.

After the mob of individual units with heterogeneous talents and aptitudes has been treated for two years as if each one were an embryo scientist, it is subsequently propelled into the field of practical endeavor in the hospital. This kind of work is entirely antithetical to the spirit of science. Persons who, fired by a spirit of inquiry, might wish to stop and investigate the nature of an interesting case of exophthalmic goiter, are hurried by the recitation-bell to attend a séance of obstetrics, which they may consider to be empty and inane. The final year of the medical course is devoted to a bewildering profusion of subjects, comprised mainly of various lucrative specialties. These subjects are taught by so-called clinical "professors" of dermatology, of otolaryngology, of ophthalmology, who increase the prestige necessary to their commercial success by the wearing of academic robes. So the callow undergraduate of the fourth year, who should occupy all of his time with the arts of clinical and laboratory diagnosis and with the craft of surgery, controlled by the discipline of the necropsy, is enticed into premature ambitions to specialization.

He regards with an evil eye his glib-memoried classmate

Now, to add to the *mêlée*, come those who demand that this wonderful *mélange* of opathies and ologies be welded into a *science* of medicine!

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This brings about a confusion twice confounded. The clinical professors are right in their resistance to the attempt to turn the hospital of the medical school from a place for the teaching of diagnosis and surgery into a glorified rabbit-hutch where the patients are looked upon as experimental animals.

This critique may be objected to as destructive and as leading to no solution of the problems that are at present vexing to medical educators. This is, however, by no means the case. For the moment it is understood that medicine cannot be turned into a science, and that it would, on the other hand, be a lamentable nullification of its progress to make it entirely practical, the way is open to sweeping changes which would greatly clarify the present murk of cross-purpose and misunderstanding. What is necessary is a sharp delineation between the practical sheep and the scientific goats. This should take place at the very beginning of the medical course. The great majority of persons entering medicine have no intention of making their *métier* the science of the study of disease. It may be remarked, in passing, that this is very lucky for science. Rather, the rank and file of embryo physicians enter the anatomical laboratory of the first year impatient to grasp the stethoscope, to feel the pulse, to wield the surgeon's knife.

These persons could be exposed to *rudimentary* courses in the fundamental scientific branches. They could be taught anatomy from its practical side, and not in the present encyclopedic fashion. They could leave the inane recitation of the list of cranial nerves to persons who display a liking for intoning. They might be given a short, but thorough, drilling in that part of bacteriology bearing upon disinfection and asepsis. They might be shown the microbes of diphtheria and

The student's nightmare over the great mass of medical knowledge

of typhoid fever in demonstration, but not put through the present comic attempt to isolate and differentiate them by the complex technic necessary to this practice. In physiology they could be taught those aspects of the subject which bear upon the immediate comparatively simple problems of the diagnostician or surgeon, and not stuffed with complex considerations in regard to the nature of osmotic flow or antagonistic salt action. In biochemistry they might be made privy to the simple analyses of urine and blood, which they will perform as practitioners, and not be flabbergasted with the complex methods used in modern biochemical experimentation. In pathology the emphasis for them would be laid upon those changes in diseased tissues visible to the unaided eye at the necropsy. This last might well be initiated in the first year and continued throughout the entire course. Its constant practice, and the rigid comparison of its findings

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with the diagnosis of the case before the patient's death, would do much to introduce intellectual rigor into the art of diagnosis. This would make the detective work of determining the nature of a malaise less the amiable guessing game which it is at present.

As the time approached for labors in the hospital, the importance of intimate contact with the teacher would be insisted upon. In short, there would be a return to the preceptor system in vogue in America in the early part of the nineteenth century. This system recognized that the lore of medical practice and the craft of surgery are to be learned best by the method of apprenticeship practised of old by doctors, and still common in the honorable gilds of plumbers, brewers, and glass-blowers. This would be greatly superior to the present alleged bedside teaching, where groups of from six to twenty students simultaneously endeavor to absorb the wisdom of a single instructor.

The rudimentary nature of the laboratory instruction given to the majority of students whose intentions were avowedly practical would leave time for the intensive and elaborate scientific instruction of the few persons whose bent really lies in the direction of the study of disease. Such men now and always will constitute an insignificant proportion of any medical class. Consequently, they would be enabled to work in intimate contact with members of the scientific staff, who under such a régime would have leisure for uninterrupted investigation, and would not, as at present, have to perform their experiments at lunch-time, between recitation periods, or in the dead of night. The greater part of the time of these instructors is now given to the hopeless attempt to inculcate the facts and *esprit* of science into an indiscriminate assortment of youths, all but two or three of whom do not, and never will, know "what it is all about."

Under the prevailing dispensation, one of two methods is open to the teacher of the laboratory studies. First, he may aim at the diligent hammering of his theories and facts into the rank and file of the class, who have little understanding and less respect for them. In so doing, he necessarily holds back the students who have a natural aptitude for the subject. This is the democratic method, and is in favor, it is sad to relate, in the great majority of medical schools. Second, he may direct his efforts toward the bright and understanding ones, and allow the majority to remain frankly in the state of mystification in which it is natural and inevitable that they should exist. This is the aristocratic method, and is generally frowned upon and discouraged.

The plan of early sharp division of those wishing to be practitioners of medicine from the ones aiming at the scientific study of disease would certainly make it possible for the latter to test their metal in research. What is more, it would release the practically minded youths of the majority from mystified gropings in a fog of fact and doctrine that must remain for always incomprehensible to them.

These ideas are in practice to some extent at medical schools of the type of the Johns Hopkins and Harvard. These institutions are, however, severely criticized by the majority of medical educators. They are alleged to create a high-brow spirit and to fail to turn out an adequate supply of the "prac-

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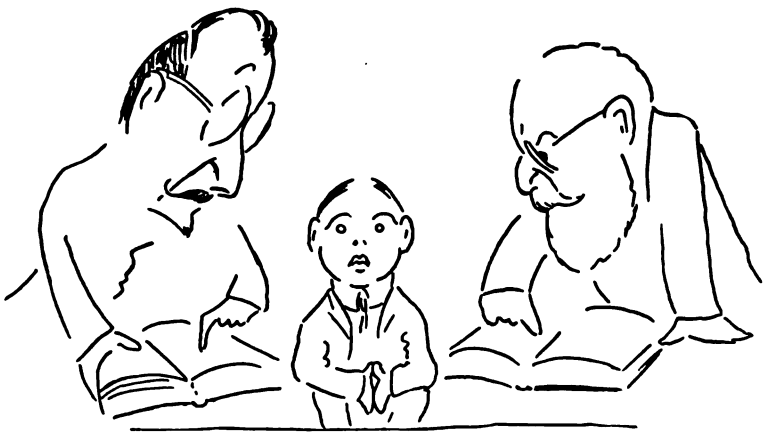
tical doc." The critics pride themselves on being professors in colleges which produce "all-round" physicians. They perhaps do not realize that they aid in throttling at birth a number of persons whose scientific work might have been of great value in the study of disease. Now, it will be clear that under the plan suggested above all medical schools might produce men capable of becoming good practising physicians or competent surgeons, and at the same time afford facilities for the production of a constant small number of high-brows without whom advance in medicine would be impossible.

The present strictures made by some medical educators against the high-browism of certain of the great Eastern schools are undoubtedly justified to some extent. And the teachers in the latter are right in accusing the rank and file of medical colleges of suppressing science, and by their philistinism reducing their institutions to the level of mere technical schools.

The plan of returning to the preceptor system for practical students in the hospitals will be criticized on the ground that the number of youths is too large to make such an idea feasible. As things exist now, only a few endowed institutions are able to limit the number of their entrants. The state universities have been founded with the idea of educating all persons whose parents have the funds and the social aspiration to send them thither. Any idea of limiting arbitrarily the number of students in the medical school of such a university is scoffed at as impracticable and intolerable to the citizens of our democratic commonwealths. Under present conditions such a medical department is required to accept as first-year students a constantly increasing number of applicants. All that is asked is that these pass satisfactorily the two years' hodgepodge of pre-medical requirement. There is not the semblance of an attempt at the selection of prospective physicians on the basis of a predilection for the art of healing or of a *penchant* for the study of disease.

The constantly increasing munificence of the various medical specialties is attracting to the study of medicine an always greater number of undesir-



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Another condition, still more disintegrating to the morale, faces the student who comes to the study of medicine after four years of good scientific preparation. This youth, following the advice of those supposed to know, has been convinced that the foundations of the intelligent study of medicine lie in mathematics, physics, and chemistry. He enters the first medical courses with confidence, aware of his superiority over the majority of his fellows. It is easy, then, to imagine his dismay when he discovers that he knows far more of physics and chemistry than many of his medical instructors, and finds himself surrounded by glib-memoried, poorly prepared young ignoramuses who shine by reason of their parrot-like ability to reel off an enormous number of unrelated facts crammed out of textbooks. The better-prepared person, whom a training in mathematics, physics, and chemistry has taught to question and to think rather than to remember voluminously, idiotically, and indiscriminately, finds himself in the rear ranks, and is apt to turn with bitterness upon those advisers who had the effrontery to pretend that the basis of medicine is really scientific.

The person thus trained in science who discerns the preposterous nature of this intensive intellectual stuffing, thereupon pays less and less attention to its pursuit. As a result, he begins to be looked upon as an inferior student, and generally becomes offensive to the nostrils of the anatomical instructors. These, in faculty meetings, transmit their opinion of the unhappy student's ability to their colleagues of other branches. This stigma is likely to cling to him throughout his career in the medical course.

On the other hand, the student may plunge blindly, but manfully, forward, spending whole mornings in class-rooms, entire afternoons in the laboratory, and after a hastily snatched dinner, consume untold energy in a diligent, but befuddled, effort to memorize a sufficient modicum of each of his subjects to make a presentable showing in the class-room next day. He rarely has a moment for the thoughtful consideration of disease as a whole or of the organism as a whole. At last, as the end of the course approaches, he gathers himself together for a final supreme orgy of fact retention. On the day of the examination he regurgitates this body of knowledge to the best of his ability, and then with a sigh of relief proceeds as rapidly as possible to forget it, so that his tired brain may be cleared for the reception of new masses of doctrine in the ensuing courses.

This process of alternate stuffing and spewing goes on for two, indeed,

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He should be able to discourse with authority

in the majority of colleges, for the better part of three years. Toward the end of the second year the student begins to look forward with a thrill of anticipation to his coming work in the hospital. Here at last he feels that he will be rid of the strain of the mastication and partial digestion of many apparently unrelated bodies of doctrine, and from the anxieties that attend their periodic regurgitation in examinations. During the interval between the termination of the laboratory courses and the beginning of the much-desired practical hospital studies, he does his best to forget the nightmare of the preceding two years, and so finds it easy to shed the uncomfortable mass of knowledge that has crowded his brain. In consequence, by the time he is well on in his third year and is beginning to devote his time more and more to the work at the bedside, he has become almost totally innocent of the staggering array of fact with which he was bedeviled in the laboratory courses. He begins to view those earlier years as a terrible experience, as a desert strewn with skeletons, which must be crossed by adventurers who would win to the promised land of practical work in the hospital.

The gap that the student consciously realizes to exist between the laboratory and the hospital work of the medical course is also apparent in the underground, and sometimes open, hostility existing between the laboratory and clinical professors. The former are properly indignant at seeing their efforts flouted by the fledglings who have just taken up hospital work. They resent having to spend hours in preparing materials, in demonstrations, in long laboratory periods, in the routine of hammering facts into the heads of a heterogeneous assortment of numbskulls, only to see these same dunces favor them with grimaces and leering smiles of condescension after arriving at the dubious dignity of hospital study. The professors of the sciences undoubtedly think that part of this *mépris* is subtly inculcated by the clinical teachers. These last, recipients of princely incomes, owners of motor-cars, necromancers of bedside

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In Excelsis The Immortals

Two Poems by Amy Lowell

In Excelsis

You—you—
Your shadow is sunlight on a plate of silver;
Your footsteps, the seeding-place of lilies;
Your hands moving, a chime of bells across a windless air.

The movement of your hands is the long, golden running of light from a rising sun.
It is the hopping of birds upon a garden-path.

As the perfume of jonquils, you come forth in the morning.
Young horses are not more sudden than your thoughts;
Your words are bees about a pear-tree;
Your fancies are the gold-and-black-striped wasps buzzing among red apples.
I drink your lips;
I eat the whitness of your hands and feet.
My mouth is open;
As a new jar I am empty and open.
Like white water are you who fill the cup of my mouth;
Like a brook of water thronged with lilies.

You are frozen as the clouds;
You are far and sweet as the high clouds.
I dare reach to you;
I dare touch the rim of your brightness.
I leap beyond the winds;
I cry and shout,
For my throat is keen as a sword
Sharpened on a hone of ivory.
My throat sings the joy of my eyes,
The rushing gladness of my love.

How has the rainbow fallen upon my heart?
How have I snared the seas to lie in my fingers
And caught the sky to be a cover for my head?
How have you come to dwell with me,
Compassing me with the four circles of your mystic lightness,
So that I say "Glory! Glory!" and bow before you
As to a shrine?

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Do I tease myself that morning is morning and a day after?
Do I think the air a condescension,
The earth a politeness,
Heaven a boon deserving thanks?
So you, air, earth, heaven,
I do not thank you;
I take you,
I live.
And those things which I say in consequence
Are rubies mortised in a gate of stone.

The Immortals

I have read you and read you, my betters,
Piling high on the clear, brown shelves,
Mountain high, your very selves
Disguised in a garb of letters.

I have poked and pried beyond,
Seeking past words for how you did it,
While my mind was one tormented fidget
Like a stone-struck, shallow pond.

I have raveled your patterns out,
And matched them piece by piece as they were,
Till your hearts flashed again from the erstwhile blur.
Did I know then the rule from the rout?

Do I know how a flower comes—
A spurt of blue or a shoot of rose?
Plant a seed and watch while it grows.
Chrysanthemums, geraniums—
Let the scientists crack their craniums!

I know what paper is,
And I 've handled pencils and pens and ink.
Does grammar teach us the way men think?
Can you narrow a man to a synthesis?

Build him from his parts if you can.
Shade him to color and cut him to shape,
Docket his method; something will escape,
And, presto! where is the man!

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with the diagnosis of the case before the patient's death, would do much to introduce intellectual rigor into the art of diagnosis. This would make the detective work of determining the nature of a malaise less the amiable guessing game which it is at present.

As the time approached for labors in the hospital, the importance of intimate contact with the teacher would be insisted upon. In short, there would be a return to the preceptor system in vogue in America in the early part of the nineteenth century. This system recognized that the lore of medical practice and the craft of surgery are to be learned best by the method of apprenticeship practised of old by doctors, and still common in the honorable gilds of plumbers, brewers, and glass-blowers. This would be greatly superior to the present alleged bedside teaching, where groups of from six to twenty students simultaneously endeavor to absorb the wisdom of a single instructor.

The rudimentary nature of the laboratory instruction given to the majority of students whose intentions were avowedly practical would leave time for the intensive and elaborate scientific instruction of the few persons whose bent really lies in the direction of the study of disease. Such men now and always will constitute an insignificant proportion of any medical class. Consequently, they would be enabled to work in intimate contact with members of the scientific staff, who under such a régime would have leisure for uninterrupted investigation, and would not, as at present, have to perform their experiments at lunch-time, between recitation periods, or in the dead of night. The greater part of the time of these instructors is now given to the hopeless attempt to inculcate the facts and *esprit* of science into an indiscriminate assortment of youths, all but two or three of whom do not, and never will, know "what it is all about."

Under the prevailing dispensation, one of two methods is open to the teacher of the laboratory studies. First, he may aim at the diligent hammering of his theories and facts into the rank and file of the class, who have little understanding and less respect for them. In so doing, he necessarily holds back the students who have a natural aptitude for the subject. This is the democratic method, and is in favor, it is sad to relate, in the great majority of medical schools. Second, he may direct his efforts toward the bright and understanding ones, and allow the majority to remain frankly in the state of mystification in which it is natural and inevitable that they should exist. This is the aristocratic method, and is generally frowned upon and discouraged.

The plan of early sharp division of those wishing to be practitioners of medicine from the ones aiming at the scientific study of disease would certainly make it possible for the latter to test their metal in research. What is more, it would release the practically minded youths of the majority from mystified gropings in a fog of fact and doctrine that must remain for always incomprehensible to them.

These ideas are in practice to some extent at medical schools of the type of the Johns Hopkins and Harvard. These institutions are, however, severely criticized by the majority of medical educators. They are alleged to create a high-brow spirit and to fail to turn out an adequate supply of the "prac-

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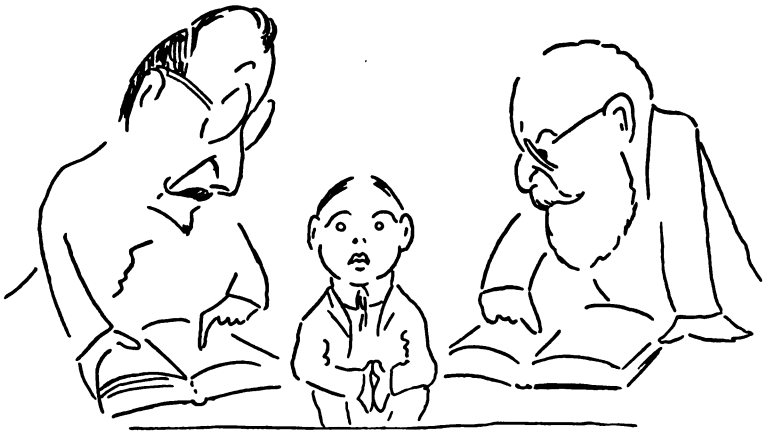
tical doc." The critics pride themselves on being professors in colleges which produce "all-round" physicians. They perhaps do not realize that they aid in throttling at birth a number of persons whose scientific work might have been of great value in the study of disease. Now, it will be clear that under the plan suggested above all medical schools might produce men capable of becoming good practising physicians or competent surgeons, and at the same time afford facilities for the production of a constant small number of high-brows without whom advance in medicine would be impossible.

The present strictures made by some medical educators against the high-browism of certain of the great Eastern schools are undoubtedly justified to some extent. And the teachers in the latter are right in accusing the rank and file of medical colleges of suppressing science, and by their philistinism reducing their institutions to the level of mere technical schools.

The plan of returning to the preceptor system for practical students in the hospitals will be criticized on the ground that the number of youths is too large to make such an idea feasible. As things exist now, only a few endowed institutions are able to limit the number of their entrants. The state universities have been founded with the idea of educating all persons whose parents have the funds and the social aspiration to send them thither. Any idea of limiting arbitrarily the number of students in the medical school of such a university is scoffed at as impracticable and intolerable to the citizens of our democratic commonwealths. Under present conditions such a medical department is required to accept as first-year students a constantly increasing number of applicants. All that is asked is that these pass satisfactorily the two years' hodgepodge of pre-medical requirement. There is not the semblance of an attempt at the selection of prospective physicians on the basis of a predilection for the art of healing or of a *penchant* for the study of disease.

The constantly increasing munificence of the various medical specialties is attracting to the study of medicine an always greater number of undesir-



The teaching is directed at the divine average

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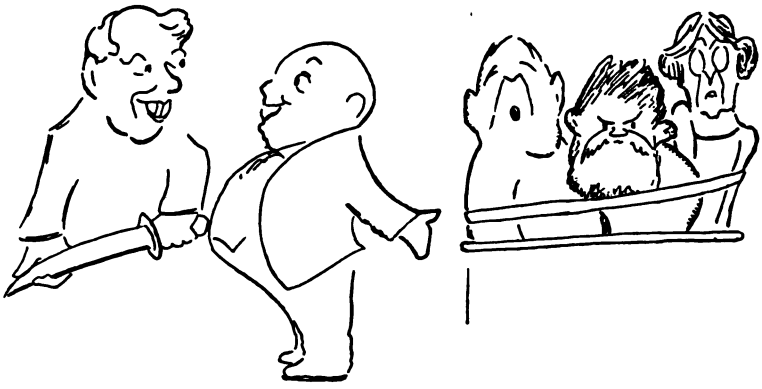
ables of a greedy acquisitiveness, with no notion at all of the essentially religious nature of the art of healing, and with no reverence for the high calling of the science of the study of disease.



Where the patients are looked upon as experimental animals

They scoff at disinterestedness. They talk constantly of specialties which will afford them the best incomes. Medical schools are at present thronged with such pests who, having no spirit of disinterestedness to begin with, naturally become more materialistic as they near the goal of their ambitions. It is this species of gouger who drives out the last struggling representatives of the splendid old type of general practitioner, and who makes a commercial obscenity of the pretentious new institution of group medicine.

The present dissertation is not for a moment to be considered as a polemic against equalitarianism, which is doubtless with us to stay. It would be as futile to attempt to put it down by argument as to talk the pyramids of Rameses out of existence.

It is really entirely possible to limit the number of medical aspirants, even in a state university, without offending too grievously our zealous guardians of equality. This could be effected not by setting up an arbitrary numerical limit or by constantly increasing the number of years of required pre-medical preparation. The latter scheme has been tried, and does little to reduce the number of incompetents and undesirables. But it might be brought about by a rigid system of entrance tests. These examinations could be of two types, the one suitable to college graduates whose aim it is to be practitioners or surgeons, the other adapted to the training of the graduate in science who enters medicine with the purpose of the study of disease. Such tests, if based upon thinking ability, and not devoted to the discovery of the irrelevant encyclopedic knowledge of candidates, would reduce the number of entrants with appalling rapidity. Of course it is granted that such suggestions are impossible of realization so long as the faculties of medical schools point with pride to classes of one hundred and fifty students. So long as the aim of education is the standardized production of intellectual Fords, it is a palpable fatuity to recommend methods

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which might result in the completion of an occasional Locomobile.

With a medical education rearranged according to these suggestions, it might be possible to mitigate the intellectual flabbiness that is rampant in the medical profession. This vagueness and lack of mental rigor are notorious in physicians. A recent army-intelligence test showed doctors from civil life to be sixty per cent. below engineers, and but little superior to veterinarians. There may be some reason to criticize the accuracy of such tests and to assign a large experimental error to them. On the other hand, their results only confirm the opinion long held by close observers of the two professions.

The cause of the high average competence of engineers and of the intellectual muzziness of most doctors is to be sought in the very nature of their respective callings. The engineer works in constant fear of a catastrophic revelation of any blunders he may make. If he bungles his calculations in the construction of a bridge, the structure may collapse under the weight of a trainload of important people. The burden of such an appalling disaster will then in all probability fall on his shoulders after having been traced to his error. He is for this reason held up to a high level of intellectual rigor. He must be exact. His bluffs and uncertainties and cheatings will return upon him with the accuracy of well-aimed boomerangs.

Now, it is evident to every one that this is not the case with physicians. A high discipline was practised upon surgeons and other physicians by the ancient Babylonians, who legally punished certain mistakes by cutting off the hands of the bungler, and who rewarded more serious ones by a summary removal of his head. This plan was plainly of merit, and the number of bluffers and shysters among the doctors of Babylon must have been noticeably reduced. Under the existing régime, the bungling doctor is protected by his fellows under the conspiracy of silence euphemistically entitled "medical ethics." He may insure himself against malpractice, and large funds are at his disposal to hire clever lawyers who may be able to free him, no matter how glaring his culpability. It is admitted in the guild that many patients are killed through ignorance or downright blundering. It is, however, perfectly easy for physicians to palm off such mistakes on the irony of fate, the cruelties of a just God, or the inexorable and insurmountable whims of nature. It is difficult to deny him when he maintains that the patient has passed away *despite* his skilful efforts. On the other hand, it is almost invariably the custom for him to claim a cure as his own when nature may in reality have effected it. The patient and family are, for reasons elaborately explained in preceding chapters, prone to accept the intervention of physicians as decisive. It is easy to see how these conditions bring about a general spirit of evasion on one hand, and a pretension to unreal power on the other.

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Two Poems by Amy Lowell

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You—you—
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Your hands moving, a chime of bells across a windless air.

The movement of your hands is the long, golden running of light from a rising sun.
It is the hopping of birds upon a garden-path.

As the perfume of jonquils, you come forth in the morning.
Young horses are not more sudden than your thoughts;
Your words are bees about a pear-tree;
Your fancies are the gold-and-black-striped wasps buzzing among red apples.
I drink your lips;
I eat the whitness of your hands and feet.
My mouth is open;
As a new jar I am empty and open.
Like white water are you who fill the cup of my mouth;
Like a brook of water thronged with lilies.

You are frozen as the clouds;
You are far and sweet as the high clouds.
I dare reach to you;
I dare touch the rim of your brightness.
I leap beyond the winds;
I cry and shout,
For my throat is keen as a sword
Sharpened on a hone of ivory.
My throat sings the joy of my eyes,
The rushing gladness of my love.

How has the rainbow fallen upon my heart?
How have I snared the seas to lie in my fingers
And caught the sky to be a cover for my head?
How have you come to dwell with me,
Compassing me with the four circles of your mystic lightness,
So that I say "Glory! Glory!" and bow before you
As to a shrine?

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Do I tease myself that morning is morning and a day after?
Do I think the air a condescension,
The earth a politeness,
Heaven a boon deserving thanks?
So you, air, earth, heaven,
I do not thank you;
I take you,
I live.
And those things which I say in consequence
Are rubies mortised in a gate of stone.

The Immortals

I have read you and read you, my betters,
Piling high on the clear, brown shelves,
Mountain high, your very selves
Disguised in a garb of letters.

I have poked and pried beyond,
Seeking past words for how you did it,
While my mind was one tormented fidget
Like a stone-struck, shallow pond.

I have raveled your patterns out,
And matched them piece by piece as they were,
Till your hearts flashed again from the erstwhile blur.
Did I know then the rule from the rout?

Do I know how a flower comes—
A spurt of blue or a shoot of rose?
Plant a seed and watch while it grows.
Chrysanthemums, geraniums—
Let the scientists crack their craniums!

I know what paper is,
And I 've handled pencils and pens and ink.
Does grammar teach us the way men think?
Can you narrow a man to a synthesis?

Build him from his parts if you can.
Shade him to color and cut him to shape,
Docket his method; something will escape,
And, presto! where is the man!

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Two and two make four.
If your two and two will amalgamate,
But who knows the way to add moonshine to paint?
And there we touch the core.

I read you as I look at the sky,
Gratefully wondering at its fresh-flowing blue.
If I 'm not, why I 'm not, so why this to-do?
Must I disqualify?

Well, I won't, my masters; so reckon
On the valiant rivalry of a flea.
I should lie to you if I never said "We."
You great gods, why do you beckon?

Clearly the fault is yours,
Flaunting a challenge I can't resist.
I declare my back has a permanent twist,
And my boot-straps are counted by scores.

Out of your anguish we see,
Out of your mighty rejoicing we are.
Your burning has seared us with a bleeding scar;
We strive in irony.

You most serene and dead
In your bright gardens! Our Gethsemane
Is planted with your immortality.
We walk with feet of lead.

With leaden feet we move,
And still with heads flung up and bared.
Fools, in that seeing, yet we dared
To follow you and prove.

Prove whether stars or ashes.
That 's the touchstone, is it not?
Graven tablets or dry rot.
Well, the mist has sunny flashes.

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Adventures of an Illustrator

IX—In France in War-Time

By Joseph Pennell

When I had finished my war work in England, and it had been shown all through the country, the French Government invited me over to France. The invitation came from M. Thomas, the French minister of munitions, through M. Henri Davray, editor of the "Mercure de France," who had known my work long before the war. Now that he had seen the drawings I made in England, he seemed to think it would be a good thing for me to make a similar series in France, and so did the French Government.

I did not want to do them. I did not want to go to France. I had done all I wanted of war work in England. France to me was the land of light, not the land of horror. For months M. Davray plagued me and begged me to go, and others did, too. But they did not understand that it was not propaganda I wanted to preach, not even to stop the war, which never should have been started, which never need have been started, which could easily have been avoided, as John Burns said to me. I had no interest in the war or in any war, the most contemptible way of settling a dispute, the resort of the unintelligent, who are either made by conscription to fight, because they are too great cowards to refuse, or are the dupes of the munitions-makers, journalists, and bankers who brought on the war to fill their pockets, and are at it still. I condoned none of their crimes; but as the war was upon the world, and as every one was in war work, and as all the works were at it, dye works making poison gas; spinning-mills, uniforms; steel works, guns and armor; shipyards, submarines—submarines being the last resort of scoundrels, I knew I had the chance if I could get it to see the most wonderful example of the wonder of work in the world. And that is why my war work was done, and for no other reason. Who was to write up my French drawings, which were never made, I never knew. I did not want to see horrors, though every one from Mrs. Humphry Ward to the French Government thought I should. But finally I consented to go.

I was so crushed by the war that I thought I should never work again. My life was over. At last, however, Davray got me to the French consulate, and after hours of arguing all was arranged, and after going to the United States consulate and Bow Street and some British office, I had permission to start for France. It was only at the last minute that I knew when and where the train was going from in London, and when and where I should get a taxi. There were more formalities at the station, and finally I was locked in a compartment by myself, in a diplomatic carriage, told not to talk, and though I

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of scholarship. As I see it, one of the important duties of our publicists, one of the important responsibilities of journalism, is to play sleuth to the minds of the creative scholars of our time, to disentangle from the mass of their writings the few really creative ideas that they contribute, and to translate these more and more into the language of the man in the street. The men who can do this will be the engineers of the coming renaissance.

It will not do to trust to our creative scholars for this popularization of their own contributions. In the first place, the creative scholar in most cases is not the best judge of what his real contribution is. If he undertakes to propagandize his own ideas, he is likely to dissipate his energies and obscure the main point by spending too much time on a hundred collateral aspects of his ideas—aspects that seem very important to him as a scholar, but which have no practical significance in terms of social application. Then, too, the spirit of propaganda and the spirit of scholarship do not work well in the same mind. Each cuts down the efficiency of the other. There is urgent need for what I may, lacking a better phrase, call the evangelism of scholarship; but the evangelist should be the servant of the scholar. Let the scholar furnish the material, the evangelist the technic of popular appeal. To date good evangelism has been the servant either of the sensational or of the traditional. Creative scholarship has stood too much aloof from the crowd, with the result that the vast literature of hope it has produced is to-day virtually unrecognized save by a few intellectuals.

All this sounds, I realize, very theoretical. It is easy enough, the reader may say, to suggest that we might avoid a new Dark Ages by bringing together all the now unrecognized creative ideas that have been thrown up out of our laboratories, classrooms, philosophers' closets, industrial institutions, and political adventures; but the difficulty lies in finding anywhere in the world an effectively popular impulse to search for these ideas and to apply them to the practical undertakings of human society. Here, again, we are suffering on account of the lack of interpretative reporting. For instance, there is at this moment going on in Italy a movement, many-sided, elusive, and difficult to define, but strangely reminiscent of that "new human springtime" that swept over Italy centuries ago, and produced the old Renaissance. In these columns next month I hope to be able to present at least a partial picture of what is happening in Italy in the fields of literature, of philosophy, of art, of science, and of industry, and to relate these things to the tentative suggestion of that approaching renaissance of the Western world which I have been discussing.

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THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1922

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on the war. I had no interest in it. Why should I be sickened and deafened and shocked by sights and sounds and smells that I did not want to encounter? I would not. And I went to sleep. No, nothing disturbed one. What could you do? What was the use of being disturbed? But I would not go to Verdun.

Instead, I went to the American ambassador. I had letters from Mr. Page in London to lots of people. I asked him to send me back.

"What, not go to Verdun, you, the first civilian to be allowed to go and stay there? I 'd like to go myself, and I know any number of Americans who would give anything for your chance." I said I would give anything to get out of it. And he said I had better think it over, and if I really did not want to go,I had better go and tell them at the *Maison de la Presse.*

To think it over, I took Germaine for a walk and to a café. I wanted to take her to *Roulliers Café,* but it was smashed and boarded up. Why did I want to see that? And half the shops in the Avenue de l'Opera were shut, too, and all the *Quartier* closed, deserted. *Boom!* For dinner I could find nothing but the *Brasserie Universelle* open. And just as I was getting comfortable, they shut that, too. *Boom!* And home I went to sleep. It was near enough to walk, for traffic stopped at 8:30.

The next day I told them at the *Maison de la Presse* that I was going back to England. They got my passport viséd,—they were disgusted,—and they gave me my permit to go. They could not understand. All they said was, "What will Davray say?" Even the next day an immaculate infantile count came to say that I could go to Soissons—it was so beautifully destroyed—and see that; and I ran into Armand Dayot, and he said he had been out there, and it was a fact. Why should I go to the ruins of the lovely place I had lived in and worked in and see wrecks and horrors where I had known peace and beauty? *Boom!* Never, though I knew at the moment if I went and did the work and drew the horrors, honors and decorations were waiting me.

Early the next day, after I had seen the British officials with another count and got my papers in order, back I went to London, spending all the afternoon in Havre, given over to tabbed and be-khakied English and American officials. More formalities. One was even not allowed to take any gold out of France. Then across to England,—booms and *gothas,*—and I made ready to come home.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

A FURTHER WORD ON THE COMING RENAISSANCE

THREE months ago I began in these columns a discussion of the idea that to-day dominates my whole thought about the future of Western civilization, and even thrusts itself persistently into the foreground of every personal plan I try to make for the next twenty-five years of my life—the idea of a vast spiritual renaissance of the Western world, a renaissance the roots of which are even now set deep in contemporary thought and aspiration, a renaissance which may, I believe, by the grace of creative and courageous leadership be brought to fruition within the lifetime of the men and women who are now, say, thirty-five years of age.

If the correspondence evoked by this discussion is trustworthy evidence, this conception of a possible and probable renaissance is an idea that was in the air long before it got written. The brief statements I have made in these columns for June and July seem to have given voice to an undercurrent of thought in the mind of many who have barely begun to suspect its presence. Many readers, I regret to report, saw in these statements only the conventional optimism of a doctrinaire thinking in a vacuum. From several quarters I have been accused of launching a pathetically uncritical prophecy of a sort of secular Second Coming. The blame for this misinterpretation undoubtedly rests with me. Evidently, I did not say clearly what I thought I saw clearly. However, widely separated correspondents from our own country, from England, from Italy, and from Czecho-Slovakia, have realized that it was far from my intention to urge an all 's-well-with-the-world sort of blindness to what Mr. Wells has aptly described as the shadow, the chill, the arrest that seems to have fallen upon the flourishing civilization which before the war we thought was moving automatically to a significant destiny. My only purpose in these statements was to list some of our unrecognized assets which will enable us to liquidate the present treacherous condition of Western civilization unless we fall into a complete bankruptcy of leadership.

In the light of the wide-spread response to the suggestion of an approaching renaissance, I feel justified now in returning to the subject. In order to clarify certain misinterpretations that have been placed upon this suggestion, and in order to push its discussion a bit further, let me trace the genealogy of the idea in my own mind.

During the last three or four years

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I had been impressed by the extent and cock-sureness of the literature of despair that was being written. Not in the exhaustive sense of a scholarly research, but as a more or less casual attempt to clarify my own thinking, I subjected this literature of despair to analysis. I think it is accurate to say that the prophecy of a new Dark Ages for Western civilization springs from some one or all of five distinct fears. We may for convenience of discussion call these the five fears of Western civilization. Let me state them briefly, without discussion:

First, the *biological* fear. This is the fear that has inspired the thousands of articles, pamphlets, and books which assert that the best blood of the world is turning to water, that mankind is biologically plunging downward. This is the fear, haunting the reading public as well as the writing fraternity, that has given instant and wide popularity to such books as Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color." We may expect that this fear will for some time to come inspire writers in whom a sense of scholarship and a nose for news values are united to translate into journalistic patois and relate to the news despatches the philosophy of the Gobineaux and Chamberlains.

Second, the *psychological* fear. This is the fear that the crowd-man and crowd-processes of thinking will push to the wall that saving insurgency of the individual man that has hitherto furnished the world with its creative ideas. This is the fear that has fallen like a shadow across the writings of Lebon, Trotter, and others, and of late inspired Everett Dean Martin to write his "The Behavior of Crowds," an interesting and significant book.

Third, the *economic* fear. The prophecies of economic disaster are so varied that it is difficult to reduce the economic fear to a single definition. Every reader, however, will understand what I mean when I refer to the fear that our industrial civilization is approaching a collapse.

Fourth, the *administrative* fear. This is the fear, effectively stated by Lord Bryce, L. P. Jacks, and many others, that the bigness and complexity of the modern world have outstripped the administrative capacity of mankind. "What 's wrong with the world," asserts a recent writer, "is its vastness."

Fifth, the *moral* fear. This is the fear that has given rise to the whole literature about the younger generation. The whole range of topics in this literature, from the rolled stocking of the flapper to the heretic theology of the rationalist, has been discussed in the light of this moral fear—this fear that our generation is witnessing a universal orgy of moral laxity.

Whether it is Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Edward Grant Conklin, Lothrop Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, Madison Grant, or a still wider list of men more scholarly or more sensational whom we are reading, we find some one or all of these fears leering over the shoulder of the writer, making him the prophet of doom that he is. It was inevitable that this extensive literature of despair would stimulate a mood of despair in the minds of large bodies of the reading public.

Neither in my June nor in my July editorial did I attempt to wave this literature of despair aside. I did not suggest that the Western world could realize a renaissance by the blind avoidance of such books. I did not suggest that the Western world, if it

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would only stand still, look up, and think beautiful thoughts, could wish itself into a renaissance. I was concerned only to direct the attention of our readers to the fact that side by side with this literature of despair there exists an even more significant literature of hope. Unfortunately, the literature of despair has had better advertising. There are, of course, perfectly clear reasons why this is true. A prophecy of doom, however scholarly its presentation, is a half-brother to the screaming head-line of the yellow newspaper. Pessimism, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. The biologist, the psychologist, the economist, and the moralist, dignified savant though he may be, when he predicts the decline or doom of Western civilization, finds that he shares audience with the ordinary sensation-monger. But there is another and equally fundamental reason why the literature of despair has attracted more attention than the literature of hope. The literature of despair was consciously written and plainly labeled as a literature of despair. That is to say, it is a literature of conclusions. Its authors have made their analyses, and announced their conviction that we are approaching a new Dark Ages.

Our literature of hope, on the other hand, has not been consciously written as a literature of hope. It is not a literature of conclusions; it is a literature of raw materials upon which we may base conclusions. In these columns for July I stated that the coming renaissance would result from a bringing together into a new synthesis all of the new idealisms and new spiritual values that have been springing up as unconscious by-products of the creative thought that has been going on in the fields of science, education, industry, politics, and religion. That statement contains the suggestion I am now trying to make. That is, our literature of hope does not consist of the smiling pronouncements of our *Pollyannas*. It has been produced in the main by men who were, perhaps, not at all animated by the spirit of the prophet or propagandist, but by men whose primary inspiration was merely the itch to know.

It has not been easy for the reading public to ferret out and to recognize this literature of hope. Let me illustrate this difficulty. John Dewey, for example, has been working away at the problems of educational theory and philosophy throughout his fruitful career. Now, it may be that buried away in the numerous papers and books that he has written there are, let us say, two ideas that have in them the germs of the future. I am speaking now purely by way of a hypothetical illustration, not as the result of a thorough analysis of Mr. Dewey's books. Now, if Mr. Dewey's contribution to the creative thought of this generation is represented by these two ideas, then the chapters or paragraphs containing these two ideas represent one section of our literature of hope. We could face the future with a calmer spirit if these isolated chapters and paragraphs were receiving the wide-spread attention now accorded to the innumerable prophecies of doom that pour from our presses.

It is needless, I suppose, to suggest that the reader apply the statement I have made respecting Mr. Dewey's work to all the scholars who are doing similar creative thinking in biology, in psychology, in sociology, in economics, in political science, and in other fields

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of scholarship. As I see it, one of the important duties of our publicists, one of the important responsibilities of journalism, is to play sleuth to the minds of the creative scholars of our time, to disentangle from the mass of their writings the few really creative ideas that they contribute, and to translate these more and more into the language of the man in the street. The men who can do this will be the engineers of the coming renaissance.

It will not do to trust to our creative scholars for this popularization of their own contributions. In the first place, the creative scholar in most cases is not the best judge of what his real contribution is. If he undertakes to propagandize his own ideas, he is likely to dissipate his energies and obscure the main point by spending too much time on a hundred collateral aspects of his ideas—aspects that seem very important to him as a scholar, but which have no practical significance in terms of social application. Then, too, the spirit of propaganda and the spirit of scholarship do not work well in the same mind. Each cuts down the efficiency of the other. There is urgent need for what I may, lacking a better phrase, call the evangelism of scholarship; but the evangelist should be the servant of the scholar. Let the scholar furnish the material, the evangelist the technic of popular appeal. To date good evangelism has been the servant either of the sensational or of the traditional. Creative scholarship has stood too much aloof from the crowd, with the result that the vast literature of hope it has produced is to-day virtually unrecognized save by a few intellectuals.

All this sounds, I realize, very theoretical. It is easy enough, the reader may say, to suggest that we might avoid a new Dark Ages by bringing together all the now unrecognized creative ideas that have been thrown up out of our laboratories, classrooms, philosophers' closets, industrial institutions, and political adventures; but the difficulty lies in finding anywhere in the world an effectively popular impulse to search for these ideas and to apply them to the practical undertakings of human society. Here, again, we are suffering on account of the lack of interpretative reporting. For instance, there is at this moment going on in Italy a movement, many-sided, elusive, and difficult to define, but strangely reminiscent of that "new human springtime" that swept over Italy centuries ago, and produced the old Renaissance. In these columns next month I hope to be able to present at least a partial picture of what is happening in Italy in the fields of literature, of philosophy, of art, of science, and of industry, and to relate these things to the tentative suggestion of that approaching renaissance of the Western world which I have been discussing.

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Hantskil up a long cleft in the side of a mountain. There was no way out of that valley, and Weha's men camped in the mouth of it, while Congese and Hantskil sat down among the stones to wait. They smiled at each other. They knew an end was near.

Soon a man came and stood at the opening of the cleft in the mountain and called Congese; he had no arms, and he threw white eagles'-down into the air as a sign that he came in peace. Congese rose up, gaunt and terrible, and went down the mountain to meet the herald.

"What would you?" he demanded.

The herald said:

"Listen to Weha's word. Give up the woman, the golden woman of the sea, to Weha, and you shall go in peace, you and those of your house. And to this let the spirits of the forest bear witness. And if you will not agree, here is one that shall plead with you."

The man thrust forward a young boy, who fell at Congese's feet. Congese smiled terribly, for the boy was his brother, whom he loved more than anything in the world but Hantskil. Again Congese asked:

"What would you?"

His brother answered, weeping:

"*Eowa!* If you do not give up the woman into Weha's hands, we shall all be slain. I and your other brothers, and twenty of our men, strong young hunters, are held prisoners in Weha's village. And if you do not give up Hantskil, we shall all be slain. We shall be slain like slaves at the raising of a totem-pole, and we are well born men; and there will be no one to catch fish for our wives and our fathers; and our brothers' little children will go cold, with no skins to wrap them; they will die of hunger and cold, and this will be a great shame to you and a darkness on your name." And he laid his head on Congese's feet and wept.

The moon-woman had followed Congese. Something she knew of his tongue. Now, standing behind him, she set her hand on his shoulder. Congese turned, and looked deep into her eyes. And when he had read what was in her eyes he laughed, because he was a chief. Men were afraid of his laughter. He said to the herald:

"Go to Weha and tell him that the lives of my people shall not lie in his hand. Bid him come here in the morning, and I will bring him the moon-woman." So the herald took that message; and the night came on the cedar-forest, and men were afraid, lying about their fires. But in the valley Congese and Hantskil built no fire.

At dawn Weha and all his men were waiting in the open space at the mouth of the valley. Many warriors were there, tall men, with their faces blackened for war, their crests upon their heads, and their copper shields upon their arms. They sat in a circle about Weha, and their looks were heavy, for something made them smell sorrow. Behind them the thin smokes of the dying fires lifted against the great columns of the cedar-forest.

They saw Congese walking toward them in the thin light. He walked like a man drunk, and he carried in his arms the moon-woman. He stepped

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out among the warriors, and the stillness was not shaken even by a breath. He walked to Weha, and laid the woman at Weha's feet.

And the moon-woman was dead. She lay dead at the feet of Weha, and on her face was a small proud smile.

A sound like the sigh of the wind went about the circle of warriors; for she was a wonder and a beauty to them, a fire in the heart, and a star in the eyes, and they were afraid of the man who had slain her, loving her better than they did. Weha drew his mantle over his face. For a little while no man spoke. Then Congese laughed and said:

"Here is the woman, according to my promise. Now I will go, I and mine; for I have kept my word that the ears of the forest heard me speak."

Another moan went about the circle of the chiefs. Weha sprang up, and his hand was on his spear. But it fell away, for he was afraid at the look on Congese's face—the look he had learned from the moon-woman. And Weha bowed his head and said, "You are free to go."

Congese asked:

"And this woman?"

Weha cried loudly:

"Take her and go, for we cannot bear this thing you have done."

So Congese lifted her again in his gaunt arms, and she lay there, smiling a little, as one who has no fear. And Congese walked across the space, while all men made way for him. He went into the forest, walking toward the sea, and Weha's warriors, as one man, stood up and followed him.

A day and a night, without haste, without rest, Congese strode through the cedar-forest, carrying the moon-woman. On the second day he came to Weha's village. Weha's men, who had followed him in silence, called to the houses, but Congese did not hear. He walked through the village, and his men came out of the houses and went with him; but he did not see them. He went down to the sea, no man speaking to him because of their fear. He laid Hantskil in the bottom of his canoe, and launched it outward through the slow surf. He stepped in and took his paddle and drove out to sea. His men launched other canoes and followed him; he did not once look back; and no man spoke.

All day Congese paddled out and out, on a straight line, like a man who knows where he is going and the end of his journey. In the evening, with a young moon stooping toward the sea, those in the canoes behind him saw a dark thing, island or ship or mystery of the gods, drifting in the golden pathway of the moon.

Congese paddled toward it, and they followed at a distance. It was there, the magic ship from which the moon-woman had come, high of bow and stern, more than ever a wreck, and white with sleeping gulls. It swung slowly upon the tide, as it had been swinging on the tides of all the year, waiting for the moon-woman. They saw again the row of carven gods, smiling upon their flowers, as Hantskil was smiling at the knees of Congese.

Congese went on. When the prow

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ponderous, deep clang of a bronze gong.

Congese stared. His men were dumb.

The junk's stern hung over them like a cliff. Along it ran a band of carving; little men, little gold gods seated on open flowers, looked downward at Congese with faint, still smiles of mastery. About him were the whisper of the running sea and the muttered reverberation of the gong.

Suddenly, as if released from a spell, his men began to shout. They pointed aloft. Again, they were perfectly silent, and in the silence Congese heard a faint cry from the deck above him. Then a shape flashed downward, plunging into the sea between the junk and the canoe.

Leaning overside, Congese saw far down in the transparent, dark water a shape that glimmered like the young moon, like the curved gold moon of summer. This shape floated upward, moving feebly. It broke again into the light, and Congese flung the salmon-net.

Trembling, he drew in that strange spoil of the sea. Congese took the thing on his knees. He unwrapped the net, and saw that he held a woman—such a woman as he had never seen.

Her face was the shape and color of the oval moon. Her hair was set with pearl pins. She was as slender as a ray of the moon, and her clothing was another wonder—moon-gold stuff softer than ever was woven of cedar-fiber or wool of mountain sheep. Congese said:

"I have caught the moon in my salmon-net, and now I will carry her home."

They fled from the magic ship. Congese double-manned the seats, and the great canoe sang shoreward with the speed of a modern motor-boat. Congese held the steering-paddle in one hand, and with the other supported the moon-woman. She lay as if dead, her face as calm and faintly smiling as the faces of the little gold gods; but Congese knew she was not dead, for under his hand her heart beat the wild rhythm of fear. He would have liked to tell her not to be afraid.

They raised the totems of his sea-village in the dawn. He carried the moon-woman to his house; he gave her into the hands of the old women. They chattered and cried out, pulling at her garments. Congese struck their hands down angrily, saying, "Show respect!" His mother came to him and said, "Son, she is hungry." They warmed her and fed her bits of smoked salmon and dried berry-cake. In a little while she turned and slept among the new otter-skins Congese had caused to be spread for her. Then Congese went out, for he was a chief, and must not show his feelings like low-born men. He walked the gray sea-beaches, and about him lay a new heaven and a new earth, between which his great dim soul drove lonely as a cloud.

The chiefs and elders held a council to decide what should be done with the magic woman Congese had taken from the sea. Congese attended in all his finery. When good words were spoken, he gave rich presents of sheeps'-wool rugs and scoops of abalone shell and rings of hammered gold. When evil words were spoken, he

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polished with the corner of his mantle his black-stone club. So presently it was decided there was nothing to be done at all. In the middle of the council an old woman crept to the door of the council-house and whispered, "She wakes." In a little while Congese got up and stalked out, more than seven feet of him to the tiptop walrus-bristle of his head-dress; but his heart was the timid, wondering heart of a boy.

His house was empty and still. He entered, and there was no one there but the moon-woman, lying upon the dais. He went softly and stooped over her. She lay like the dead, moon-gold, faintly smiling. He leaned nearer. Her hand flashed, and she struck with a little ivory-hilted dagger at his heart.

Her aim was weak. The dagger struck, and snapped upon his breast-bone. He was quite still, staring from her hand to the steel yet sticking in his flesh. He was aware of great pain. He plucked the steel out, but was not eased. He wondered why he did not grow angry and kill her. Instead, his eyes dimmed. He put up his hands, and found he was weeping. He stared at her mournfully through these strange tears. He could not endure to meet her look and see the terror in it. He drew a sharp stone knife. He took her moon-chill, moon-gold fingers, and bent them round the haft of it. In this way he told her not to have fear. She lay grasping the knife, staring at his huge bedizened figure. Presently her eyelids fell. She slept, breathing in slow shudders, like a child. Congese crouched beside her, stroking the furs with which she was covered, and seeing strange visions of tenderness and forbearance for which he had no words.

Days later, Congese took the woman to wife.

Perhaps some far-off racial affinity made it possible; perhaps, for all her beauty, she was a low-born woman of her race; perhaps she counted herself dead, and the doings of a ghost of little account: but they loved each other.

There in the great dark Haida house a strange, calm merriment came back to her. Like the slender moon, she moved about its smoky shadows; like the young moon, she moved in Congese's soul. Slowly, without words, she taught the savage. He followed her as the tide follows the moon. She filled his eyes. She sang him small songs. Congese could not understand her songs, but she would draw him to the low door in the monstrous base of the totem-pole, with its guardian eagle, and she would point to the beach-pea running among the stones, to the foam, to the wild swan beating through the silver summer fog; and Congese would know that she sang of these things and of love.

He learned a little of her language. Lisping, she mocked the clanging Haida on his lips. For this they called her Hantskil, the Echo.

Congese carved her new pins for her hair. Of narwhal ivory he carved them, in shapes of birds and fish. He gave her cloaks of fine woven wool fit for a Haida chieftainess, a sea-hawk's bride. About her slim moon-gold wrists he bent bracelets of silver cut with his eagle crest.

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The fame of her swept up and down the coasts. Great chiefs offered strange fortunes for her. Klaitak offered the holy crystal, even the lion stone, *How-how-imsh-im-laub*. But in Congese's sight she had no price.

Seeing this, the hearts of the old men, the ancient hunters, became heavy; for they said, "Does laughter come of the sea?"

And the old women said, "Nay, the price of this woman shall be red."

But Congese walked in the cedar-forest with the moon-woman. Humming-birds flashed by myriads in the wet, scented glooms, and Hantskil stretched out her hands to them. Little yellow lilies grew in the dry places, and over these she bent her head even while she smiled her faint, eternal smile. Congese was hurt when she wept. He would go and catch fish for her or bring her a new pelt, or he would set his slaves to gather great mounds of flowers and shells, since she found these things pleasant. He would lay them at her feet. And Hantskil would look at him with wisdom and pity, and her hand would touch his hand. Then Congese would lay himself at her feet with the spoil, while his heart beat with a sound of fate, like the beat of the gong in the hollows of the lost junk.

Now, there was a chief of the northern Haida called Weha, and he was a very great chief. He had many warriors and slaves, and when he gave a potlatch, his guests could hardly carry away the wealth he distributed.

He heard of the beauty of Hantskil, and he prepared a feast and sent messengers to Congese, bidding him to the feast, with his brothers and his fighting-men and his golden wife. Congese would have left the moon-woman at home, but it would have been a discourtesy, when Weha had named her by her name; so he took her with him, and in his heart were love and wonder and a sense of fate, but no fear.

Weha set apart a new house for Congese and his wife. They feasted and gave and took gifts. Then Congese went alone with Hantskil to sleep in the new house, while his men lay by the fires; for Weha would have it so.

In the dark of the night Congese woke, for the moon-woman had laid her hand upon his mouth. He lay still a moment, then rolled in the skins, as a man rolls in sleep. A red glow came from the embers in the fire-pit; it hung the raftered roof with shadow. Opposite the dais where Congese lay was the entrance, the low door in the belly of the totem-pole. Congese watched, and he saw a man's face thrust swiftly in at the door-hole and withdrawn.

Then Congese knew, as well as if he had planned it himself, what was Weha's design. He looked at Hantskil in silence, and smiled because he was a chief, but he knew the time of happiness was past. Weha was planning to kill him while he slept and take Hantskil.

Congese slipped from the sleeping-place. In his hand was his black-stone club, carved with eagle and beaver, as heavy as iron. He stood on one side of the door, and Hantskil stood on the other.

In a moment a man came crawling through the door without any sound.

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Literature is an ideal expression of the environment; that is, of the human society it is born from. As that society is noble, greedy, brutal, or artistic, so the literature it generates reveals this, that, or the other quality of the time. In my own country of Ireland man is now in the making, and in a very few years our national action will tell us what it is we may hope for culturally, or what it is that we may be tempted to emigrate from. But Irish national action and culture can no longer be regarded as a thing growing cleanly from its own root. We have entered the world. More, the world has entered us, and a double, an internal and external, evolution is our destiny, as it is the destiny of every other race in the world. We shall learn the Irish language: we must. We shall *talk* like Irishmen, or we are done for: we shall *think* like Europeans, or we are done for. There lies our internal and external evolution, and there the gifts we shall give to and accept from the world, and in those concussions and repercussions will be forged our art, our literature, and ourselves.

§ 2

In these days of swift intercourse no country can be regarded as possessing an existence independent of or even removed from the rest of the world, and the artistic, economic, and social repercussions from all quarters are now more unescapable than they have been hitherto. They never could be ultimately eluded, but they might be referred, as it were, to the ides of March, and left till Never came. Never is upon us, and, in this time of quick dissemination of ideas and commodities, action and reaction are to be looked for almost immediately after the appearance of whatever new idea provokes them.

Whoever takes thought for the future of Irish literature must think of Dostoyevsky, of Tolstoy, of Sudermann, of Romain Rolland, of Marcel Proust, and of a host of lesser men, who, although they are not working in his vernacular, are still delving in the very stuff that his thoughts are made of. The music, painting, literature, and economics of to-day are no longer local or sporadic. They are world inheritances, or, rather, world urges; and for their purposes it is correct to say that there is universal idea with which every national speech must be saturated if that speech is to continue as a living medium of expression or to represent anything whatever of actuality.

The past is a word to conjure with, it is a word to hypnotize with, but it is not a word to evoke reality. Reality is present action. The past is the memory of actions done, and, as these are incorporated in our present minds, we need not be afraid that we shall greatly depart from them or shed more of our national characteristics than we have no use for. It is certain that Ireland will revisit her past with vast curiosity and reverence, but she will not remain there long enough to eat a railway sandwich. She will return with her booty to the eternally present time of an eternally modern world. The Irish past is not a catalogue of events and personages. The Irish past is the Irish language. Learn that and you will have enough of the past to last you for the entire of your future, and you will have done the one thing necessary to make this nation a nation, and to prepare for a

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literature, an art, and a culture which will not be an abject imitation or a dishonest forgery.

§ 3

There never was an archaic period in the history of the world. At every moment man is modern, and while his needs do not change except in vast cycles of time, his technic of living requires modification in every few generations. Between the technic of living and the technic of art there is no difference. They are simultaneous expressions of the same thing. Life at present, jazz at present, cubism and dadaism at present, represent the one identical lack of control which is the present technic of life, and it is in this matter of technic that the immediate interest of our time lies, and it is from the same technic that three quarters of our inquiry will be answered. If we could discover a mind of sufficient scope to comprehend the hundred technical adventures and experiments that are now engrossing the scientific and artistic minds of the world, such a mind would draw from them the generalization which is all we need to start our new schools upon; but that critical intelligence has not yet revealed itself, and does seem to be as lacking in every land as is the creative intelligence of the artist, which is also in eclipse.

Art is, in fact, seeking enthusiastically, and at times wildly, for the technic which can be applied to a new order of ideas, and the fact that a technical problem is pressing for settlement implies positively enough that a new order desires to function. This impatience of the old craft and the old craft form is apparent in every department of effort, and it is evident that a vast historic phase, artistically, culturally, socially, and economically, has come to its decline, and that a modified chaos will continue in being until a synthesis is made, and the obvious order is drawn from the apparent disorder in which we find ourselves. In olden days it would have been correct to say, that if you change a road you change a country; but to-day it would be true to say that if you alter a technic you change a continent, and the statement will register the difference between a psychology that will visit this earth no more and a psychology which is still a matter for speculation.

In painting, in music, in psychology itself, a new conception is struggling into birth, and only a few generations may be necessary to put out of date, as it has already put out of countenance, the culture that we automatically inherited, and which, by mere habit and possession, we are inclined to consider as the only culture that is possible.

The ear and the eye, the instruments with which we investigate external effects, are the veriest slaves of the mind they seem to inform, and should that mind become interested in a different musical scale, our ears would obediently assure us that a sonata by Beethoven is only an ignorant uproar, and that the new thing, which previously had visited us like a toothache, is really a miracle of justness and harmony. So with the eye, a small modification in technic would enable us to regard a picture by Rembrandt with the same incredulous and forlorn inquiry that we now turn on Chinese and Japanese masterpieces. Change technic, and apparently you alter all, and it seems absolutely certain

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that the world is bent on that great transformation.

It is art that will first bring to consciousness that which the unconscious has motived, for art is less a method of portrayal than a criticism of life, and its explanatory analysis is one of the most valuable facts we know of. Bound up with this mental change are corresponding world changes so vast in their scope that a mind which is still thinking in the old terms will be unable to regard them without fear and unbelief; for there is no such thing as a solitary change or a solitary anything, and one radical alteration in our mode of thought will present us with a new universe, and a new man to cognize it.

§ 4

Is Ireland doing anything to prepare herself for this tumultuous and engrossing future? It is certain that none but a young nation can deal with it, and I think that no country which, in the scriptural phrase, "has great possessions," or an ancestral idolatry of them, will be able to deal with it at all; for with this change much more than artistic processes must go by the board.

Ireland, I think, can stand it. An act is always truer than a thought, for it is a thought clothed in reality, and during the last five years the national act of Ireland has been so real that it has achieved what older minds considered to be impossible, and has achieved it by methods which the official and logical intellect, if its advice had been sought, could only have considered as infantile. It is the good fact of life that the infant wins always, and I think that Ireland awakens from her profound sleep as the youngest race now active in the world, and the best fitted to accept possible modifications with the curiosity and good humor of a brave young person.

If we search curiously enough for anything, we shall find it, and if we strive to discover the dominant fact in the last hundred and fifty years, it is not beyond the wit of man to place a finger on it. The idea that has dominated the European mind during the later historic period is the idea of speed; and as man transplanted himself from place to place with greater facility, so every other action and attribute of his came under the same dominating idea, and a universal adjustment to new velocities is now part of our unconsidered inheritance.

The steamship tried to keep pace with the railway train, the printing-press tried to go faster. The woolen-mill, the shoe-factory, the baker, the tailor, were paced by the steam-engine. There are no records; they are all abreast. We have speeded up the beehive and the cabbage-patch; we make cows give twice as much milk in half as much time, and we are assisting the domestic hen to provide a weightier egg on less food than she had been accustomed to. It is an actual fact that we are living unconcernedly in a world the velocity of which would have worn our ancestors into rags in less than ten years, and now the aëroplane has come to make us go still faster, and to alter every aspect of the world we know into something that we cannot even conjecture. Do we really consider that the airman, the movie-man, and the psychoanalyst are signs of nothing, or that they have been evolved by nothing from nothing and are going nowhere?

It is a mistake to speak of this as

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of his canoe touched the side of the junk, he made fast. He stooped over Hantskil and took something from her neck. Then again he lifted her in his arms. He climbed the wreckage slowly, carrying her. He laid her on the deck and covered her with his chief's mantle, which had been in the canoe. Then he returned, and sat in his boat; and the tide moved the junk away from him. Very slowly, very surely, it was drawn out to sea on the pathway of the moon. He watched it, silent, smiling a little, the smile of mastery fit for the lips of a chief. It dwindled toward the limits of his world. The moon sank, the sea was dark, and soon he saw it no more.

Then Congese fell down in the canoe, and for a long while he was as a man who is dead. And his brothers, hushed and wondering, took him into their canoe, and brought him to his home again.

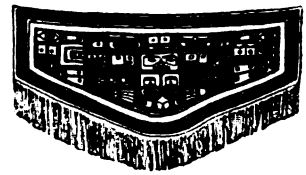
And of the rest of Congese's life I know nothing, nor of the love or grief or fighting that might have been in it.

But Congese's great-great-grandson I know, who is also a chief. He wears a red sweater and rubber boots, and he owns a big white-painted power-boat, the *One-Dollar*. He is a very modern Indian.

But in a niche of the stubby mast that supports the long trolling-rods aboard the *One-Dollar* is a little ivory disk, carved by some artist of a far-off land in a design of cherry-branches across a sickle-moon.

The ivory is old and soiled now. It is this which Congese took from the body of the moon-woman before he laid her on the deck of the ship from which she came.

And Congese's great-great-grandson says the thing brings good luck when the great king-salmon are running in beneath the April moon.



Ghosts

By VIRGINIA STAIT

I meet them now and then in strange, far places—
  A cushion in a chair
That was not yours, and yet my memory races
  With just a color there.

And once a traitorous footstool would deny
  That sounds had ceased to pass,
And little feet spoke low, and made reply,
  Through clay and soil and grass.

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The Outlook for Literature

With Special Reference to Ireland

By JAMES STEPHENS

IT is as easy to foretell next year's weather as to foretell next year's literary orientation, but the laws underlying supply and demand are so curiously perfected that even a demand for prophecy can be met with some kind of goods. There is a great deal known about weather, and although the knowledge does not greatly assist the weather-forecasters in their prognostications, it does provide them with matter upon which they can converse intelligently; and there is a sufficiency of data about art to enable us not only to gossip agreeably, but to speculate upon it, and to draw conclusions from it which we may allow the march of events to prove or disprove or neglect.

In referring to artists I do not here refer to Shakspere or Dante or their peers. Such men stand above comparison or criticism, and possess a technic which lesser men can no more manipulate than they can play marbles with mountains. I speak of the ordinary man who cannot paint, but does, and who cannot write, but cannot be prevented from writing, and who pleases his contemporaries largely because he explains to them that which they already know, than which no explanation is more acceptable. These are the artists and writers, and it is their business, by hook or by crook, to live, and to do the work that people like them to do as well as ever it can be done. Their work is to tell the truth as closely as they can manage it. Ultimate truth cannot properly be required of the artist, but immediate or local truth is his proper business, and this is almost entirely a matter of emotional appreciation. Probably there never was an intellectual artist, and probably there never will be one, for life is being, and the artistic reaction to it is an emotional one.

In immediate terms, truth is that to which we are sympathetically attracted. We may amuse ourselves with intellections, but it is a temperamental loyalty that we give to a person, an art, or an idea, and the intellectual truth of that person or thing is seldom questioned by us and seldom examined; for truth, on the various planes of being, is not an intellection. It is a passion, the passion of life, and it sways us in blind hungers, blind loves, blind loyalties, and blind ambitions. It sways us unconsciously, in other words, and it is always incapable of being expressed or explained or exposed. Art, therefore, can only remind us of something we have done or suffered, and it can convey to no man an experience which he has not personally fathomed. Culture is a conversation between equals, and the artist on every grade is the liaison officer who links that vast diversity together for social purposes. All those

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bundles of proceeding and digested actions is the thing we call life, and, still speaking in immediate terms, it makes thinking look like nothing at all; for by the side of an action no thought is valid, and the person who truly meditates an action will be withheld by no reasonable consideration, or by any other power than that sense of caution which is only a glyph on fear or incapacity.

This endless succession of deeds that are passions is the stuff that must be translated out of the whirl of movement into the thin quietude of words and paint and speculation, and it can be translated only by a passion that is the equal of itself; for if the artist is not that passion embodied, then art will continue to be an ineffective watering-down of reality until the mind has evolved an inward power that is at least the equal of its outward manifestation.

Everywhere the artist is in revolt against art, for there is a profound cultural discontent on every side, which must have as profound a cause. It is useless to dismiss it, for it will continue despite our displeasure, and it is senseless to try to ignore it, for no cultivated man can afford to be ignorant of anything that is happening in his time, and, be it good or bad, that is happening mainly because of him. You cannot tango or shimmy-shake and think that art will not begin to slip and waggle also; for the only difference between the artist and the ordinary man is that the artist is more sensuously appreciative than the ordinary man is. He often gets and earns a bad reputation by reason of this excessive sensibility. You cannot throw the world into violent and nonsensical war and think that art will register anything but that violence and nonsense. What man does, and thinks about it, is the material of the artist, and he will return exactly that which is furnished to him and which he is familiar with. Inspiration, as it is called, is a passionate recording of exact knowledge, for passion without exactitude is just nihilism; while exactitude without passion is only the labor of a pedant.

What is the ideal attitude toward life for the artist? It is that he should be endlessly sensitive and insensitive. So sensitive that a cruelty or injustice done to other people will set him mad; so insensitive that an injustice to himself will tickle him to death. He is not a self, but a national or communal conscience. His protest is against ugliness and maladjustment. Perhaps one should say, the ugliness that is maladjustment, for it may be that there is no other ugliness; and, so far as his powers go, his own work will be free from all those bad qualities which he has publicly undertaken to criticize and force toward remedy. But it is well for him to remember that in every line he writes and in every picture he paints he presents, with his matter, his limitations. He is always engaged on his own portrait. Even in his choice of a subject, to say nothing of his conduct of it, he is making a definite statement about himself which can be very cruelly read and very contemptuously dismissed. A book is the person who wrote it; there is nothing in it that is not of that person, and it would be an easy thing to name bullies, traitors, and thieves by merely reciting the titles of stories. That is why there should be an ideal attitude toward life for the artist, as there is for the physician, the priest, and the philosopher.

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Literature is an ideal expression of the environment; that is, of the human society it is born from. As that society is noble, greedy, brutal, or artistic, so the literature it generates reveals this, that, or the other quality of the time. In my own country of Ireland man is now in the making, and in a very few years our national action will tell us what it is we may hope for culturally, or what it is that we may be tempted to emigrate from. But Irish national action and culture can no longer be regarded as a thing growing cleanly from its own root. We have entered the world. More, the world has entered us, and a double, an internal and external, evolution is our destiny, as it is the destiny of every other race in the world. We shall learn the Irish language: we must. We shall *talk* like Irishmen, or we are done for: we shall *think* like Europeans, or we are done for. There lies our internal and external evolution, and there the gifts we shall give to and accept from the world, and in those concussions and repercussions will be forged our art, our literature, and ourselves.

§ 2

In these days of swift intercourse no country can be regarded as possessing an existence independent of or even removed from the rest of the world, and the artistic, economic, and social repercussions from all quarters are now more unescapable than they have been hitherto. They never could be ultimately eluded, but they might be referred, as it were, to the ides of March, and left till Never came. Never is upon us, and, in this time of quick dissemination of ideas and commodities, action and reaction are to be looked for almost immediately after the appearance of whatever new idea provokes them.

Whoever takes thought for the future of Irish literature must think of Dostoyevsky, of Tolstoy, of Sudermann, of Romain Rolland, of Marcel Proust, and of a host of lesser men, who, although they are not working in his vernacular, are still delving in the very stuff that his thoughts are made of. The music, painting, literature, and economics of to-day are no longer local or sporadic. They are world inheritances, or, rather, world urges; and for their purposes it is correct to say that there is universal idea with which every national speech must be saturated if that speech is to continue as a living medium of expression or to represent anything whatever of actuality.

The past is a word to conjure with, it is a word to hypnotize with, but it is not a word to evoke reality. Reality is present action. The past is the memory of actions done, and, as these are incorporated in our present minds, we need not be afraid that we shall greatly depart from them or shed more of our national characteristics than we have no use for. It is certain that Ireland will revisit her past with vast curiosity and reverence, but she will not remain there long enough to eat a railway sandwich. She will return with her booty to the eternally present time of an eternally modern world. The Irish past is not a catalogue of events and personages. The Irish past is the Irish language. Learn that and you will have enough of the past to last you for the entire of your future, and you will have done the one thing necessary to make this nation a nation, and to prepare for a

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literature, an art, and a culture which will not be an abject imitation or a dishonest forgery.

§ 3

There never was an archaic period in the history of the world. At every moment man is modern, and while his needs do not change except in vast cycles of time, his technic of living requires modification in every few generations. Between the technic of living and the technic of art there is no difference. They are simultaneous expressions of the same thing. Life at present, jazz at present, cubism and dadaism at present, represent the one identical lack of control which is the present technic of life, and it is in this matter of technic that the immediate interest of our time lies, and it is from the same technic that three quarters of our inquiry will be answered. If we could discover a mind of sufficient scope to comprehend the hundred technical adventures and experiments that are now engrossing the scientific and artistic minds of the world, such a mind would draw from them the generalization which is all we need to start our new schools upon; but that critical intelligence has not yet revealed itself, and does seem to be as lacking in every land as is the creative intelligence of the artist, which is also in eclipse.

Art is, in fact, seeking enthusiastically, and at times wildly, for the technic which can be applied to a new order of ideas, and the fact that a technical problem is pressing for settlement implies positively enough that a new order desires to function. This impatience of the old craft and the old craft form is apparent in every department of effort, and it is evident that a vast historic phase, artistically, culturally, socially, and economically, has come to its decline, and that a modified chaos will continue in being until a synthesis is made, and the obvious order is drawn from the apparent disorder in which we find ourselves. In olden days it would have been correct to say, that if you change a road you change a country; but to-day it would be true to say that if you alter a technic you change a continent, and the statement will register the difference between a psychology that will visit this earth no more and a psychology which is still a matter for speculation.

In painting, in music, in psychology itself, a new conception is struggling into birth, and only a few generations may be necessary to put out of date, as it has already put out of countenance, the culture that we automatically inherited, and which, by mere habit and possession, we are inclined to consider as the only culture that is possible.

The ear and the eye, the instruments with which we investigate external effects, are the veriest slaves of the mind they seem to inform, and should that mind become interested in a different musical scale, our ears would obediently assure us that a sonata by Beethoven is only an ignorant uproar, and that the new thing, which previously had visited us like a toothache, is really a miracle of justness and harmony. So with the eye, a small modification in technic would enable us to regard a picture by Rembrandt with the same incredulous and forlorn inquiry that we now turn on Chinese and Japanese masterpieces. Change technic, and apparently you alter all, and it seems absolutely certain

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that the world is bent on that great transformation.

It is art that will first bring to consciousness that which the unconscious has motived, for art is less a method of portrayal than a criticism of life, and its explanatory analysis is one of the most valuable facts we know of. Bound up with this mental change are corresponding world changes so vast in their scope that a mind which is still thinking in the old terms will be unable to regard them without fear and unbelief; for there is no such thing as a solitary change or a solitary anything, and one radical alteration in our mode of thought will present us with a new universe, and a new man to cognize it.

§ 4

Is Ireland doing anything to prepare herself for this tumultuous and engrossing future? It is certain that none but a young nation can deal with it, and I think that no country which, in the scriptural phrase, "has great possessions," or an ancestral idolatry of them, will be able to deal with it at all; for with this change much more than artistic processes must go by the board.

Ireland, I think, can stand it. An act is always truer than a thought, for it is a thought clothed in reality, and during the last five years the national act of Ireland has been so real that it has achieved what older minds considered to be impossible, and has achieved it by methods which the official and logical intellect, if its advice had been sought, could only have considered as infantile. It is the good fact of life that the infant wins always, and I think that Ireland awakens from her profound sleep as the youngest race now active in the world, and the best fitted to accept possible modifications with the curiosity and good humor of a brave young person.

If we search curiously enough for anything, we shall find it, and if we strive to discover the dominant fact in the last hundred and fifty years, it is not beyond the wit of man to place a finger on it. The idea that has dominated the European mind during the later historic period is the idea of speed; and as man transplanted himself from place to place with greater facility, so every other action and attribute of his came under the same dominating idea, and a universal adjustment to new velocities is now part of our unconsidered inheritance.

The steamship tried to keep pace with the railway train, the printing-press tried to go faster. The woolen-mill, the shoe-factory, the baker, the tailor, were paced by the steam-engine. There are no records; they are all abreast. We have speeded up the beehive and the cabbage-patch; we make cows give twice as much milk in half as much time, and we are assisting the domestic hen to provide a weightier egg on less food than she had been accustomed to. It is an actual fact that we are living unconcernedly in a world the velocity of which would have worn our ancestors into rags in less than ten years, and now the aëroplane has come to make us go still faster, and to alter every aspect of the world we know into something that we cannot even conjecture. Do we really consider that the airman, the movie-man, and the psychoanalyst are signs of nothing, or that they have been evolved by nothing from nothing and are going nowhere?

It is a mistake to speak of this as

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the age of mechanics. It is the age of speeding-up, and that speeding-up is even more ideal than it is material. That is, the process takes place as much in the mind as in outer material. And it is a stupidity to consider that the mind can be more than temporarily dominated by its own inventions. The effect which the mind externalizes is visible to us as this and that invention. The effect of that creative effort on the mind itself is not so quickly appreciable, but it is much more real than any of its toys are.

The person who thinks that we can do a thing and not become it must think again. It is not that our cities, our modes of locomotion, and our social views and actions have changed; the mind itself has undergone the transformations which are visible in our surroundings, and in the examination of that mental change we find the explanation of, and the necessity for, a new psychology, for a new valuation of the values, for a new art, and for a new technic of human conduct, whether in art or morality. We may say, with perfect fitness, "The world is dead! Long live the world!" for to-day a new world is born, and is greatly distressing the nurses who are teaching it to walk when it quite obviously ought to be learning to fly. Are not the cubists, the dadaists and the makers of free-verse trying to fly? It is exactly what they are doing, and more power, or more wings, to their elbows!

These ideas may seem fantastic, but all ideas are fantastic until they become accepted, and then, by mere process, they rapidly become ridiculous, in other words unsuitable, and a new fantasy pushes them to the ditch. The thing which has not kept pace in the general acceleration is education, and by that I mean the whole scheme of cultural control, which is framed to make man a subservient instrument of life rather than to equip him as the living being that he is: and it is scarcely too much to say that every idea in the text-books was framed to fit a servile order that has disappeared, and that they are of no help and of much hurt at this period. Has the servile order disappeared? It may be that in this generalization alone the whole modern secret has been uttered.

§ 5

Has all this anything to do with the future of Irish literature? It has everything to do with it, for Irish literature will be a part of world literature, drawing nourishment from the ends and ends of the earth. It will be a description of the ideas and actions of the modern Irishman in a modern world. I say "ideas and actions"; I place the word ideas before the word action, for unless there are ideas there is no action, there is no literature, there is no art, but only an imitation of these, and that imitation is taken from a cabbage or a cow. Nothing in this modern world is isolated: all things are in concord with one another, or in a discord that is more apparent than real, for they are all fundamentally interrelated and interdependent. Some one has said that any war in Europe is civil war, and it is true, for the European type has been evolved and does contain and override all that is local or peculiar within it. So, in this modern world, we cannot any longer speak in terms of cultural difference of an Ireland, an England, a France, or a Germany. These exist as geographical descriptions, but they

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are not separated things. There is a European culture and there is an Asiatic one, the world has grown so small! One or other of these gigantic conceptions will emerge from the final struggle for supremacy as the world culture, and it is for that great struggle that the world is set prow on.

But by geography and tradition Ireland will go with her neighbors. If our culture is less than European, it will frankly be nothing at all; it will not be worth attention; it will not be worthy of one man's loyalty or one instant's hope, and at the head or tail of the European procession Ireland must take her place or die. I include America in the term "European," for she is, in fact, the essence of Europe, and she is present in Europe as a ferment is present in a brew, and she is perhaps the most vital factor in the European future.

I consider that the scepter of artistic dominance began to pass as long as twenty years ago from the nations who then held it—that is, from England, France, and Germany—to other nations whose energy enables them to accept the great legacy. These other nations are America, Russia, and Italy, and it is from their rivalries and cooperations that the new social order and the new art and literature will emerge; with our assistance I hope, for we are younger than they all, and essentially more energetic than the three together. Ireland may never have existed as a political entity, but as a center of essential energy Ireland deserves to be ranked as one of the wonders of the world.

With the decline of the former great nations the art they stood for declines with them, and the question of the future of Irish literature requires an Irish examination and a world examination to resolve it. What is this Irish literature in which we are all interested, and in which, I suppose, we are all experimenting? A hundred years ago our national culture was suppressed so thoroughly that the very memory of it has almost disappeared from our common mind. If one were to make very large generalizations as to world literature, we might say that in the recent period only England and France could be referred to in terms of world-wide approbation, and that in both of these literatures the predominant fact was a brutal idealism, the brutal part of which is now exhausted, leaving the idealistic part without power to function. We could say that German literature disclosed a certain home-loving quality and a dull interest in the domesticities or mechanics of life: it was a well articulated piece of machinery, and of immense dullness. We could say that France was noted for an effort to achieve formal perfection and for an apparently endless sex interest, into which her literature sank as into a bog. The outstanding facts in English literature, on its popular plane, appears to me to be brutality and boyishness. In the first chapter you discover the murdered man, and in the last one you hang the person who did n't do it.

What, even in these hasty terms, does Irish literature in the English tongue stand for? Irish fiction, Irish poetry, with the most pitifully few exceptions, are only timid and ineffectual imitations of the English mode; and our young artists (read their books if utter boredom does not prevent you) can be as cruel, as grimy, and as sentimental as any Garvice or Le Quex of them all. They do not write; they

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copy, and they do it badly, for it is a prime fact in both art and life that a copy cannot be done well. Ask American literature if a copy can be done well. There is no future for us there. We cannot rival them in the tricks of that trade which is all trickery, where the rogue is hero, and the heroine is a fool. Or will any one be temerarious enough to say that Shaw or Moore or Dunsany are producing Irish literature, or that Wilde or Goldsmith or Swift did produce it? We must get back to our own language, which is our psychology, our technic, and our treasure-house; then only shall we know if we have anything to say, and we will learn quickly enough how to say it.

§ 6

The European technical apparatus went out of date at least fifteen years ago, and there is no longer a standard for art to follow. It has to be re-created and reorganized. Nietzsche and Wagner tried to recreate it by injecting violence into it instead of beauty; and they have failed, as all their militaristic successors have failed.

If any artists have cause to be weary of current technical processes it is surely ours, who have been associated with it so long and so futilely. Are we irredeemably enamoured of the tale of hearty fun, which consists in robbing some one? Of the historical narrative, which sets forth how a strong, silent man was neither strong nor silent, but did manage to get away with everybody's goods that he came in contact with? Of the psychological tale, which succeeds, after Olympian difficulties, in marrying two persons who would really have got married on the dropping of a hat? Are those robberies and murders and marryings of actually permanent interest, and do they truly represent something that nourishes or sustains the spirit of man? The poetic literature of England is one of the mightiest efforts that a national mind has ever achieved, but her prose literature has never grown up. It was written on the playing-grounds of Eton. From the Round Table through Scott and Stevenson to Conrad it is always a boy's tale, with adventures borrowed from the criminal calendar, and a psychology that is taken bodily from the cricket-field; and I think it is to-day as dead as is the literature of Belgium, of Spain, or of Switzerland.

But what is true of these is generally true of Europe. The models from which they all worked have ceased to apply in the modern world, and there is no hope for art or literature but in the wild men who paint pictures with their eyes shut, and who write poetry with their ears shut.

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"Marydean Court, Mummy—the lovely stories you made up about us. You remember, Mummy, the night we could n't get any lodgings and we sat all night on a bench in the square. All about the park and the big nurseries and Mullins, the butler, and the lovely things to eat. And instead of being Mrs. Dean, you were Lady Marydean, and I was Lady Joyce. Don't you remember?"

"I remember now." The answer was a low one. She sat down again. So that was it—a tale that she had invented, drugging childish minds with the pulp of dreams against their bodily hunger and distress till it had become real to them, and at last overwhelmingly real to her. She recalled the night of which Joyce had spoken, when, able to drag and carry them no farther, she had wrapped them in her coat and tried to make the adventure seem gay to them. And since at first they could not sleep and were scared and uneasy, she had built against the background of the unfriendly night that structure of magnificent security, of splendor, of plenty and beauty, while they listened and demanded details,—"And what do I wear, Mummy?"—and forgot their trouble. Since then they had demanded the tale again and again; it was to them what the nurseries, the comfort, and pleasantness of Marydean Court had been to that other Joyce and Joan.

But if it had seemed real to them for an hour or two, how real had it seemed to her! How real was it now in her memory! She could trace the way in her mind, step by step, through the outer hall, where the visitors' book lay, to the great inner hall, with its vast hearth and silver fire-dogs, and the Gainsborough portrait of a dead and gone countess smiling from over the mantel; thence up the great staircase, as wide as a coach-road, and by the right-hand branch, where it forked to the gallery above, where the stands of armor stood forever at attention; and so by the south gallery to the great quiet space of her bedroom, where an open door beyond gave a white-and-silver glimpse of her bath-room. And scores of other rooms—she could have made an inventory of their contents and their fittings, from the billiard-room, with its prints, to the private chapel.

But as she glanced about her she knew she had only to think and she could make an inventory of these rooms, too.

"Oh!" It was a cry, strong and despairing, for all she made no sound. "These babies—I must n't go mad! I must n't go mad!"

She rose, pressed her hands to her temples a moment, and crossed the room.

"Joyce," she said, "will you just pass a sponge over baby's hands and face? And I 'll make the tea. And if there 's any jam left, we 'll have that, too."

Joyce went to obey. Her mother laid the filled tea-pot aside and crossed the room to its one picture. It was a cheap enlarged photograph of a young man in the uniform of a second lieutenant, a pleasant, ordinary, open-faced youth, composed to an unreal nonchalance before the camera. She gazed at it earnestly. This had been Dick, her husband, slaughtered in France; it was upon his pension as his widow that she and the children lived.

"Dick!" she said to it softly. "I 'm carrying on, Dick!"

A matter stuck in her mind. While she gave the children their food she spoke of it.

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"*Now* we 'll catch it!" said the countess. "It 's half past five, and nurse will be simply furious. No, Joyce, let poor Moses have a rest, and one of the men will get Joan's boat. We must simply scurry home as fast as we can, and we 'll go the short way through the thicket."

Both children looked at her, interested at once in this new project. Joyce's eyes, dark with dreams, were wide and eager.

"The Dark Ride, Mummy?" she queried. "Oh, let 's!"

"Well, hurry up, then," urged the countess. "And I 'll carry all these things."

She stooped to gather up their litter of apparatus: the garments of Moses, the reel of string that should have safeguarded Joan's boat, and the like. She was as deft and swift in all her movements as a girl of eighteen, small and slender in body, with fair hair, now disordered about a pretty and mirthful face. She had as little the look of the mother of Joan and seven-year-old Joyce as she had of the lady of those many magnificent acres, the heiress to the traditions of a line of august gentlewomen famous in history. She had come hither, after her marriage, from a childhood spent in as splendid a frame elsewhere, and there was still not a peeress in Europe who could play so convincingly with children on the edge of a muddy pond.

"And now, wash-ward ho!" she commanded, her right arm full of the gear she had gathered up, and reaching down her left for Joan to drag by. Joyce held to a fold of her skirt, carrying Moses by a leg. "Come on with you," she said, and they set off across the sward, where the daffodils were going to sleep in golden galaxies.

The swift spring evening darkened over them as they went, and the mass of the thicket hid the line of the great house's lighted windows. The Dark Ride showed as a blacker streak upon the black bulk of it; it was no more than a neglected path, overarched with branches, and dating from the time when the thicket had been a wood. The wonder it held for the children consisted in the fact that it was roofed with green from end to end, a tunnel or a cave as the make-believe of the moment required.

Joan suddenly let go her hold upon the helping hand and sat down forthwith.

"Tired," she announced with calm.

"Oh, you bad baby!" cried the countess. "Get up, Joan, and come home. We 'll soon be there now, and mummy will tow you along."

"Tired," replied Joan, with a note of insistence.

"You little brute!" protested the countess. "D' you mean to say I 've got to carry you? Get up at once, Joan! Oh, all right, then."

She stooped. Adjusting her bundle of other burdens,—she did not transfer any of these to Joyce,—she gathered the soft body of Joan expertly to her bosom, but high up, so that her shoulder took its share of the weight, and rose.

"Who 'd sell a farm and buy a baby?" she demanded cheerily. "Joan, I think they feed you on shot, like *the Jumping Frog*. Come on, Joy!"

They entered the Dark Ride. As they passed from the deepening twilight without to the dense shadows of the thicket, where the trunks of trees were invisible, and ahead, where the path turned, there was only blackness, Joyce put out a hand and again laid

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hold of a fold of the stout tweed skirt. The countess felt the touch.

"Nervy, Joy?" she asked, and her tones carried her unseen and comforting smile to the child. "There 's nothing here worse than this lazy Joan, you know."

"Am n't lazy," came in a murmur from the hollow of the neck where Joan's face was reposing.

"No," said Joyce; "I was just thinking. S'posing, Mummy, that instead of coming out the other side by the lawns, with the terrace in front of us, we was to come out somewhere else—somewhere we 'd never seen before—and could n't get back!"

"It would be beastly," said the countess. "You dreamer, Joy! Oh, *do* keep still, Joan! It 's like carrying a ton of monkeys in a sack!"

For all her littleness and slenderness, she had the strength of clean muscles accustomed to outdoor sports; but Joan was an awkward load. At the bend of the way, where the path was blackest, the countess kicked a tree-root that grew across the way and hurt her foot; and soon she was breathing hard and fighting to get on to the open, where she could put Joan down and, if need be, send Joyce to summon one of the regiment of servants to complete the portage. "Two minutes more!" she told herself doggedly; already she could see through the tunnel-mouth of the path the lights of the long house-front. She could, of course, have put the child down where she was and rested; it was only the fanatic sportsmanship which is the creed of her kind and class that held her true to her goal of getting out first. She had a moment's giddiness; the lights blurred and swam before her; then the ground under her feet hardened, and there was free and open air about her. She bent to put Joan down.

"You 're too heavy, baby," she said, panting. "Mummy must rest."

§ 2

She was bending over the child, Joyce at her side still holding to her skirt, when some one, passing hastily, brushed roughly against her, thrust her to one side, and passed on. She heard the snarl of an impatient oath as she staggered from the impact, and turned in amazement to see who had passed. Joyce crowded closer and clung to her as if in alarm; Joan began to cry feebly.

The man who had bumped against her was receding, no more than a black and hurrying shape. But now it was not at him she looked. Her recent giddiness of fatigue and the dazzle of her senses were clearing from her; she saw with unfogged eyes. But it was not upon the majestic and many-windowed front of Marydean Court that she gazed, with the ancient velvet of its lawns about it and its sweep of stone-flagged terrace before it; upon her other hand was no longer the tangle of the thicket through which she had hurried, carrying Joan. It seemed instead that she stood upon the corner of a street that stretched away on each hand in a raggedly lit vista of dull street-lamps and mean shop-fronts—a street of that feeble, public squalid commerce which is native to the poor quarters of a great city. A great public house was spangled with bright lights a hundred yards away, and about its doors men and women were wrangling and shouting.

She stared, aghast and uncomprehending; and then suddenly, like the pain with which a surgical patient

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comes back to consciousness from unconsciousness, and with a very sickness of horror, she realized that she knew the place, had long known it familiarly. The little shop at her elbow was where she was wont to buy such vegetables as she required; where Marydean Court had fronted its park, there was a row of other such shops.

"Want to go home!" whimpered Joan, and Joyce seconded with a tired pull at her skirt.

She looked down at them wildly by the light of the corner lamp under which they stood.

"Babies," she began distractedly, "I 'm—" She ceased. They were looking up to her with little wind-reddened, weary faces. Joyce, the slender, upright child, upon whom delicate clothes sat as aptly as the rose in her cheeks or the blue in her eyes, sniffed dejectedly in a shabby frock and shivered in the wind that cut along the street; Joan, the debonair, the dominant, the handsomely solid and rotund, was squat and shaky at her feet, blubbering weakly, and also horrid in black. She herself was black-clad, in things rusty and ill made; they were a shabby and mournful group in keeping with the sadness and unloveliness of the street that made their background.

And she knew them,—there was the sick horror again,—she knew them like that.

"Want to go home!" cried Joan in a hoarse wail.

She was frightened, uncertain, bewildered; but at that cry she stooped again and lifted the heavy baby. And when she had done so she began to walk, and was aware that she knew her way and whither she was going.

"I 'm dreaming," she did not cease to tell herself. "I fainted and I 'm dreaming." Yet before she turned out of the street to the dreary road that joined it at right angles, she had ceased to say it. Whatever manner of base miracle it was, it was closing in on her.

The road along which she went was to decent and sane architecture what the louse and the liver-fluke are to the animal creation. Two rows of houses, built of soot-hued brick and all attached to their neighbors on each hand, fronted each other across it; each had an unsavory basement-area railed off from the sidewalk and three pinched stories above. And all, in their depression and dilapidation, in a general quality of slattern poverty, had the air of having fallen from an original low estate to a yet lower one. It was upon the two dirty front steps of one of these—she had known it!—that she set Joan down.

She was not struggling; something was shepherding her along, giving her knowledge that was not hers, and she let it guide her till she should find somewhere where she could be at rest to think and fight for her life—the life that was properly hers. There was a key in the worn bag she carried in her hand; with it she opened the door and led the children in.

There was a narrow hallway, fetid with the smell of greasy cooking that rose like a miasma from the basement; narrow stairs ascended at the end of it, carpetless and dirty. Joyce, dragging her feet miserably, went toward them at once and began to ascend. Above there was talking, and a sudden hoarse laugh as coarse as an obscenity. Helping Joan, she began to climb, too, acknowledging each new disgust she came to as one recognizes a thing one has for a while forgotten.

She had to go to the top floor; she

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he was, with his damp, scarlet smile, waiting for her on the landing. She was making small moaning sounds as she climbed, the wordless voice of fear and helplessness.

"Why, what ever 's the matter?" he asked in his oily and mocking voice, confronting her so that again she could not pass.

She could not answer, and, unwisely, she tried to thrust him aside and get away. As her arm came against him, he misunderstood, perhaps.

His movement of defense culminated in arms that surrounded her, pinning down her own. His face, as bland as a sweet-tasting poison, was close to her own. She could struggle only feebly.

"Now, girlie, I got you now! Only kid you want carried is yourself, eh? Right! I 'll carry yer."

He was trying to lift her, panting as a man pants whose life is soft as putty is soft. She fought at him with all that was left of her powers. Her voice, which she aimed at a scream, came only in squeaky whispers.

"Let me go! How—dare you?"

Why should n't he dare? He was in no danger. Any one can affront and oppress a poor widow with young children. It is the safest of indoor sports.

"Goin' to 'ave a kiss, any'ow," he said, breathing hard. "Stand-off, touch-me-not li'l' devil, you are; but now I 'm goin' to 'ave—a—kiss!"

His face, like some hideous gargoyle, bent toward hers. She laid her head back, willing to die before he should have his wish. She had no voice to call to God.

"Dick!" she breathed. "Dick!"

He heard, and his arms slackened.

"Now, there 's a little darling!" he said unctuously. "All right between us now, ain't it, girlie? *But 'ow did you know my name was Dick?*"

Wave upon wave, tide after tide, of despair, hatred, anger, and impotence crashed over her. How could she speak and blast him? His arms were yet about her; from behind her, on the stairs, came aid in the dress of disaster.

"Break aw 'y! break aw'y!" It was the harsh and ribald voice of Mrs. Cramp. She was there, leaking through her clothes like some horrid oil through the seams of a bilged cask.

"'Ere 's goin's on, I *don't* think! Don't pay no rent, oh, no! Waitin' for 'er pension, she is; an' w'ile she 's waitin', she starts earnin' 'er livin' with my lodgers! This 'ere 's a respectable 'ouse, not Piccadilly Circus, my gal. Now you goin' to pay me my rightful rent or you goin' to pack out o' 'ere 'fore I fetches a p'leeceman?"

She did not see the frightful wink to the man that accompanied the speech or his wink in answer. He had let her go, and she had fallen back against the wall of the landing, her arm across her face. She could neither speak nor see.

"Well, which is it?"

She strove with herself; she had to answer.

"To-morrow," she began to murmur feebly.

"Ter-morrer!" Mrs. Cramp's derisive bellow echoed in the well of the staircase. "You 'll go *now*, this instant minute—dam' yer!" The younger woman did not move, could not move. "'Ere, I 'll dam' soon 'eave them kids out o' that."

She made a step toward the upper flight of stairs. It needed only that to galvanize her hapless tenant into life. She was on the stairs before Mrs. Cramp and fled up them while the man and woman lumbered at her heels.

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Within her rooms she was breathlessly swift. Joyce was sitting beside the bed on which Joan dozed.

"Quick, Joy!" she cried. "Hat and cape, darling! Oh, be ever so quick! They 're coming to turn us out!"

She snatched up the heavy baby, waking her as she did so, and began to cram her into such outdoor clothes as she possessed. Joyce gave her one look, pitifully, tragically shrewd, and started to dress herself. The door of the outer room slammed open, and through it, like a tank rolling into action, advanced Mrs. Cramp. Behind her, alight with interest and pleasure, came that creature of God's making, the man from the second floor.

"Yus, get yer kids an' 'ustle 'em out o' this!" vociferated Mrs. Cramp. "But you don't take nothin' else; not a particle o' nothin' else you don't take!" The mother was endeavoring to wrap Joan in the old rug. "Le' go o' that!" screeched Mrs. Cramp, and she dropped it. "An' that!" Mrs. Cramp, with a grab, snatched the worn hand-bag from her, and exulted at the weak jingle from within. "Money!" she triumphantly exclaimed. "I 'll keep that on account! An' now, out yer go!"

The young woman, holding the heavy baby in her arms, paused. She had no resource, but in the last moment her eyes yet turned to that photograph on the wall. A second they dwelt on it, and her lips moved. There was no sound, but they shaped, "I 'm carrying on, Dick!"

Mrs. Cramp's outcries pursued them down the stairs. Upon the bottom flight Joyce stumbled, and fell two steps.

"Don't cry, darling!" said her mother. "I 'd carry you, too, if I could. Help Mummy and just come along!"

"But—where to, Mummy?"

Her voice was plaintive with tears. There was need for a magic to hearten her. Mrs. Cramp above was spilling her loud violence like a torrent.

"Marydean Court, of course," answered the mother, cheerily. "Where else, Joy?"

And it seemed that at that name of charm even Mrs. Cramp was silenced. Her outcries dwindled. They passed in comparative peace to the darkness of the street and turned toward the main road.

Within, Mrs. Cramp had a word with the young man.

"'Ear that?" she asked. "Some'ing abaht 'Marydean,' she said. Did n't you 'ear it?"

"Go on!" The man from the second floor laughed. "That 's 'er name, that is—Mary Dean!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Cramp was enlightened, but only half relieved. "Any'ow, it 's a Marydean—Earl o' Marydean—that owns all this property, an' I can't afford no mistakes o' that kind. Give me a reg'lar turn to 'ear 'er, it did."

At the corner of the street, where the name-plate, the cleanest thing in all its length, showed its white lettering—"Darkride Street"—to the shine of the street lamp, there was an august and inscrutable policeman, very large and massive in his helmet and long blue great-coat. Him the tired woman accosted.

"If you please," she began timidly. The pillar of the state turned toward her. "Can you tell me where I can go to-night? I 've nowhere to sleep, and I 've got these two children and—"

"Got any money?" he inquired briefly.

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from—no!" she answered despairingly. the"Down this street, then," he answered, pointing. "Second turning to the right, then 'alf a mile on, an' you 'll come to the Union."

She was unwilling to understand him.

"The—Union?" she queried.

"Yes, workhouse, the poorhouse," he explained. "That 's your best chance; fact, it 's the only chance you got 'cept walkin' about all night."

She thanked him and moved away numbly. She had not gone three paces when he stopped her.

"'Ere," he said, holding out his hand. "Take it—coffee-stall on the corner. G' night t' ye!"

It was a shilling he thrust into her free hand before he stalked away, superb, aloof from the weakness and misfortunes of mankind.

The coffee-stall on the corner gave two cups of hot milk and one of watery tea for ninepence; there was likewise a slice of sandy cake for Joyce and another for Joan and still a penny left over. A sniveling old beggar tried to cadge from the stall-keeper, and was ordered off with an oath; she bestowed upon him that last penny. And at last they were facing that final stage on the way to the poorhouse.

It was the ultimate fall; this time they would touch the social bottom. Perhaps *they* would even take the babies away from her.

"Dick," she was praying to the darkness, voicelessly, "be with us now if you can, or else we 're all alone. I must do it, Dick, or they 'd sleep tonight as cold as you, my Dick. I must do it!"

§ 3

The interminable street went slowly under their feet, and at last it was at hand, the great temple of the charity that burns and disgraces like a brand. The upper stories of it were dark save for a window here and there, behind which some paid dispenser of alms took his leisure; but below there were many lights.

"Is it here, Mummy?" asked Joyce.

She did not answer. There was a wide entrance, a formal threshold across which she must commit herself. Tears half blinded her; she could make out only the glass door and the shapes that guarded it. With a heart that beat hurtfully, she turned in. The child in her arms was suddenly an intolerable burden, the child at her skirt dragged like a fetter. She put a hesitating hand to the door. Some one within swung it open before she could push it. She heard Joyce sigh deeply.

"His Lordship was inquiring for you, my Lady," said the familiar voice of Mullins, the butler.

Then arms were about her, and Joan was lifted away; she looked through the fog that was on her. There was the double door to the inner hall, there was the visitors' book on the antique lectern, and over her was the face of all faces most beloved.

"You 've been carrying that lazy, fat rascal," he was saying. "Darling, you 're not a—not an elephant, y' know."

"Dick!" she breathed.

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"Salvaging Civilization"

By G. STANLEY HALL, *Author of* "ADOLESCENCE," "SENESCENCE."

THERE have always been those who held that civilization is a slow, but fatal, disease, that nations and races die of old age after a variously estimated fixed period, and that every effort of man to domesticate himself is foredoomed to failure. Not since the fall of the Roman Empire, or at least since the Thirty Years' War, which swept away one third of the population of Europe, has the Western world faced so many troubles or had so many prophets of disaster as at present. Besides the loss of ten millions of her best men slain in the war, twenty millions wounded, and the suffering and the death of many others at home which this entailed, there have been incalculable property losses, enormous debts, some of which can never be paid, paper currencies depreciated beyond redemption, and wide-spread disintegration of industry and trade. Never, too, have there been so many people in the world starving for want of the bare necessities of life. Unemployment is general, and the unrest of labor is great. On a certain date, two years ago, there were 365 strikes on in this country.

As prices have risen, the grade of many commodities has fallen, while both the quality and quantity of labor have declined as wages have increased. To our political leaders, Lenine, with Bolshevism, is as strange and monstrous as Paul Cézanne seemed to painters of the conservative school. As a reaction from our wonderful unanimity and self-subordination during the war, we now have an opposite extreme of party and sectional strife. There is also a new spirit of independence in India, Egypt, Ireland, Poland, and a dozen more nations down to poor Armenia, with a new race consciousness in the American negro. Gustave LeBon, in his "The World in Revolt," declares that the world is passing through an era of dissociation and hatred of any kind of authority or control.

Even in our own country, which issued from the war the only great creditor nation of the world, with from fifteen to eighteen billion dollars of public and private debts due us from Europe, the country capable of exerting more influence in the counsels of the nations of the earth than any one ever before had in history, there are gloomy forebodings. There is a marked increase in crime, the violations of law have reached proportions hitherto unknown, and all agree that there is a no less marked decline in sex morality. Rag-time and jazz and the movies abound, and there are strange and ominous recrudescences of superstition in large sections of the church.

§ 2

Let us tab off the messages of a *few* representative books that have appeared within the last few months. Professor McDougall, recently called

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xford to Harvard to succeed e Professor Münsterberg, and ems, like his predecessor, to feel ed with the duty of becoming a itor to the New World, tells us in "Is America Safe for Democracy?" t the United States is "speeding ly with invincible optimism down e road to destruction." He reminds that something like one fourth of r drafted men were unfit for military rvice, and the tests of two or three illions of them show them to have an verage psychological age of thirteen ears and an educational equipment the sixth school grade. This is a ery different reality from the ideal of nat of the founders of our nation, The freeman casting with unpur- hased hand the vote that shakes the urrets of the land." For him it is our eugenic decadence which is most ominous.

Indeed, Edward Alsworth Ross, in his "The Old World in the New," shows that in the year the war began the proportion of our foreign-born and their children was not only greater than ever before, but that the quality of the immigrants is steadily deteriorating, and he deplores "the mysterious decline that came upon the people early in the twentieth century."

R. H. Johnson, discussing race suicide in America, reminds us of our one million childless homes, and shows with great statistical detail the inevitable results of breeding from the lowest section of the population while the better classes become progressively sterile.

Ireland, in his "Democracy and the Human Equation," urges that our representative government, based on the idea of leaving great questions to the experts it chooses and can trust, is degenerating not only by the use of the initiative, referendum, and recall, but still more by the fact that our Government has become a mere body of delegates instructed by the incessant petitions, lobbies, and activities of the all-dominant financial interests. We are reminded, as we were a few years ago by Emile Faguet, that our voluminous national and state laws are nearly all products of emergency legislation, and that our whole system, and the system of democracy everywhere, is an active and effective cult of mediocrity.

Klein, in his "Dynastic America and Those Who Own It," computes that five hundred persons in the United States own five million dollars and upward each, that two per cent. of our people own sixty per cent. of our wealth, and that the money power is the real, though invisible, ruler which controls all that we call government; that, saying nothing of church, press, education, all our public utilities are controlled by soulless trusts; and that about half of our great fortunes have already passed by inheritance to those who earned no part of them and render no real service to the community.

In "The Modernizing of the Orient," Clayton S. Cooper reminds us that Asia, with its 900,000,000 people, or nearly four times as many as are in Europe, has so far been but slightly affected by the West; that Alexander's conquests, Rome, and the crusades left hardly a trace; while if England withdrew from India and Egypt, most traces of her dominion there would be forgotten in a generation. Underneath her veneer of Western civilization Japan remains truly Asiatic, and any real understanding between the East and the West is forever impossible. He leaves us to infer that

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the day of the Orient, mother of art, science, philosophy, and religion, and the source of European culture, is dawning, while that of the West is entering the "Twilight of the Gods."

Hyndman, in his "The Awakening of Asia," tells us that the assumed superiority of Europe over Asia "does not exist"; that Asia has influenced Europe on the whole far more than she has been influenced by her; that Japan has the same aspiration to rule Asia that Germany had to rule Europe; that China, despite her hatred of Japan, would prefer to be dominated by her than by the West. He thinks an even greater war than that which has just closed is liable to break out between the yellow and the white races.

Lothrop Stoddard, in his "The Rising Tide of Color," says that the Russo-Japanese War taught Asia that the white races were not invincible, and "we stand at a crisis, the supreme crisis of ages." The recent war came as an answer to the prayers of the colored races that the whites fall out among themselves, and our solidarity is broken. There is increasing infiltration everywhere, and there is a grave possibility of the ultimate subordination of the white races to the yellow and the black; for of the 1,700,000,000 population of the globe, 1,500,000,000 are colored, and none of these races shows a decline in birth-rate despite famine, disease, and war. "So the East will see the West to bed." The equilibrium of the world has been upset.

Will Irwin, in his "The Next War," thinks that it will be greater than the last, and is inevitable and near; that it will come suddenly upon the world, with no declaration; that it will be waged mainly against entire populations, and not against armies alone; that it will have at its command agencies even more destructive than Lewisite, when twenty aircrafts will be able to destroy the entire population of a city of the size of Berlin and level the city to the ground. When it comes, all treaties will become scraps of paper, and no lethal agency, poison gas, water, or germs, will be taboo.

There are even those, like Clarence Day, Jr., in his "This Simian World," who are fond of reminding us that man at his best is only a progressively hairless ape, and that he actually tends, like Tarzan, to revert to the pythicoid state, as is seen in the lure of the frontier, and in his vacation tendency to revert toward the savage, if not the feral, condition of primitive man.

R. T. Morris, in his "Microbes and Men," says that the intrinsic and ineluctable trend of culture is toward the elimination of the species, just as most flowers lose their breeding ability as they double, and also become more vulnerable to microbic influences or tend to produce freak progenies. Thus it is in the nature of things that individuation interferes with genesis, and nature destroys her finest products by sterilizing the units which represent them.

T. E. Young, who ranks with Karl Pearson as an acute and critical English statistician, thinks man reached the acme of his development in classical times or before, and has slowly declined ever since; that human evolution has spent its maximal force; that man's trajectory has reached the highest point of its curve, and is now dropping, although his decadence is masked by modern hygiene, which gives him an artificial vitality. More and more

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of the very diseases that prey upon mankind, like cancer, are now diagnosed as forms of regression to earlier stages of evolution. Against half of the most fatal diseases that afflict mankind we have made no headway, and some of them are increasing in their ravages. Mother Earth herself is less fecund, and has passed the highest point of productivity given her by the original creative energy, and is approaching the stage of the dead moon.

These books, nearly all of them written since the armistice, are only samples of many more which suggest either a great new fear now abroad in the world, with a depressing morale, or else real dangers.

The soul of man in Europe, and perhaps in a greater degree in America, seems thus reacting from the old Fourth-of-July sense of progress and complacency to a state of anxiety and apprehension. Indeed, such Cassandra warnings are now often voiced in every department of human life. Culture, we are told, is lapsing to *Kultur*, and this ends in intellectual sterility. The old moral standards are failing us, and a brilliant dramatist describes God Himself, once majestic and supreme, now shriveled to a timid, little old man carrying a nearly burned-out candle, and will Himself die with its last flicker. Thus the dramatist symbolizes the growing impotence of the religious control of human life.

If we can laugh, or even try to do so, at some of these notes of modern pessimism as extravaganzas and remember that the raven always loves to croak its "nevermore" upon the pallid bust of Pallas, there is here, at any rate, food for thought for all who can and will truly think. Some of those who believe that the *genus homo* has passed its prime, and that an era of decline has begun, tell us that man himself created the agents of his own extinction. Like *Frankenstein*, we have constructed a civilization too big and too complicated for our powers of control, which sooner or later will turn on and destroy its creators.

Man is too small and weak for his task. Washington managed our affairs well, but would have shrunk and very likely fallen before the problems that confronted Foch or the administrative burdens that Roosevelt had to carry. Lincoln did marvelously well in the Civil War, but might have failed before the problems that confronted Wilson in the World War, and we do not know how he would have gone through to the end of the reconstruction era that followed and broke the enormous prestige of Wilson when he first went to Europe, revealing his limitations and breaking him physically by their sheer magnitude. To guide the world and its great organizations to-day requires a specialization that is dwarfing; thus those experts to whom appeal is more and more made on every important question are only deformed and partial types of humanity. Boas tells us that primitive man had nearly as much mental power as civilized man, the latter having only the advantage of inheriting and using far more effective instrumentalities. In Homeric times, when all men did all things, man was more symmetrical and complete, as Hippias sought to illustrate. If machinery has given to every man the command of twenty times as much energy estimated in foot-pounds or horse-power as his predecessors had a hundred years ago, it has not given him anything like a corresponding increase of mental power

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or sense of responsibility to insure that he will use the powers of nature he now commands for the greater weal, and not for the woe, of the race.

Perhaps we ought to pause here and remember that there are many who cannot face reality if it is painful. Students of instinct tell us that the ostrich never hides its head in the sand, as it is reputed to do, to escape danger, but man is an adept at just this process. Those who are phlegmatic, psychologically fat, and successful, as many are in this country, which is the spoiled child as well as the *enfant terrible* of history, are prone to take the cheap and easy way of denying or ignoring all views like the above as needlessly alarmist or pessimistic. At any rate, they say such troubles will not come in our day; they are content to leave it to posterity. Writers like the above seem to them like quacks who magnify or invent symptoms in their patients in order to boom their own nostrums or their own skill. Moreover, there is nothing so dangerous as great ideas in small minds; therefore it is a very hygienic instinct that inclines them to ignore all tasks too great for them.

§ 3

If we admit that the world is sick and that humanity has entered a very critical stage of its history, let us turn next to some of the cures that have been suggested:

I—The first is, of course, religion. Christianity did save the world when the old civilization decayed, and gave us a new spiritual leadership in place of the old political Rome. The Reformation, too, showed much of its regenerative power, but brought a new era of warfare into Europe. Moreover, it did not prevent the last most disastrous war in history. It has scarcely touched Asia, with half the population of the globe. Moreover, the attitude of watchfully waiting for the miracle of another Pentecost or the advent of a new millennial dispensation is to-day a cowardly flight from reality and treason to faith in the higher powers of man. The first molten stage in which all great religions begin has a marvelous converting and transforming culture power, which can work miracles in the soul of man like nothing else. But as the hottest things cool most quickly and the most vital things die fastest, so religion quickly tends to rigidity into rites, dogmas, formalism, and its materializations are the deadest, coldest, and most mechanical things in the world.

Creative religious genius does three things: (a) It sees everything in terms of the now and the here. The equivalent of everything that ever was or will be done is now and here. As geological progress reduces catastrophism, so all religious forces that ever were in the world are active to-day, and there are no closed dispensations. The fervent religious spirit does not wait, look, or go afar, but addresses itself to the duty of the hour, to make its brief day and its locality, however humble, the greatest.

(b) It looks within for both guidance and impulsion. It trusts the deeper real self, and does not wait for or even want help from without. Its culmination is not the sense of absolute dependence, but of independence and victory over not only the world, the flesh, and the devil, but even over death itself. The kingdom is within. We are temples of the living God or the Spirit. If this introversion is

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complete, we see ourselves as divine sons of the highest, and everything we can know as fulgurations or ejects of the human soul.

(c) The third, crowning, and last achievement of the religious instinct is self-subordination or effacement, the passion to serve, which Buddha called pity, Paul, charity, and Jesus, love, having felt a vital rapport or union with which we are content to be a single leaf on the tree of life or one cell in the body social.

Now, if religion is and does anything like this, does any one see anywhere any sign of such a great conversion of mankind from selfishness to altruism by its agency? If so, it is beyond my range of vision, much as I want to see it and profoundly as I believe in the possibility of all this. Therefore we have to turn to other slower acting, more partial and indirect cures that have been suggested and in which many put their faith, and leave this to poets or pulpit rhapsodists or to those who need narcotics.

II—A more or less fantastic cure, proposed by Metchnikof, Shaler, Bernard Shaw, and others, is the lengthening of human life. The modern world is so complex that one needs a novitiate of forty or a hundred years before he can become really competent in chemistry, biology, statecraft, or anything else. Now, few of us are equal to the tasks that business and good citizenship lay upon us. Suppose human life were shortened by half, so that youngsters had to do the world's work. There is no danger of this, but its equivalent has happened; namely, the world's work has become twice as hard, and increasing the numerator of a vulgar fraction is the same as decreasing its denominator. The best of us are now too ignorant and inexperienced to get and do the very most that civilization demands of us. Therefore, we are told we must prolong life to at least a hundred and fifty years, or we shall meet the fate of Phaethon driving the chariot of the sun. Life is now too short for mastery. This view makes a strong appeal to those of my age. We oldsters know that as we grow old we grow wise and that if the world would submit to our guidance, it would be vastly better than it is. But the trouble is to make you youngsters of fifty, forty, thirty, and hardest of all those in the twenties, recognize and submit to our greater wisdom. Moreover, we are in a small minority, and you can both outvote and overpower us. Thus I fear that we Nestors and Merlins have small chance in leading the world in the way of salvation in which it should go, and so we must look in some other direction.

III—Comenius, just after the Thirty Years' War, and many others since his day down to H. G. Wells, would salvage civilization by new, intensive, and universal methods of education. They have little faith in heredity, because acquired qualities are not inherited, but fix their hope upon epigenetic methods. After there has been a merger of sovereignties and a federated world, wise men from the East and West must work out a trunk-line curriculum of essentials, with specific variations for different lands and races, and the administration of this, which would decuple its cost, must be our chief concern. We must make a complete break with history and start the rising generation in a new direction and develop a new consciousness of social solidarity.
press must be enlisted and fr

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reptilian subservience to advertisers, to politics, to great financial interests, be endowed, independent, and educational. The world must have a new Bible, scrapping much of the old, but retaining the best in it, substituting evolution for Genesis, an outline of history for Chronicles, ethics for Deuteronomy, literature for Psalms and Proverbs, the best modern forecasts for prophecy. This will not only save mankind from relapse into barbarism, but bring in a new era. This view involves a certain defiance of Weismann's doctrine that acquired qualities are not inherited, and takes us back to Spencer and Lamarck, who held that everything innate in the individual man is acquired by the race.

The splendor of such a pipe-dream has its own appeal and a very potent one, but its enormous costliness, the decades it would require to prepare and put it in operation, the preliminary difficulties of unifying the world and inducing it to accept such a scheme, and, back of all, the problem whether education, even at its best, is really capable of thus transforming human nature and reversing many of its sets and trends, make its success at least dubious, although there are great, and we must admit, unexplored possibilities in this direction.

IV—Modern eugenists since Galton, too many to list, who have held these tenets as the religion of the future, put their faith in a very different regenerative agency. Now, the lowest and least serviceable classes in every community multiply fastest, and the best slowest. This disgenic process is very rapidly destroying the human stock. It is because the proletariat has developed disproportionately to nature's élite classes that the human material for warfare has increased and made large armies as "cannon-fodder" possible and the appeal to force effective. To be saved, therefore, men and women must produce better children by means of bonuses for eugenic marriages and for well born babies, an increase of wages for every child born, wise diffusion of knowledge, even of contraceptive methods, promulgation of the doctrine of control, and by increasing discrimination everywhere in favor of the best and against the worst, the latter, after being reduced in number as far as possible, to be segregated in order that they cannot multiply. By all these methods we may hope to improve the human breed and develop a true socius or superman who would be almost the opposite of Nietzsche's conception of him, thus bringing in a new and better era.

This scheme, too, has genuine inspiration. It is entirely possible for man to get himself better born, to reduce his liability to illness, to increase vastly his native mental power, and to improve his moral fiber in this way. But all admit that it would be both slow and hard—slow because it will take many generations of man materially to raise the quality of the human stirp, and hard because there is an inveterate, if not invincible, prejudice against applying the methods of the stock-farm to the human kind. Our hearts warm toward enthusiasts in this as they do toward those in the educational field, and it is not only significant, but hopeful, that many of the best minds have both the courage and the faith to devote their lives to these great causes.

V—From pastor Wagner, and even from Rousseau down to the most sagacious, as it seems to me, of all the Ger-

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mans who have dared to look facts in the face, namely, the late Walther Rathenau in his "The New Society," we have the suggestion of return to the simple life as a panacea for the grievous ills of our time. If the wealth of the world were evenly distributed, the share of each would be so small that only a tiny fraction of the hopes and desires of even the lowest classes could be satisfied. Thus men now, especially in all lands where the ravages of war have been grievous, must adjust themselves, at least for a generation or two, to hard work, very simple conditions of life, and plain, right, and new orders of thought. Rathenau, who came nearer to being the Fichte of his day than any other, told his countrymen that they must accept defeat, throw off the Hohenzollern dynasty along with the Junkers and the military caste, recognize that they have always been too docile and dependent upon their leaders, and that their dreams of *Deutschland über Alles* and of the glorification of Teutonism *à la* Chamberlain have been utterly misleading and must be abandoned. The German *Volk* must devote itself to industry, economy, and in a word acquire a new soul and reënter the family of nations as simply one member with others as good as it, and trust to the sound constitution of the German people, their common sense, their simplicity, and genuineness to reinstate them in the world.

This is good counsel for any nation, any group, or any individual man in the world to-day. It is going back to first principles, and getting enjoyment out of life itself instead of from its factitious and adventitious aids. It is the attitude that cannot pity itself and scorns pity from others, but involves a kind of courage that is perhaps the very best quality of human nature. But it, too, is revolutionary and requires sacrifices that are nothing less than heroic.

VI—If every one engaged in the world's work were doing just what he was best fitted for, there would be an immense gain both of efficiency and content. Hence many look to vocational guidance in the largest sense as the hope of the world. The curse of our day is that men do not love their work or make it play, but tend to escape and minimize it in every way. Thus those who do only what they have to, and for pay only, are slaves. But this well worn theme opens into the vaster one that Shand, Parker, Tead, Thorndike, McDougall, Holmes, and many others have discussed, namely, that of fitting institutions to the fundamental human and racial instincts. Here we see vast misfit and waste. The industrial, legal, religious, educational, and ethical institutions and traditions which have come down to us from the past do not fit human nature as we know it to-day. Individual and ethnic differences have been little recognized or developed, but now that we are making such rapid progress in differential psychology and understanding that perhaps no single person or race anywhere illustrates the average or type, and that many of the basal trends of human nature are repressed or even thwarted by institutions, we are trying to find our way back to a tabulation of instincts, types, and classes, and students of human nature are seeking for fundamental and innate categories or temperaments as a basis for refitting civilization to man's nature and needs, whether original or acquired.

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knew that. Upon the landing of the second a room-door was open, and at the sound of their footfalls a man in his shirt-sleeves came and leaned against the door-post. At sight of him she was aware of a sensation that at first seemed new, but was very soon familiar—shrinking and weakness of actual fear. He was a youngish man with a face at once fat and predatory, like a beast of prey that has been overfed. Under his strongly hooked nose there was a mustache like a broad, black smear; under that again, his mouth, with his intolerable smile, was wide and moist and red.

"'Evenin'," he said. "Want a 'and to carry that kid up?"

She replied with a vague murmur of refusal, and tried to hurry past to the next flight of stairs. He strode out and intercepted her; she stepped back against the flimsy hand-rail. Above them, Joyce turned and stood looking down on them.

He was grinning at her,—this was his daily sport,—but his eyes did not cease to be avid.

"Kid 's too 'eavy for you," he said. "Lemme stick it up-stairs, an' then I 'll come back an' 'ave a little chat with you. I got some'ing to tell you—honest, I 'ave."

"Please let me pass," she begged nervously. "I 'm late, and—and you 're frightening the baby."

Fortunately, Joan did begin to cry again. The man swore and made as though to kick at the child. She snatched it up and darted past him.

"Wait till I ketch you by yerself!" he called after her, mockingly.

She came, trembling, panting, and soothing Joan into the two rooms that she knew were "home." The one which she entered first was a bedroom converted to the uses of a kitchen by the installation of a gas-stove; the inner room had a single large bed. Here she laid Joan on the bed, covering her with a warm traveling-rug that served as counterpane, watched for a moment while the cold, tired baby face drooped to a doze, then gathered up the bundle she had carried and went back to the front room.

Little Joyce, with the uninterested manner of old habit, had lit the gas-stove and put a kettle to boil. In that other life Joyce had never struck a match; she had been guarded from them like a holy relic from sacrilege. There was an old, creaky rocking-chair in the room, and the weary, scared woman sat down and watched the shabby, clumsy child set forth cups and plates.

"There 's half a loaf of bread, Mummy," said Joyce, "but we 'll want some more tea for the morning."

"Shall we, dear? I 'll—I 'll get some."

Joyce looked round at her. The children of poverty are not beautiful, and Joyce had neither complexion, expression, nor grace. But to her mother, staring at her, it seemed as though in the child's face there gleamed at that moment as it were a reflection from the elfin beauty of the lost Joyce.

"It is n't like this at Marydean Court, is it, Mummy?" she said quite clearly.

Her mother uttered a cry and sprang up. She caught the child toward her, a hand on each thin shoulder.

"Marydean Court, Joyce! What do you mean? You don't—you can't—"

But even as she spoke she knew what was coming, and calmed herself lest she should frighten Joyce.

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"Marydean Court, Mummy—the lovely stories you made up about us. You remember, Mummy, the night we could n't get any lodgings and we sat all night on a bench in the square. All about the park and the big nurseries and Mullins, the butler, and the lovely things to eat. And instead of being Mrs. Dean, you were Lady Marydean, and I was Lady Joyce. Don't you remember?"

"I remember now." The answer was a low one. She sat down again. So that was it—a tale that she had invented, drugging childish minds with the pulp of dreams against their bodily hunger and distress till it had become real to them, and at last overwhelmingly real to her. She recalled the night of which Joyce had spoken, when, able to drag and carry them no farther, she had wrapped them in her coat and tried to make the adventure seem gay to them. And since at first they could not sleep and were scared and uneasy, she had built against the background of the unfriendly night that structure of magnificent security, of splendor, of plenty and beauty, while they listened and demanded details,—"And what do I wear, Mummy?"—and forgot their trouble. Since then they had demanded the tale again and again; it was to them what the nurseries, the comfort, and pleasantness of Marydean Court had been to that other Joyce and Joan.

But if it had seemed real to them for an hour or two, how real had it seemed to her! How real was it now in her memory! She could trace the way in her mind, step by step, through the outer hall, where the visitors' book lay, to the great inner hall, with its vast hearth and silver fire-dogs, and the Gainsborough portrait of a dead and gone countess smiling from over the mantel; thence up the great staircase, as wide as a coach-road, and by the right-hand branch, where it forked to the gallery above, where the stands of armor stood forever at attention; and so by the south gallery to the great quiet space of her bedroom, where an open door beyond gave a white-and-silver glimpse of her bath-room. And scores of other rooms—she could have made an inventory of their contents and their fittings, from the billiard-room, with its prints, to the private chapel.

But as she glanced about her she knew she had only to think and she could make an inventory of these rooms, too.

"Oh!" It was a cry, strong and despairing, for all she made no sound. "These babies—I must n't go mad! I must n't go mad!"

She rose, pressed her hands to her temples a moment, and crossed the room.

"Joyce," she said, "will you just pass a sponge over baby's hands and face? And I 'll make the tea. And if there 's any jam left, we 'll have that, too."

Joyce went to obey. Her mother laid the filled tea-pot aside and crossed the room to its one picture. It was a cheap enlarged photograph of a young man in the uniform of a second lieutenant, a pleasant, ordinary, open-faced youth, composed to an unreal nonchalance before the camera. She gazed at it earnestly. This had been Dick, her husband, slaughtered in France; it was upon his pension as his widow that she and the children lived.

"Dick!" she said to it softly. "I 'm carrying on, Dick!"

A matter stuck in her mind. While she gave the children their food she spoke of it.

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"I wonder if there 's a letter for me down-stairs," she said. "I must run down afterward and see."

Joyce looked up intelligently.

"Is it the pension, Mummy?" she asked.

"Yes; the papers ought to have come yesterday, but they did n't. But they 're probably all right."

They had need to be. Her stock of money was reduced to a very few small coins, and there must be no hitch about the rent. Though she paid monthly in advance, she counted as a bad tenant compared with a street-walker who would pay four times as much, or a man who could be plundered with small charges for extras.

When the pitiful meal was over, she put the cups and the plates into the pail in which she would presently wash them up, arranged Joan upon the bed again with Joyce in charge, and went down to inquire about the letter.

She tiptoed carefully past the door on the landing below, but it was half-shut, and the man she dreaded did not appear. No letter lay on the mat in the hall below, and she made her way down to the heat and reek of the basement-kitchen, where her landlady had her habitation. Timidly, she knocked upon its door, and opened it upon a cry from within.

The stench of the room hit her in the face. Some culinary alchemy had been recently taking place, and wreaths of smoke wandered in the dead air below the whining gas-jet. At the table, in the middle of the room, with a mess of food before her and a bottle at her elbow, sat Mrs. Cramp, the landlady.

"Oh, it 's you!" was her greeting. "An' what might *you* want 'ere? Letter? 'Ow the 'ell should I know?"

She was not a tall woman, but she was vast, with redundant chins and overflowing bosom, a huge and gross carcass swaddled in greasy and unbuttoned clothes. Her hair was dragged back into a tight little knot that crowned her like a moldering pompom, and in the red and furious face, aglow like a malevolent moon, the eyes were those of a rabid pig.

The other shrank back daunted, but Mrs. Cramp recalled her.

"But 'ere! Since you *are* 'ere, where you got no business, what abaht that there rent? Doo yesterday it was. What abaht it, eh?"

"That 's why I was looking for a letter," the younger woman explained. "It 's—it 's my pension papers. Perhaps they 'll come by the last post, and then—"

The creature at the table interrupted with a noise like a hoarse yell.

"To 'ell with your pension!" she screeched. "What I want 's my money, an' I ain't goin' to wait, neither. Pension! Livin' orf a dead man's flesh—that 's what I call it." Her little eyes lit suddenly with another light than anger. Now, perhaps, she might get rid of her tenant. Lodgings never stood empty an hour in these days.

"I ain't goin' to wait, d' ye 'ear?" she said. "I 'm comin' up now, an' I 'm goin' to 'ave my lawful money. Out o' this, you—!"

The younger woman fell back from the door. It was not the epithet; she had been called that before. This was another terror. She turned and ran up the stairs. Behind her she heard Mrs. Cramp laugh direfully and drink noisily from her bottle.

She was going now blindly, with no precaution to be unheard, and possibly the man on the second floor took this for encouragement. At any rate, there

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he was, with his damp, scarlet smile, waiting for her on the landing. She was making small moaning sounds as she climbed, the wordless voice of fear and helplessness.

"Why, what ever 's the matter?" he asked in his oily and mocking voice, confronting her so that again she could not pass.

She could not answer, and, unwisely, she tried to thrust him aside and get away. As her arm came against him, he misunderstood, perhaps.

His movement of defense culminated in arms that surrounded her, pinning down her own. His face, as bland as a sweet-tasting poison, was close to her own. She could struggle only feebly.

"Now, girlie, I got you now! Only kid you want carried is yourself, eh? Right! I 'll carry yer."

He was trying to lift her, panting as a man pants whose life is soft as putty is soft. She fought at him with all that was left of her powers. Her voice, which she aimed at a scream, came only in squeaky whispers.

"Let me go! How—dare you?"

Why should n't he dare? He was in no danger. Any one can affront and oppress a poor widow with young children. It is the safest of indoor sports.

"Goin' to 'ave a kiss, any'ow," he said, breathing hard. "Stand-off, touch-me-not li'l' devil, you are; but now I 'm goin' to 'ave—a—kiss!"

His face, like some hideous gargoyle, bent toward hers. She laid her head back, willing to die before he should have his wish. She had no voice to call to God.

"Dick!" she breathed. "Dick!"

He heard, and his arms slackened.

"Now, there 's a little darling!" he said unctuously. "All right between us now, ain't it, girlie? *But 'ow did you know my name was Dick?*"

Wave upon wave, tide after tide, of despair, hatred, anger, and impotence crashed over her. How could she speak and blast him? His arms were yet about her; from behind her, on the stairs, came aid in the dress of disaster.

"Break aw 'y! break aw'y!" It was the harsh and ribald voice of Mrs. Cramp. She was there, leaking through her clothes like some horrid oil through the seams of a bilged cask.

"'Ere 's goin's on, I *don't* think! Don't pay no rent, oh, no! Waitin' for 'er pension, she is; an' w'ile she 's waitin', she starts earnin' 'er livin' with my lodgers! This 'ere 's a respectable 'ouse, not Piccadilly Circus, my gal. Now you goin' to pay me my rightful rent or you goin' to pack out o' 'ere 'fore I fetches a p'leeceman?"

She did not see the frightful wink to the man that accompanied the speech or his wink in answer. He had let her go, and she had fallen back against the wall of the landing, her arm across her face. She could neither speak nor see.

"Well, which is it?"

She strove with herself; she had to answer.

"To-morrow," she began to murmur feebly.

"Ter-morrer!" Mrs. Cramp's derisive bellow echoed in the well of the staircase. "You 'll go *now*, this instant minute—dam' yer!" The younger woman did not move, could not move. "'Ere, I 'll dam' soon 'eave them kids out o' that."

She made a step toward the upper flight of stairs. It needed only that to galvanize her hapless tenant into life. She was on the stairs before Mrs. Cramp and fled up them while the man and woman lumbered at her heels.

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Within her rooms she was breathlessly swift. Joyce was sitting beside the bed on which Joan dozed.

"Quick, Joy!" she cried. "Hat and cape, darling! Oh, be ever so quick! They 're coming to turn us out!"

She snatched up the heavy baby, waking her as she did so, and began to cram her into such outdoor clothes as she possessed. Joyce gave her one look, pitifully, tragically shrewd, and started to dress herself. The door of the outer room slammed open, and through it, like a tank rolling into action, advanced Mrs. Cramp. Behind her, alight with interest and pleasure, came that creature of God's making, the man from the second floor.

"Yus, get yer kids an' 'ustle 'em out o' this!" vociferated Mrs. Cramp. "But you don't take nothin' else; not a particle o' nothin' else you don't take!" The mother was endeavoring to wrap Joan in the old rug. "Le' go o' that!" screeched Mrs. Cramp, and she dropped it. "An' that!" Mrs. Cramp, with a grab, snatched the worn hand-bag from her, and exulted at the weak jingle from within. "Money!" she triumphantly exclaimed. "I 'll keep that on account! An' now, out yer go!"

The young woman, holding the heavy baby in her arms, paused. She had no resource, but in the last moment her eyes yet turned to that photograph on the wall. A second they dwelt on it, and her lips moved. There was no sound, but they shaped, "I 'm carrying on, Dick!"

Mrs. Cramp's outcries pursued them down the stairs. Upon the bottom flight Joyce stumbled, and fell two steps.

"Don't cry, darling!" said her mother. "I 'd carry you, too, if I could. Help Mummy and just come along!"

"But—where to, Mummy?"

Her voice was plaintive with tears. There was need for a magic to hearten her. Mrs. Cramp above was spilling her loud violence like a torrent.

"Marydean Court, of course," answered the mother, cheerily. "Where else, Joy?"

And it seemed that at that name of charm even Mrs. Cramp was silenced. Her outcries dwindled. They passed in comparative peace to the darkness of the street and turned toward the main road.

Within, Mrs. Cramp had a word with the young man.

"'Ear that?" she asked. "Some'ing abaht 'Marydean,' she said. Did n't you 'ear it?"

"Go on!" The man from the second floor laughed. "That 's 'er name, that is—Mary Dean!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Cramp was enlightened, but only half relieved. "Any'ow, it 's a Marydean—Earl o' Marydean—that owns all this property, an' I can't afford no mistakes o' that kind. Give me a reg'lar turn to 'ear 'er, it did."

At the corner of the street, where the name-plate, the cleanest thing in all its length, showed its white lettering—"Darkride Street"—to the shine of the street lamp, there was an august and inscrutable policeman, very large and massive in his helmet and long blue great-coat. Him the tired woman accosted.

"If you please," she began timidly. The pillar of the state turned toward her. "Can you tell me where I can go to-night? I 've nowhere to sleep, and I 've got these two children and—"

"Got any money?" he inquired briefly.

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"N-no!" she answered despairingly.

"Down this street, then," he answered, pointing. "Second turning to the right, then 'alf a mile on, an' you 'll come to the Union."

She was unwilling to understand him.

"The—Union?" she queried.

"Yes, workhouse, the poorhouse," he explained. "That 's your best chance; fact, it 's the only chance you got 'cept walkin' about all night."

She thanked him and moved away numbly. She had not gone three paces when he stopped her.

"'Ere," he said, holding out his hand. "Take it—coffee-stall on the corner. G' night t' ye!"

It was a shilling he thrust into her free hand before he stalked away, superb, aloof from the weakness and misfortunes of mankind.

The coffee-stall on the corner gave two cups of hot milk and one of watery tea for ninepence; there was likewise a slice of sandy cake for Joyce and another for Joan and still a penny left over. A sniveling old beggar tried to cadge from the stall-keeper, and was ordered off with an oath; she bestowed upon him that last penny. And at last they were facing that final stage on the way to the poorhouse.

It was the ultimate fall; this time they would touch the social bottom. Perhaps *they* would even take the babies away from her.

"Dick," she was praying to the darkness, voicelessly, "be with us now if you can, or else we 're all alone. I must do it, Dick, or they 'd sleep tonight as cold as you, my Dick. I must do it!"

§ 3

The interminable street went slowly under their feet, and at last it was at hand, the great temple of the charity that burns and disgraces like a brand. The upper stories of it were dark save for a window here and there, behind which some paid dispenser of alms took his leisure; but below there were many lights.

"Is it here, Mummy?" asked Joyce.

She did not answer. There was a wide entrance, a formal threshold across which she must commit herself. Tears half blinded her; she could make out only the glass door and the shapes that guarded it. With a heart that beat hurtfully, she turned in. The child in her arms was suddenly an intolerable burden, the child at her skirt dragged like a fetter. She put a hesitating hand to the door. Some one within swung it open before she could push it. She heard Joyce sigh deeply.

"His Lordship was inquiring for you, my Lady," said the familiar voice of Mullins, the butler.

Then arms were about her, and Joan was lifted away; she looked through the fog that was on her. There was the double door to the inner hall, there was the visitors' book on the antique lectern, and over her was the face of all faces most beloved.

"You 've been carrying that lazy, fat rascal," he was saying. "Darling, you 're not a—not an elephant, y' know."

"Dick!" she breathed.

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"Salvaging Civilization"

By G. Stanley Hall, *Author of* "Adolescence," "Senescence," *etc.*

THERE have always been those who held that civilization is a slow, but fatal, disease, that nations and races die of old age after a variously estimated fixed period, and that every effort of man to domesticate himself is foredoomed to failure. Not since the fall of the Roman Empire, or at least since the Thirty Years' War, which swept away one third of the population of Europe, has the Western world faced so many troubles or had so many prophets of disaster as at present. Besides the loss of ten millions of her best men slain in the war, twenty millions wounded, and the suffering and the death of many others at home which this entailed, there have been incalculable property losses, enormous debts, some of which can never be paid, paper currencies depreciated beyond redemption, and wide-spread disintegration of industry and trade. Never, too, have there been so many people in the world starving for want of the bare necessities of life. Unemployment is general, and the unrest of labor is great. On a certain date, two years ago, there were 365 strikes on in this country.

As prices have risen, the grade of many commodities has fallen, while both the quality and quantity of labor have declined as wages have increased. To our political leaders, Lenine, with Bolshevism, is as strange and monstrous as Paul Cézanne seemed to painters of the conservative school. As a reaction from our wonderful unanimity and self-subordination during the war, we now have an opposite extreme of party and sectional strife. There is also a new spirit of independence in India, Egypt, Ireland, Poland, and a dozen more nations down to poor Armenia, with a new race consciousness in the American negro. Gustave LeBon, in his "The World in Revolt," declares that the world is passing through an era of dissociation and hatred of any kind of authority or control.

Even in our own country, which issued from the war the only great creditor nation of the world, with from fifteen to eighteen billion dollars of public and private debts due us from Europe, the country capable of exerting more influence in the counsels of the nations of the earth than any one ever before had in history, there are gloomy forebodings. There is a marked increase in crime, the violations of law have reached proportions hitherto unknown, and all agree that there is a no less marked decline in sex morality. Rag-time and jazz and the movies abound, and there are strange and ominous recrudescences of superstition in large sections of the church.

§ 2

Let us tab off the messages of a few representative books that have appeared within the last few months. Professor McDougall, recently called

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from Oxford to Harvard to succeed the late Professor Münsterberg, and who seems, like his predecessor, to feel charged with the duty of becoming a mentor to the New World, tells us in his "Is America Safe for Democracy?" that the United States is "speeding gaily with invincible optimism down the road to destruction." He reminds us that something like one fourth of our drafted men were unfit for military service, and the tests of two or three millions of them show them to have an average psychological age of thirteen years and an educational equipment of the sixth school grade. This is a very different reality from the ideal of that of the founders of our nation, "The freeman casting with unpurchased hand the vote that shakes the turrets of the land." For him it is our eugenic decadence which is most ominous.

Indeed, Edward Alsworth Ross, in his "The Old World in the New," shows that in the year the war began the proportion of our foreign-born and their children was not only greater than ever before, but that the quality of the immigrants is steadily deteriorating, and he deplores "the mysterious decline that came upon the people early in the twentieth century."

R. H. Johnson, discussing race suicide in America, reminds us of our one million childless homes, and shows with great statistical detail the inevitable results of breeding from the lowest section of the population while the better classes become progressively sterile.

Ireland, in his "Democracy and the Human Equation," urges that our representative government, based on the idea of leaving great questions to the experts it chooses and can trust, is degenerating not only by the use of the initiative, referendum, and recall, but still more by the fact that our Government has become a mere body of delegates instructed by the incessant petitions, lobbies, and activities of the all-dominant financial interests. We are reminded, as we were a few years ago by Emile Faguet, that our voluminous national and state laws are nearly all products of emergency legislation, and that our whole system, and the system of democracy everywhere, is an active and effective cult of mediocrity.

Klein, in his "Dynastic America and Those Who Own It," computes that five hundred persons in the United States own five million dollars and upward each, that two per cent. of our people own sixty per cent. of our wealth, and that the money power is the real, though invisible, ruler which controls all that we call government; that, saying nothing of church, press, education, all our public utilities are controlled by soulless trusts; and that about half of our great fortunes have already passed by inheritance to those who earned no part of them and render no real service to the community.

In "The Modernizing of the Orient," Clayton S. Cooper reminds us that Asia, with its 900,000,000 people, or nearly four times as many as are in Europe, has so far been but slightly affected by the West; that Alexander's conquests, Rome, and the crusades left hardly a trace; while if England withdrew from India and Egypt, most traces of her dominion there would be forgotten in a generation. Underneath her veneer of Western civilization Japan remains truly Asiatic, and any real understanding between the East and the West is forever impossible. He leaves us to infer that

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the day of the Orient, mother of art, science, philosophy, and religion, and the source of European culture, is dawning, while that of the West is entering the "Twilight of the Gods."

Hyndman, in his "The Awakening of Asia," tells us that the assumed superiority of Europe over Asia "does not exist"; that Asia has influenced Europe on the whole far more than she has been influenced by her; that Japan has the same aspiration to rule Asia that Germany had to rule Europe; that China, despite her hatred of Japan, would prefer to be dominated by her than by the West. He thinks an even greater war than that which has just closed is liable to break out between the yellow and the white races.

Lothrop Stoddard, in his "The Rising Tide of Color," says that the Russo-Japanese War taught Asia that the white races were not invincible, and "we stand at a crisis, the supreme crisis of ages." The recent war came as an answer to the prayers of the colored races that the whites fall out among themselves, and our solidarity is broken. There is increasing infiltration everywhere, and there is a grave possibility of the ultimate subordination of the white races to the yellow and the black; for of the 1,700,000,000 population of the globe, 1,500,000,000 are colored, and none of these races shows a decline in birth-rate despite famine, disease, and war. "So the East will see the West to bed." The equilibrium of the world has been upset.

Will Irwin, in his "The Next War," thinks that it will be greater than the last, and is inevitable and near; that it will come suddenly upon the world, with no declaration; that it will be waged mainly against entire populations, and not against armies alone; that it will have at its command agencies even more destructive than Lewisite, when twenty aircrafts will be able to destroy the entire population of a city of the size of Berlin and level the city to the ground. When it comes, all treaties will become scraps of paper, and no lethal agency, poison gas, water, or germs, will be taboo.

There are even those, like Clarence Day, Jr., in his "This Simian World," who are fond of reminding us that man at his best is only a progressively hairless ape, and that he actually tends, like Tarzan, to revert to the pythicoid state, as is seen in the lure of the frontier, and in his vacation tendency to revert toward the savage, if not the feral, condition of primitive man.

R. T. Morris, in his "Microbes and Men," says that the intrinsic and ineluctable trend of culture is toward the elimination of the species, just as most flowers lose their breeding ability as they double, and also become more vulnerable to microbic influences or tend to produce freak progenies. Thus it is in the nature of things that individuation interferes with genesis, and nature destroys her finest products by sterilizing the units which represent them.

T. E. Young, who ranks with Karl Pearson as an acute and critical English statistician, thinks man reached the acme of his development in classical times or before, and has slowly declined ever since; that human evolution has spent its maximal force; that man's trajectory has reached the highest point of its curve, and is now dropping, although his decadence is masked by modern hygiene, which gives him an artificial vitality. More and more

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of the very diseases that prey upon mankind, like cancer, are now diagnosed as forms of regression to earlier stages of evolution. Against half of the most fatal diseases that afflict mankind we have made no headway, and some of them are increasing in their ravages. Mother Earth herself is less fecund, and has passed the highest point of productivity given her by the original creative energy, and is approaching the stage of the dead moon.

These books, nearly all of them written since the armistice, are only samples of many more which suggest either a great new fear now abroad in the world, with a depressing morale, or else real dangers.

The soul of man in Europe, and perhaps in a greater degree in America, seems thus reacting from the old Fourth-of-July sense of progress and complacency to a state of anxiety and apprehension. Indeed, such Cassandra warnings are now often voiced in every department of human life. Culture, we are told, is lapsing to *Kultur*, and this ends in intellectual sterility. The old moral standards are failing us, and a brilliant dramatist describes God Himself, once majestic and supreme, now shriveled to a timid, little old man carrying a nearly burned-out candle, and will Himself die with its last flicker. Thus the dramatist symbolizes the growing impotence of the religious control of human life.

If we can laugh, or even try to do so, at some of these notes of modern pessimism as extravaganzas and remember that the raven always loves to croak its "nevermore" upon the pallid bust of Pallas, there is here, at any rate, food for thought for all who can and will truly think. Some of those who believe that the *genus homo* has passed its prime, and that an era of decline has begun, tell us that man himself created the agents of his own extinction. Like *Frankenstein*, we have constructed a civilization too big and too complicated for our powers of control, which sooner or later will turn on and destroy its creators.

Man is too small and weak for his task. Washington managed our affairs well, but would have shrunk and very likely fallen before the problems that confronted Foch or the administrative burdens that Roosevelt had to carry. Lincoln did marvelously well in the Civil War, but might have failed before the problems that confronted Wilson in the World War, and we do not know how he would have gone through to the end of the reconstruction era that followed and broke the enormous prestige of Wilson when he first went to Europe, revealing his limitations and breaking him physically by their sheer magnitude. To guide the world and its great organizations to-day requires a specialization that is dwarfing; thus those experts to whom appeal is more and more made on every important question are only deformed and partial types of humanity. Boas tells us that primitive man had nearly as much mental power as civilized man, the latter having only the advantage of inheriting and using far more effective instrumentalities. In Homeric times, when all men did all things, man was more symmetrical and complete, as Hippias sought to illustrate. If machinery has given to every man the command of twenty times as much energy estimated in foot-pounds or horse-power as his predecessors had a hundred years ago, it has not given him anything like a corresponding increase of mental power

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or sense of responsibility to insure that he will use the powers of nature he now commands for the greater weal, and not for the woe, of the race.

Perhaps we ought to pause here and remember that there are many who cannot face reality if it is painful. Students of instinct tell us that the ostrich never hides its head in the sand, as it is reputed to do, to escape danger, but man is an adept at just this process. Those who are phlegmatic, psychologically fat, and successful, as many are in this country, which is the spoiled child as well as the *enfant terrible* of history, are prone to take the cheap and easy way of denying or ignoring all views like the above as needlessly alarmist or pessimistic. At any rate, they say such troubles will not come in our day; they are content to leave it to posterity. Writers like the above seem to them like quacks who magnify or invent symptoms in their patients in order to boom their own nostrums or their own skill. Moreover, there is nothing so dangerous as great ideas in small minds; therefore it is a very hygienic instinct that inclines them to ignore all tasks too great for them.

§ 3

If we admit that the world is sick and that humanity has entered a very critical stage of its history, let us turn next to some of the cures that have been suggested:

I—The first is, of course, religion. Christianity did save the world when the old civilization decayed, and gave us a new spiritual leadership in place of the old political Rome. The Reformation, too, showed much of its regenerative power, but brought a new era of warfare into Europe. Moreover, it did not prevent the last most disastrous war in history. It has scarcely touched Asia, with half the population of the globe. Moreover, the attitude of watchfully waiting for the miracle of another Pentecost or the advent of a new millennial dispensation is to-day a cowardly flight from reality and treason to faith in the higher powers of man. The first molten stage in which all great religions begin has a marvelous converting and transforming culture power, which can work miracles in the soul of man like nothing else. But as the hottest things cool most quickly and the most vital things die fastest, so religion quickly tends to rigidity into rites, dogmas, formalism, and its materializations are the deadest, coldest, and most mechanical things in the world.

Creative religious genius does three things: (a) It sees everything in terms of the now and the here. The equivalent of everything that ever was or will be done is now and here. As geological progress reduces catastrophism, so all religious forces that ever were in the world are active to-day, and there are no closed dispensations. The fervent religious spirit does not wait, look, or go afar, but addresses itself to the duty of the hour, to make its brief day and its locality, however humble, the greatest.

(b) It looks within for both guidance and impulsion. It trusts the deeper real self, and does not wait for or even want help from without. Its culmination is not the sense of absolute dependence, but of independence and victory over not only the world, the flesh, and the devil, but even over death itself. The kingdom is within. We are temples of the living God or the Spirit. If this introversion is

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complete, we see ourselves as divine sons of the highest, and everything we can know as fulgurations or ejects of the human soul.

(c) The third, crowning, and last achievement of the religious instinct is self-subordination or effacement, the passion to serve, which Buddha called pity, Paul, charity, and Jesus, love, having felt a vital rapport or union with which we are content to be a single leaf on the tree of life or one cell in the body social.

Now, if religion is and does anything like this, does any one see anywhere any sign of such a great conversion of mankind from selfishness to altruism by its agency? If so, it is beyond my range of vision, much as I want to see it and profoundly as I believe in the possibility of all this. Therefore we have to turn to other slower acting, more partial and indirect cures that have been suggested and in which many put their faith, and leave this to poets or pulpit rhapsodists or to those who need narcotics.

II—A more or less fantastic cure, proposed by Metchnikof, Shaler, Bernard Shaw, and others, is the lengthening of human life. The modern world is so complex that one needs a novitiate of forty or a hundred years before he can become really competent in chemistry, biology, statecraft, or anything else. Now, few of us are equal to the tasks that business and good citizenship lay upon us. Suppose human life were shortened by half, so that youngsters had to do the world's work. There is no danger of this, but its equivalent has happened; namely, the world's work has become twice as hard, and increasing the numerator of a vulgar fraction is the same as decreasing its denominator. The best of us are now too ignorant and inexperienced to get and do the very most that civilization demands of us. Therefore, we are told we must prolong life to at least a hundred and fifty years, or we shall meet the fate of Phaethon driving the chariot of the sun. Life is now too short for mastery. This view makes a strong appeal to those of my age. We oldsters know that as we grow old we grow wise and that if the world would submit to our guidance, it would be vastly better than it is. But the trouble is to make you youngsters of fifty, forty, thirty, and hardest of all those in the twenties, recognize and submit to our greater wisdom. Moreover, we are in a small minority, and you can both outvote and overpower us. Thus I fear that we Nestors and Merlins have small chance in leading the world in the way of salvation in which it should go, and so we must look in some other direction.

III—Comenius, just after the Thirty Years' War, and many others since his day down to H. G. Wells, would salvage civilization by new, intensive, and universal methods of education. They have little faith in heredity, because acquired qualities are not inherited, but fix their hope upon epigenetic methods. After there has been a merger of sovereignties and a federated world, wise men from the East and West must work out a trunk-line curriculum of essentials, with specific variations for different lands and races, and the administration of this, which would decuple its cost, must be our chief concern. We must make a complete break with history and start the rising generation in a new direction and develop a new consciousness of social solidarity. The press must be enlisted and freed of its

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reptilian subservience to advertisers, to politics, to great financial interests, be endowed, independent, and educational. The world must have a new Bible, scrapping much of the old, but retaining the best in it, substituting evolution for Genesis, an outline of history for Chronicles, ethics for Deuteronomy, literature for Psalms and Proverbs, the best modern forecasts for prophecy. This will not only save mankind from relapse into barbarism, but bring in a new era. This view involves a certain defiance of Weismann's doctrine that acquired qualities are not inherited, and takes us back to Spencer and Lamarck, who held that everything innate in the individual man is acquired by the race.

The splendor of such a pipe-dream has its own appeal and a very potent one, but its enormous costliness, the decades it would require to prepare and put it in operation, the preliminary difficulties of unifying the world and inducing it to accept such a scheme, and, back of all, the problem whether education, even at its best, is really capable of thus transforming human nature and reversing many of its sets and trends, make its success at least dubious, although there are great, and we must admit, unexplored possibilities in this direction.

IV—Modern eugenists since Galton, too many to list, who have held these tenets as the religion of the future, put their faith in a very different regenerative agency. Now, the lowest and least serviceable classes in every community multiply fastest, and the best slowest. This disgenic process is very rapidly destroying the human stock. It is because the proletariat has developed disproportionately to nature's élite classes that the human material for warfare has increased and made large armies as "cannon-fodder" possible and the appeal to force effective. To be saved, therefore, men and women must produce better children by means of bonuses for eugenic marriages and for well born babies, an increase of wages for every child born, wise diffusion of knowledge, even of contraceptive methods, promulgation of the doctrine of control, and by increasing discrimination everywhere in favor of the best and against the worst, the latter, after being reduced in number as far as possible, to be segregated in order that they cannot multiply. By all these methods we may hope to improve the human breed and develop a true socius or superman who would be almost the opposite of Nietzsche's conception of him, thus bringing in a new and better era.

This scheme, too, has genuine inspiration. It is entirely possible for man to get himself better born, to reduce his liability to illness, to increase vastly his native mental power, and to improve his moral fiber in this way. But all admit that it would be both slow and hard—slow because it will take many generations of man materially to raise the quality of the human stirp, and hard because there is an inveterate, if not invincible, prejudice against applying the methods of the stock-farm to the human kind. Our hearts warm toward enthusiasts in this as they do toward those in the educational field, and it is not only significant, but hopeful, that many of the best minds have both the courage and the faith to devote their lives to these great causes.

V—From pastor Wagner, and even from Rousseau down to the most sagacious, as it seems to me, of all the Ger-

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mans who have dared to look facts in the face, namely, the late Walther Rathenau in his "The New Society," we have the suggestion of return to the simple life as a panacea for the grievous ills of our time. If the wealth of the world were evenly distributed, the share of each would be so small that only a tiny fraction of the hopes and desires of even the lowest classes could be satisfied. Thus men now, especially in all lands where the ravages of war have been grievous, must adjust themselves, at least for a generation or two, to hard work, very simple conditions of life, and plain, right, and new orders of thought. Rathenau, who came nearer to being the Fichte of his day than any other, told his countrymen that they must accept defeat, throw off the Hohenzollern dynasty along with the Junkers and the military caste, recognize that they have always been too docile and dependent upon their leaders, and that their dreams of *Deutschland über Alles* and of the glorification of Teutonism *à la* Chamberlain have been utterly misleading and must be abandoned. The German *Volk* must devote itself to industry, economy, and in a word acquire a new soul and reënter the family of nations as simply one member with others as good as it, and trust to the sound constitution of the German people, their common sense, their simplicity, and genuineness to reinstate them in the world.

This is good counsel for any nation, any group, or any individual man in the world to-day. It is going back to first principles, and getting enjoyment out of life itself instead of from its factitious and adventitious aids. It is the attitude that cannot pity itself and scorns pity from others, but involves a kind of courage that is perhaps the very best quality of human nature. But it, too, is revolutionary and requires sacrifices that are nothing less than heroic.

VI—If every one engaged in the world's work were doing just what he was best fitted for, there would be an immense gain both of efficiency and content. Hence many look to vocational guidance in the largest sense as the hope of the world. The curse of our day is that men do not love their work or make it play, but tend to escape and minimize it in every way. Thus those who do only what they have to, and for pay only, are slaves. But this well worn theme opens into the vaster one that Shand, Parker, Tead, Thorndike, McDougall, Holmes, and many others have discussed, namely, that of fitting institutions to the fundamental human and racial instincts. Here we see vast misfit and waste. The industrial, legal, religious, educational, and ethical institutions and traditions which have come down to us from the past do not fit human nature as we know it to-day. Individual and ethnic differences have been little recognized or developed, but now that we are making such rapid progress in differential psychology and understanding that perhaps no single person or race anywhere illustrates the average or type, and that many of the basal trends of human nature are repressed or even thwarted by institutions, we are trying to find our way back to a tabulation of instincts, types, and classes, and students of human nature are seeking for fundamental and innate categories or temperaments as a basis for refitting civilization to man's nature and needs, whether original or acquired.

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This is one of the most wholesome and hopeful tendencies of our times, just as when and where free popular governments were established, men harked back to the first principles of the inalienable rights of man. But here, too, we have only just entered into a vast new field, and incalculable time and labor will be required before the full measure of ameliorations which can ultimately be hoped for in this direction is attained.

VII—F. A. Vanderlip, in his very able book "What next in Europe?" makes the interesting suggestion that instead of remitting any part of it, we collect all the debt Europe owes us and expend it where it will do most good in improving European conditions or restoring lost economic functions in ways that government will not and cannot do. This is quite in line with our magnanimous policy with the Boxer Indemnity and in Cuba, and would bring us large returns in the way of good-will. It is, of course, only a partial cure, but is more practical and far less idealistic than the suggestion that Japan might have made, a proposition at the Washington conference that would have thrown even the startling scheme of Secretary Hughes quite in the shade, if she had suggested that all outside nations now encroaching upon China adopt the policy of leaving China for the Chinese ten or twenty years hence. This would have been the acme of great statesmanship in all the history of the world, and even if not accepted by the European powers, would have made Japan regarded throughout the Celestial empire as the big brother, or the moral leader of Asia. A policy, however, as sublime as this is too much to expect of the best statecraft of to-day.

I know it may seem disappointing, a kind of anticlimax, if I confess that I can suggest no prescription for all these grievous ailments of humanity, grave and many as I believe are now the dangers to which it is exposed. I do, however, venture two suggestions in closing.

(1) The first is that of the proper attitude for watchfully waiting intellectuals in a time like this. It should be one of hope and not of despair; of courage, not of cowardly ignoring perils. I should despair but for my invincible faith in the creed of evolution. How meanly we were wont to think of man! He was made *de novo* but a short time ago, set in a world where he had no kin. Such truth as he had was revealed as his institutions were given to him from without. What he learned for himself was false, and what he did was wrong.

Now, we know everything good and great came out of the soul of man. It created everything that makes civilization—state, church, all the arts and industries, and every institution. Man created all the languages, all the myths and all religions, heavens, and hells; he made all the Bibles, and all the gods from highest to lowest evolved from his soul. True, God made man, but before that, many now tell us, man made God. But more and back of all this, man made himself out of a very savage and hairy anthropoid which for ages seemed inferior to a score of animal competitors for the lordship of creation. This he alone attained, leaving them all behind in brutehood. And last of all, as his crowning achievement, he has evolved the sciences, pure and applied, and all their armamentaria. He may well be proud of his humble ancestry, of the

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vigor and élan which his ancient pedigree gave him.

We may indeed truly say with Hegel, that man can never begin to think highly enough of himself. Now, is it likely that such a being, with such a record in the past, the rate of whose advance, instead of being retarded, has constantly accelerated up to the beginning of the century, should suffer defeat, arrest, or lapse into sudden senescence? Are not all the hardships and perils of our day rather to be regarded as painful initiations of humanity into a stage of adulthood or as new challenges which will be met as triumphantly as all the old ones have been? For the soul of man has been the most irrepressible and unconquerable thing in the world so far. Are we shallow optimists if we feel an invincible conviction that history so far has been only prolegomena, and far better things are in store for our race than it has yet known? Man is perhaps now near the half-way station between the ape he was and the demigod he is to become in some far-off day when man as he now is will be as forgotten as the missing link of Java. Is there any better way of judging the future than by the past? Thus nature and evolution bid us hope. This is the first suggestion, and it is only a mood, attitude, temper, set, or *Einstellung*.

What we need, then, is more faith in man. Neither his soul nor his body was smuggled into the world from without, but evolved from its inmost core. He is its beloved and only begotten son, and the story of his processional from ether to ethics, from cell to citizen, amœba to the architect of civilization, is the epitome of all knowledge possible to man. Always and everywhere the best have survived; so that it is a good world, and despite all his faults, he is the best thing in it; his shortcomings are those of immaturity.

(2) Now, if man is thus the crown of the universe, what is the highest and best thing in him, the tap-root of his growth, the mainspring of all his progress, the only sure road to a greater future? I answer that it is love, the oldest, most potent, and most fundamental thing in human nature.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
. . . . . .
For love is heaven, and heaven is love

only hints at it. All the Bibles are love-stories of man for the highest idea his racial soul has evolved. Buddha, Jesus, Paul, John, knew its power. It may be directed to truth, and then it makes science and philosophy; to beauty, and then it makes art in all its forms; to justice, virtue, or goodness, and then it makes all the counsels and aids to progressive perfection, law, ethics, religion. Just now we are learning again how it controls health and disease, success or failure, which, psychoanalysts are showing us, depend more on the love life than on anything else. It is the perennial theme of poetry, drama, and all fiction. Look into your own lives, and not one of you will deny that conduct and even character have been shaped by Eros, which Plato said made the world itself. The chief trait of man as distinct from animals is that he can love more. Some great transformation in the past, symbolized by many a myth, hypertrophied his philoprogenitive instincts, made him the lover par excellence of the world, so that most of his *thun* and *haben*, his achievements and his failures, have been due to it. If he only loves his work and can make play of it, instead of hating it as the world now

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does, not only fatigue, but every form of unrest, will vanish. Nothing has so many species, varieties, names, and symbols.

It begins even before sex in symbiosis, is seen in all forms of gregariousness, of the herd instinct which the Cro-Magnon had and the Neanderthal lacked, and so vanished before him. It made man the social being he is, taught him coöperation and mutual aid, gives some a passion for service, inspires patriotism that broadens into philanthropy, makes altruism, and everywhere subordination of the individual unit to the group. It still impels some young men in the very choice of their calling to ask where they can do most good instead of where they can get most money. Woman, who is now coming to power, knows and feels it better than man and ought to help bring in a new dispensation of it as against the egoism and the monstrosities of selfishness which are the products of hunger merging into greed, the other and malign power that now strives to rule the world. In these days of tests we must work out some criterion to tell of each how much they can love, and the best function of culture is to direct this passion toward the highest and most worthy object, and to realize the transforming power of a new affection. It will bring in, in a sense, the opposite type of the superman to that we know. It gives the highest possible morale, it is the best of all agencies in the abolition of war, and its development is the best standard by which to measure the efficacy of all these other cures of present-day evils. It does exist deep down in the soul of every one who is truly human, and if we could only find some mode of direct action to bring it out, we should not have to wait for slower agencies.

It is most significant that in nearly every country in Europe involved in the Great War, perhaps especially in Germany, we read of new movements in the rising generation toward emancipation from both the traditions and the control of their elders, as if they had lost confidence in their guidance, which has involved the world in woe.

The young are the best material for prophecy, for as they go, the world will follow two decades hence. The young best know what love is and best feel what it can do. Thus the supreme question which the zeitgeist puts up to young people to-day is to decide whether they wish most to give or to get; to serve mankind or to exploit it; whether they will choose the career where they can do most good to-morrow or take the job that pays the best to-day; whether they follow the precepts of Sterner and Nietzsche, which teach us to maximize our ego, or those of Kropotkin, which teach mutual aid; whether they prefer the cutthroat methods of competition, too prevalent in business, or the coöperative methods by which science, the other great institution of the modern world, has been built up. Both individual and group selfishness must be transcended, and nothing less than a new dispensation of service and a new enthusiasm for humanity must be instituted. This will begin not by concerted and organized movement without, but can take its rise only within the soul of each individual man who dedicates himself to service, and has penetrated to the great secret of the human heart, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

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Disarming the Drama

By Alexander Woollcott

As a playgoer I am a little weary of many too recurrent phenomena in the American theater, but of all things I resent most hotly the employment of firearms to unnerve an audience. It is such a contemptible subterfuge. Your unscrupulous playwright resorts to it upon the most feeble excuses. When in doubt, brandish a revolver—that has been his little motto these many seasons. Whenever he feels that a maiden in distress, an ominous shadow cast upon a window-blind, or a cry of terror heard off stage is not quite enough to induce the desired agitation in the play-going bosom, he points a revolver at that bosom and feels that the drama has been rescued again. Draw a gun, and you will draw an audience. There, apparently, is the first precept in that hardy manual, "How to Be a Playwright." I wonder.

I wonder how many playgoers are, as I am, gun-shy; how many are, as I am, rendered dumbly miserable by the notice that a pistol is to play one of the leading rôles in the piece of the evening. The stage revolver, harmless enough in itself, is one of the great American nuisances, like the ticket speculator and the dialect comedian and the forty-two-year-old ingénue. We bear up under them; but who likes them?

The purpose of the pistol in stagecraft is akin to the rôle of the harrow in agriculture, or the business of the masseur's fingers before the cold cream is applied. It brings the playgoer forward to the edge of his seat, induces a mild sweat, and leaves him in that state of taut nerves which makes him a pitiably easy victim to any suggestion the author may have in mind.

I resent this because it is taking a base advantage. It is too easy. It is like cheating at solitaire. Your true playwright, like Frank Craven, is above such mean devices. In his comedy, "The First Year," he brews the same suspense, the same sweet agony, but he does it with some chivalry. He throws the playgoer into a palpitation over the question as to whether or not that green waitress will remember to bring in the melon *before* the soup. Or, as she stands gesturing nonchalantly with the vegetable dish held in her hand, whether that dish will or will not crash against the edge of the dining-room table. At that magnificently suspensive moment in "The First Year" I have counted eight women in front of me all cowering, and putting their fingers to their ears. With the peril of that vegetable dish Craven contrives more genuine dramatic agony than do the bullying melodramatists with whole arsenals at their disposal.

My favorite playwright is Euripides, because he wrote ninety pieces for the theater without introducing a gun in one of them. But, frustrated by the fact that it 's not every evening one

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can find a piece of his being acted in my town, I then go by preference to plays involving the villainy of toreadors or to hot romances unfolded against Sicilian or Etruscan backgrounds. Even then the assurance is not absolute; but the chances are that whatever murder is to be attended to during the evening will be managed by a knife stuck quietly and modestly between the ribs.

I had hoped that the war would cure me of these weak tremors. I remember saying as much the night that the Argonne drive began. It was two o'clock on that momentous September morning in 1918, and up the road that led from Souilly toward Montfaucon three transported Broadwayites were plodding side by side, a quondam actor and two ex-dramatic critics, William Slavens McNutt, Arthur Ruhl, and I. Ruhl, as I recall, wore a shawl. The guns were firing in concert from Alsace to the channel, a four-hundred-mile row of cannon all going off at one time, the heaviest artillery preparation the world had ever heard. I had been spending a considerable portion of the preceding three months under the guns and had soon become so used to them that I could sleep placidly, just as one gets used to a flat near the Sixth-Avenue Elevated or to a berth on a railroad train. And even to this monstrous redoubling of the ructions, this continuous blast at which the very earth twitched and trembled like a sleeping setter with a nightmare, we became accustomed, and by daylight were talking through it as though it were not there.

And I remember agreeing with Ruhl that at least the war would do one thing for us. The world might still remain a somewhat precarious place for democracy, but we could reasonably expect to attend an American crook-play without going through all the old pangs of the gun-shy. At one silly little revolver thrust suddenly into the suspense of a scene we would merely yawn and wonder where to sup after the play.

§ 2

In my first week back home I went guilelessly to the Follies. There was an interlude, intended, I understand, to be extremely comic, in which that fine comedian, Bert Williams, had to sit in front of a shooting-gallery target, like a large black son of a latter-day Tell, and suffer an expert marksman to pick off the bulbs that formed an aureole for his woolly head. Williams was supposed to turn as white as possible and to tremble with fear. He did. So did I. But *he* was acting. The war had been fought in vain.

Small wonder, then, if I find myself hoping in each scene that a temporary derangement of the property man will have loaded the revolver with something worse than blanks and that an actor or so will be mowed down before my eyes. This uncalculated thrill has not yet happened, but I suppose we all keep on going to the theater in the hope that some day it will.

Failing that sweet revenge, we can distil some comfort when the gun-play goes wrong in less sensational ways. I wish I had been there on that great occasion they tell about when the gun fired at *Simon Legree* did not go off. *Click-click*, and not a sound. *Legree*, with fine presence of mind, pressed a hand to his breast, cast his eyes upward, cried out weakly: "Curses! That old heart trouble come back again," and fell dead.

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And then one night there was the gleam of a silver lining in the cloud that overhung that mad English melodrama, "Bulldog Drummond." The exceptionally heavy villain was supposed to gain gratified possession of the revolver and to fire point-blank at the dauntless bosom of A. E. Matthews as *Drummond*. There was to be no report. Matthews was to smile and say contemptuously, "My good man, I would scarcely have let you amuse yourself with that toy had I not known it was unloaded. (Business of looking thwarted on the part of the heavy.) Only on this one night the aforesaid heavy picked up the wrong revolver. He fired twice. Both shots sprayed the heroic waistcoat with powder. Of course that did not hurt Matthews himself, but it did considerably impair the force of the line just ahead. So Matthews looked contemptuously at the fellow, murmured: "You 're a damned bad shot, my good man," and sauntered off, amid the audible appreciation of a much amused audience. Afterward, the heavy actor challenged him in the wings. "If that unfortunate contretemps should occur again," he said, "I trust you will not indulge yourself in that wretched jest. It seems, if I may say so, in questionable taste. It made me look such a fool."

But these satisfactions are rare. I am tired of gun-play on the stage. I am tired of many things on the stage. The following items in the theater, for instance, all weary me a little:

1. Revivals of "Twelfth Night" in which the *Viola* is played by a matron of forty-six years.

2. English comedies in which, just before the final curtain, the tall, muscular hero announces his intention of leaving next morning for the Straits Settlement or Burmah and "escape from it all," thus causing the pallid heroine to rush into his arms.

3. French comedies in which the translator's notion of simple idiomatic speech might be judged from this sample: "It is not necessary that you go, is it not, mussoor?"

4. American comedies of sentiment in which the peculations of the young bank clerk and the indiscretions of the heroine are all purged by the device of adjourning the play to a rural setting and playing the final moments against a green-canvas meadow.

5. Touching scenes, acted on the assumption that no mother embraces her progeny without rolling her eyes tearfully to the chandelier.

6. Plays in which any one of the following lines occurs more than eight times:

"How many lumps?"

"There must be some mistake."

"You here?"

"You mean?"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"I do not know why I am telling all this to you."

"Won't you sit down?"

But I am most tired of being threatened with a pistol-shot. The next time a second act begins with a frowning broker entering the richly carpeted library, walking across to the massive, carved walnut desk, opening the desk drawer, taking out a bright revolver, examining it, nodding with grim satisfaction, putting it back, closing the drawer softly, and ringing for the butler—the next time that happens, I shall reach for my hat and quietly leave the theater. That is, if they want me to go on reviewing plays.

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Mark Twain and Music

By RALPH HOLMES

WERE we musically a less self-conscious people than we are, or had Samuel Langhorne Clemens been less typically American than he was, there would be hardly more than casual interest in the great humanist's reactions to the most subtle and most general of the arts.

But musically we are still in our teens; we are still prideful of our first long trousers and not above jingling the coins in our pocket. We have become quite certain that Music, with a capital M, is a great thing, but we are still so thrilled at the discovery that we do not yet accept it with other "great things" like birth, death, and the sidereal procession.

We have even begun to make some gestures of our own in the direction of creating music; it is not impossible to get a hearing for the assertion that jazz is a folk music comparable with the aboriginal outpourings of Europe.

But, for all this, we proceed with the tail of the eye on our elders. Let a Coates, an Indy, a Muck, or a Mengleberg return to Europe, and we hold our breath till we hear what he thinks of us; and if it is not complimentary, we succumb gracefully to a little glib rhetoric and agree that the worst probably has n't been told, at the same time squaring our shoulders like a reprimanded Horatio Alger hero, determined that from now on we 'll do better.

Now, this attitude, it seems to me, finds perfect reflection in this entry Mark Twain made in his traveler's note-book at Heidelberg in 1878:

"I have attended opera, whenever I could not help it, for fourteen years now; I am sure I know of no agony comparable to the listening to an unfamiliar opera. I am enchanted with the airs of 'Trovatore' and other old operas which the hand-organ and the music-box have made entirely familiar to my ear. I am carried away with delighted enthusiasm when they are sung at the opera. But oh, how far between they are! And what long, arid, heartbreaking and headaching 'between-times' of that sort of intense but incoherent noise which always so reminds me of the time the orphan asylum burned down.

"*Sunday night, 11th.* Huge crowd out tonight to hear the band play the 'Fremersberg.' I suppose it is very low-grade music—I know it must be low-grade music—because it so delighted me, it so warmed me, moved me, stirred me, uplifted me, enraptured me, that at times I could have cried, and at others split my throat with shouting. The great crowd was another evidence that it was low-grade music, for only the few are educated up to a point where high-class music gives pleasure. I have never heard enough classic music to be able to enjoy it, and the simple truth is I detest it. Not mildly, but with all my heart.

"What a poor lot we human beings

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are anyway! If base music gives me wings, why should I want any other? But I do. I want to like the higher music because the higher and better like it. But you see I want to like it without taking the necessary trouble, and giving the thing the necessary amount of time and attention. The natural suggestion is, to get into that upper tier, that dress-circle, by a lie—we will *pretend* we like it. This lie, this pretense, gives to opera what support it has in America."—"Mark Twain," by Paine.

There can be no question, of course, but that his daughter, Clara Clemens, to-day an interesting figure on the concert platform, and her husband, Ossip Gabrilowitch, famed alike as pianist and conductor, served to an extent as guides into this far, fair land of harmony and counterpoint. But even their influence could not have been very potent without some changes in the man himself, for we have the case of Ibsen to emphasize the fact that it requires more than external pressure, more, even, than internal desire, to achieve any vital apprehension of the significance of music. The great Norwegian dramatist, with a mind singularly sensitive to the subtilties of human emotion and an ear attuned to the delicate nuances of language, regretted to the end of his life that Edvard Grieg's incidental music to "Peer Gynt" was quite beyond his comprehension, and the two "Peer Gynt" suites are to-day ranked among the simpler forms, admirable for the delectation of the uninitiate.

What, then, was the course of the development of Mark Twain's passion for music, for that is what it virtually amounted to at the end?

Some clue is to be found in the fascinating and authoritative biography of the humanist's faithful Boswell, Albert Bigelow Paine; but in the consideration of a life so full of external incident as Twain's, and, after all, so little concerned with the more delicate adventures of the spirit, it is not surprising that Mr. Paine has not gone more into detail regarding this one factor. It is therefore to Mme. Clara Gabrilowitch that one must turn for illumination of this subject, because her lifelong devotion to music impressed upon her memory all of her father's reactions in this field.

It seems interesting in these days, when the concert vocalists are just discovering again the naïve charm and the authentic musical worth of the old negro spirituals, to learn from Mme. Gabrilowitch that her first recollections of music at home were concerned with these same melodies.

This was in her fifth or sixth year, and she remembers that her sisters shared with her the delight of hearing her father sit at the piano and sing to his own accompaniment such good old negro ecstasies as "Go Chain the Lion Down," "Rise and Shine and Give the Glory, Glory," and "The Golden Chariot." The words meant nothing to the children, but the melodies were infectious, and they could not get enough of them.

"My father played his accompaniments by ear entirely, and my later musical education taught me that his harmonies were not always perfect, but our young ears recognized no mistakes, and the enthusiasm with which he always sang them, and of course the melodies themselves, were irresistible," says Mme. Gabrilowitch.

The negro songs were perhaps a heritage of the adventurous days on

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the Mississippi, when more likely than not the young pilot learned them from the colored people themselves; but it is testimony to their intrinsic musical value that he should have clung to them many years after.

Next came a music-box, when Clara Clemens was eight or nine, and of all its perforated repertoire it was the wedding-march from "Lohengrin" that held not only the children in thrall, but the father as well. However, it was not the music-box, but a certain Mr. Beattie who provided the truly thrilling musical experiences of that period, for he had a powerful voice and an extreme fondness for the ballad form. The *pièce de résistance* of his assortment was "Nancy Lee," and Twain always demanded it. Its rendition, however, was not without certain inevitable incidentals that made for novelty, but tended to endear it less to the hearts of the Clemens children than to their parents, particularly their father.

It always began, as Mme. Gabrilowitch recalls, ceremoniously, by Mr. Beattie mounting one of the three children on each knee, probably to give an appropriate domestic touch to an undeniably domestic ballad. But the left-over child did not complain, because, as the song progressed and the singer sang with ever more and more feeling, the perch of the children became less and less tenable, until the final climax would bring Mr. Beattie to his feet, and he would proclaim that "A sailor's wife his star shall be" without regard to the safety of his accessories, who usually landed in a heap on the floor, while he struck an appropriately heroic attitude.

These home entertainments were always an essential feature of the Clemens family's domestic routine, and every lover of Mark Twain knows how importantly they figured and how they persisted as long as the children were of an age to participate, considerable expense being incurred to provide real scenery and stage equipment. In the case of Clara Clemens the enthusiasm for these affairs took such deep root that at fourteen she announced her intention of becoming an actress. But her father, fully supported by her mother, announced even more emphatically that she would do nothing of the sort, and instinctively the child turned to the family piano for solace. As she herself now says:

"I came quickly to the conclusion that I must either marry a famous pianist some day far off, when I was wearing long skirts, or I must become a great pianist myself. It seemed more direct to choose the latter course, so I scattered a great many plans on to the keyboard while I practised, and rapidly forgot the poses I had arranged for *Ophelia* and *Juliet*."

This interest in music on the part of his daughter Mark Twain was willing and anxious to encourage, and although he displayed virtually no interest in the incidents of her progress, which was rapid, he was frankly proud when he heard others praise her. In fact, one of the disappointments of the young artist's career was due to Twain's perfect honesty in regard to her studies, for when she sought to impress him with her first Italian aria, he listened with ill concealed impatience, and when she had finished, asked her if she could not sing him an old Scotch song. Even Schubert he would have none of, and was interested only in the simplest of familiar songs.

Nor did his interest in music increase

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materially through the middle portion of his life, and we may judge of the extent of his response to it when we read a letter, written in 1894, describing a party in the studio of Robert Reid in which he confessed:

"Harding Davis sang the hanging of Danny Deever, which was of course good, but he followed it with that most fascinating (for what reason I don't know) of all Kipling's poems 'On the Road to Mandalay,' sang it tenderly & it searched me deeper & charmed me more than the Deever."—"Mark Twain," by Paine.

It was not that Mark Twain charted a course that escaped the musical seas, for when his talented daughter progressed in her piano studies to the point where only a master could furnish further development, her parents took her to Leschetitzky, in Vienna, and the Twain establishment became naturally the gathering-place of many of the musical set, students and artists. But even so, according to Mme. Gabrilowitch, the author never felt himself a part of the Viennese musical world.

"My father was always ill at ease among the musical people, for they were concerned with a form of art that left him at that time wholly unmoved, and sometimes actually uncomfortable. The most that he got out of his association with those people was a great admiration for their memories and the nimbleness of their fingers. He was sure that Leschetitzky was the greatest pianist who ever lived and he was never hesitant about expressing his amazement that human hands could do what he did, and the human mind remember how to do it."

It was during that stay in Vienna that Clara Clemens met the young Ossip Gabrilowitch, also studying with Leschetitzky, and while at that time there was no thought of the attachment that later resulted in marriage, the two were friends, and Gabrilowitch was a visitor at the Twain establishment.

"Both my father and mother were fond enough of Ossip, but I will always remember the first time I asked their permission to invite him home for dinner. 'By all means,' agreed my father, 'provided you don't ask him to play,' and he was quite serious about it."

Acquaintance with the clan did not reassure Twain that music as a profession was just the thing for his daughter, and he did not seem to consider that, after all, she was doing more than perfecting herself in an accomplishment that she would practise privately. At least a few years later, when the family was in Italy and the composer Brogi, struck by the freshness and charm of the young singer's voice, enthusiastically announced his intention of writing an opera for her, Mark Twain permitted himself one of the outbursts of temper of which he was capable, and Brogi changed his mind.

Thus Mark Twain passed middle life without music meaning more to him than a pretty tune or a prodigious performance, a rather remarkable fact when one considers what an artist the man was in his own field. If Mark Twain had been tone deaf, the fact might have been less remarkable; but we have already noted that he could play the piano sufficiently well by ear to provide his own accompaniments for the negro spirituals, and it is of further record that he was a man so singularly sensitive to certain sounds

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that they sometimes drove him to the borders of hysteria.

Mr. Paine has touched slightly on this peculiarity, but it was actually a more serious consideration in estimating the humorist's life than the authorized biography would lead one to believe. He relates the incident of the clocks in the home of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, when Twain and George W. Cable, in the course of a reading tour, lodged for the night with the Nast family. But that was not the only time that the ticking of a clock so tortured Twain's nerves that he took high-handed means to silence it. As a matter of fact, that tour with Cable was marked by many such clock-hunting expeditions, the details of which moved the Clemens family to mirth when he related them upon his return.

"I shall never forget the stories my father told after that trip, not only because of the nights they devoted to clock-hunting, but because of the amount of inconveniences they were forced to submit to in order to satisfy Mr. Cable's religious scruples about not traveling on Sunday," says Mme. Gabrilowitch. "It was one of the stipulations when they undertook the tour that they should not travel on Sunday, and the result was they were forced to take some of the most unheard-of jumps from one town to another, traveling sometimes right up to midnight Saturday, or starting immediately after midnight Sunday.

"Clocks, though, were a very serious aversion with my father, and he could not bear even the ticking of a watch. I do not believe that he ever carried a watch himself, and I am sure that at home we virtually lived without clocks. The only clock I can remember in the house was in the room we called our school-room, and that had been specially selected because of its all but inaudible sound. It was hard to hear it even when you held your ear against the face.

"My father was particularly sensitive to all sounds, and certain ones used to make him suffer acutely, so that he would almost lose control of himself if he could neither get out of the reach of them or cause them to stop. The barking of dogs was one of the hardest to endure, and I have seen him driven almost beside himself by the continuous whining of a puppy.

"On one occasion—I think about the year 1890—a collie belonging to next-door neighbors began to bark in the middle of the night. It was in the fall of the year, with a heavy, blinding fog, but my father got out of his bed and, without stopping to put any garment over his night-clothes, started after that dog. He seized an umbrella from the hall on the way out, not to protect himself, but to beat the dog.

"He went stumbling down the road after the dog, which of course kept just ahead of him, barking as loud as it could, but perfectly invisible in the fog, and it must have been two miles from home before the animal took to the fields and so was lost beyond all pursuit. How my father escaped serious results from the incident, I don't know, for he came home as wet as though he had plunged into a lake, and covered with mud, but the ruin of my silk umbrella was the only damage."

The anecdote may as well be supplemented by another which happened to Mme. Gabrilowitch herself in Munich, for she has inherited her father's sensitiveness to the barking of dogs almost in an unmodified degree.

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Shortly before the war, while living in the German city, she was greatly distressed by the barking of a dog that belonged to a titled neighbor, some distant relative of the kaiser. When it could be endured no longer, Mr. Gabrilowitch called on the gentleman and explained that his wife's poor health made the barking of the animal a severe strain on her nerves. The titled neighbor was most sorry and assured Mr. Gabrilowitch that it would continue no longer. And it did n't. But an amusing sequel followed a month later, when the same neighbor's private regiment came to the city for review, with ceremonies which included a serenade that evening by the regimental band. The titled gentleman would not give his approval to the arrangements until he had sent a messenger to the Gabrilowitch home, asking if the concert would disturb Mme. Gabrilowitch. He was of course assured that it would not, and the ceremonies proceeded.

But as Mark Twain passed the half-century mark, life cut deeper furrows into his emotions, and there began the series of deaths in his family and among his friends that saddened his last years. Olivia Susan, eldest of the three daughters, died in 1896, when Twain was sixty-one, and eight years later Mrs. Clemens, a sister, and another relative passed away, a series of calamities which left the writer in a sense dazed.

The same summer a traffic accident all but killed Jean, while her sister Clara broke under the severe strain of nursing her mother through the last illness and was ordered into a sanitarium.

Under such a weight of grief as this Mark Twain took possession of a new house at Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, New York, heartbroken and ready to heed the advice of Clara to seek some solace in music—in music that offered a tortured heart a balm more efficacious than the simple and soon exhausted virtues of mere melody. The fascinating mazes of counterpoint, the splendid outlines of Beethoven's harmonic edifices, the sweep and surge of some of the Wagnerian selections as rendered by the orchestrelle which he had installed in the Fifth Avenue house, "beguiled," as Mr. Paine puts it, "from dull, material surroundings back into worlds and dreams that he had known and laid away."

Never thereafter was he far from this new solace, for the equipment of Stormfield, the fine country place at Redding, Connecticut, where Twain spent his last years, included a large organ that was a source of joy as well to his daughter Jean, who had not her sister's musical gifts.

This ultimate "discovery" of music by Mark Twain was a great satisfaction to Clara Clemens, for it vindicated theories which she had long advanced to her father. She says:

"As my own musical career progressed, I naturally became more and more anxious that my father should be able to find in music some of the same satisfactions that I did, and we had many long arguments. He insisted that he did not understand classical music, and never would; but I insisted that his failure was due entirely to his lack of familiarity with such music.

"The outcome of these talks was the decision to get some sort of reproducing organ which would approximate orchestral effects, and although I was in a sanitarium when the orchestrelle was installed in the house on Fifth

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Avenue, father acted largely on my suggestions as to the records he should get, and by the time I had returned home he had convinced himself that I had been entirely right—that, given the willingness and the desire to know the best music, only unfamiliarity could make it remain an experience beyond his understanding.

"Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Chopin, even Brahms, soon became his daily companions, and he presently grew to love the very songs that I had tried earlier to interest him in without success.

"The experience came to him so late in life, though, that he never became a frequenter of concert-halls, and except for one or two of my own recitals I do not think he ever sat through an entire concert of any kind. I am certain that he never heard Mr. Gabrilowitch conduct, nor me sing with an orchestra.

"And he did reach the point where he was no longer afraid that I would ask Ossip to play, as he had warned me that time in Vienna, but would himself insist that my husband go to the piano.

"This experience of my father's is one reason why I have small patience with those who belittle phonographs, player-pianos, player-organs, or even hand-organs. They can be so successfully used as an avenue of approach to real music that I feel that the humblest of them has some dignity about it, abused though they usually are."

It was music, too, that solaced his last hours, for almost the last words Mark Twain spoke were to request that Clara come in and sing to him. Then, though, it was "not from the grand old masters," but the simple old Scotch ballads that he longed for. Mr. Paine has described the scene, but not quite with the intimacy of the words in which Mme. Gabrilowitch has set it down for this brief commentary.

"Finding it very difficult to sing for my father during his last hours, I only succeeded in humming one song, and selected the Scotch air, 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' knowing that to be one of his favorites. It seemed to have a quieting effect on him. He sank from excited talking into reposeful musing, only uttering passing remarks now and then for several hours afterward. The song itself, a lullaby, rocked his feverish brain into a state of placidity and peace. It was the realization that music might have this beneficial effect upon him which had given me strength to sing at a time when singing was farthest from my heart."

It does not, then, seem to me wholly fantastic to find a parallel between the musical experience of Mark Twain and that of the people he completely represented. If we to-day are chiefly aware that we want to "like the higher music because the higher and better like it" when our civilization will have grown older and wiser and sadder, when we shall have come to realize the importance of ideas above things and the glory of being rather than owning, then we shall find, quite honestly and simply, as Mark Twain finally found, that the "higher" music is not a mere embroidery, but an essential element in the formula by which man, or a people, seeks to make life tolerable.

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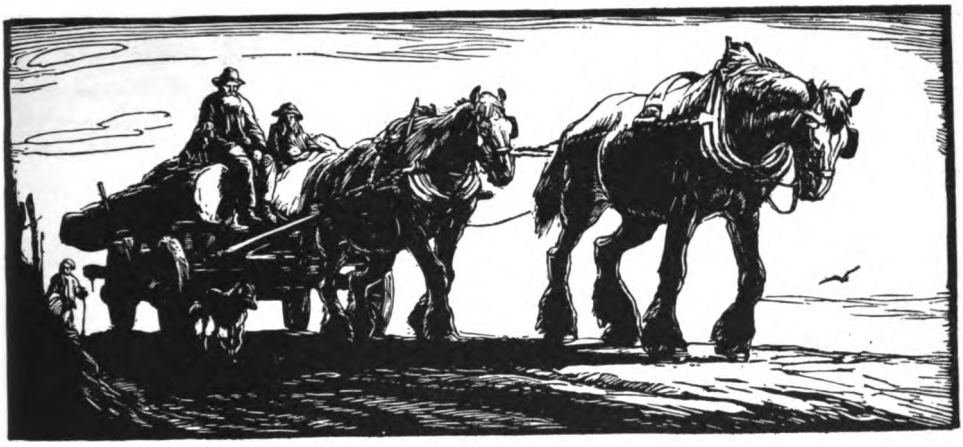

TIMBER-HAULING, BY GEORGE SOPER

A Group of British Woodcuts

Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Gallery, New York

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FORESHADOW OF STORM, BY WILLIAM P. ROBINS

It is only natural that British artists, in turning to the woodcut as a medium of expression, should continue to use their favorite subjects, the open country-side, farm labor, rural cottages, although recently they have shown in the process itself a new brilliancy and vigor

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GIPSY CAMP-FIRE, BY GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

The rich black masses easily obtained in a wood-block print are tempting to the artist, and Miss Raverat has employed them dramatically in the shadows about the camp-fire

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THE FARM, BY ETHELBERT WHITE

In this print there is a delightful suggestion of the Japanese. The recent renaissance of the cutting of wood-blocks is only begun, and this example indicates one of its many possibilities

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PROPPING THE RICK, BY GEORGE SOPER

A well-known English etcher of agricultural laborers, this artist has carried over into his new medium the same characteristics which have heretofore marked his work—simplicity, directness, and keen sympathy with his homely scenes

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COTTAGE INTERIOR, BY JOHN NASH

The whole emphasis in this frankly modernistic print is placed on the decorative design which familiar things make when viewed objectively

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The Yankees of Central Europe

Impressions of an American Professor in Prague

By James Alton James

No achievement since the war is of greater significance in preserving the rule of democracy and of order among the central European powers than that which produced the "Little Entente." This combination of small nations, completed during the summer of 1921, strictly speaking, represents three separate understandings between Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia; between Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania and betweeen Jugoslavia and Rumania. The foundation for these agreements was economic as well as political.

The combined population of the three nations is 42,000,000. Together they have standing armies numbering 600,000 and in case of necessity are able to mobilize an additional ten million men. Besides purposing to maintain the treaties which were the outcome of the war, eliminate existing conflicts, create an atmosphere of conciliation, and stimulate among the nations of central Europe that spirit of coöperation essential to the lasting peace of all Europe, one of the avowed principles of the Little Entente is to prevent any Hapsburg from again ruling in central Europe.

It is of the rôle of Czecho-Slovakia in this little league that I wish to write. It was my good fortune to be a visiting professor at Prague last year, and while there the vital significance of this new republic impressed me with greater force month by month. In his address before Parliament, October 18, last year, the prime minister, Dr. Edward Beneš, outlined the policy of the new cabinet. He presented a plan for insurance and old-age pensions; discussed the problems of land reform, housing, and unemployment; promised prompt attention to the consideration of the separation of church and state; declared that the policy of making economic and political treaties with all the neighboring states would be continued; and closed with an appeal for the coöperation and support of all.

This program, merely sketched, is the more surprising when it is recalled that the independence of Czecho-Slovakia was recognized by the Government of the United States scarcely four years ago and by France and Great Britain only a few weeks earlier; that on October 14, 1918, a temporary government was organized, with Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk as president and Dr. Beneš as foreign minister; and that on October 28, following what is called the "bloodless revolution," an independent republic was set up in Prague. After fourteen months' labor on the new constitution, that document was accepted by the Constitutional Assembly. Following its provisions, on May 27, 1920, the National Assembly by unanimous vote elected as president Dr. Masaryk.

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This constitution, undertaking to deal fairly with the economic and social problems of the nation, probably has no superior among the constitutions of the nations of the world. In principle it reflects the American and the French constitutions, but on questions of governmental organization it resembles the constitution of France. The creation of a democratic republic in central Europe, with the people as the "sole source of all state power," and the success of that Government under the most trying circumstances are due in large measure to the vision and labors of President Masaryk.

In the remaking of Europe at Versailles, Czecho-Slovakia, a name which still sounds strange to most Americans, was made an independent state. Its territory of fifty-five thousand square miles, with the exception of a small area, was carved out of the former Austro-Hungarian dominions and comprised twenty-eight per cent. of the landed possessions of that monarchy. The constitution provides for a unified rather than a federated state. The original provinces brought together in this republic are Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and Lower Silesia. A special treaty between the Allied powers and Czecho-Slovakia provides that Carpathian Russinia (Ruthenia), although an integral part of the republic, shall be granted certain public rights not accorded the other provinces, such as having its own governor and its own diet, which has the power of legislation on linguistic, educational, religious, and other matters of domestic administration. The governor is appointed by the president of the republic, but he is also responsible to the diet.

The population of the republic is 13,595,000. Of this total, 9,000,000 are Czechs and Slovaks; 3,000,000, Germans; nearly 1,000,000, Magyars, and the remainder are Russian and Polish. Czecho-Slovak immigrants have gone in large numbers to other countries, and it is estimated that there are 500,000 within the bounds of the Austrian Republic; nearly the same number in Hungary; over 200,000 in Jugoslavia and Rumania, and 1,500,000 in the United States. In general, the German population in the northwestern part of the state and the Magyar population along the southern border of Slovakia constitute the real problem of the republic. Clashes between groups of these diverse elements have not been infrequent, but the liberal treatment accorded the racial minorities by the Government will in time, I believe, bring about real national solidarity.

Through the addresses and contacts made by President Masaryk during his ten-day tour throughout the republic in October of last year, the first since he became president, he was able to allay many of the misunderstandings and create new confidence in and loyalty to the Government. Everywhere he was greeted with sincere enthusiasm, for notwithstanding the differences among the seventeen political parties and the racial antagonisms, all are as one in their high esteem for the president. Many times he emphasized the thought that no leader could bring success to a democratic state without the assistance of every citizen irrespective of nationality, creed, or party. In Slovakia, where autonomy has been persistently demanded, he pledged himself to work faithfully toward securing for that province the full measure of autonomy granted by the

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constitution. To the Germans and the Magyars, while making clear that there was no hope of changing frontier treaty lines, he declared that the Government would observe all obligations toward ethnic minorities and grant to all persons freedom of intellectual development.

§ 2

But these problems cannot be clearly understood aside from their historical background. This territory, in the very heart of Europe, was inhabited by Czecho-Slovak tribes more than a thousand years ago. During the ninth century St. Cyril and St. Methodius, two priests from Constantinople, induced the Czechs to accept Christianity. The Slavonic tribes occupying Bohemia and Moravia united under a Czech dynasty during the tenth and eleventh centuries. Slovakia was also included in this state until it was invaded by the Magyars during the tenth century. Early in the fourteenth century the Luxemburg dynasty, which was Germanic in origin, was invited to the throne, and the Czech state became the leading power in central Europe. King Charles IV, also Holy Roman Emperor, who was educated in Paris, brought the French culture of the period to Prague and made it famous intellectually by establishing the university in 1348. From this center, half a century later, John Huss came forward as the champion of freedom of thought. Inspired by his ideals, the Czech forces, led by John Ziska, who proved himself a military genius, successfully defended their beliefs in the Hussite Wars. A Czech statesman of broad views, George Poděbrad, was elected king, and the period of prosperity continued until the accession of the Hapsburg dynasty to the Czech crown in 1526. The growing Turkish menace of that year caused the Czechs to unite with the Austrians and Hungarians against this common enemy, but with the understanding that they were to preserve their full national rights.

Efforts of the Hapsburgs to enforce complete centralization in the state, and the counter-reformation in religion, led to a revolt in 1618 which marks the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. The Czech forces suffered a disastrous defeat at the White Mountain in 1620, and their state became the booty of the conquerors. Half the population migrated to other lands, among them the great educational leader Comenius, and German became the language of commerce, the university, and the court.

During the eighteenth century a group of Bohemian philologists and writers, of whom Josef Dobrowsky was the most noted, instituted a new intellectual life. By 1830 a new generation of Czech authors, led by Francis Palacky, celebrated as historian, and Joseph Jungmann, noted in philology, undertook a movement which attached special importance to the nationalistic side of learning. "I shall strive with all my power," Palacky wrote, "that the honored records of my race may be preserved in the history of humanity." Demands for political independence followed, and were finally satisfied only through the formation of the republic under the guidance of Dr. Masaryk.

§ 3

Despite the years of struggle against Teutonic dominance, the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia were among the best possessions of the dual-monarchy in industrial and agricultural

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resources. Comprising only thirty-six per cent. of the population of Austria, they contained sixty per cent. of all industrial workers, and eighty per cent. of all the textile workers. They contributed to the total of manufactured articles produced in Austria over ninety per cent. of all porcelain, glassware, gloves, hats, watches, linen, and cotton goods, and seventy per cent. of the iron manufactures. A like ratio obtained in the manufacture of machinery, locomotives, boots, shoes, paper, and chemicals. With scarcely enough coal for her own industries, Czecho-Slovakia has, in compliance with the agreement between the two republics, supplied Austria, since March, 1920, with 5100 tons of coal daily for railroads, electric plants, gasworks, and home consumption, and large quantities in addition for use in her factories.

In agricultural resources Czecho-Slovakia occupies a favorable place among the European states. One half of the total area is arable land, with forty-one per cent. of the population engaged in agriculture. The yield per acre is surpassed only by Great Britain and by Germany. Wheat, barley, and potatoes are among the leading crops, and there is a surplus of oats, barley, and hops for export. Sugar is one of the chief sources of prosperity, Czecho-Slovakia being the second largest beet-sugar producer in the world. Terms of the commercial treaty provide that Austria shall receive 71,000 tons of sugar yearly, or within 8000 tons of the total amount consumed in that republic. During 1920, 21,000 tons of sugar were exported to the United States, and 90,000 tons to France. The malt and beer-brewing industries also yield large revenues to the Government. During 1919 and 1920 the Government loaned to farmers, for two years, four million dollars in order to bring production back as quickly as possible to the pre-war basis. Under similar terms the Government voted to expend $12,500,000 on commercial fertilizers. As a result, the total yield of wheat, rye, barley, and other cereals showed a marked increase last year over that of 1920.

Thirty-two per cent. of Czecho-Slovakia is covered with forests, and three fourths of this total area is pine. Half a million persons are occupied in the various forms of timber industry and in the manufacture of furniture, toys, musical instruments, and paper.

§ 4

It was natural that one of the first and most far-reaching of the reform measures of the new Government would pertain to the holding of land. Following the Battle of White Mountain, the lands of 30,000 persons were confiscated, and assigned to foreign nobility as rewards for services rendered to Austria. In Bohemia, in 1918, thirty-eight landlords possessed eighteen per cent. of the total area or 2,250,000 acres, while there were 700,000 individual holders of parcels smaller than twelve and a half acres. In Slovakia thirty-five of the largest estates contained 2,750,000 acres, while as many as 175,000 acres were held by one person. Small cultivators owned less than six per cent. of the land, and fifty-five per cent. was possessed by a few persons.

During the first year of the new Government laws were passed providing for the expropriation of large estates. The holdings of the Hapsburg family or other citizens of the

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former enemy states, comprising about one third of the country's area, were taken without compensation. Other estates in excess of 370 acres in the case of fields, gardens, and meadows, or 615 acres in pasture- or timber-land, may be expropriated by the Government, the owners to receive compensation based on the average value of landed property in 1913–15. In allotting these lands to tenants, preference is given to disabled soldiers and the families of soldiers.

Marked progress is also being made in improving the means of transportation and communication within the state. The railways were constructed as a part of the Austro-Hungarian system, and the main lines were designed for north and south service from Berlin to Vienna and Budapest; even Prague was avoided by seventeen miles in the Berlin to Bagdad plan. Beginning in 1921, and extending over a five-year period, the equivalent of $80,000,000 is to be expended by the Government in giving the necessary railway communication between the West and the East, and in providing double tracks on important lines and for the general improvement of the entire service, including the electrification of certain sections. Of the 9000 miles of railway, 7700 miles are owned by the state, and the remainder by private companies. Two navigable rivers, the Labe (Elbe) and the Danube, give Czecho-Slovakia waterways to the North Sea and the Black Sea. The pre-war traffic on the former, from Czecho-Slovak centers, amounted in 1913 to over 3,000,000 tons and 300,000 passengers annually, and on the latter to 2,000,000 tons and 50,000 passengers. Preparations are under way for connecting the Labe and the Danube by a navigable canal, having branches to the Vistula and the Oder.

According to plans, Bratislava (Presburg) once the coronation city of the Hapsburg rulers of Hungary, is to be made the leading port on the Danube. It is now the seat of the Danube Commission, of which Walker D. Hines, an American, is chairman. That commission has awarded Czecho-Slovakia 223,000 tons of barges and 21,000 horse-power in tugs, which are to be delivered by Germany for use on the Danube and the Labe.

Extensive preparation was made for the first Oriental fair at Bratislava, from August 6 to August 15, 1921. Disposal of products from central Europe, the Balkans, and the Near East aggregated in value $2,500,000. The success of the third Prague Industrial Fair, which was held on September 1–8, is also seen by the fact that four thousand exhibitors asked for space as against two thousand exhibitors from thirteen countries who were attracted to the first fair held a year earlier. At Riga, on the same date, Czecho-Slovakia stood second to Germany in the number of exhibits, with France, third, and England, fourth. From these evidences of industrial alertness and commercial progress originated the apt expression, the "Czechs are the Yankees of central Europe."

§ 5

These steady gains have been made possible only because of the sound methods of finance adopted by the Government. Czecho-Slovakia was the first Continental country to begin operation under a balanced budget after the war. This policy, of providing adequate receipts to cover expenditures, has been made possible through

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the adoption of an efficient system of taxation, by the gradual retirement of the relatively small amounts of unsupported currency, by maintaining a balance between exports and imports particularly with countries which have an advantage in exchange, and because of a relatively small national indebtedness. The Government submitted to a real test of its financial strength, under abnormal circumstances, during November, the month of the mobilization of her forces against Hungary. Notwithstanding the opinion of experts that the exchange would drop at least to 150 crowns to the dollar, it declined to 104, and remained there for only one day. The German mark at the same time stood at 307 to the dollar. Contrary to the present-day custom of indulging in the issue of more unsupported paper money to meet an unusual expense, the Government offered the banks, as security, the agrarian loans due in 1922, and the necessary ready money was obtained. The financial stability of this state was also demonstrated in early April, 1922. Czecho-Slovak bonds amounting to $50,000,000 were placed in London. Of this total, $14,000,000 were offered for subscription in America. The London books were closed within an hour after opening, and the New York books within an hour and a half.

These evidences of the development of Czecho-Slovakia are everywhere apparent to the traveler who goes from Cheb (Eger) or Carlovy Varz (Carlsbad) on the west, to Ushorod, the capital of Russinia, on the east, or from the Hungarian plains to "Saxon Switzerland." Automobiles are seldom seen outside the cities, for tourists have not yet come in large numbers to the country districts, although the main thoroughfares are well paved with crushed stone, and good road-maps are available. Fruit-trees, cherry, apple, and pear, along the roadsides enhance the beauty of a landscape strikingly picturesque, with broad stretches of small grain-fields, and here and there poppy-fields; fertile valleys; wooded hills; and in places snow-capped mountains. While improved agricultural machinery is to be seen, the usual method of caring for the harvests is to cut the grain with a cradle, sickle, or even shears, bind it into bundles by hand, and thresh it with flails or some form of hand machines. All members of the family capable of working assist in caring for the harvests. In fact, there is abundant evidence everywhere of the truth of the statement made by a Czech leader, "We have no aristocracy and no leisure class." Women are admitted to membership in the labor-unions, but a statute provides that they may not work in the mines, and the labor of children under fourteen years of age is forbidden. A report for February, 1922, shows that the total number of unemployed was 49,000.

Of the ten cities with a population over 30,000 each, only two have more than 100,000, Brno (Brünn), the former capital of Moravia, having 212,000, and Prague, 676,000. As Paris is the "head and the heart" of France, so Prague, "the Golden," the "city of a thousand spires," is to Czecho-Slovakia. It is picturesquely located in a valley through which flows the river Vltava (Moldau), and combines the quaintness of the medieval, in the cathedrals, bridges, civic structures, and the narrow, winding streets of old Prague, with the broad avenues, well built houses, modern public buildings,

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attractive squares, and charming parks of the new city.

§ 6

Prague is not only the capital and leading economic center, but it is likewise the intellectual center of Czecho-Slovakia. The university, the oldest of German universities, was one of the leading institutions of higher learning during the medieval period. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century and at the close of the first quarter of the next century, Czech science and literature again received attention by native scholars. In 1882 the establishment of an independent Czech university (Charles University) was permitted, and notwithstanding the lack of physical resources, it has been an important factor in the development of a national spirit and culture. The study of philology, especially that of the Slavonic languages, and the realist movement in philosophy and sociology under the leadership of Professor Masaryk have been emphasized. The study of English is now receiving considerable attention.

At Prague and the two other universities, founded within the last two years, Brno and Bratislava, there are 28,000 students. Three fourths of this number are in Prague, and are devoting themselves primarily to the study of law, medicine, engineering, chemistry, and to the philosophical, commercial, and agricultural courses. That students are flocking to the universities in such numbers is attributed to the fact that thousands of the middle class were, under the old régime, prevented from attending the institutions of higher learning. The education of large numbers was interrupted by the war, and over 4000 students from other near Eastern countries are receiving instruction at Prague. Some of these countries offer in their institutions only the first years of professional training, as in Jugoslavia, where the first two years in medicine may be had at Belgrade. Bulgarian, Rumanian, and Polish students are also at Prague in considerable numbers, but the coming of hundreds of Russian and Ukranian refugee students, one thousand former officers of General Wrangel's army entering in October, creates most unusual problems for the university authorities. "The Free Ukranian University" was opened on October 23, 1921, for students of Ukranian birth.

Marked interest is manifest in all Slavonic nations on the part of President Masaryk, whose "Russia and Europe" is one of his best literary contributions. This interest is shared by other leaders and especially those in the university, who are ambitious to make Prague once more the leading center for all Slavonic studies. To that end, in addition to instruction given by professors in the Czech and Slovak languages and literatures, some fifteen other well known professors are offering courses in fields such as the comparative study of Slavonic languages and literature; phonetic study of Slavonic languages; Jugoslav languages and literature; Russian language and literature; Polish language and literature; the history of the Slavonic races; Slavonic archæology; Slavonic ethnography; and Slavonic common law. Seven journals and reviews are devoted to these studies, and in the curricula of the new universities Slavonic studies are likewise emphasized. For a week in October a congress of Russian professors, made

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possible through a Czecho-Slovak subsidy, was held in Prague. They expressed the view that Prague should be made the center of Slav literary and scientific work and that a Slav scientific review and a Slav publishing house should be created at once. Prague University library, among its 500,000 volumes, has a good collection of Slavica, and the library of the National Museum contains among its 300,000 volumes the richest collection of Slavonic works to be found in central Europe. In addition to the universities, provision is made for state technical, commercial, agricultural, and special trade schools.

No account of the development now taking place in Czecho-Slovakia would be complete without some mention of the provisions which are made for elementary and secondary schools. In no other way is the characteristic energy and perserverance of the people more manifest, despite their struggle for centuries, than in carrying out the ideals of their great educational reformer, Comenius. In Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia only 2.5 per cent. of the population is illiterate. In Slovakia, under the dominance of the Magyar Government, no instruction in the Slovak language was permitted in the schools, and the percentage of illiteracy was 28. During the first year of the republic 2700 elementary schools for Slovak children were established by the Government. One hundred and two higher elementary schools, thirty-seven gymnasia; six *real*-gymnasia, a number of *lycées* for girls, thirteen teacher's training colleges, and the Comenius University at Bratislava have also been opened in Slovakia. A law providing for the opening of libraries in every community came into force on the first of January. Provision is made whereby all persons may come to know native art, music, and objects of historical interest by vis ting the galleries, the opera, and the museums.

The influence of American philanthropic and social agencies in European reconstruction is to be seen in no other country to better advantage than in Czecho-Slovakia. The tributes to America heard on all sides are due in part to the belief in American democratic ideals and to the insistence by some of our leaders that the rights of small nations shall be preserved. But they are also expressions of gratitude for the timely aid given to them in their first months of national existence by the American (Hoover) Relief Administration, the American Red Cross, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association. But this is a story space will not permit.

Located in the very heart of Europe, Czecho-Slovakia has been acquiring the best in Western civilization, and has, as no other nation, an inherent understanding of the great Slavic world to the East. May it not be said that this nation, viewed from its four years of development, will become under normal conditions the chief force in bringing the Slavic peoples into complete coöperation with the Western world?

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Death of the Jester

By W. L. George

Drawings by Ernest Fuhr

It was half past three. By the round table sat two men, meditating among the ruins of an admirable lunch. In some confusion lay the gaily figured Spode plates, strewn with the shells of nuts, the stalks of raisins. In a few of the many glasses remained the sediment of historic port. Decanters and silver reflected themselves in the polished mahogany of the table; they were arrayed about the golden figure of a jester in cap and bells, holding out a copy of "Laughter." "Laughter" was the most ancient of the English comic papers; it had looked upon the birth of "Punch" as a trifling intrusion.

The weekly lunch of the contributors to "Laughter" was done, the sacred lunch, where the next week's issue was planned, where information promoting merriment was exchanged, where old stories were remembered, and new ones invented. All the members of the staff had gone, their professional guffaws echoing down the stairs. There remained only the editor, Sir John Corve, and the middle-page cartoonist, Winstone. They were in a reflective mood, having eaten and drunk well. They were, indeed, a little tired from having been funny for two hours, and a little tired also from having had to submit to other people being funny. They knew each other very well, these two, the monstrously fat Sir John, with eyes as twinkling, wicked, and penetrating as those of a pig; and the gray cartoonist, as smart and nimble as a sparrow.

"That was a good woodcock," reflected Sir John aloud. "Plenty of blood in it. You young men, of course, you 've no use for those strong meats. A grilled sole, the wing of a chicken, a little soda-water plain, that 's your generation, Winstone."

That cartoonist laughed.

"Sorry, Sir John. We have n't the constitution of our founder nowadays. Though I think you 're laying it on a bit thick; Yarford's wit flourishes merrily on Sauterne and biscuits, even though he was born in the year dot. And as for old Wroxall!"

"Yes," replied Sir John, meditatively, "eating has gone, drink is going, tobacco is threatened. Winstone, it 'll be the end of humor. One can't be funny in cold blood unless one 's Scotch—or American. I was saying so to poor old Wroxall."

"Poor old Wroxall!" repeated Winstone.

"Do you know," said Sir John, sitting up and seizing the port decanter, "it 's a funny thing, Winstone, but we 've both said 'poor old Wroxall.' Now, why?"

"Well—he 's getting old. We all do. Yarford, for instance."

"Oh, no Winstone; not at all.

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Yarford 's never been better. Last week his set of letters between the suburban resident and the railway company on 'When should a canary be charged for as a cat?' Well, he made me laugh; and, you know, I 'm in training when it comes to a joke. You can't just press a button and make *me* laugh. That Australian cartoonist, too; capital fellow. But poor old Wroxall! He 's going down."

"No wonder," said Winstone. "Do you know how old he is, Sir John? Seventy-eight. Looked him up in 'Who 's Who' the other day."

"Is he, indeed? He came on the paper twelve years before I did, and I 've been on—let me see. Hang it all! Winstone, the old man must have been with us forty-eight years. Forty-eight years of humor!"

"And still lives."

"Winstone, don't be cynical. It 's the wrong tone for 'Laughter.' Forty-eight years! No wonder he 's worn out."

"I 'm afraid so," said Winstone. "You would n't believe it, but to-day he told me that aged joke about the fat old lady who tried to get out of the train at every station, but being slow—"

"And having to get out backward," cried Sir John, "the guard pushed her back every time. Dear me! Now I come to think of it, somebody said one must live, and the poor old boy replied that he did n't see the need of it."

"Prehistoric, is n't it?"

"What the deuce are we going to do with him? Can't sack him. Can't sack a man after forty-eight years' work."

"Pension him," said Winstone.

"It would kill him." Sir John gazed at the golden figure before him and

murmured: "Cap and bells! When a man puts those on he can't get 'em off unless you take the head off, too. Well, we must see what happens."

Old Humphrey Wroxall had taken the first train home to his house in the country, twenty miles out of London. He hated London now, and came up only for the weekly "Laughter" lunch. The town tired him. The motor-cars, motor-omnibuses, the shouting newsboys, the people who rushed and shoved on the narrow pavements—all this exhausted him. On lunch days, when he came home, he always found on his desk, placed there by his wife, a comforting glass of egg and milk. Now he sat at this desk, so ink-stained that it was covered with black patches, and looked beyond his small orchard to the equable fields, cut up by hedges. It rose slowly toward the common, flecked with golden gorse that was cut out against the blue sky-line. It was hot. He wiped his damp brow. He

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was so tired that he rested his long, thin, bearded head upon his bony hands. He was n't in the mood to be amusing. He suddenly realized himself as old. It was strange, for he had never been ill; he had never thought of age, life had been so varied, so amusing. It had been such fun making fun. Even the idea of death was funny, in so far as he had left with his lawyer a comic will. And a comic epitaph lay in a drawer. He murmured: "I'm not dead yet. One 's got to live until one dies." He chuckled and thought: "Not exactly the sort of remark they want in 'Laughter.' No, must think of something else."

He looked up. Still the country lay placid; not even cattle in the fields; no birds in the still heaven; no noise in the house. Only the emptiness in which, as a rule, his kindly wit worked all by itself. He felt inclined not to work that day, but he knew that this would be unwise, that he ought to set up something new to revise and polish next day, until the time came to deliver. He must be funny. A whole column must be filled with fun. Funny about what?

For a moment his mind was entirely void; his effort emptied it of ideas. He found himself thinking of mothers-in-law. His pride reacted against this commonplace. Golf? One could be funny about golf. Curates? Oh, no; not that. Not curates. Then the mother-in-law recurred. Wroxall was being pursued by the faded jokes that have wearied the centuries.

The old man stood up. This would n't do at all. He must think of something new, always something new. Then his blue eyes twinkled. Why not write about a man who wanted to find something new? New games, new foods, new love. By Jove! that would do. He sat down and began to write. New foods was lovely. Why not beetles? Humphrey Wroxall laughed aloud as his pen ran. He finished the rough draft in half an hour. He particularly liked one phrase, "Old wine in new bottles." Then he read it over. Yes, not bad. That joke about the new policeman refusing to take supper with the cook. Ha! ha!

Then the study door opened to admit Mrs. Wroxall, who warned him that tea was nearly ready. Gaily, he kissed the old lady, and went to his room to wash, pushing the manuscript into his pocket. He knew what he wanted to do with it—to read it to her, of course. As usual they took tea, and while he talked of the "Laughter" lunch, the event of the week, told her who was there, and how Winstone had kept them in a roar, she watched him, tolerant and amused. She was a fat, pink old lady of seventy, with crisp white curls; she thought him absurd and delightful, and, hardly listening, saw that he had sugar and milk, and spread him jam-sandwiches. Toward the end of the meal she said, as she always said:

"Have you prepared anything, Humphrey?"

"Yes, of course," he replied, as casually as ever.

"How is it shaping?" said Mrs. Wroxall, as usual.

"Oh, I think it 'll do."

"Anything specially good in it?" said Mrs. Wroxall, invitingly, in her invariable tone.

"You must judge for yourself, my dear, when you read it in 'Laughter.'"

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"Humphrey! you are n't going to make me wait with the rest of the public, are you?"

He patted her hand.

"My dear, if you put it like that, I 'll read it to you."

"Do."

The old man read his manuscript, and at the proper intervals Mrs. Wroxall tittered, giggled, and exploded. Her old husband read dramatically, driving in his points. He need not have; Mrs. Wroxall had been laughing with him for a lifetime. When he had done, she said:

"I never heard anything so funny."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know." He stood up. "I 'm tired, somehow; but I won't talk about that. You do like it, old lady, don't you?" He bent down to kiss her cheek, and she pressed his hand with awkward affection.

Humphrey Wroxall felt uncertain. He went over his manuscript again. He did n't like it so much as before.

That bit about the new baby that likes milk pudding was all right, but clumsy. Oh, well, he 'd polish it; it 'd be all right. He grew angry. Hang it all! "Laughter" did n't pay him a million a week. They must take what he gave them.

All the same, Humphrey Wroxall was rather sad that evening as he read a new book on conchology, which was his strange hobby. He woke up once in the night, and immediately was seized by the horrid doubts that come in the weakness of that hour: Was that article good? Was it funny? He nearly came to wonder whether his stuff was as funny as it had been. The idea was so horrible that cold sweat covered his face. But the evil brought its remedy; after a time nervous exhaustion told upon his old body, and he slept.

Next morning, as the manuscript still worried him, he put it into his pocket. He took the train to the neighboring town, where he had business. He tried to concentrate on what he would say to the landlord, on the arguments he would use; but this did not drive out the preoccupation. In his compartment sat only a big schoolboy of about sixteen, shaped like a bladder of lard; one of those round-headed, close-cropped, staring-eyed boys. As old Wroxall nervously wriggled in his seat, the boy kept on him an eye as surprised as that of a lobster. He obviously expected his companion to do something strange. After a time the stare made Humphrey Wroxall so uncomfortable that he talked to his fellow-traveler. It was not an interesting conversation. Was the boy going to school? Yes. Did he go up every morning? Yes. Did they play games at his school? Yes. Which did he like best? Foot-ball. Wroxall obtained a satisfactory answer only when he asked the boy what he spent his pocket money on, for the reply was, "Comics."

"Comics," said Wroxall, breathing comfortably. "Comic papers, you mean? I suppose you read 'Laughter'?"

"No."

"No? Why?"

"Too dear."

"Yes, of course. Well, you 'll be able to afford it when you grow up." The boy showed no emotion. "But do you mean to say you 've never read a copy?"

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"No." the boy laconically replied.

"Would you like to?"

"I don't mind."

"I have n't got one handy, but—" Humphrey Wroxall slightly swelled—"I happen to be one of the contributors to 'Laughter.' In fact, I 've got next week's contribution in my pocket. I can read it to you if you like." As the boy made no reply, Wroxall read him the manuscript. Line by line, as he read, the thing seemed more leaden. Also, he read to a cold house. This sort of boy ought to guffaw, but he did not even smile, and Wroxall's voice seemed to get shriller and shriller as he bellowed in the railway carriage to make the boy see the jokes. There was no response. As the train drew up at the station, the boy stood up, still silent, still unsmiling, and got out without saying good morning. Humphrey Wroxall stopped for a moment to talk to the station master, whom he knew. The memory of the dull boy oppressed him. He asked a question.

"That young gentleman?" said the station master. "Born idiot? Oh, no, sir; not at all, sir. He 's one of the monitors at the school. And he 's a literary young gentleman, too. Runs the school magazine. Perhaps you 've seen a number, sir; it would fair make you split your sides."

The old jester went through the town forgetting his appointment. He was blank rather than unhappy. He could n't understand what was happening. He was not so much thinking of his recent failure as confronting the non-understandable. Something was affecting him. He did not at once tell himself that his wit was failing. He was too amused by life, and even in his misery he could not help giggling at a dog that, having put its head through railings, was now wedged there by its collar. Then an idea came with incredible suddenness: yes, he was still amused, but no longer amusing. He could feel humor, but he could not translate it.

The old man stood for a long time before the town hall, trying to find his way in the ruined edifice of his pride. Give it up? How could he give it up? What would they live on? Go on, of course; but he saw much too clearly. Go on, get duller. Other people 'd see it, too. But though old Wroxall knew all this, he did not believe it. This was a mistake. Or it was temporary. After all, his wife had laughed, and he could not suspect her. "Don't be a fool," he remarked to himself, roughly; "of course she 'd laugh." Then tears formed in his eyes. Horrified by his own weakness, he went up the street very fast, swinging his arms, and appealing incoherently to the remote god of jesters to throw once more his gay fillet of irony across the rough contours of an obvious world.

Humphrey Wroxall did, after all, see his landlord that day. He arrived late, but his excitement, his fears, seemed to have reacted into aggressiveness. It was a charming morning. The landlord gave way on the repairs to the roof, abandoned his old objection to the cutting down of the apple-tree which shut out the view. Old Wroxall went home triumphant, so triumphant that he revised his column and laughed at it in a most satisfactory way. The article appeared as usual. No comment was made by the sub-editor. But when Wroxall saw it in print he did n't like it as much as before. So the next week he began his work in greater anxiety. Now, instead of fearing failure, he felt that he

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had failure behind him; the contagion of failure was spreading to the work of the moment. This time he took two days to find an idea. The revision was awful; he knew there was no spring in these jokes. He did not tell his wife; the partner in his success could not become his fellow-fugitive in a rout. Now he forced humor from himself as one struggles to draw juice from an exhausted fruit. Soon he was going up to the London which tired him, striving to find in shop windows and faces some incident leading to an idea. He found it, but it was as if he found it in his own blood. One day he was so spent that he went into a tea-shop, breaking his old habit not to eat between meals.

He sat there for some time, very hot, almost at ease because his despair had turned to flatness. At last, as if to repel the thought which came back, he picked up a newspaper that some one had left on a chair. He glanced at various items without interest; the newspapers did not excite him as much as they used to. He concluded that life was less stimulating than it had been in his youth. Unconsciously, he turned to the advertisement columns, and read suggestions of lime-juice, furniture, indigestion cures. Oh, how dull everything was! Then, among the small advertisements, he found the following:

"WIT and WISDOM." 3 vols.
As new. What offers?

A little ache that was half-pleasure went through him. "Wit and Wisdom," by Jove! He read the advertisement again. Why, the fellow must have the complete collection, since the publication had lasted only eighteen months. The old man went off into a day-dream. He had been a contributor to the long-dead comic weekly which bore the name of "Wit and Wisdom." He was only twenty-three then, and they had not only printed his first works of humor, but he had stayed with "Wit and Wisdom" until it expired.

"I wish I 'd kept the copies," thought the old man. For in those days,

Oh, once I had my fling!
I romped at jing-go-ring;
I used to dance and sing,
And play at everything.

"Yes, I was young. I did n't bother." He sighed. A sentimental impulse seized him. He 'd like to read "Wit and Wisdom" again, the old paper, half a century dead; just to finger once more the square pages. Resolutely he got up, and went to the post-office to send a wire.

It was new life, and old life, going through those three volumes in the evening. The sight of the date itself, so long ago, when men were witty and girls were fair, when young fellows did n't smoke in the presence of ladies, and when women looked like swans, with their lovely bustles! Yes, decadence has set in. He sank further and further into sentimental melancholy as "Wit and Wisdom" brought up the old days, the old quips at Gladstone and Disraeli. There was even a parody of Mr. Charles Dickens. Lord! how funny that was! His own stuff delighted him, too. It was fresh after fifty-five years, and a few of the articles brought up a memory. The first suggested his old friend Herbert, who drank such a lot of Marsala at Willis's rooms one night, and went down Piccadilly singing "Champagne

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Charlie" and threatening to fight a policeman. And, oh, this! He 'd got the idea from Maisie, with the yellow hair and the black eyes. Maisie? But was her name Maisie? So long ago! Then Wroxall remembered that all this was past, and that he lived in the present, must make the best of it. "Wit and Wisdom" had never had any circulation; nobody knew it, and its proprietor was so ashamed of his failure that he had burned the stock and broken the plates. Let it rest. The old man bent down to his desk, where lay the blank paper that he must fill.

His mind was empty still. Once more the obvious began to haunt him. Once more, straining his old muscles, with starting eyes, his brow damp, he began to write. Yes, that would do. Oh, no; what nonsense! Still he went on, and the paper blackened. He did not quite know what he was doing; the stuff seemed to have no sense, and still it spun itself out, until, in sudden revolt, he flung his pen down and cried aloud, "I can't go on!"

For a moment he stayed in the icy solitude of his decision. All was over. He could n't write for "Laughter" any more. How could he, when there was no laughter left in his mind? The young jester of "Wit and Wisdom" was dead, and only his shell walked. He absorbed himself for some time in his despair. He tried not to despair. He could do something else. There lived seriousness in him, as well as humor. Memoirs, of course; he could write his memoirs. He 'd known such lots of people! But, as he smiled, he knew that was not the same thing as the delicious haste of every week; that memories of the past, however gay, held not the gaiety of comments on the present time. He felt near weeping. The three volumes of "Wit and Wisdom" looked misty through his clouded eyes.

Suddenly, shame irradiated Humphrey Wroxall; it was as if his soul blushed. He said, "No! no!" and put out a hand, as if to push something away. But the thing would n't go away, and a steady trembling threaded the old man's limbs. "No, I can't," he protested to the invisible tempter. He sat like this for some time, locked in an awful struggle. At last he flung himself upon his knees, brokenly appealing to God to help him, to prevent his doing this.

But when at last the old jester painfully rose from his knees, with bent head and a furtive glance at the door, he took up the first volume of "Wit and Wisdom" and began his search.

That first struggle preluded many more, but every time the effort was less, as if the tempter, by prevailing once, found his victim easier to overcome. Humphrey Wroxall tried very hard. He had given way the first week; he had copied out one of his old articles in "Wit and Wisdom," and it had been well received; for the first time in many months Sir John Corve had congratulated the old man. That was horrible, to sell his old jokes over again; it was like stealing. It was so horrible that, after the second week, he produced a new idea and locked the three volumes in a trunk. But Sir John said that though the new stuff would do, it was n't quite so good as in the two previous weeks. What could Humphrey Wroxall do but again give himself up to the tempter? It could n't be helped. He had to sell his pride. So now, struggling less every week, he served up to "Laughter"

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the humors half a century old. With malignant pleasure he even substituted for the names of authors and players long forgotten those of the day; he began to take a pride in his deceit. He enjoyed his finesse. After all, to deceive well, there was skill in that.

At first he feared exposure. Suppose somebody remembered those old humors of his? He tried them on his wife, but she laughed at them as at something new. Even his oldest friends had forgotten; this vaguely outraged him. But he was soon to know a new fear: the first six months of "Wit and Wisdom" produced contributions to only six months of "Laughter." Obviously, the next year would absorb the rest of his old jokes. And then? What then? Wroxall did not discuss this question with himself, but he knew that one thing he would not do: he would not use the jokes of other men. His own, yes; that, after all, was only a new edition. What would he do? At first this worried him. He saw himself with only eleven months before him, then with ten, now only nine. What would he do when those old reserves were exhausted? It was agony when only six months were left in this race.

But little by little, as the winter wore into another summer, a coma settled upon the old man. Week by week he stole for the new men laughter from the store which had cheered their grandfathers; like the improvident grasshopper, he laid up no store for the cold time to come. He grew duller, slower, sleepier. Sir John could not understand how this man, sliding into extreme age, could week by week produce such amusing stuff. Still, so long as he succeeded, it did n't matter.

At last there came a time when Humphrey Wroxall turned the last page of the last issue of "Wit and Wisdom." Before him lay his complete copy. It was done. He had exhausted his reserves. He felt neither fear nor pain, nor care for the morrow. His body was numb; his mind felt incredibly light; he lived, and it was as if he lived not, so little did his coat weigh upon his back, so immaterial was the wooden desk under his hand. Slowly he closed and stamped the envelop over the last manuscript, and remained staring at the last page of "Wit and Wisdom." He smiled, for the person who had collected the bound volumes had written on the last page, as an epitaph to the defunct publication, *"Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine."*

"Now dismiss Thy servant, Oh, Lord!" murmured Humphrey Wroxall, and quietly closed the book.

Sir John Corve stood in the long grass, holding Mrs. Wroxall's black-gloved hand, and pressed it gently.

"We are all very sorry, Mrs. Wroxall," he said. "All of us."

"Yes, I know," said the old lady.

"It was so sudden," said Sir John. "My dear old friend to die like that! I can hardly believe it. Mrs. Wroxall, it may not be much of a consolation to you, but I 'd like to tell you this: your husband was wonderful. At seventy-nine he had all the lightness of his wit while young men were failing. Just for a moment, two years ago, I thought he was flagging a little. But it was nothing; just a temporary weariness, I should say, for he pulled himself together at once. Indeed, during the last year or two I felt he 'd never been so brilliant."

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Has Germany Changed?

By A. W. VERNON

THE atmosphere of Germany to-day is electric. A visit to Mexico or to Haiti would probably be exciting, but in Germany excitement is ennobled by a great hope. Misery and obvious danger compel some action, and a certain desperation among the people permits even radical action; yet a sufficient reserve of mental strength justifies the belief that if such radical action be wise and brave, it may prove not only beneficial to Germany, but creative to mankind. It is an inescapable sense of a vast and sincere experiment in idealism among a great people that makes a visit to Germany to-day memorable.

Not everything in Germany is changing. Indeed, if change is to be both significant and permanent, most things must remain as they are. One thing, for example, that abides is the German love for music and the drama. Many of the theaters are open and well attended, and the acting is astonishingly good. The plays are not built around the talent of a popular actor who carries with him a string of puppets, but are built around great human problems or give vivid pictures of sections of human society. The drama in Berlin is too artistic in purpose and range for nationalism to confine. In one week while I was there three or four English, a Russian, and a French play were given, while even a musical comedy called "The American Girl" seemed to be popular. Music still flourishes, and town orchestras abound. Through the small cities of the mountains a hundred and fifty artisans from the German choral society sing classical and folk-songs, and a music teacher in the Harz told me of her surprise at seeing the number of her scholars increase throughout all the tense days of the war and the humiliating days of the peace.

German interest in books remains untouched. I was struck by the number of poorly clad people who were reading paper-covered volumes as they sat by the roadway ditch in the country or on the benches in the city parks. The German papers are so small, and contain so little reading matter, that they do not expel books from circulation. Malnutrition has not robbed the German of his interest in thought and in literary style any more than of his devotion to the drama and music. Whether for good or evil, the German is still intellectually alert.

And though at this point testimony will differ, I found the Germans as honest as ever. Many of the educated people in Germany bewail the dishonesty of the masses. I found no dishonesty, though there are, it is true, clear reminders of a form of kicking against the pricks of famine. In the hotels, for instance, are signs warning against the custom of putting out boots at night, but underneath the signs we found our boots. I found that I was

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charged the same whether I traveled with Germans or alone as an undisguisable American. I was surprised not by dishonesty, but by an excess of honesty. A clerk from whom I was buying a number of carpenter's tools asked me if I should n't be charged duty when I crossed the boundary, and I remember overhearing a German traveler saying to a porter who had carried his valise, "How much should I pay you?" And this honesty in everyday life extended to broader affairs. Comments from foreign papers on German politics and policy and temper were printed in the concise German newspapers at considerable length, no matter whether the comments were true or false, favorable or unfavorable, while English, French, and Italian newspapers were freely offered for sale in shops and on the open newsstands.

§ 2

It goes without saying that German thrift remains. It is even intensified. Nothing is thrown away except the time it takes to keep from throwing things away. Picnic places are not littered with paper; the paper seems always to have been taken home for the next time. A teacher in Göttingen manufactured a dress for her small daughter out of twenty scraps without exposing a seam. A high-school professor makes it a practice to cobble the shoes of his family. Coffee and tea grounds are ordinarily used twice. Unnecessary bed-sheets were turned into dresses. Architectural drawings were soaked off their muslin backs to liberate material for waists. As the forests are shipped to France, tiny fir-trees are set out for more fortunate generations. Enough is unshaken in Germany to make significant the things that are shaken.

All sorts of things have changed in Germany. You cannot cross the frontier and buy your first glass of beer or cup of coffee without knowing that there has been an earthquake in prices. A hundred pfennigs still make a mark, but that is about all that remains unchanged in German finance. But, despite the skyrocketing prices, the note of exchange makes living very cheap to the visitor. Nowhere else can a poor intellectual who has counted every cent all his life more completely fulfil those mocking lines of Clough:

The best of the tables and the best of the fare—
And as for the others, the devil may care;
It is n't our fault if they dare not afford
To sup like a prince and be drunk as a lord,
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

But the devil would have his hands full caring for "the others"; he would find them stowed away in two rooms of a house they used to own, selling bit after bit of their less necessary furniture, visiting bankers or brokers with their stock-certificates, and facing the future with a curious brand of lethargic despair. I discovered a countess of eighty years of age asking for a slanting room under the roof furnished with a bed, a table, and a chair; I talked with a colonel who was making ends meet by selling postage-stamps; I saw rooms where a prince and princess, accustomed to a castle or two and a multitude of servants, washed and scrubbed floors and cut wood; I heard of a noblewoman trying to support a tuberculous daughter and herself on less than fifteen cents a day; I visited a talented

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teacher in the gymnasium who carved for us his first roast since Christmas; I met a friend from a small town whose postmaster had just used his last bit of capital; a learned and exemplary professor, whose books are known the world around, asked me to seek a publisher in America for an important treatise in science; I met a cultivated woman of fine family who gathered mushrooms and wild berries from mountains ten miles from her town to eke out her income of fifteen dollars a year; I came upon the track of a woman of sixty, a niece of an archæologist known over all the world, who tries to find some dressmaking to keep her from starvation. Poverty in Germany is invisible; gentlewomen and childlike old men are stretching out their hands to death with diminishing reluctance. The laborers are getting along, and the manufacturers; those who work for the state can barely make their way; it is those who are living on an income who are going under. "The brain-workers travel fourth-class," you hear it said, "the hand-workers travel third, those who cannot distinguish between 'I' and 'me' travel second, and those who cannot distinguish between 'mine' and 'thine' travel first."

The currency itself has changed as well as its buying power. Gold and silver and nickel have disappeared; instead, one's pockets are filled with paper. But the German is brave enough to decorate his own humiliation. Every city is allowed to issue its own paper currency for values below a mark, good only within its own bounds, secured by its own resources. The result has been that the cities vie with one another in printing on this paper, whose value never rises higher than a cent and often is not a tenth of a cent, pictures of old buildings and scenes of ancient life and citations from folk-songs and poets so varied and interesting and in some cases so beautiful that the childlike German has begun to manufacture "albums for forced currency" and to collect with avidity the various issues from the different towns. There is not enough of this smaller money, however, to meet the incessant demands of trade, and in the largest department stores of Berlin the customer will regularly receive postage-stamps in change.

§ 3

But more notable changes are occurring in Germany than those which merely concern the external circumstances and instruments of life. The abiding institutions of human society have changed, but all was done so quietly, when compared with the customary accompaniments of the word, that it is startling to hear people everywhere speak of the "Revolution." "Since the Revolution"—there is no phrase so frequent as that. Men speak and think far more of the great inward overturning than they do of the war. When we think of Germany we are apt to ask first of all, "What does Germany think about America and the war?" Such a question is not uppermost in the German mind. "We must draw a line through the past," said the minister of foreign affairs recently, and it is toward the future that the noblest German eyes are turned.

Perhaps one senses this most in governmental circles and in the concerns of Government. The new Prussian constitution declares that "Prussia is a republic and a member of the German realm," and while it seems curious to announce one's independence in

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half of a sentence that ends in so orthodox a fashion, the republic is really here, and the realm itself is a republic in which the people are variously represented. There is the Reichstag, where the representation is on geographical lines; the Reichsrath, where the representation is on provincial lines, like our Senate; and a brand-new Reichswirtschaftsrath, where the representation is on business lines. This last "house" is certainly the most novel of the three. Here the Soviet idea, uncorrupted by the force of a tyrannous minority, is in actual operation. Thirty-five million intelligent human beings are trying an experiment in government in which the representation is threefold in its nature.

Even in the Reichstag, where the representation is geographical, a constitutional provision is made for proportional representation, which insures to the minority a true representation of its strength. Votes are cast for the party, and after the votes are counted, the representatives to which the votes entitle it are chosen by the party itself. This feature of the new government being essential, political parties in Germany assume functions of social life which we are accustomed to see performed by the church. Constant neighborhood meetings of the party take the form of picnics, excursions, or even athletic meets. Religion and politics are not severed so cleanly as with us, but the political reaches over into the religious, rather than the religious into the political. An entire session of the Democratic party at its party day in Saxony, for example, was devoted to a discussion of the question, "Religion and Democracy." The speakers were not ward politicians, but university professors. Wide differences of opinion were expressed, but the one which seemed to hold the field was that democracy demanded not only voting freely, but living largely; that to this larger life religion was necessary, and that it behooved every true democrat not only to recognize this fact, but to take some personal interest in organized religious activities.

The strength of party prejudice is widely deplored in Germany. Every one in Germany is inclined to feel that the members of every party except his own spends too much time in political discussion, and opinions are often carried to bitter lengths. According to the statistics of the Bund Neues Vaterland, there have been in two years three hundred and fourteen political murders by the Right and thirteen by the Left. Notwithstanding the fearful record of party hate, one cannot close one's eyes to the deep interest and effective action of all kinds of Germans in governmental activity and experiment.

§ 4

Despite the fact that the new German constitution is a very liberal one, I am not at all sure that it satisfies even a substantial majority of the German people. I hesitate to asseverate, for the facts that came under my observation were limited. In the educated classes, with which I was mostly thrown, I found that it was thoroughly hated. Whatever conditions were unsatisfactory were blamed on the new Government. I happened to be in Berlin one day and saw a company of armed soldiers marching down Unter Den Linden to the strains of martial music. I asked a fellow-pedestrian what it all meant, and with

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a shrug of his shoulders he replied, "I have no interests in that quarter." I asked several others, but they did not know. Finally, I learned that it was a company of honor turned out to celebrate the second aniversary of the constitutional convention. No one knew of it; no one cared about it. When the president finally arrived, there were only a few curious onlookers like myself, and not a solitary hand-clap was heard. Only the military company cheered, and it was compelled to do so. The president looked ill at ease, and his appearance evoked mirth from the audience rather than respect. Only one man was excited, and he by shame.

"I knew that fellow when he was a coachman's boy in Hanover," he said. "It 's an outrage. He must fall. Every one of the soldiers will go back a strong nationalist of the old school." It is to be remembered that Unter Den Linden is the thoroughfare of the rich and that the Government refrained from announcing the celebration owing to the misery of the world and the critical position of upper Silesia; but even so there were many passers-by of all sorts, and all they did was to look and laugh. The lethargy and labor of the people seemed to be broken more frequently by laughter than by enthusiasm. They have learned to endure, but not many have learned to cheer.

At the same time one fact is everywhere patent: Emperor William has lost his hold upon the imagination of the people. A high officer in the army who fears God and regards his oath of allegiance as holy told me with deep and sad conviction in his voice that the emperor had deserted the flag, that he had fled ignominiously from those who had fought for him. The battle-scarred veteran despised the present Government, but he could not brook the thought of the emperor's return, nor indeed that of any of his children. The Hohenzollerns and Germany have done with one another. This opinion was almost unanimous among the men of the country, no matter how far to the right they stood in political opinions.

One of the strongest supports of the present Government lies in the impotence of the opposition. The German Nationalists have no program of any sort; they do not wish to be intrusted with the Government. They give vent to their impotent feelings against the Socialists, the newly rich, and the arrogant and rude workmen; they applaud Ludendorff and Hindenburg vociferously: otherwise they have nothing to offer.

But if the present German Government falls, if it becomes impossible to pay the indemnity, if the forces of progress are left to themselves by the other nations of the world, if we drive the Germans to reaction and make the constitution take its place among Utopian or treasonable documents instead of among milestones on the actual road to social redemption, then these forces of reaction may reëstablish, with our aid, the sort of government which our soldiers risked their lives to rebuke and weaken, if not to destroy.

§ 5

I suppose there is no doubt that the university has occupied a much more important position in Germany than in our own country. It has been considered more of a disgrace in Germany to be unable to go to the university than to be unable to make money. Every thoughtful German was as

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proud of the universities as of the monarchy and the army. It is therefore of peculiar significance to note that not only has the monarchy been abolished, and the army virtually so, but the universities have undergone some rather pregnant changes in the official relation which their teaching staffs bear to their students. Notwithstanding numerous misstatements, the universities of Germany have not been under the control of the Central Government. Each province of the realm has always had the education at the universities in its own hands,—it has therefore always been difficult to make generalizations about the educational organizations of Germany,—but there has now sprung up a movement among the students themselves which extends over provincial lines, so that the students of Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, and other provinces find themselves united in a movement that is national in scope. This new organization is called Asta, the first letters of the German words meaning General Student Committees. In every university there is a legislative assembly of students consisting of a house of representatives and an executive committee. Prussia has officially recognized the organization in all its institutions of learning. There is also a central committee of the organization, consisting of ten district presidents and a president and two others, who are selected on the annual *Studententag* by the delegates of all the universities and higher technical schools. The funds for this organization, as for church and state, are obtained by a tax levy, and they amounted some time ago to the stately sum of half a million marks. The organization finds lodgings for students, actually obtains work for them to do, a great departure for the German collegian, supplies books to them at a reduced rate, advises the rector of the university concerning courses which the students desire to have given, maintains an archive for the gathering and formation of sound theories of education, represents the students as a kind of unofficial attorney in questions of discipline, introduces and emphasizes outdoor sports among them, and purposes to aid in the cultural and economic life of the country.

It is a kind of student state within the state. It safeguards the liberties of the students, which, I suppose, many felt were threatened by the growing socialistic development of the nation. The organization is still young, but a high official of the World's Student Christian Union told me that he regarded it as containing the seeds of a regenerated Germany. In this extraordinarily authoritative region actual participation of the students in community government has begun. In Frankfort representatives of the students have been admitted to the senate of the university for the discussion of a particular question, and have retired after the question has been considered. In Mannheim representatives of students have been admitted to a special monthly meeting of the senate devoted to student matters only. At Cologne conferences of a semi-official character have been held between the rector and representatives of the students about commons and other student affairs. All these moderate beginnings of coöperation between students and faculty are reported to the central office of the Student Federation, which has been permanently fixed at Göttingen. One may say that the

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students bear the same position now to the university senate that the workmen do to the employers of the factories. They have not entered into control of the institution, but they at least have the chance to ask that the books be thrown open to them for inspection.

§ 6

But the definite attempt to reform the life of the universities, to rob it of pedantry on the one side and of dissipation and laxity on the other, is only one symptom of the striking way in which the young people of Germany are freeing themselves from the restraints of convention. On one of the loveliest hills overlooking the Saale, not far from Jena, we were spending the night in an ancient castle, now transformed into a hotel. The old walls were still standing. Inside of them were a group of various buildings of different grades of respectability; outside, on the small round summit of the hill, was a beautiful substitute for a moat, lined with trees, bathed in moonlight, and supplied with benches. Directly in front of the castle was a high open spot where once upon a time soldiers must have stood guard on well-armored horses. But we found it filled with girls and boys dancing old folk-dances, attired in a modification of the ancient peasant costume. The girls wore delightful green aprons over very shabby, but hidden, short dresses. The men were bare-legged, with short trousers and long hair. And there they danced together without any matrons, some of them meeting for the first time that night, with a lovely seriousness of demeanor and grace of movement which made one wish Plato could see them. They were all of them *Wandervögel*, "Birds of Passage," a delightful, loosely organized society of young people that demands about five cents a year from its members, and that trusts them implicitly to roam over the hills and sleep—the sexes, of course, segregated—in the very primitive lodgings with which some farmers supply them in hay-lofts, cities in unused buildings, and hotel-keepers in outbuildings and servants' quarters. They carry most of their provisions, and pay half a cent a night for their shelter. These young people are intensely national. Ostracized by the rest of mankind, they mean to preserve for themselves the ancient traditions of their people. They are instinctively molding themselves upon those times that are remote from the fearful catastrophe which has blighted their nation, and they are lighted by their imagination with all the radiance of poetry, beauty, and song. And good Mother Nature takes her children to her bosom, dismisses all her well trained nurses, and when the days of their flight are over, she sends them back to their more-ordered homes refreshed in body, hopeful in spirit, touched with a sense of life and freedom from which the older generations shrank in fear.

The interest, too, in sport is growing. The exclusive fraternities of the universities still maintain their barbarous duels and disfigure their faces for life to show their valor and their military pride, but the young men and women of the humbler classes spend Sundays at foot-ball or in athletic parades. I saw one such procession in Marburg. It passed through the streets with a band the day after a great social event in the university. I was passing along the streets with a professor of

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theology who is one of the leading spiritual forces in the newer Germany. Young men and young women alike were scantily attired. Ever since our girls, whether dressed for a dance or a picnic, seem conservatively clad. I remarked to my friend that they had gone far beyond us in freedom for their young women. Surprised, he said that such attire attracted no attention in Germany. And the demeanor of the young women, bare to the knees, with scant running-breeches above them, and the indifference of the crowds through which they passed, seemed to bear out his statement. Our automobile seemed to be the object of as many curious stares as the array of emancipated young women marching through the streets. When I remembered that I had seen men officially reproved in Dresden for placing their arms on the rails of benches upon which their wives were sitting, I felt that in some matters Germany was changing. There are indeed large portions of the people today where the conception of a child rather than the marriage service in a church is regarded as the fact which establishes a family.

§ 7

But when one is asked whether Germany has changed, the reply is difficult. The institutions have changed, but it is difficult to say whether the German people have changed or not. They are scarcely a people any more save as the scorn of the world welds them together. They are thoroughly disunited. It is not that Bavaria is suspicious of Prussia or that Bremen and Hamburg are proud of independence. It is not geography, but economics, which divides the people. In the present Government there are but few men of education and driving power: it represents, however, the heart of the German people striving to be free of unnatural ambitions. The heart of the German is essentially childlike. It is not immersed in the world; it has never led the world in culture, as France has, or as Italy or as England; it is essentially a democratic, unspoiled, energetic, comfort-loving, easy-going people over whom a veneer of imperialism and militarism has been spread. Now it is humiliated; it has lost its place in the family of nations. It knows that it was stupidly led to destruction; it believes that it was guilty of the blood of mankind, but not much more so than the surrounding nations, hostile to it and envious of it. Will it seek to revenge itself upon the nations which now hold it in the mire or will it, forgetful of the past, press on toward the high mark of the calling which some men in the present Government believe to be a holy calling? That is the question which now trembles in the balances. There is hope in the sturdiness of the people, in the essential simplicity of the nation that lives much on the public street and eats in the open air, in its sense of the futility and arrogance of a military aristocracy, in the deep convictions of a few leaders in the present movement that they are summoned to further democracy in the world.

I shall not forget the impression left upon me by a talk which I was permitted to have with a prominent Prussian minister of state. He was formerly a Christian minister. He told me that early in his pastoral career he was impelled to ask the venturesome question, "Who is my neighbor?" He came to the conviction that it was the man who needed him most. He went into

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a factory and shared the lot of the underpaid German workman, receiving fifty cents a day for ten hours of work. He became a Social Democrat. His wife was a member of the Bavarian nobility. Her people cast them off. The church demanded his resignation and, I believe, sued him for misconduct. He held to his new convictions and to his needy comrades. The war broke out. He enlisted, because he was a patriot, because his country was in danger, whereupon all questioning should cease. He was far over age, but he entered the army as a common soldier, and endured the rigors of the campaign against Russia. Then Woodrow Wilson's great speech with the fourteen points came into his possession. He spread the knowledge of it everywhere. With the men who shared his view he deliberately set out to weaken the German power of resistance. He said that those points seemed to him a new gospel—the league of all nations, the disarmament of all peoples, the principle of self-determination, the love of democracy. And so he lifted that gospel as a banner over his nation. He helped to bring about the armistice, because he and the great bulk of the childlike German people really believed America and trusted the Allies. And then came what in his eyes was the great betrayal: Mr. Wilson deserted his own position. With tears in his eyes he declared that, notwithstanding that desertion, the Germans would make the fourteen points the gospel of the new era. With deep gratitude he learned that Mr. Wilson was not a hypocrite, but a seer overborne by the moral traditions of the world. He remarked, "A man is to be judged not by his deeds, but by his intentions." And he said, "America could have molded Germany as a mother molds her child." But the event had proved to him that the supercilious aristocracy was right. The Allies had not meant what they had solemnly covenanted; they had only been fighting their enemies by craft, and he had believed them sincere. But he did not dwell upon our bad faith. He had found a gospel. In the stately old offices on Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin this Christian minister inspires his colleagues of the Left with the great hope that they are establishing upon earth the advanced citadel of democracy, to which all nations will one day look with admiration and perhaps with gratitude.

No one should deny that there are forces of evil at work in Germany today—forces of militarism, of reaction, of revenge. But there are also other forces—the forces of humanity, of liberty, of disenthralment, forces that have pushed on toward the ideal we all hold in common. We all have sinned; shall we insist on remembering only German sins, or shall we throw open our hearts to the sympathy which naturally unites us with those who, like ourselves, love freedom and believe in the dignity of man?

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The Intruders

By JAMES RORTY

Drawing by JOE SINEL

High on the Sierra, while the snow-wind blew,
The storm-tree spoke: it asked me if I knew
Precisely who I was, exactly why
I trudged this breathless trail up to the sky;
In fact, by just what title I stood there
Drinking deep flagons of the mountain air.

I have my pride; I am not one to be
Confounded by the candor of a tree.
The rudenesses of junipers and such
Have lost their power to irritate me much.
"Granted," I said. "You 're hardy, brave, and bold,
And, so they say, incontinently old;
In fact, of all the talking trees I know,
The juniper 's most wisely learned to grow.
Your roots go deep to feed on granite—well,
Some folk ask little more in heaven or hell.
Why do I seek this sky? Perhaps for blue
To use in painting canvases of you;
And when, in time, the falling mountain flicks
From off this crumbling rock your whitened sticks,
My hand will keep, for sight of human kind,
Those valiant, gaunt limbs woven with the wind.
You 'll hang within a frame, immortally
Enduring winds that never set you free."

I paused expectantly; the audience stirred,—
Squirrel and chipmunk and a junco bird,—
When from the air an iron humming woke
The silence of the peaks; a new voice broke
Upon our high debate: the air-mail passed,
Drumming its steady way along a vast,
Unbending highway in the windy blue;
But what it said we neither of us knew.

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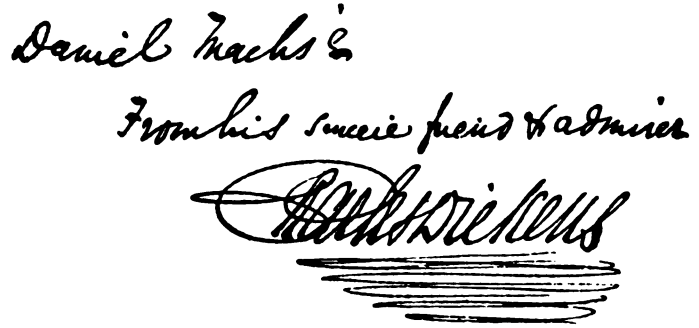
A Book-Hunter's Garner

With Examples of "The Gentlest Art"[1]

By WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

I SHOULD advise any beginner in book-collecting whose bank-account is such that he must think more than once before paying a large sum for a much desired volume, to keep in touch with dealers in ordinary second-hand books and to read their catalogues carefully. Such dealers often buy family libraries *en bloc* and in them sometimes find books of unusual value. On these, and desirable volumes acquired in other ways, a low price may be put for the sake of a quick turn. Sometimes in his ignorance a dealer fails to recognize a rarity, and prices it on the plane of the riffraff that is part of the stock in trade of every general dealer in second-hand books. Professor Charles Eliot Norton told me, when showing his fine copy of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," "I picked this up from an outdoor stand of a Boston book-shop; it cost me twenty-five cents."

It was a quick turn for an Edinburgh dealer a few years ago that put into my eager hands the very next day after he obtained it a first edition of "Pickwick Papers," a presentation copy from Dickens to his intimate friend Maclise, the distinguished artist whose painting of the great writer is in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The inscription on the fly-leaf of the volume, one of several which Dickens had specially bound in morocco for presentation, reads,



In London, a few weeks earlier, I had been offered a copy of the same book inscribed to a less notable friend. The London dealer was one of the best-known purveyors of rare books and autographs. His price was 180 pounds. The Edinburgh man was widely known as a bookseller, but with him rarities were merely incidental to a very large business in current publications. I paid forty pounds for what is now one of the stars of my collection of association books. Years before my steps led

[1] The letters in this article are all copied from the originals in Mr. Arnold's possession.

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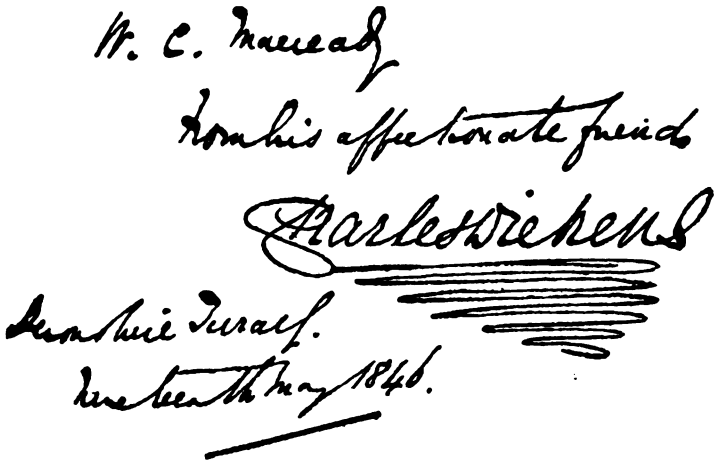
me to this "topper," I bought in London, at the auction sale of the library of Stuart M. Samuel, a copy of the first edition of "David Copperfield," also presented by Dickens to Maclise, and a first edition of "Pictures from Italy," with this inscription on the half-title:

Mr. Charles Dickens will be happy to have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Sergeant and Mrs. Talfourd on Saturday the Twenty Second of May.
(P.S. Private and confidential. Mr. Charles Dickens feels it remarkably odd to be writing to Runkle Square in this polite style.) Regent's Park
Sixth May 1847



The dedication copy of "Pickwick Papers" acquired by Harry Widener, now by his lamented early death in the monumental Widener Library of Harvard University, may stand as the most important of all Dickensiana. I count it a privilege to possess the dedication copy of the first "Popular" edition, issued in 1847; it came to me many years ago for a small sum at a London auction. The printed lines of dedication read:

To Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M. P.,
This Book
is inscribed as a memorial of friendship

Below this Dickens has written, "and this Book is given by Charles Dickens."

In the volume I have inserted this coincidental note to Talfourd:

The throes of the young author (Dickens was only twenty-eight) are graphically described in this characteristic letter to Walter Savage Landor:

1 Devonshire Terrace
26th July 1840.

My Dear Landor.

Mr. Shandy's clock was nothing to mine—wind, wind, wind, always winding am I; and day and night the alarum is in my ears, warning me that it must not run down. When I received that Swing-like letter of yours, such visions of Bath sprung up and floated about me that I rung the bell for my portmanteau and putting it on a chair, looked hard at it for three quarters of an hour. Suddenly a solemn sound from the clock, jarred upon my ears; and sending it upstairs again, I sat down with a sigh, to write.

Gravely and seriously—for it *is* a seri-

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ous matter—I have been looking forward to a glimpse of you were it only for one day, and am still looking forward, and shall be looking forward for Heaven knows how long. I am more bound down by this Humphrey than I have ever been yet—Nickleby was nothing to it, nor Pickwick, nor Oliver—it demands my constant attention and obliges me to exert all the self-denial I possess. But I hope before long to be so far ahead as to have actually turned the corner and left the Printer at the bottom of the next street—and then—!

In the meanwhile, when you have the grace to write a long letter *I* will have the grace to answer it with one of corresponding dimensions, so take care what you do, and what inflictions you call down upon that poetical scene, on which be all peace and happiness and sunny light for evermore!

Of course the Dickens clock was "Master Humphrey's Clock," first published in eighty-eight weekly numbers. These were followed by an edition in three big cloth-bound volumes. My copy has the well known bookplate of the author in each volume, but there is no other indication of ownership. The administrators of the estate of Dickens had a label pasted in each of his books certifying that it was from the library of Charles Dickens. While it is possible that this particular copy may have been overlooked, it seems to me more likely that some unscrupulous person may have taken book-plates from three less important books and put them into this copy of the "Clock." There have been instances of this sort. I hold the matter in suspense. As all Dickens collectors know, the volumes contain "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," which in all present-day editions are separated from the fanciful clock episodes. The familiar pseudonym "Boz" was seldom used as a signature to letters. How it originated is told in the preface of the Popular Edition of Pickwick; perhaps it is worth while to repeat it here.

[Boz] was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. "Boz" was a familiar household word with me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.

In my autograph collection I have a bit of "Old Curiosity Shop" manuscript, with this explanatory letter:

To my Son, F. J. Barker,
Delaware, Ontario, Canada.

I lived when quite a young girl, for some years with the family of General Gabriel Gordon Col. of H. M. 91st Regt on whose staff my Father had been.

The General, then an old man of 93 & blind, lived at Ardwick Lodge, Manchester, and opposite on a terrace resided M^{r} & Mrs Henry Burnet (Fanny Dickens) with whom I was very intimate—

Charles Dickens, just then returned [at the date of the autograph] from America, came down on a visit to his sister, and was present at the opening of The Free Trade Hall in that city where we all made one party on the Platform where he made a grand speech—present also, Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, & others—Next day I asked him for his Autograph, and he said "Is there any particular sentence you would like me to write out of any of my books" "O, yes," said I—

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"the death of little Nell"! and he most kindly wrote the enclosed.

Fanny Barker

Fairview, Avonside,
Canterbury, New Zealand.

While on his triumphal journey in our country he had for secretary a Mr. Putnam, who, in Forster's "Life," disguised as "Mr. Q.," is frequently mentioned and amusingly described.

"Dear gentle patient Nobly
Nell was dead. Her little bird
- a poor slight thing, the pressing
of a finger would have crushed. —
was stirring nimbly in its cage; and
the strong heart of its child
mistress was mute and motionless for ever."

Charles Dickens

Manchester
Sixth October 1843.

Mrs. Barker was mistaken in stating that Dickens had "just then returned from America." He reached England, after his first visit, in June, 1842, more than a year before she had obtained the autograph from him.

Years later to this efficient companion was sent this charming letter:

Broadstairs, Kent.
Thursday Twenty Fourth July, 1851.

My dear Mr. Putnam.

I have received your letter with very

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great pleasure, as it is quite delightful to me to have a new assurance of your attachment, and a reminder (though I need none) of your old fidelity and zeal. I have often travelled, in fancy, over the old ground and water in America, and have over and over again beheld you coming at dusk into the stern-galley of a Western steamer, with a little jug of some warm mixture intended for my very little cabin. Sometimes (this present year for instance) I have had an impression that you would come to England, and should not have been in the least surprised to behold you bodily entering my study.

Whether we look as we used to look, I can't quite determine, I am much redder and browner I believe, than I was in those times—more robust—less interesting—shorter haired—a more solid looking personage—and not younger. But I take great exercise, and am very strong. Mrs. Dickens is stouter, though not quite so well in health as she used to be then. Anne, who has been with us in Italy and in Switzerland, is with us still, and looks (in my eyes) much the same. They both desire to be kindly remembered to you—and an immense sensation has been created in their minds by your allusion to your daughter—which has given unbounded satisfaction.

I write from the seaside—from a fishing village and small watering-place to which we generally come at this time of the year. We still reside, however, in London—our headquarters being always there. We have eight children, and have had nine—a little girl died suddenly, not long ago. The picture of the four we had when we were in America, hangs in our dining room at home. It is in a gay round frame now, and has these many years forgotton the sliding lid of the box you used to take off, before you set it up on a side table at each of the four and twenty thousand Inns we stayed at. I wonder whether you recollect the Inn at Hartford where the "Levee" would n't go away—or at Newhaven where they kicked the staircase, to express impatience—or at Columbus where they came in, arm in arm, at about midnight—or at St. Louis where we had (I think) a ball—or at Pittsburgh, where I recollect one man with very large buttons on his waistcoat, who got behind the door and could n't be got out—or at Philadelphia, where a little hatter with black whiskers did the honors! I feel as if I should like to see all those places again, so much—and to have another ride on a corduroy road, and to sit at another very long table with nothing particular to eat upon it, aboard the Messenger.

I see many americans in London, and find them the old good-humoured kind-hearted people. We never quarrel, but "get along" (as you would say) quite merrily and pleasantly. If I ever find one, in travelling about, I try to make him more at home, in remembrance of my old welcome. Sometimes he seems disposed to consider me a sort of Monster, at first, but he soon gets over it. I want to save the next leaf for the autographs you ask for. Therefore I will only ask you to give my cordial regards to your wife (quite a matron, I suppose, since I saw her at the Tremont House) and a kiss to the little girl, and to believe me always Faithfully your friend, CD.

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Mr. Putnam, apparently not content with the signature CD., left undisturbed the first of the "autographs" he had asked for; all the others have been cut from the leaf, and were doubtless distributed to expectant friends.

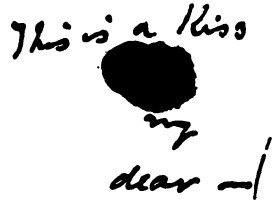
Dickens is to-day, and has been for the more than fourscore years since "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" came before a delighted public, the most popular of all nineteenth-century authors; therefore I venture to add still another of his letters—a letter which is certainly a funny one. It was written to Mary Boyle, for many years an intimate friend. It came to me with an explanatory note written by the "young woman," a cousin of Miss Boyle.

Tavistock Farm
Christmas Day 1852

My own darling Mary.

No end of merry christmases and Happy New Years to you my gal!

Misses being out I don't wait for her to write respecting of the young woman as you proposes for to make me acquainted with but my dear Mary I doe assure you that there an't a many young women as I should so much like for to know as *her* which you will I hope my own tell her that much from him as is still yourn and knowing as you ant no cause to be jealous for all that I am certain beforehand as I shall a Door her O Mary wen you come to read the last chapter of the next number of Bleak House I think my ever dear as you will say as him what we knows on as done a pretty womanly thing as the sex will like and as will make a sweet pint for to turn the story on my heart alive for such you are and so no more at present but yourn in Sir Rodger dee Coverley and reels as long as we can hear it and say to that young woman my always Imbraceable Mary as I hopes To dance with her much for I do a preciate on her and likewizs my Rosy Posy for such it is well known youever must be and let me see the man as says no to it and it will be the worse for is hd and so I tell him candid i have had cast I on pillers put underneath the dancing room which will prevent you and her from falling intoe the kitching my ever blue ming Mary



Dame Fortune has not favored me with so many association books and letters of Michael Angelo Titmarsh as of Boz, but, as the possessor of the Barry Cornwall copy of "Vanity Fair," —the dedication copy,—I might be content without more.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta on July 18, 1811. He was only five when his father died. A year later, in care of an Indian servant, the child was sent to England to be educated. The ship made a brief stop at St. Helena. With his attendant, as Thackeray himself has told, he took

"a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on.'"

The ever remembered incident was to bear fruit in after years in the famous epitome,

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

The little fellow did not see his mother again until 1822, when she

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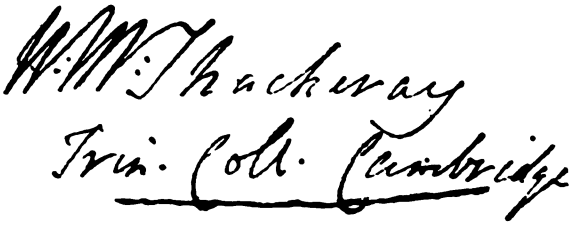
came to England as the wife of Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth. The boy was then entered at Charterhouse. It is interesting to note that at this old school he was proficient in Latin, with a particular fondness for Horace. It may be that this trend to his studies was due to the influence of Major Carmichael-Smyth, who was always held in affectionate regard by his stepson. Two years after the lad went to Charterhouse the major gave him his own big copy of Horace, which still bears the donor's armorial bookplate. At the top of one of the front fly-leaves, in the young scholar's beautiful handwriting, is written with pencil:

W. M. Thackeray
Charterhouse 1824

On the title-page, in two places, his initials are written with ink, and in the upper right-hand corner is the embossed impression of his well known little seal. It is not surprising that after all the years since the book first came into the hands of Thackeray, it has been much worn by use, and the front cover is detached.

I also have a book of Thackeray's college days which suggests his liking for long country walks. This is a series of beautifully engraved county maps, with the main roads in colors. It is entitled "Cary's Travellers Companion, or, a Delineation of the Turnpike Roads of England and Wales; showing the immediate Rout to every Market and Borough Town throughout the Kingdom." The little volume, printed on very thin paper of fine quality, bears this imprint: "London, Printed for John Cary, Engraver, Map and Printseller, Strand. 1st Jany. 1791." On the first fly-leaf the young owner wrote:



My choicest Thackeray letter would have been published before now but for a bit of luck. The letter was given in full in the page proofs of the catalogue of the dealer whose shop I happened to enter just as the printer's devil was about to take the final revise to his master. In a moment the precious letter and the deleted proof sheet were mine.

Friday, April 9.

My dearest Mother. Cant make out the Paris journey just now. Have to lecture on the 20th (mind the proceeds of the lecture are for your ivories). I have promised Lord Palmerston to dine at the Library Fund on the 25th & am rather anxious to repair my defeat at the Dramatic dinner. Want to show on the 1 of May at the Royal Academy Dinner, and to get time to go into hospital with Thompson, being a good deal bothered at present by my old enemy. Am pretty well on with my work this month, and have found it go easier: am better in general health too I think, and this is all my bulletin. For is n't there the days work before me and ought I not to tackle to it? When it is done and I am tired, I don't like to write letters; you will fancy, I am unwell: when it is not done and to be done, I don't like to write letters. It reproaches me and says 'Come, Sir do me or nothing else.' And so we go on toiling & devising and tumbling and getting up again. I think it is good fun

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to hear the girls singing & humming down stairs, and though silent and solitary & preoccupied myself, and seeming very melancholy, am not the least so—but in a pleasant bearable grave grey frame of mind—considering life very tolerable. To be sure it ought to be, with prosperity and good children. Don't, in the kindness of your heart, propose the open carriage to Mary. I can't have any intimacy—I don't respect her, or regard her, or forgive her. She has been rude to my daughters, and rude to my mother. I don't harbour a pennyworth of ill feeling and will do anything in my small power to serve the young ones or old ones at Hyndford House. But friendship is impossible: why it 's a perpetual hypocrisy not to laugh at that astounding—hullo! Stop! Better go on with the Virginians No. VII, than abusing your neighbours. I copied an extract of your Maria's letter to the girls and sent it your favorite Tom Fraser—with the injunction 'Put that in your pipe and smoke it.' He says 'there will be no difficulty' and I told him to write to Maria and send her some money w^h^ he promises to do. My adorer John Brown writes me that they will put me up for Edinburgh. Think I had best leave it alone: am afraid I am too old to speak now: but, never having had a purpose in life, or known what I was going to do until I was doing it, cant tell whether I shall refuse, or accept or covet, or don't care for this honour if it comes. Come let us get to

Chapter

These feats of agility being over, the four gentlemen quitted the Bowling Green and

the rest is in No VII. page 16 by the Virginians by

W. M. Thackeray.

Thackeray made two lecture trips in our country. The first, in 1853, was devoted to "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century"; two years later he came "To tell all the Yankees about the Four Georges."[1] While in Boston, on his first visit, Thackeray went to church of a Sunday and heard Theodore Parker preach with such satisfaction that he wrote this letter:

Tremont, Sunday, Jan. 2

My dear M^r^. Parker.

Can you kindly ask your organist what was the air (I thought it sounded like Haydn's) w^h^ he played in the Introduction to your service this morning? The air is so touching & noble that it begat a desire in me to make some verses if I could: and I would be very glad to have the music at any rate for my daughters to play to me—

This however is only the pretext for writing—I want to say with what delight I heard you—and to thank you for one of the greatest pleasures I have had in my life. That climax about M^r^. Lawrence quite overcame me. I saw him and shook hands with him on the day of his death, and was struck with the sweetness & benevolence of his countenance w^h^ is to smile pity and kindness no more—I wonder whether he heard yonder what you said of him? I can't help speaking out of the abundance of pleasure w^h^ I owe to you and thanking you too for your kindness in listening sometimes to a man who is very glad to come to you for instruction

Believe me Most sincerely yours

W. M. Thackeray

Every one has heard of Thackeray's broken nose, the result of a

[1] This line is from verses read at the farewell banquet in London, at which Dickens presided.

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school-boy fight. Once when a rumor was circulated that Thackeray was likely to become an adherent of the Church of Rome, some one remarked to Douglas Jerrold, "They 're Romanizing old Thackeray!"

"I hope," said Jerrold, "they 'll begin with his nose."

Satirical and sarcastic flings were frequent between the rival wits, but these were never the expression of rancor. On occasion, however, Jerrold would do more than show his teeth; this testy little bite must have left a lasting scar.

Sir.

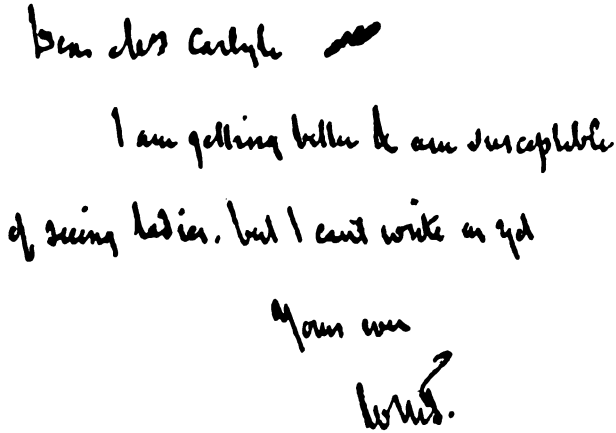
I do not understand your note; nor your request, nor anything appertaining to you. And I must request you not to pester me any further

Yours truly

D. Jerrold

This note and a presentation copy of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" are all I have of Thackeray's fellow-contributor to "Punch"; the lectures first appeared in its pages.

Thackeray could have had no more appreciative friend than the witty lady to whom he sent this message:



There are many letters written by Jane Welsh Carlyle, which are as delightful as any by the hand of woman. I venture to interject a short one here. From the collector's point of view, I have never looked with favor on the answers to requests for autographs; as a rule they are perfunctory productions. The reader will agree with me in counting this as one of the rare exceptions.

5 Cheyne Row
Chelsea

My dear Mrs. Alison

Demands for my Husband's autograph are frequent enough, from those even who have not *your* claim of acquaintanceship either old or new—but to ask for *my* autograph would never certainly have occurred to "an ordinary mind," and I must set it down for an eccentricity of genius!—My autograph you perceive is the worst in nature, having been taught to write at five years old, when I could only make the pen write at all, by gripping it in my whole fist; I have retained this habit of holding it (in a modified form) up to the present hour, and besides I am one of those fated and fatal mortals born to *having always a bad pen!* So it is a mercy I have done nothing, either good or bad enough, in my time to make my autograph generally desired.

I am a bad caller, for I have no carriage, and never learnt to walk—but if I find myself providentially in your neighborhood any day, I will certainly do myself the pleasure of returning your long ago visit—

Very kindly
Yours
Jane W. Carlyle.

While "The Virginians" was in course of publication the London literary group was much disturbed by a libelous

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sketch of Thackeray written by Edmund Yates, the editor of "Town Talk." By Thackeray's request the matter was taken up by the Garrick Club, of which both men were members, and Yates was expelled. In the controversy Dickens gave his support to Yates, which resulted in an estrangement of the two great novelists, whose previous relations had been most friendly.

Thackeray's incessant application to literary work told on his always precarious health; yet, despite many warnings, he ignored the doctors' advice and instructions. He died suddenly on the day before Christmas, 1863, at the early age of fifty-two.

One of the last persons he saw, other than those of his immediate family, was Dickens. The two men had not spoken to one another since the rupture of 1858. Only a few days before the end came, on Thackeray's initiative, a reconciliation was effected. The happy event is graphically described by Sir Theodore Martin in a letter written more than two score years later.

There were no lookers on what passed between Thackeray & Dickens but myself. I was standing in the Athenæum Hall chatting with Thackeray—Dickens came out of the Reading Room, passed us quite close, & taking no notice of either of us—"There 's Dickens!" Thackeray exclaimed, & went so quickly after Dickens, that he caught him at the foot of the stairs. He held out his hand to Dickens, saying a few words, & then Dickens took his hand. A few words and Thackeray came back to me, & told me what had passed between them. The speaking was chiefly Thackeray's—that the estrangement must not go on—that they should shake hands, and be the friends they had used to be.

Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, when here a few weeks ago, told me that when he came home that day, he told his daughters what had passed, just as I had described the scene to her, and the words he used. Thackeray's kind & affectionate nature suffered under an alienation from his old friend, and he could not resist the impulse to put an end to it by the generous advance to Dickens which I witnessed, & the motive to which I quite understood when he broke away from me.

There you have the true story.

One of the earliest publications of "The Wizard of the North," and the first to bear his name, was a translation of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand." It was as "Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh," that in February, 1799, he made his bow to the literary public. My copy of the thin octavo is inscribed on the title-page, "From the Translater." One who is charitably inclined might account for the "e" in the ultimate syllable as a reversion to the old French, from which we derive the word, although it is well known that Scott in his early days was somewhat addicted to poor spelling. Bell, the publisher, paid the young writer twenty-five pounds for the copyright.

My earliest autograph of Scott is a note written from Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from the Scotch capital. To a little cottage here, in the summer of 1798, he brought his bride of six months, and here he doubtless made the translation of Goethe's tragedy, perhaps with the very pens the Edinburgh stationer sent, as requested.

Mr. Scott requests Messrs Manners & Millar to send him per Bearer a copy of the best Gardening Kalendar—also a

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quire thick post gilded—and ¼ hundred quills—
Lasswade Cottage
Wednesday—
[5 September, 1798]

The successful publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," soon followed by the enthusiastic reception of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," had so established Scott's reputation that the publisher Constable offered one thousand guineas for "Marmion" soon after the poem was begun and before he had read a line of it. The first edition of two thousand issued in 1808 was sold in a month at a guinea and a half a copy, and twelve less sumptuous editions were disposed of before 1825.

It is a well recognized fact that there have been more famous people bearing the name of Smith than of any other cognomen. One of my Scott letters was written to a distinguished woman of this name, an accomplished English actress who graced the London stage for many years.

My dear Miss Smith

My late engagements have made me seem very ungrateful when I would most wish to seem otherwise but I throw myself upon your goodness to admit an apology founded upon various avocations literary and poetical not to mention the daily discharge of official duty. As a sort of peace offering I have to beg you to accept what I hope is already in your hands a copy of my new poem called by the hard name of "Marmion." I shall be much flattered indeed if you like it half as well as my little folks did the Panorama your kind gift, which they have studied and quoted every day since to the great edification of Papa who daily learns something he did not know before.

We have M^rs^. Siddons here—I believe to take her farewell of the Edinburgh audience. I observe you have been performing along with her in Town and was most happy to hear (for I did not fail to enquire) that you sustained the comparison as triumphantly as your warmest friends could wish. I wish London had been within 100 miles I would certainly have come to see you both on the same stage.—We have also Miss Baillie here at present who is certainly the best dramatic writer whom Britain has produced since the days of Shakespeare & Massinger. I hope you have had time to look into her tragedies (the comedies you may miss ever without any loss) for I am sure you will find much to delight you and I venture to prophecy you will one day have opportunity to distinguish yourself in some of her characters. I mean if the real taste for the Drama independant [*sic*] of shew and scenery should ever happen to revive, of which I think your being permitted to remain upon the *shelf*, as you call it, is no very promising symptom.—We have an Actor here of considerable merit called *Young;* he is a well-educated and gentleman-like man and an enthusiast in his profession. I sometimes have the pleasure of seeing him in private and like him very much—

M^rs^. Scott joins in kindest & best remembrances & the children desire a thousand thanks which they hope will not be less acceptable for my laziness—John Murray Bookseller Fleetstreet has directions to send you Marmion. I flatter myself you will make enquiry after it in case it has not reached you before this letter. I have some hopes to be in town this spring when I will seek an early opportunity to express personally how much I am your faithful & affectionate friend

Walter Scott

Edin^h^ 4th March

Letters of invitation are such pleasant communications that I seldom let pass an opportunity to add one to my

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collection. This one to William Stewart Rose, an old friend and frequent visitor, shows "the Veiled prophet" in his most genial and always hospitable character.

My dear Rose

Devil take you for telling Lady Davy but do not suppose the mischief is more than a little bit of curse may be appropriate to—my only reason for keeping the character of the *Veiled prophet* is the number of kind friends who will write to me on the subject. My last unsaid my purpose & left you to your own course of coming hither which I supposed would be by the lakes. For myself I would greatly have preferred *steaming* it or *stewing* it had it been cheaper for I have an utter contempt of parade in travelling and always take the cheapest way. You must come to Leith by steam. I believe the boats are now started and you are to be Lockhart's guest. They have a large house and are delighted at the thought of seeing you and you will proceed to Abbotsford and so to Saint Marys with all ease & speed—I charge you to reverse Iago's rule and put no more money in your purse than will pay your passage. It is a useless commodity in the land of

Green hills and waters blue
Grey plaids & torry woo—

I am truly sorry for Lydia's bad health. She has so much that is really amiable about her—I wish to God she would come down in the autumn and try quiet living with us for a little while. She grinds the edge of life so sharp that she must needs impair the substance.

If the steam is not working you will find the ordinary Leith smacks decently fitted up & capital sailing but you will involve yourself in trouble if you attempt any other port than Leith & you must come direct to John Lockhart's 25 Northumberland Street. I will never forgive you if you make au facon about this. You know my daughter's house is my own especially as my own is straightened at present by sacrifice of our spare bedroom to enlarge my premises for receiving the philosophers. Sophia is also quite well.

I had a dinner of the Celtic Society yesterday i. e. I presided there and the yells howls pipe-screaming and ear splitting sounds bafled [*sic*] all description. However the waving of plaids of all hues & cheques dancing of feathers and glistening of steel baldricks silver chains durkes & pistols made up for it. . . . N. B. I drank two bottles of claret with head neither sorry nor sore—(the first time this dozen of years) no nor giddy either.

I have the manuscript packed up which Lady Holland wished to see upon the affair of 1715. The reading three pages of it yesterday aloud would have procured me three dirkes in my bosom at the least. Will you enquire of Lady H. with my most respectful compliments how I shall send it to her Ladyship. I mean to what place in town—The Booksellers would be best I suppose. I should be loth were there a chance of miscarriage.

I will be proud to accept Mrs. Rose's hospitality in case I do after all make a start for the convention. But I fear there is little chance of it now. If I do I intend to steam it.

Addio Caro Rosa

W. Scott

Come in your carriage or come in a hack
Come in the mail or come in the smack
Come by the steamboat or by the schuyt-track
Come as you will only come in a crack
and be above all in no haste to go back

26 May

Too late for post booking
Let us know your day of sailing.

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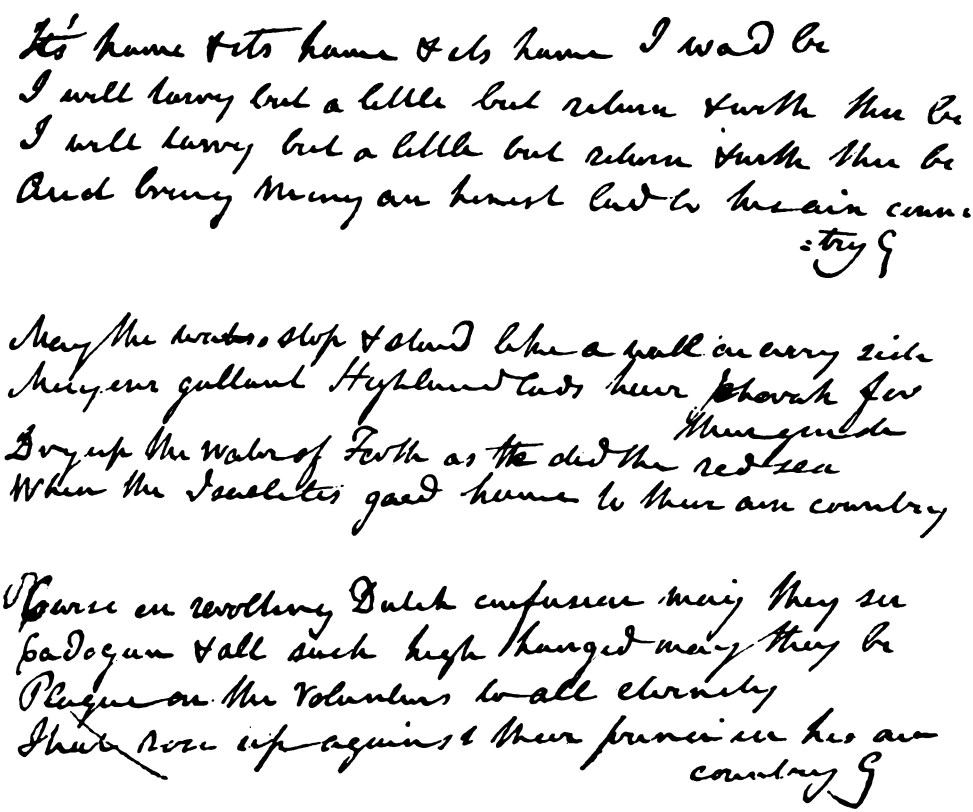
When George IV arrived at the port of Leith on his journey to Edinburgh in the month of August, 1822, Scott, in the midst of rain, was rowed to the royal yacht.

"What!" exclaimed his Majesty, "Sir Walter Scott! The man in Scotland I most wish to see!"

Lockhart relates that when Scott reached the quarter-deck the king called for a bottle of Highland whisky, and, having drunk his health, desired a glass to be filled for him. Sir Walter, after draining his own bumper, made a request that the king would condescend to bestow on him the glass out of which his Majesty had just drunk his health; and this being granted, the precious vessel was immediately wrapped up and carefully deposited in what he conceived to be the safest part of his dress. On arrival home he unexpectedly found there the poet Crabbe.

Scott, wet and hurried, embraced the venerable man with brotherly affection. The royal gift was forgotten. The ample skirt of the coat within which it had been packed, and which he had hitherto held cautiously in front of his person, slipped back to its more usual position; he sat down beside Crabbe; and the glass was crushed to atoms.

It must have been in a far different spirit from that of the recipient of a baronetcy bestowed by the Hanoverian king that Scott, probably at a much earlier day, wrote the following Jacobite ballad:



An American Admirable Crichton

By JOHN D. WILLIAMS

Drawing by PAUL ROCHE

WILLIAM MULDOON, the man who has given physical advice and training to many eminent Americans, is a survivor of the ancient days of great individual fighters. He is a picturesque anachronism, a Roman gladiator who, instead of crying *te salutamus*, counts ten at the ring-side of prize-fights in Madison Square Garden; a twelfth-century crusader, armed cap-a-pie, driving into White Plains in a six-cylinder; a medieval baron, smartly fitted out in the current mode.

Frederic Remington would have claimed him as the model for his cavalry-trooper—over six feet tall, a long, rangy figure, italicizing the perfection of its architecture in fine, highly set bones. Below his eyes he is as hard and as prominent as an Indian; his jaw-bones would have delighted Samson; his hands are long-fingered, toughly knuckled, and dangerous-looking even when hanging idle. Once they locked the bedroom door of a country hotel, threw the key out the window, and trounced John L. Sullivan. Now they are seventy-eight years old, but still devastating talons.

"Sullivan? Sullivan?" Muldoon will drawl in a fine resonant voice, looking not merely at you, but through you, as if his veracity had been challenged. "John feared nothing on earth except cows. He was a city boy, had never seen the country except through train-windows; but I insisted on training-quarters in the country when I handled him for some of his big fights. He was liable to ugliness and moroseness, so I thought of various ways of putting some fun into his exercise. Instead of the ordinary punching-bag, I thought of a bag off the rope—a flying bag that could be thrown at him as a game, he to fling it back. I would surround him with four or five men, each pelting him hard with these bags, and he delighting in knocking the men down as he returned the bags. That was the origin of the basket-ball. Then, to increase the work, I loaded some of the bags with sand, and that was the origin of the medicine-ball."

"But the cows?"

"Oh, yes, the cows. Sullivan's legs were always his weakest members; so I gave him all the road work he could stand. To increase the work, I put weights on his ankles and then made him run cross-country, purposely misleading him uphill, down dale until he was exhausted. But one day he struck. He first roared with rage, and then sat down on the edge of a ditch and refused to stir. I coaxed, commanded, threatened, but nothing could budge him. It began to look as if there was nothing to do but leave him, hunched up, sulking on the roadside, when suddenly I saw him staring over

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my shoulder as if he saw a ghost behind me. His mouth fell open, he sprang to his feet, and without a word bolted for the training-quarters at top speed. I looked around, and there stood three or four long-horned cattle, led by a potentially dangerous, but at the moment law-abiding, bull. The mere sight of them had terrified the city-bred John L.; he knew his mighty right would n't have counted against them."

It was as the trainer of Sullivan, when the Boston boy scored his last great victory over "Jake" Kilrain, after seventy-five rounds with bare knuckles, that a generation ago chiefly knew Muldoon. Most of the present generation know him as the man who trained Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, General Chaffee, Chauncey M. Depew, and many other celebrities when they scored their even more important victories over themselves.

§ 2

"Master of men" is a term that ought long ago to have been retired to the Old Phrases Home, but that is just what William Muldoon is. Like every natural commander, he has a personality that speaks distinction, masterfulness, extraordinary resource, and proprietary control over any situation it touches. His deeply set, choleric eyes are like slightly restrained signals of devastating wrath. When, with a flash, it is let loose, it is almost always a righteous wrath. Men of all kinds and conditions have passed through his man-factory, and those who have obeyed have come out new. Obedience is his pet shibboleth. "All the wrecks, disasters, ailments, in fact all human ills, are caused by somebody disobeying some law."

Obedience that comes of terror or even of fear is obtained much more quickly and lastingly than obedience born of loyalty or regard. That Emersonian dictum is demonstrated eighteen hours of the day by William Muldoon. When you cross the threshold of his Hygienic Institute as a patient, you become a human zero. You would n't be there, he assumes, if you knew how to take care of yourself. Military commands and peremptory orders at once salute you. Trip over one rug in Muldoon's arrangements for your training, and your baptism of fear begins. Compared with you a galley-slave then seems a hysterically happy excursionist.

Once it was spring, except in the heart of Phebril G. Anemia, a pupil on horseback, riding side by side with the professor. At an order they had dismounted to pick up apples dropped from the trees beside the road. Suddenly Muldoon said to his companion:

"Anemia, give the rest of that apple to your horse and remount." Answered Phebril:

"Yes, sir; just a minute." Whereupon, as if from a Gatling gun, Phebril was riddled with this volley:

"You white-livered coyote, you imitation of a human being, get on that horse! I don't expect you to know *why* I want you to do it, but I expect you to *obey*. That 's the rule of this place; obey or get out!"

Phebril was so terrified that the horse suddenly seemed to him at least as tall as the Woolworth Building. The stirrups had disappeared, as if he had swallowed them. His hands, arms, and hair were clotted with bridle-reins. Then he flew magically through the air. Muldoon had seized Phebril by the leg, as if he were a sack of oats, and had thrown him on the horse's

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back, where he landed just as gracefully as the king mounting his charger in "Le Coq d'Or."

"I don't mind doing these little chores for you, Anemia," said the professor when the scene was finally set, "no more than throwing so much meat. Of meat I expect nothing; of you obedience, instant coördination between mind and muscle. If you don't learn that up here, all the exercise on earth is useless to you."

"How about Roosevelt?" we once asked the professor.

"Roosevelt's athleticism was entirely acquired," said Muldoon. "Not perfectly so; far from it; but years of varied exercises and, above all, always honest effort, had ingrained in him the true purpose of all physical training—muscle dominating the mind and mind the muscle. The only argument I ever had with the colonel was about shooting helpless animals. I can't abide it. To see a strong, healthy man go out with a gun and shoot creatures that do no harm, why, it 's contemptible. That 's the exasperating thing about the fall—to ride along the roads that used to be safe for man and beast and encounter these empty automobiles turned in from the road. Every one you see means that some cowardly scallywag is in the woods trying to kill harmless creatures."

"What did the colonel say in reply?"

"We pounded the subject back and forth, riding side by side on these very horses. He did n't say anything in reply; or, rather, he replied, but did n't answer me. He could n't. There is n't any answer."

And with that, as if for punctuation, would occur the professor's low-registered smile—a drooping mouth that suddenly opens straight across the face, revealing a set of ivory-white teeth that never seem to separate even for hearty laughter. You could n't call it a reassuring gesture,—too much like the preliminaries of a bite,—but quite in keeping with that malice when confronted with cowardice or that cruelty when opposed by shiftlessness or even that savagery before disobedience, which are the chief combustibles of Muldoon's nature.

Alas! for the lover of leisure lost on the desert island of recuperation, with Muldoon for his Admirable Crichton! Were Muldoon to find him a liar, a drone, or a "narcotic," he would waste just about as much time drowning a brother as in merrily cutting a pirate's throat. And probably he would be so right that every creature in nature, one hundred per cent. fit, would rush to their polling-places to give him a vote of thanks. For the joy of the perfectly fit is ever to tidy up the world and make it unsafe for the unfit.

Therein lurks one of life's prettiest ironies, because the thoroughly fit and the thoroughly unfit have the same common denominator: they are both appallingly unhuman, equally abnormal. Only the tedium of a world one hundred per cent. fit could be as devastating as a world one hundred per cent. unfit.

But occasionally there is a blend. If, for example, to two parts fitness there are added, first, the savory of humor and then a gorgeously wild, diabolic dilution of the picturesque, the curse is taken off perfection and a type revealed. So I give you the blend called William Muldoon.

§ 3

Placed anywhere, Muldoon would stand out as a natural leader of men.

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He is gifted with extraordinary power, not merely physical, but of the will, and he develops it unceasingly. The penalty of such a possession is always an exuberance of the ego. Scratch any captain of battalions, and you invariably reveal something of the actor. No leader of men ever sat before a camera, much less before a painter, in any but the pose histrionic. They always look, speak, move, and posture as if they have drawn a packed house, and the first person pronoun is theirs by divine right. Muldoon is as hard on the king of pronouns as if it were always staying at his place to be built up.

"In those days I was fond of riding into New York by horseback—by *thoroughbred* horseback. I 've never ridden anything but thoroughbreds all my life. But once I got caught in a heavy rainstorm. There was nothing to do but ride through it, but by the time I reached New York I was not only soaked to the skin, but my clothes were ruined beyond further use. Next day I went to a store for a ready-made outfit, something that would do me until I got back to Purchase. Well, I tried one suit after another. Nothing fitted me. Either the sleeves were too long or the chest too narrow, the waist too full or the back too skimpy. Finally I said to the little tailor:

"'Have n't you got anything that will fit a regular man?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'we 've got plenty of suits that will fit a regular man who 's got any kind of a figure.' That to *me*, by golly!"

That indeed to the beau ideal of gladiators, specially chosen out of all America by Augustin Daly for his *Charles*, the wrestler in "As You Like It." It takes but one little tailor to put a wrinkle in Muldoon's ego. Big news this to the hundreds who have trained under him.

By the end of my own stay at the professor's I felt that he had worked the first person pronoun so hard that it was perilously underweight, whereas the rest of us never even got a chance to bow to it. Muldoon needs neither cope nor cappa magna to be pontifical. State governors, college professors, heads of enormous industries, army generals, weary play producers, sit around, like children at grandma's knees, while the professor administers hip-locks, giant swings, or Greco-Roman falls to any topic that comes prowling around the place looking for trouble.

"Catarrh? Blow your nose! Keep your head passages clear!"

"But does that correct the source of the catarrh?"

"I tell you—blow your nose! Don't breathe through your mouth."

"What about sprinters?"

"There never was a professional sprinter yet who breathed through his mouth."

"Why, Professor, I 've seen them breathing through their mouths, and I certainly thought—"

"Yes, *you* would think so! Some day you 'll realize that you just think you think. But *I* know." *Bing!* another ten pounds off the king of pronouns.

The chief weapon of this man-molding breed, in fact of all kinds of man-handlers, is the eye. They all seem to have a fixed gaze of extraordinary depth and penetration. Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln, all had it. It was characteristic of quite another kind of captain, the late J. P. Morgan. He always seemed to be seeing whatever

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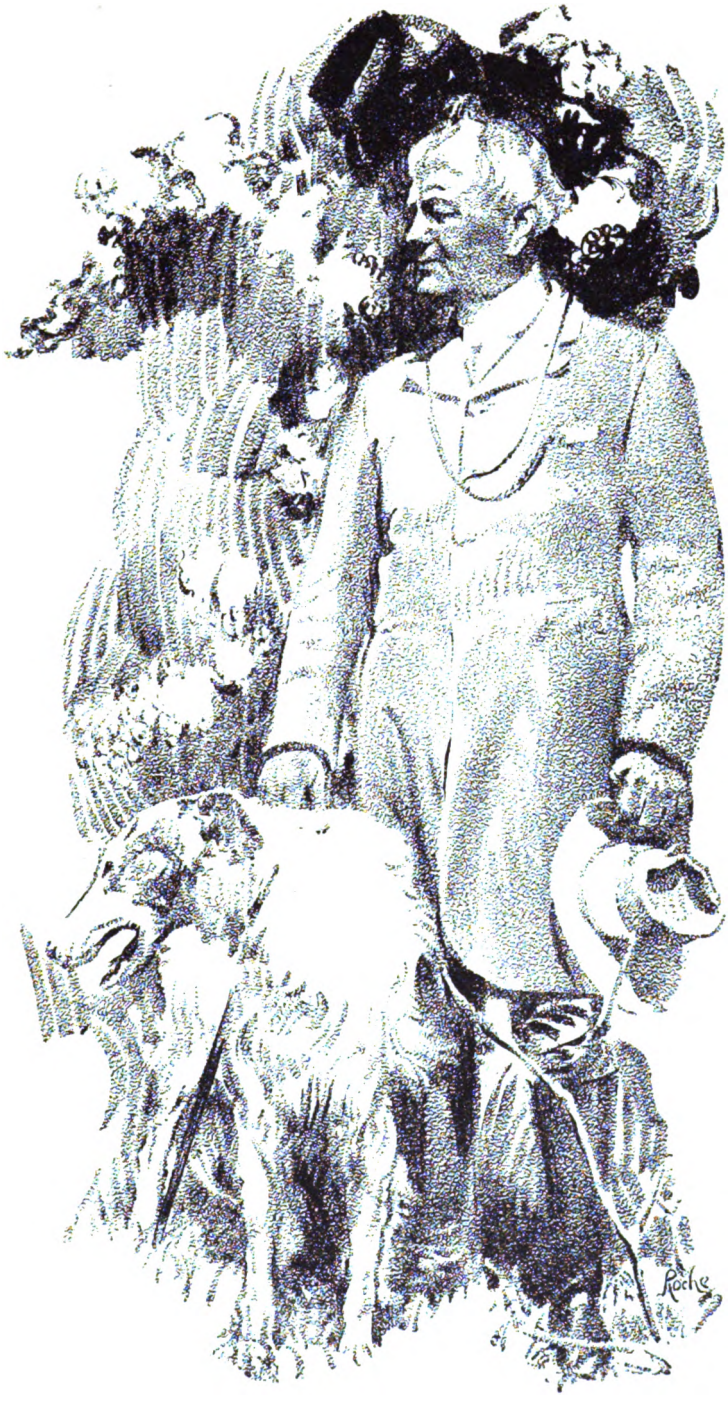

William Muldoon

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you were telling him naked of anything you thought about it.

Muldoon has eyes difficult to combat. One look at him, and if his training system were the consumption of endless doughnuts, a dying dyspeptic would take hope.

§ 4

With threescore years and more behind him, Muldoon looks a good fifty-five. He is gorgeously set up, no waist apparent, splendid legs, like young trees. But his most age-defying trait is his manner of walking, as quiet and leisurely as a panther, as soft-footed as a kitten. The stride is strikingly, but unaffectedly, majestic—the majesty of the superb Indian chief.

Arresting, too, is his voice, of cello-like quality, and all the more compelling because of the slow cadence with which the words come forth.

"Old Cooper Union!" he once ruminated. "I had to pass it this afternoon when in town. Wonderful pile that! I heard Lincoln speak there the first time he spoke in New York. He had a great mop of hair, *black* hair, —I don't care what anybody says,—and he was very calm and his eyes looked like caves. But what I most remember was his gestures—two of them. He had a way of grabbing the fingers of his left hand with his right and squeezing them hard. Then he used to raise his right arm by itself. It would come up from his side slowly, and then go out and out and out from his shoulder as if it were going to stretch way over the auditorium. Golly! what a reach for a fighter!"

"What was his voice like?"

"Fine; very resonant. You can pretty much tell the caliber of a man by the resonance of his voice. But the best speaking voice I ever heard was a fighter's—'Jake' Kilrain's. And I remember once hearing it under funny conditions. Kilrain was giving a dinner to some cow-boys and fighters in a hotel in Baltimore. To make it a real swell affair, 'Jake' ordered terrapin for everybody,—an extra five dollars on every plate. After quite a silence, broken only by much sluicing, the plates were pushed away, and somebody shouted: 'Say, Jake, give us something to eat, a steak or something. This soup is full of bones.' Then 'Jake' roared back: 'Bones! you ignorants! Them bones is terrapin.' But in spite of his rage his voice had the tones of a fine old organ somebody had plunked a hand on suddenly."

§ 5

On his own heath the professor is only an hour's ride from New York. His five hundred-odd acres—and they seem especially odd when you get lost in them—are as picturesque as a thickly wooded part of the Rockies; as virginal, except for intricate bridle-paths, as the country surrounding Cripple Creek. Muldoon's was the first roof-tree set up in that part of the State, and, as an ex-cavalry soldier, a veteran of Sheridan's brigades, he naturally patterned his house after an army barracks. It looks like a huge ark, with twenty monastic bedrooms on a side. Muldoon, emperor of a domain about the size *The Admirable Crichton* ruled on his island in the Pacific, is as completely independent of the rest of the town of Purchase as *Crichton* was of England. And as with *Crichton* there was but one law—work and implicit obedience—whether you were *Lord Loam*, *Lady Mary* or *Tweeny;*

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so with Muldoon. If he lets you in at all, which in itself calls for a good deal of work, you stay only so long as you work and obey, be you an ex-President or an ex-plumber.

"Scrub your toes, Senator! Scrub your toes! No; not your feet, your toes. Don't tickle them; scrub them!"

"My dear sir, I understand, I understand. After all, I am a gentleman and a United States senator."

"Oh, you are? Well, it 's the first time I ever knew that United States senators don't know how to wash their feet. Maybe that 's what 's the trouble with the country."

Thus worded was a little tête-à-tête between Muldoon and the nude Senator Depew during the bathing hour one morning. The senator had been rushed through the ritual of the shower and was finishing his bath after exercise in the hall.

This last is a gymnasium of considerable size. It is the matutinal scene of the opening of hostilities in the daily drive to reclaim damaged carcasses from every-man's land. From all over the country they come, after all else has failed.

At six-thirty in the morning the slippery floor of the hall *ratter-tats* like a drum to the pattering slippers of twenty pupils; the professor never takes any more. They have just been hustled out of bed, into "gym" clothes, and they are lined up, hard at it, catching and returning a volley of basket-balls. Not a word is spoken by any of them. Nobody dares to speak, for in the center is Muldoon, savage of eye, seemingly inexhaustible, sharply shouting commands, snapping out withering sarcasms, all the while wearing down three men at the same time in a lightning-like inter-volley of basket-balls. Old men, young men, fat men, lean men, hop about, stoop over, run, skip, and jump as if their lives depend upon the recovery and return of these bulky leather spheroids. And all the while in every eye is the terrified look of a man at bay. If they were catching hot cannon-balls and returning the assault, they could not seem any nearer annihilation.

Fear makes the celebrated manufacturer, Richard R. Diabetes, replica of *Mr. Pickwick*, actually live through the hour's ordeal when time and again he knew his last hour had come. Terror of being "cursed out" goads Owen Weeze Tonsils, the popular club-man, innocent of exercise for years, to flights of agility and a display of endurance beyond his wildest dream. He is glad to return the bombardment of basket-balls as best he can, but that won't do. As soon as he returns one, another is slammed at him; then another, until he is expected to keep three or four in rotation. But let one of his returns fall short of Muldoon, and, like an enraged lion, the professor snarls:

"See here, Tonsils, do you think I 'm going to pick up your rotten throws? Pick that ball up and throw it right! Run for it! Don't walk! Run! On the *soles* of your feet, not on the *balls!* See here; this is the way *you* run—like a sick old frog." And then for everybody's benefit is given an imitation of Tonsils in the rôle of a sick old frog.

Or, worse, somebody may feel that he really is "passing out." He staggers; his breath no longer comes; he cannot move. It is an actor, Lionel Barrymore, much overweight and only just arrived. He shouts:

"Wait! Wait! I can't breathe! I 'm dying!" With a grin, Muldoon

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looks at him—the rather leisurely grin of an alligator that has just swallowed a piccaninny.

"Just a moment, gentlemen! Stop, all of you!" he commands. "Gather around, please. Barrymore is going to die for us." But he does n't die. He goes home in a month's time, a new Barrymore.

For an hour the battle of the basketballs goes on, gradually tapering off into milder callisthenics, until, with each man's soul filled with thoughts of murder, suicide, and the family undertaker, Muldoon actually commands the squad to *whistle gaily*, and the line of march is to the showers. In rotation everybody is then run through a rapid combination of shower and exercise, each particular of the drill being directed by Muldoon. Breakfast is at eight. Follow at last two hours of rest.

§ 6

Behold, then, a fairly large room, fitted with lounges and easy-chairs, where silence, emphatically ordered, is strictly obeyed. It is filled with variously prostrated "mutts," bundled up, still breathing hard—the Wilderness the morning after the battle, and before the stretcher-bearers have come up.

"Well, I 've learned one thing up here," pipes up what looked like a porpoise, but proves to be human. "I 'm through with all those New York restaurants where you get served by waiters who look like Mischa Elman, Fritz Kreisler, and Pablo Casals. Those are the places that supply cannon-fodder for the professor."

"Happy Hooligan" is there, persuaded by his relatives to take the treatment. His real name is Onley F. Debility. He has "come here to die." His face is thin; all the blood that he possesses has colonized in desperation on the tip of his nose.

"What are you up here for?"

"Well," he answers, "I 'm very nervous. I 'm sure I 'm going to die here. It 's too rough."

"What are you nervous about?"

"Well, about myself. Can't sleep, can't eat. Very nervous. Positive I 'm going to die."

Later you see him at the dinner-table, consuming all available food, neck and neck with his nearest competitor. Only a fixed amount and a particular kind of food is dispensed. Then is revealed the Peterpanishness of every man.

"Hey!" whispers Congressman Gastritis of Tennessee. "Hey, Happy, I 'll give you a potato for your cranberry sauce." If Hooligan is not too nervous, the trade is made under the table. But it is difficult, for Muldoon is at the head of the table, with an eye out for everything.

At ten everybody either rides horseback for two hours and a half or takes a ten-mile walk. Lest these walks should become monotonous, Muldoon, on horseback, follows the hikers.

"Look out for the horse's hoofs!" he shouts, riding on the heels of every laggard. Then George Uric Acid, once an artist among cock-tail-shakers, but now the least of the galley-slaves, although convinced that he has creeping paralysis, plunges on. Where? Well, he is n't sure, he is so blinded with perspiration and despair; but he knows he has at least crossed New York State.

"Excuse me, Professor, but how much farther have we got to go before we get home?"

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"Oh, about two miles," Muldoon answers placidly.

And on Uric staggers, his legs now turned into solid ivory, his feet utter strangers to him, and the road fiendishly running away from him. About an hour later Uric again calls out:

"Excuse me, Professor, but how much farther now?"

To which Muldoon, affecting inattention, in fact crooning to the horse he adores, murmurs, "Oh, about two miles and a half."

Whereat poor Uric, ready to cry, bellows forth: "My God! you said that an hour ago! What 's the idea? Am I walking backward?"

Luncheon at one, rest until three, more walking until five-thirty, dinner at six, lights out and bed at nine, and the day ends.

§ 7

To smoke or drink is anathema, and, alas! for the poor fool who thinks to cheat the rule. Muldoon has the nose of a bloodhound, and his detection of either indulgence is followed by the instant dismissal of the "narcotic." By this word he means "any white corpuscle-making habit." But it has special reference to cigarettes. As to that pale little weed, fancy abomination piled upon abomination, and you have a slight glimmering of Muldoon's fanatical, maniacal loathing, detestation, and daily fulminations against cigarette-smoking.

The door-bell at the south entrance rings, and a dapper-looking young man stands, portfolio in one hand, cigarette in the other, waiting admission. A servant opens the door, and the young man begins to speak.

"I am Curtis Taylor," he begins. "I 'm one of Secretary Root's assistants. He expects me. I have come from Washington with some important papers for him to sign. May I see him?"

"Just a second," answers the servant. But, at that moment, around the corner of the house strolls the professor, who, by the by, is always everywhere. His hawk-like eye spots the cigarette.

"Not on my grounds, sir."

"I beg your pardon—"

"Cigarettes! Can't be smoked on my place!"

"Oh, really? Well, I sha'n't be long. I 've some papers for Secretary Root to—"

"Off you go!"

"What 's this? Why, who are you?"

"Out! Git!"

"Why, this is most extraordinary. I don't know who you are, but—"

And he went, backing step by step, cigarette in hand, until he found himself alone on the highroad.

Secretary Root, returning from his morning's ride soon after, was told of the incident. The State Department that summer was partly at Muldoon's and partly at White Plains.

He found his assistant, attended to the papers, but made no comment to the professor.

§ 8

It is fascinating to follow the trails, saddleback, with Muldoon—just as fascinating as rolling marbles on the side of Vesuvius when it is in eruption. His slow, reverberating voice and plainsman's knack at graphically telling a story would lull a zoo to revery until, *bang!* comes a sharp order or a withering reprimand, and you are reminded that you have let your mind slip several cogs from the grind of exercise.

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One morning he and I had left the highroad and were deep in beautifully solemn woods. There had been a silence, long, complete. One could taste it, and it was all the more marked by the periodic jingling of the horses' bits and the dull, sure thud of their hoofs on carpet-like loam. Then Frederic Remington's name came up.

"Funny chap. Ever see him? Huge, dynamic. Swore beautifully—anywhere, any time. And he had his own kind of manners; picturesque, even if a bit Western for the East. Once the Union Club of New York gave him a banquet after he had been on the plains for years, where there were real Indians and real ranchmen, and there he found fame. So he sat down to the club banquet just as he would have sat down in camp, not a jot different. And as each course was finished, Fred would not wait for any service, but, camp-fashion, grabbed up the dishes that were in front of him, put them on the floor, and then planted his elbows on the table, ready and eager for conversation. Eyebrows were lifted, but of course nobody said a word; could n't; he did it all so naturally. Well, there was a little white-bearded admiral at the banquet who was down to make a speech; and he did, and it was awful. He had it all written out on a little piece of paper, which he kept jiggling so much from nervousness that we all looked more at the little piece of paper than at the admiral. Seemed as if he was going to do a trick with it. His speech was the one that is always written out for every patriotic, white-bearded little admiral whenever they appear at banquets—'the glory of our country and our flag from the sun-kissed Rockies to the bleak New England shores.' When it was over, we all applauded in the usual fashion, but Remington, intensely American and not having heard a public speech in years, became uproarious. He whaled his enormous hands together until it seemed as if he was a little banquet by himself. The admiral rose again, very damp with perspiration, grinned, and bowed his thanks, but protested he had said all he had to say on the subject. Whereat Remington, with a fresh flush of Americanism, again began whaling his hands together and roared: 'Say it all over again! It 's fine!' But nothing but a derrick could have got that limp little admiral— Holy Jehoshaphat!" Muldoon broke out, "Williams, you are the damnedest person I ever rode with. Look at that! Don't crowd me that way! What are you doing on this side of the road? Git over!"

In the midst of his story he had suddenly swung his horse sharp at a right angle, off the main road, straight up a bridle-path into thicker woods, with no warning, at one movement bounding right in front of me. I reined in as quickly as I could, but not quick enough. I swallowed the reprimand, but I saw the trick. No matter how interested Muldoon is in talking or listening, you must never forget you 're out for exercise. Stoop to pick one daisy, and you are apt to loosen an avalanche; if you are mentally at attention, always have your heels ready to click; lapse into soft Lydian airs, and you are lost.

§ 9

Indeed, the essence of Muldoon's system, of so miraculously giving Nature a leg up and cheating the grave season in and season out, is

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Muldoon the man. At a command from him the most inveterate mollusk that ever leeched on life would spring to attention at least once. He may drop dead of terror from the effort, but he will at least have given the business of healthy living one more try. If there is a single smoldering spark of hope for the victim of nerves or accumulated mishaps, Muldoon will see it and persuade the honest victim of the doldrums to "stick it out." The shortest route to that layer of human sympathy which he carefully conceals under many layers of explosives is through fun, even nonsense. Excite his really lively sense of humor, and you may even be forgiven for smelling of cigarette smoke.

Once, for example, Charles Dillingham, a frequent habitué of Muldoon's, took the English playwright, Haddon Chambers, up with him, partly as a shock-absorber, partly to administer a shock to Muldoon. Chambers and Dillingham agreed to go in for "intensive training," but it was not long before it all began to bore Chambers excessively, especially when Muldoon, off on a hike with them one day, took frequent exception to Chambers's tiny, French-like, elegant gait.

"Step out, Chambers! For the love of Mike! put some life into your walk! I told you to walk, not to do a toe-dance."

Whereupon Chambers, imperturbability itself even before Muldoon, stopped on the road, adjusted his monocle, and answered:

"I beg your pardon, but that 's the way I 've walked all my life. In fact, it 's the pace of all the smart people in London, and shall accordingly always be mine."

Muldoon roared with delight and let the pace stand.

On another occasion, however, Chambers and Dillingham came dangerously near that thin line of demarcation that separates Muldoon's from the highroad. They had been off on a hike by themselves, but they had relieved their travels of all possible monotony by "visiting." They visited and visited until each seemed to the other very tight. They had to go back to Muldoon's, and it was already perilously near dinner-time. Chambers was really his usual unruffled self, but Dillingham knew that Muldoon, with his terrier's nose, can scent the odor of Scotch beyond the three-mile limit. Time was short, but, as quickly as could be, Dillingham hurried Chambers toward the farm, first, however, stopping at the village drug-store, where he bought a bottle of cologne. Just before entering Muldoon's presence, he amply sprinkled himself and Chambers. Then, as they sat down to dinner (Muldoon, like MacGregor, is always at the head of the table, commanding a view of everybody), Dillingham gaily said:

"Well, Professor, we had a corking walk, Haddon and I."

"Corking?" said Muldoon, narrowing his gaze.

"That is to say, very picturesque," Dillingham rattled on, "all new to Chambers."

At which Muldoon, unraveling ever so slight a smile, drily replied:

"So I see; but is the drug-store man tight, too?"

§ 10

He is an effective figure seated at the head of his dinner-table, William Muldoon, and a good raconteur; remarkable, in fact, especially since everybody else in the room is busily

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feeding himself instead of feeding out possible points of conversational contact. He enters the room after everybody is seated, with the unaffected distinction of manorial lordship—a long, slow, soft stride, white head erect, and body obviously perfectly attuned. It is past sundown, so he must have seen the chained bridge raised above the moat. A resounding "Good evening, gentlemen," fetches an indistinct murmur from the assembled vassals and varlets, and all eyes focus on the carefully tailored figure that passes to the head of the table.

He pauses to adjust his glasses, and then everybody present knows exactly how the rest of the jungle feels when the lion approaches the watering-hole. Silence sets in until the ball of conversation is given its first kick. How did he get to this topic? But it does not matter. He is telling an anecdote of General Grant to a spellbound audience.

"Yes, siree, it 's all very well to make guesses about a man from the cut of his coat or the shape of his hat, but don't be too cock-sure of your judgment if you limit your evidence to his linen.

"Now, there was the case of Paper-Collar Joe, extraordinary character; sort of a thinly lacquered pan-handler. Little, wiry, lived by his wits. Wore a hat like Augustin Daly's, Prince-Albert coat, but always a paper collar. And that shifty gait! Golly! he could flim-flam money out of the Sphinx; and so oily! He used to hang around the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in the seventies at the time General Grant lived there. Mornings the general used to pass through the lobby with a pocketful of sugar on the way to some stables near by where he kept the horses that had served him through the war. The general was always alone. He had a curious walk; sort of threw himself along, head down, looking at nobody. But he could n't get past Paper-Collar Joe. Up Joe went one morning and braced the general; talked and talked, and soon, by golly! they went out together, Paper-Collar Joe spouting his hot-air investments like a steam-engine to General Grant! It happened that morning and the next. Paper-Collar Joe was the only person around the hotel that had a steady speaking acquaintance with the silent general. Everybody was amazed, but everybody was just as sure the general would see through the flim-flammery of Joe.

"Then the thing was forgotten, especially since Joe became rather more as he used to be, by himself, but always with a sharp eye for newly arriving victims on all trains due East.

"Finally, the hotel people voted Joe a nuisance as well as a danger, and ordered him off the premises. But he tarried and talked; so one day a house detective grabbed him by the neck and hustled him the full length of the lobby, right up to the Fifth Avenue door, all the time calling him 'bunco-steerer,' 'green-goods man,' and other fashionable terms of the day. But before the detective could manœuver the door, it was opened for him, and in stepped General Grant.

"'What 's all this?' asked the general.

"'Why, er—this man is objectionable.'

"'Objectionable!' roared the general. 'My friend objectionable? How dare you, sir? He 's my guest. Come along with me, Joe!'

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"And, by golly! arm in arm they marched back through the lobby, past staring desk clerks and the paralyzed manager—General Grant and Paper-Collar Joe—right up to the general's suite."

"And the answer?" somebody asked.

"Character, odd character. Joe was that, and Grant always liked odd characters. Fellow feeling; Grant was one himself."

§ 11

It was during an early morning horseback ride with the professor that I once urged him to write a book—his experiences, the famous people he had encountered, and his theories of health.

"Have n't the time," he parried at first. "As a man grows older, his days are fuller. More to do, less time to do it in."

"But it would only mean an hour's dictation a day," I persisted.

"Well, if you must know, I did it once," he answered, to my surprise, "and of all the horrible experiences! It was nearly twenty years ago. I wrote it all by myself and sent it to some publisher or other, I 've forgotten which. But when I saw the literary cockroaches, the depraved office mice, the cigarette-smoking nincompoops, the publishers sent up to do business with me, I said, 'No! I prefer my self-respect and sense of decency to bringing out the best book in the world if I have to do business with literary lizards.'"

"What became of the manuscript?" I asked.

"Well," said Muldoon, "there was a fellow near by who came to me one day and said:

"'Bill, I 'm having an awful time with that furnace you advised me to buy.'

"'What 's the matter with it?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'it draws all right. I fill it with fuel, and it burns like hell's fire, roaring like a locomotive; but not a damned bit of heat comes out of it. We 're all sitting up-stairs in the parlor listening to the talking-machine and the new furnace burning like hell's fire, but at the same time we 're all freezing to death. The thing wants fixin'.'

"'All right,' says I; 'I 'll take a look at it right now.'

"Just at that moment I happened to have in my hand a letter from one of those cheese-paring publishers, full of a lot of asinine suggestions about the book; so I went right over to my neighbor's house and took a look at the furnace.

"It was a young Vesuvius, a-going it like hell's fire, as he said. Well, first I threw in the publisher's letter, and slammed to the door. Then I opened the door again and threw in my manuscript. I admit I kicked things around some, swore a little, mostly at the publisher; but the point is that from the day I threw in that manuscript that fellow never had any more bother with his furnace. And, by golly! it still heats the house as cozy-like as if there were a young sun in his cellar."

Why not? It was probably like throwing in so much gunpowder. However, since you won't write yourself, here 's to you in manuscript, Professor! Now whose furnace needs fixin'?

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Toward an Understanding of China

By Bertrand Russell

A European lately arrived in China, if he is of a receptive and reflective disposition, finds himself confronted with a number of very puzzling questions for many of which the problems of western Europe will not have prepared him.

The questions raised by the present condition of China fall naturally into three groups, economic, political, and cultural. No one of these groups, however, can be considered in isolation, because each is intimately bound up with the other two. For my part, I think the cultural questions are the most important both for China and for mankind. If these could be solved, I would accept with more or less equanimity any political or economic system which ministered to that end. Unfortunately, however, cultural questions have little interest for practical men, who regard money and power as the proper ends for nations as for men. The helplessness of the artist in a hard-headed business community has long been a commonplace of novelists and moralizers, and has made collectors feel virtuous when they bought up the pictures of painters who had died in penury. China may be regarded as an artist nation, with the virtues and vices to be expected of the artist—virtues chiefly useful to others, and vices chiefly harmful to oneself. Can Chinese virtues be preserved? Or must China, in order to survive, acquire, instead, the vices which make for success and cause misery to others only? And if China does copy the model set by all foreign nations with which she has dealings, what will become of all of us?

China has an ancient civilization which is now undergoing a very rapid process of change. The traditional civilization of China had developed in almost complete independence of Europe, and had merits and demerits quite different from those of the West. It would be futile to attempt to strike a balance; whether our present culture is better or worse, on the whole, than that which seventeenth-century missionaries found in the Celestial Empire is a question as to which no prudent person would venture to pronounce. But it is easy to point to certain respects in which we are better than old China, and to other respects in which we are worse. If intercourse between Western nations and China is to be fruitful, we must cease to regard ourselves as missionaries of a superior civilization, or, worse still, as men who have a right to exploit, oppress, and swindle the Chinese because they are an "inferior" race. I do not see any reason to believe that the Chinese are inferior to ourselves, and I think most Europeans who have any intimate knowledge of China would take the same view.

In comparing an alien culture with one's own, one is forced to ask oneself questions more fundamental than any

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that usually arise in regard to home affairs. One is forced to ask: What are the things that I ultimately value? What would make me judge one sort of society more desirable than another sort? What sort of ends should I most wish to see realized in the world? Different people will answer these questions differently, and I do not know of any argument by which I would persuade a man who gave an answer different from my own. I must therefore be content merely to state the answer which appeals to me, in the hope that the reader may feel likewise.

The main things which seem to me important on their own account, and not merely as means to other things, are: knowledge, art, instinctive happiness, and relations of friendship or affection. When I speak of knowledge, I do not mean all knowledge; there is much in the way of dry lists of facts that is merely useful and still more that has no appreciable value of any kind. But the understanding of nature, incomplete as it is, which is to be derived from science I hold to be a thing which is good and delightful on its own account. The same may be said, I think, of some biographies and parts of history. To enlarge on this topic would, however, take me too far from my theme. When I speak of art as one of the things that have value on their own account, I do not mean only the deliberate productions of trained artists, though of course those at their best deserve the highest place. I mean also the almost unconscious effort after beauty which one finds among Russian peasants and Chinese coolies, the sort of impulse that creates folk-songs, that existed among ourselves before the time of the Puritans and survives in cottage gardens. Instinctive happiness, or joy of life, is one of the most important, wide-spread popular goods that we have lost through industrialism and the high pressure at which most of us live; its commonness in China is a strong reason for thinking well of Chinese civilization.

In judging of a community we have to consider not only how much of good or evil there is within the community, but also what effects it has in providing good or evil in other communities, and how far the good things which it enjoys depend upon evils elsewhere. In this respect, also, China is better than we are. Our prosperity, and most of what we endeavor to secure for ourselves, can be obtained only by wide-spread oppression and exploitation of weaker nations, while the Chinese are not strong enough to injure other countries, and secure whatever they enjoy by means of their own merits and exertions alone.

These general ethical considerations are by no means irrelevant in considering the practical problems of China. Our industrial and commercial civilization has been both the effect and the cause of certain more or less unconscious beliefs as to what is worth while. In China one becomes aware of these beliefs through the spectacle of a society which challenges them by being built just as unconsciously upon a different standard of values. Progress and efficiency, for example, make no appeal to the Chinese, except to those who have come under Western influence. By valuing progress and efficiency, we have secured power and wealth; by ignoring them, the Chinese, until we brought disturbance, secured, on the whole, a peaceable existence and a life full of enjoyment. It is difficult to compare these opposite

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achievements unless we have some standard of values in our minds; and unless it is a more or less conscious standard, we shall undervalue the less familiar civilization, because evils to which we are not accustomed always make a stronger impression than those that we have learned to take as a matter of course.

The culture of China is changing rapidly, and undoubtedly rapid change is needed. The change that has hitherto taken place is traceable ultimately to the military superiority of the West, but in future our economic superiority is likely to be quite as potent. I believe that, if the Chinese are left free to assimilate what they want of our civilization and to reject what strikes them as bad, they will be able to achieve an organic growth from their own tradition, and to produce a very splendid result, combining our merits with theirs. There are, however, two opposite dangers to be avoided if this is to happen. The first danger is that they may become completely westernized, retaining nothing of what has hitherto distinguished them, and adding merely one more to the restless, intelligent, industrial, and militaristic nations which now afflict this unfortunate planet. The second danger is that they may be driven, in the course of resistance to foreign aggression, into an intense anti-foreign conservatism as regards everything except armaments. This has happened in Japan and it may easily happen in China.

China is confronted with two very different groups of foreign powers: on the one hand the white nations, on the other hand Japan. In considering the effect of the white races on the Far East as a whole, a modern Japan must count as a Western product; therefore the responsibility for Japan's doings in China rests ultimately with her white teachers. Nevertheless, Japan remains very unlike Europe and America, and has ambitions different from theirs as regards China. We must therefore distinguish three possibilities: (1) China may become enslaved to one or more white nations; (2) China may become enslaved to Japan; (3) China may recover and retain her liberty. Temporarily there is a fourth possibility; namely, that a consortium of Japan and the white powers may control China, though I do not believe that, in the long run, the Japanese will be able to coöperate with England and America. In the long run, I believe that Japan must dominate the Far East or go under.

Political consideration alone, however, will not suffice to explain what is going on in relation to China; economic questions are almost more important. China is as yet hardly industrialized, and is certainly the most important undeveloped area left in the world. Whether the resources of China are to be developed by China, by Japan, or by the white races is a question of enormous importance, affecting not only the whole development of Chinese civilization, but the balance of power in the world, the prospects of peace, the destiny of Russia, and the chances of development toward a better economic system in the advanced nations.

The Washington conference has partly exhibited and partly concealed the conflict for the possession of China between nations all of which have guaranteed China's independence and integrity. Its outcome has made it far more difficult than before to give a hopeful answer as regards Far-Eastern problems, and in particular as re-

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gards the question, Can China preserve any shadow of independence without a great development of nationalism and militarism? I cannot bring myself to advocate nationalism and militarism, yet it is difficult to know what to say to patriotic Chinese who ask how they can be avoided. So far I have found only one answer. The Chinese nation is the most patient in the world; it thinks of centuries as other nations think of decades. It is essentially indestructible, and can afford to wait. The "civilized" nations of the world, with their blockades, their poison gases, their bombs, submarines, and negro armies, will probably destroy one another within the next hundred years, leaving the stage to those whose pacifism has kept them alive, though poor and powerless. If China can avoid being goaded into war, her oppressors may wear themselves out in the end, and leave the Chinese free to pursue humane ends instead of the war and rapine and destruction that all white nations love. It is perhaps a slender hope for China, and for ourselves it is little better than despair. But unless the great powers learn moderation and tolerance, I do not see any better possibility, though I see many that are worse.

Our Western creed of efficiency for its own sake, without regard for the ends to which it is directed, has become somewhat discredited in Europe since the war, which would have never taken place if the Western nations had been slightly more indolent. But in America this creed is still almost generally accepted; so it is in Japan, and so it is by the Bolsheviks, who have been aiming fundamentally at the Americanization of Russia. Russia, like China, may be described as an artist nation; but, unlike China, it has been governed since the time of Peter the Great by men who wished to introduce all the good and evil of the West. In former days I might have had no doubt that such men were in the right. Some, though not many, of the Chinese returned students resemble them in the belief that Western push and hustle are the most desirable things on earth. I cannot now take this view. The evils produced in China by indolence seem to me far less disastrous, from the point of view of mankind at large, than those produced throughout the world by the domineering cock-sureness of Europe and America. The Chinese have discovered, and have practised for many centuries, a way of life which, if it could be adopted by all the world, would make all the world happy. We Europeans have not. Our way of life demands strife, exploitation, restless change, discontent, and destruction. Efficiency directed to destruction can end only in annihilation, and it is to this consummation that our civilization is tending, if it cannot learn some of that wisdom for which it despises the East.

It was on the Volga, in the summer of 1920, that I first realized how profound is the disease in our Western mentality, which the Bolsheviks are attempting to force upon an essentially Asiatic population, just as Japan and the West are doing in China. Our boat traveled on, day after day, through an unknown and mysterious land. Our company were noisy, gay, quarrelsome, full of facile theories, with glib explanations of everything, persuaded that there is nothing they could not understand and no human destiny outside the purview of their

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system. One of us lay at death's door, fighting a grim battle with weakness and terror and the indifference of the strong, assailed day and night by the sounds of loud-voiced love-making and trivial laughter. And all round us lay a great silence, as strong as death, as unfathomable as the heavens. It seemed that none had leisure to hear the silence, yet it called to me so insistently that I grew deaf to the harangues of propagandists and the endless information of the well informed.

One night, very late, our boat stopped in a desolate spot where there were no houses, but only a great sand-bank, and beyond it a row of poplars, with the rising moon behind them. In silence I went ashore, and found on the sand a strange assemblage of human beings, half-nomads, wandering from some remote region of famine, each family huddled together, surrounded by all its belongings, some sleeping, others silently making small fires of twigs. The flickering flames lighted up gnarled, bearded faces of wild men, strong, patient, primitive women, and children as sedate and slow as their parents. Human beings they undoubtedly were, and yet it would have been far easier for me to grow intimate with a dog or a cat or a horse than with one of them. I knew that they would wait there day after day, perhaps for weeks, until a boat came in which they could go to some distant place in which they had heard, falsely perhaps, that the earth was more generous than in the country they had left. Some would die by the way, all would suffer hunger and thirst and the scorching midday sun, but their sufferings would be dumb. To me they seemed to typify the very soul of Russia, unexpressive, inactive from despair, unheeded by the little set of westernizers who make up all the parties of progress or reaction. Russia is so vast that the articulate few are lost in it as man and his planet are lost in interstellar space. It is possible, I thought, that the theorists may increase the misery of the many by trying to force them into actions contrary to their primeval instincts, but I could not believe that happiness was to be brought to them by a gospel of industrialism and forced labor.

Nevertheless, when morning came I resumed the interminable discussions of the materialistic conception of history and the merits of a truly popular government. Those with whom I discussed had not seen the sleeping wanderers, and would not have been interested if they had seen them, since they were not material for propaganda. But something of that patient silence had communicated itself to me, something lovely and unspoken remained in my heart throughout all the comfortable, familiar, intellectual talk. And at last I began to feel that all politics are inspired by a grinning devil teaching the energetic and quick-witted to torture submissive populations for the profit of pocket or power or theory. As we journeyed on, fed by food extracted from the peasants, protected by an army recruited from among their sons, I wondered what we had to give them in return. But I found no answer. From time to time I heard their sad songs or the haunting music of *balalaika;* but the sound mingled with the great silence of the steppes, and left me with a terrible questioning pain in which Occidental hopefulness grew pale.

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The Kingdom and the Power and the Glory

Being the Final Part of "The Wind Bloweth"

By DONN BYRNE, *Author of* "MESSER MARCO POLO," *etc.*

Drawing by GEORGE BELLOWS

HE felt a little ashamed, a little shy, what with his gray hairs, his paternity, that there should still be a thrill in his heart, a sense of flight in him. At fifty-eight, to feel like a school-boy going home, it seemed—well, not indecent, indecorous. This thing of returning to Antrim had been a matter of pure reason, and then suddenly his heart had spread forgotten wings.

Without, the sound of Broadway had changed subtly with the coming of the September dusk. The quick-pacing people had given way to the *clop-clop-clop* of hansom-cabs, and the tram-cars, with their tired horses, came less frequently now. One felt that a giant had been at work all day, and was now stretching himself, not lazily, but a little relaxingly. Soon the great lamps would flare, and the crowds would be going to the play-houses: to Tony Pastor's to see the new play, "Dreams," or to Harrigan and Hart's to see "Investigation," or to Mr. Bartley Campbell's latest, "Separation," at the Grand Opera-House. He would miss all this in Antrim, but Antrim called him . . . Antrim, our mother . . .

And three months ago he had never thought this possible. He had drilled himself into a mature philosophy, saying: "It does n't matter that I never see Ireland again. I am happy here with Granya and young Alan and Robin Beg, little Robin. All the folk are kindly, and the country is a great country, and when my time comes to die, there are sweet little places on Long Island where they can lay me within sound of the sea, and the gentle snow will come and cover me in winter, and in summer somewhere about me the dogwood will blow and the very green grass come. And perhaps some young children will come and play around my grave, and I shall hear their little gurgling laughter, sweet as the voices of pigeons . . . And one day Granya will come . . . Nothing is more certain than that, that Granya will come . . .

But all the philosophy in the world could not shut from his ears the little piping of Antrim. He would say: " 'T is little thought I gave to Antrim and I a young man! And what is a town or so to me, who have seen all great cities?" And again he said: "Did n't you give up Antrim gladly when you got Granya? Was n't she worth a hundred Antrims?" And his heart and mind answered, "Yes, a thousand Antrims." But a very queer

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thing, the little haunting melody of the glens would not be stilled.

And it came to him thus: "I am no longer a young man. For all I look forty-five, as they tell me, yet I am fifty-eight. The life of the body is over now. That has passed, as a mood passes. And the mind is fixed. In what remains of life to me I must think, divine, weigh. One prepares . . . And thoughts must not be disturbed. To grow old in a city that is ever young, that is in its twenties itself, as it were, it makes an old man cold and afraid. Old buildings he has known go down, old streets are obliterated. It is a very terrible thing to be lonely when old, and to feel everything passes, dies . . . All I have loved is thrown away, is of no use . . . Everything old is in the way, and I am old . . . The hawk-eyed commercial men go about, so that the streets are filled with them . . . And all the sweet things that were said in Galilee seem only a casual all-but-forgotten melody, and no revelation . . . And then comes a horrible memory of stark Ecclesiastes: 'The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.' And old men remember the sorrowful things of their life, and how little happiness measured up to the misery and toil of life, and they had hoped . . . But these were the words of the preacher, 'neither have they any more a reward' . . . And secretly and quietly old men weep . . .

"But to grow old with the mountains and the eternal sea, and to watch the delicate bells of the heather, to know the quiet companionship of dogs—there is a revelation in it. No, nothing dies. And the moon rises, and the mountains nod: Yes, I remember you when you were a school-boy, running to be on time. And the green waves make a pleasant laughter: We are here. When you arise in the morning you may be certain we are here. The friends of one's young days die, scatter, are lost; but the mountains and the water are friends forever. One can speak to them. One can speak to ancient trees. And the leaves rustle." . . .

And Granya had sensed it . . . He might have known she would. Conceal it as he might try, a mysterious telepathy was between them . . . She knew . . .

It was she who had gone to the British embassy in Washington, telling Shane nothing. He had heard of it afterward. She had n't pleaded or given any promises. She had just flared into the startled envoy.

"I wish to go back to Ireland."

"Unfortunately, the privy council had the matter of Miss O'Malley—"

"I am not Miss O'Malley. I am Shane Campbell's wife."

"But you are a dangerous enemy to the empire."

"Am I? I had forgotten completely about the empire."

"There was a little matter of a shipload of rifles—"

"And now it is a matter of a husband and two children."

"Sure, Miss O'Malley?"

"I am not Miss O'Malley. I am Shane Campbell's wife. And I 'm absolutely sure."

It had been so easy, after all.

And now, when it was true, it was

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hard to credit. Within two weeks the ship would swing to port around Donegal, and they would enter the bay they had entered seven years ago, seven years and a month ago, to be exact. He wondered whether it would be a foggy morning or a great golden afternoon. It was a pity it had to be on board a steamship, though. He would liefer have had luffed in on board a boat of his own, a great suit of snowy canvas drawing joyously the Irish wind.

§ 2

Up-stairs he could hear and distinguish the feet in the nursery. There was the patter of little Alan's feet and the stumble of Robin Beg's. There was the shuffle of the nurse-maid, and the firm, light tread of Granya. Soon she would come down, after the children were safely to bed and little Alan's prayers were heard. And they would go out to dinner in New York for the last time. It was a little pang to leave New York . . . Ah, but Antrim!

He picked up his paper to read while waiting . . . it was queer how he could hardly focus his attention on it, impatient for her as a school-boy for his first love . . . Always when she entered a room came beauty . . . Well, she would come . . . The type took form beneath his eyes . . . The races at Sheepshead Bay: Tom Martin had captured the Twin City Handicap . . . In Ireland they would go to the Curragh and Baldoyle to see the horses, and the Dublin horse show, and the hunts on a frosty morning . . . What was this? Heavy bets laid that Cleveland would be next President. The Irish would n't like that. They were all for Blaine. It was only the other night that Mrs. Delia Parnell, Parnell's mother, had attended the great Irish rally in the Academy of Music . . . That was a mistake, mixing up Irish politics with American statesmanship. There would be folk to resent that, and rightly, too . . . Too much talk of dynamite, and that horrible thing in Phœnix Park . . . What an involved, emotional affair all this Irish matter was! . . To understand Ireland one must understand Irishmen, that either hatred or love rule them . . . Parnell, though, looked hopeful . . . No emotion, all brains and will . . . He could not be side-tracked by preferment or religion or love for women . . . There was a man whose head was firm on his shoulders; he would never be wrecked . . . Ah, here was something Granya would be glad to hear: Margaret Mather got a splendid reception in Pittsburgh with her *Lady Macbeth* . . . Whew! Cholera at Naples! That was serious! Not an over-clean people, the Italians . . . Li Hung Chang degraded of his titles. Who the blazes was Li Hung Chang, anyway, and what titles did he have? . . . And Major Kitchener disperses the Berber tribes . . . How unimportant! Ah, here was something! Great gambling reported on the *City of Rome*. Ah, there was what he always contended, that steam would ruin everything. The great sea a resort for gamblers! In the old days, in sail, when a captain was a captain, he 'd have had none of that on board clean timbers . . . He was a little afraid the world was going to the dogs.

Och! was that woman never coming down at all, at all?

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He smiled to himself at how the Ulster speech came back to him at the thought of Ulster . . . He turned to the paper with an effort of will . . . An Indian outbreak feared in western Montana . . . Stanley going to Egypt . . . Policeman beaten up in Brooklyn. A tough place, Brooklyn! . . . American schooner arrested by Russian corvette for selling rum to Bering-Strait natives: a very strict, very modern people, the Russians . . . Picnics on Staten Island blamed for ruin of young girls . . . And Bismarck and the pope still sparring . . . Did that poor German think he could ever get the better of the subtle Romans? . . Och! what was keeping that woman?

The light had become so dim that he could hardly read. The tempo without quickened. People were hurrying now, on their way to the restaurants for the evening meal. From the restaurants to the theater. Home to sleep. And a new day with the old work facing them. There was a fascination, a hypnosis to New York. He felt a pang at leaving it. It had been very friendly to him. And he would never see it again . . . Ah, but he would remember it!

§ 3

It came to him with a sense of revelation that all his life he had been looking forward, always the new thing. And now he would be looking back. Always before, guessing. Looking back now, knowing, or not quite knowing, but having before him material from which to draw wisdom, truth. All his life it seemed he had been gathering something. Now was the time to sort it, make it . . . And then, what was he to do with whatever he had made? Toward what end?

The paper he had in his hands dropped to his knees. His eyes fixed on the windows where the lights of the city began to shine, saw a haze, saw nothing. His ears, listening to the *clop-clop-clop* of the hansoms, heard only rhythm, then a faint harmony, then nothing . . . Himself, within him, seemed to see old scenes, to be in old scenes. The little boy going down to the sea in ships, seeking an island he had seen in a mirage . . . a mood of wonder . . . There were feet, there was the world. Every tree was an emerald miracle, every house a mystery, all people were riddles . . . Come, little boy, come and look! The instinct of the salmon for the sea. The river where he was spawned hurries to the sea, and his instinct is to go with it, not against it . . . It deepens and broadens, and ahead is always a clearer pool, a more shadowy rock, a softer water fern. It is pleasant to swim under the sally branches, and rapids whip . . . And there is the lull of an estuary, and the *chush-chush* of little waves, and he is in the sea . . . And now he must lay his own course . . . The lure of the river has brought him so far.

And Shane thought: "I was born a salmon in a river. The stupid, pretty trout remained in the river, and the secretive eels . . . And the perch and the roach and the ponderous bream, and the pike that is long of snout, they remained by the grassy waters . . . But those that are born salmon must go down to the sea." . . .

A little shadow came into his face, and his breath was caught sharp. He was remembering Moyra, the wife he

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had, and he no older than a boy . . . Like some strange, fascinating, ugly dream that came to him . . . And queerly enough, the picture of Moyra's mother, the old wife of Louth, was clearer in his mind than his wife . . . Moyra was like some troubled cloud, a thing that blotted out sunshine for a while, through no fault of its own; but the mother was sinister. An old woman keening, and the breath of whisky on her, and her eyes sobering in a bitter greed . . . Why should Moyra have died? Fate, the act of God, whatever you care to call it. Why should he have been dragged into it, Shane wondered. If he had n't, what would have happened? He did n't know. But he knew this: that in the marriage to Moyra he had been gripped by the shoulder, and looked in the eyes, and a voice had said: "Wait. All is not wonder and mystery. Life is not a child's toy. You must learn."

Poor Moyra! He could hardly remember anything but her pleading, half-inimical, her mouth that twisted easily to anger, her shame that her hands and feet were uncouth. And now she had loved him, and now hated him. He remembered one May evening when suddenly she had caught his hand and kissed it, and pressed it to her heart. And later that night she had cursed bitterly at him, saying, black was the day she had set eyes on him, and black the day she married him, and her face was twisted into agonized ugliness. And when he went to sea a few days later, he had found a symbol of her religion, an *Agnus Dei*, sewed into his coat to protect him against the terrors of the deep waters.

And she had died, poor tortured Moyra, suddenly. Why? What had fashioned her thought: "That 's not rightly done. No, that 's poor. Wait. I 'll do it over." . . .

Ah, well, God give her peace, wherever she wandered! How many years had it taken to get over, not her death, but their being married? A long time. Seven bitter years. He might have turned into a bitter, fierce old man, hating all things. The whole thing had been like a cruelty to a happy, wondering child. And he had closed his heart, resentful, afraid . . . And then had come Claire-Anne.

Once he had been a child with wondering gray eyes, and life had made him blind as a mole, secretive as a badger, timid of the world as the owl is timid of daylight. The shock of Claire-Anne, and he was cognizant of great enveloping currents of life. Wonder he had known, and bitterness he had known, but the immense forces that wind the stars as a clock is wound he had not known . . . And with Claire-Anne they had burst about him like thunder. They had played around him as the corposant flickers around the masthead of a ship . . . Poor Claire-Anne! The miracle of her. She was like some flowering bush in an Arctic waste . . . Her wonderful scared eyes, her tortured self . . . It was a very strange thing that her end did not bother him . . . A gesture of youth, that sudden snap of the wrist with the poor dead prince's dagger . . . He had been very honest about it, and it did not bother him any more than it would have been on his conscience to shoot a crippled horse . . . Once it had seemed to him unnecessarily histrionic, but now he knew it was merciful . . . Her spirit had gone too far ever to return to normal life . . .

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But the little woman of the East that did bother him. In boyhood he had known the wonder of life. In youth he had known there existed sordid tragedy. In young manhood passion had crashed like lightning . . . And then he had thought he knew all. He had considered himself the master of life, and said: "I will do such and such a thing and be happy. Enjoy this, because I know how to enjoy it." To the wise man all is a pleasant hedonism. It struck him at the time how terribly foolish and piteous great men were . . . Jesus dead on a crucifix; Socrates and the hemlock bowl; the earnest Paul beheaded at Rome . . . A little wisdom, a little callousness would have avoided all this . . . How satisfied he was, how damned petty! His little bourgeois life, his harem of one pretty girl, his nice ship . . . smug as a shopkeeper . . . and then life, fate, whatever you call it, had tripped him up, abashed, beaten, through the medium of a mountebank wrestler whom he had conquered in a street brawl . . .

And after that were seven years of blackness and despair. The long reach to Buenos Aires, and the querulous sea-birds mocking him. On the land is desolation and pettiness and disappointment . . . And what is there on the sea? The great whale is dying, the monster who ranged the deep must go because men must have oil to cast up their accounts by the light of it, and women must have whalebone for stays . . . The sleek seal with brown, gentle eyes must die that harlots shall wear furs . . . And there never was a Neptune or a Mannanan moe Lir . . . There were only stories from a foolish old book . . . The sun shines for a moment on the green waters, and your heart rises . . . But remember the blackness of the typhoon, and how the cold left-hand wind rages round the Horn . . . And the coral islands have great reefs like knives, and the golden tropics lure to black lethal snakes . . . Fool! fool! We have ranged the clouds, and there is no good-willing God . . . There is only coldness and malignant things . . . So cried the querulous sea voices, and they tempted him. "All you have known is desolation and vanity. Better to have died a boy while the meadows they were green . . . All before you is emptiness," they mocked. And they came nearer: "Behold! the night is black, the ocean is of great depth, immeasurable, the ship plows onward under a quartering breeze. A little step, a little step to leeward, a vault over the taffrail as over a little ditch, and there will be peace and rest. Look at the water flow past. No problems there . . ." God! how close he had been to it in the seven black years, the long voyage from Liverpool, and the sordid town at the end . . . How close! And then Alan Donn, God rest him! had died, and he had gone back to Ireland, and met Granya, and been foolish as a boy in his teens. A ship-load of rifles to free Ireland! What a damned fool he had felt when they had simply shooed him away!

He thought to himself with a little smile that out of the wisdom of his life had always come sorrow, and out of this foolishness had come joy . . . Granya and peace and meaning to his life . . . A very foolish thing it had been, that expedition; but he would n't have it laughed at, nor

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laugh at it himself . . . Over the mists of the past the thing took glamour . . . He had been more moved than he had allowed himself to believe then. And here in this New York drawing-room, remembering the old heroic-comic gesture, and remembering tragedies of material that were glorifications of spirit, he thought for an instant he had solved the mystery of Ireland . . . Ireland was a drug . . . Out of the gray weeping stones, and the bogs of red moss and purple water, and from the proud, brooding mountains, and the fields green as a green banner, there exhaled some subtle thing that made men lose sense of worldly proportion . . . It was in their mothers' milk, a subtle poison. It crept into their veins, and though they might leave Ireland, yet for generations would it persist . . . It gave them the gift of laughter and contempt for physical pain and an egregious sensitiveness . . . So that the world wondered . . . their wars were merry wars, and their poetry sobbed, like a bereaved woman . . . They threw their lives away recklessly, and a phrase meant much to them . . . Perhaps they knew that action counted nothing, and emotion all . . . Ah, there he was losing himself!

At any rate, Ulster Scot though he was, he did n't regret it—apart even from its bringing him Granya. Perhaps, at the news of it, some hard English official might feel a twitch at his heartstrings, and, remembering that the Irish were as little children, be kind to some reprobate Celt . . . An action had so many antennæ! One never knew where its effects stopped, if ever . . .

A foolish thing that had brought him joy where wisdom brought him sorrow! Strange. Until then he had been existent, sentient, but never until then alive. Wonder, disillusionment, passion, tragedy, despair. In each of these moods he had had a glimpse, now and then, of an immense universal design, as a bird may have it, and its throat quivering with song; or as a salmon may have it, and he flinging himself tremendously over a weir. He knew it, as a tree knows when the gentle rains of April come. But that he existed as an entity apart from trees, from salmon, and from birds, he had not known until Granya, broken, had crept weeping into his arms . . .

"Give me strength, Shane, for God's sake! Give me strength, or I die!"

And somewhere, out of something, some esoteric, he had plucked strength and given it to her, and he knew it was n't from his body or from his mind, or from his spirit even, he had given it. He had, from some tremendous storehouse, got life for her, got peace, so that she fluttered like a pigeon, and sighed and grew calm . . . And in that moment he knew he was alive.

He tried to figure it to himself in terms of concrete things, and he said: "If I were racing a boat now, I would decide how to make a certain buoy, and my mind would figure how to get there, what tacks to make, the exact moment of breaking out the spinnaker rounding the mark. Perhaps my mind is nothing, something I use just now, as I use my body. For the hand on the rudder is not I. It is something I am using to hold that rudder. As I might lash it with a rope, if I were so minded. And my eyes are just something I use. They are just like the indicators on the stays: they and the

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indicators are one, to tell me how the wind shifts. All that is not I. It is something I use. Perhaps even my mind is something I use, as I use my hands. But somewhere, somewhere within me, is I.

And a great sense of exaltation and wonder and dignity swept through every fiber of him at the thought of this: new-born he was, clean as a trout, naked as a knife, strong as the sea. He was one of the lords of the kindly trees, masters of the pretty flowers; the little animals of God were given him, it being known he would not abuse the gift . . . And though lightning should strike him, yet he would not die, but put off his body like a rent garment . . . And though he were to meet the savage bear in the forest, and have no means of conquering it, yet were he to become aware of this entity of life in him, he would smile at the thought of physical danger, and the great furry thing would recognize that dignity and be abashed . . . And there was no more wonder or mystery or fear, only beauty . . . The moon was not any more a mystery, but a place to be trodden one day, were his place to be there, . . . And the farthest star was no farther than the farther island on terrestrial seas. One day he would reach that star, somehow, as now he could the farthest island with head and hand . . . Though death should smite his body, he would not die.

§ 4

A strange thing was this, that Granya had always known this life. It was so certain to her that it was no more a wonder than rain is, or sunshine, or the rising of the moon . . .

He had spoken of it to her one evening in the dusk. She had smiled her grave, beautiful smile.

"Of course I know, Shane. I always knew."

"But how did you know, Granya?"

"I think," she said—"I think all good women know, Shane. Men are so complete, so welded. Mind and body seem to be themselves; the body and mind function so that one does n't see that there is anything within that directs them. They are compact. But a woman is diffuse, Shane. Her mind is not a man's mind; it is a thing she can use when she wants to and then forget . . . When women sit and think, you know, they are n't thinking. They are feeling, Shane. It comes like a little wind. There may be a place by the sea-shore, sparse heather and sandy dunes, and the little waves come chiming, and the curlew calls. And you sit. And a very strange peace comes to you, so that in a low, soft voice you sing a verse of song . . . Or it may come on the cold winds of winter, through the ascetic trees . . . But women are always cognizant of God . . . Even bad women, Shane, who mistake the unknown god for the true . . . And a woman is very much apart from her body. It is just a nuisance at times, or at times a thing of beauty, or at times a thing one expresses something with—something that is too deep for words, as with a violin. And to some it is a curse . . . But a body is always apart from one, and a mind is, too . . . Shane, you have seen very beautiful old women . . . women with a beauty that is like a flame that does not burn, that have a light within them somewhere . . . That is not of the mind or of

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the body . . . That is of these things worn thin, so that they themselves show . . . See, heart?"

"But, Granya, why must a man find out, and a woman know?"

"Shane of my heart, because it is necessary to women that they may live. A man can live without knowing God, as blind men live without ever seeing the moon. For they have minds, Shane, pursuits—the amassing of money, the little light of fame, that is only a vanity—not real . . . But, Shane, no matter how hard a man has to work, a woman has more terrible things . . . There is no man on earth can understand the bearing of children . . . And there is no man, were he to think of it, try to know, but would rather die than submit to what he thinks that terror . . . And yet, Shane, it is not so much . . . After a little agony, when one goes into the dark, olive valley, and strength seems to go from you in great waves, until you are robbed of strength as a man is robbed of blood . . . Then one goes out of one's self and gets it . . . The beauty in the face of young mothers, of brides. That is not body or mind, Shane; that is their selves. This was the Eleusinian mystery, Shane, that women know that God lives, and that they cannot die . . .

"See, Shane, the stars are out. The dew is falling. And on the morrow you must be afoot early. Shall we go in?"

§ 5

Once before Alan Oge was born a wave of panic swept over him, and he caught her hand and looked at her.

"What is it, Shane?"

"If—if you should die—"

"I shall not die, Shane. I know. I shall not die."

"But how do you know?"

"I just know, Shane. That 's all."

"O Granya, it seems very terrible, that one day one of us should die."

"Dear Shane, it is not very terrible. If I should die, my heart, I should know I would not have long to wait. And I should be with you, Shane, even dead, when I could . . . And after days of trouble, suddenly one morning you would know you had had a good night's sleep, and that would be because I had come to you in the night and had kissed you and laid a dim hand on you . . . And sometimes in difficulties you would feel a sudden rush of strength, and that would be because I was beside you . . . dear heart, dear Shane!"

"I am so much older, Granya, I shall be the first to die."

"If you are the first to go, Shane, I shall be like some wife of the Crusades, of an old time when a dream meant more than a pocketful of money . . . and men were glad to go, and women glad to send them. I shall sit by my fire, and when you come, I shall talk to you in my heart . . . saying little foolish, sweet things . . . And when I need you, I shall go out into the soft night and call, and you will hear my voice in the Milky Way . . . and God will let you come . . . my darling . . ."

"Granya!"

"And, maybe, sweet, sweet thought, He will let us go together . . ."

§ 6

Here was a great fact, that he lived, but with the fact came a problem. Why? If within him there existed this

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sentient, supple, strong thing, and it did exist, for what end was it designed? It was not enough to have faith, to know one lived, to save one's soul . . . That was selfish, and selfishness was an unpardonable thing, the sin against the Holy Spirit, That has ordained there should be one occult purpose . . . No, everything had a reason . . . The sheltering trees, the ocean from whose womb came the great clouds that nurtured the green grass; the winds that were like gigantic brooms. The wise and the good labored and never shirked . . . Each man must give according to his station, the strong man of strength, the wise one of wisdom. The one who knew beauty must give it somehow, not huddle it like a miser's hoard . . . All men must work; that was as natural an instinct as the law that men must eat, and work did not mean grinding, but justifying one's existence fully . . . None may hold back, for that is ignoble, and all that is ignoble dies—dies and is used again . . . The murderer's dead body may nurture a green bay-tree, such beautiful economy Nature has . . . And it seemed to him that the souls of dark men were used, too, but used as negations, and that was death . . . Perhaps they provided the sinister thunder-storms, the terrible typhoon, the cold polar breezes, the storms off the Horn . . . They might be the counterpoint of Nature's harmony . . . But this was going past knowledge, and past knowledge of heart and head one must not go . . . But of one thing he was certain: all that is ignoble dies . . .

He had always known from the time he was a young boy that man must do something . . . It was not sufficient to make a little money and sit down and spend it, as a dog finds a bone and gnaws it, or buries it in a solitary place . . . For a long time he had thought it sufficient to do the little commerce of the world . . . But that was not sufficient . . . In Buenos Aires he had felt ridiculous, as a giant might feel ridiculous carrying little stones for the making of a grocer's house . . . Ashamed, a little resentful. He was like a dumb paralytic with flaming words in his heart and brain, and he could not write them, or even speak them aloud . . .

But all his life this had worried him, the getting of work to do. And when he came to America with Granya he had come with great plans. Ships and shipbuilding were the only things he knew, and he had thought with others that the great clipper days might be revived. Iron steamships were grasping the swift commerce of the world, but there were errands great wooden ships under skysails might yet be supreme in; the grain trade of San Francisco, for instance. And it might be possible, so he had dreamed, that once more the great pre-war clippers would be the pride of the new idealistic commonwealth . . . And what had come from his hand? Half a dozen three-masted schooners, and not very good schooners either, being too long in the hull for strength . . . And nobody seemed to care . . . From Belfast and the Clyde iron boats swarmed like flies . . . And people were impatient . . . They did not care to wait if a ship were blown from her course . . . They wanted ships on time . . . People had laughed at him, calling him crazy, and saying he was trying to stem progress

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. . . And then they had done worse . . . They had smiled and said it was a hobby of his . . . He knew it was no use. He quit . . . And Granya had been very tender.

"You must n't mind, Shane. It was very lovely of you to dream and act . . . But, it is not intended. Don't take it to heart, dearest."

"All my life, Granya, I have been trying to do something, and I always fail."

"Dear Shane, you never fail. The success is in yourself, not outside of yourself. That is all."

"Ah, yes, Granya, but that is not enough. That seems so selfish. So many men have done so much for the world, and I have done nothing. Even the old charwoman on her knees scrubbing floors has done more. She has given her best, and her best has been useful."

"But, Shane, you must wait. Have patience."

"I am old, Granya, and have done nothing."

"Wait, Shane, wait. I am going to dim the light, and blur all these things around us, and tell you a secret thought has been deep in my heart for years. There will be just we two in the room —absolute. And come nearer the fire, dear Shane, where I can just see where your hand is, and put my hand on it when the thought makes me feel like a child in a great wood . . . Shane . . .

"You know your charts, the charts you use and you at sea, the charts of the heavens, where what stars we know are marked, the sun and the moon and Venus and Jupiter, and Sirius the dog-star, and Saturn, and the star you steer your ship by, the polar star . . . And all the constellations, the Milky Way, and the belt of Orion, and the Plow, and the Great Bear, and the great glory you see when you pass the line, the Southern Cross . . . and the little stars you have no names for, but mark them on your chart with quaint Greek letters . . . Our little world is so little, so pathetically little in this immensity . . . It is as though we were living on the smallest of islands, like some of the islands you have known and you on board ship following the moon down the west—Saba, where the Dutch are in the Carribbean, or Grenada, the very little island . . . And on that island they know only vaguely that such great lands as Africa and Europe and Asia are . . . They don't know it from experience . . . But Peking of the bells exists, and stately Madrid, and Paris that is a blaze of light, and London where the fog rolls inland from the sea . . . Heart of my heart, how terrible it is that cannot, will not see, understand . . . And they say: 'Well, we don't see it. Here we were born and here we die.' . . . And they say, 'Show us somebody who has been there' . . . They forget how long is the journey and how a man may have affairs in the crowning cities . . . Dearest, I am losing myself, but I know.

"And this is what I want to tell you, Shane, that when you die—oh, such an ugly word that is, Shane, for the bud bursting into flower—when it is your time to leave here, Shane, there will be a place for you, not idleness at all . . . All the stars, Shane, the valleys of the moon . . . There is work, Shane dear. Nothing is perfect, else there should be no reason for life. There must be stars that are old,

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as Dublin is old, and need vitality . . . There must be stars that are young and cruel, as this city is young and cruel, and need sweet strength . . . But I am very presumptuous, Shane, to try and fathom the Great Master's plan . . . It is so coloss—oh, there is no word or symbol for it, Shane . . . But there is a Great Master and there is a plan . . .

"Heart, I tell you this, showing all my weakness of thought. You know it is truth, too . . . But I tell you I know, so that our two selves, knowing, may make it a little stronger in us . . .

"Oh, Shane, I have no logic, but I know . . . And all the logicians in the world could not shame me to myself. All the reason in the world could not shake me. It would be artillery shot against the wind . . . A star is a promise to me, Shane, and the wind a token, and the new moon just a pleasant occurrence, like the coming of spring . . .

"Shane, I know all this. I know it not for myself, but for you . . . I know three things: I know God lives, I know I love you, I know we shall not die . . . I love you, Shane, and there is no shame on me telling it to you, for you are as my heart and I am as yours . . . When I see you at times there comes over me a sweetness from head to foot, and at times when I see you, a great dignity comes to me, because you love me, and your love is good . . . I know there is a place in the coming days, and I know I shall be with you, wherever you go . . .

"Here in this dim room, Shane, I know these things. Outside is the world, that is forgetting or that does not care or will not see. Here in this dim room, with the red of the fire turning to a gentle yellow, I know it better than the people in churches: that kindly God lives, that I love you Shane, and that we shall not die." . . .

§ 7

It seemed to him that he must have been in reverie for ages, so much had he thought sitting there, so must felt . . . He had been like a gull poised on the wind, and now he dropped gently to the calm waters . . . New York to-day, and in two weeks Antrim, and then a rest . . . And then wider spaces than he had ever known, greater adventure . . . A day would come when he would be called, as though some one had said, "Shane Campbell!" and then a gesture that made a horse stumble, or a flow of wind that would turn over a boat . . . Click! . . .

And it seemed to him that it would be not only sweeter, but wiser to die in Antrim . . . New York was no place for a man like him to die. For an old man, weary with a life's work, there would be gentle hands, and soft care, and guidance for tired eyes . . . But for a man, young, spiritually strong, there would be no coddling . . . He would be expected to jump forward at the call . . . And to go through the maze of smoke and dust, and the evil jungles of the air one sensed in a great city would be—waste of time and energy . . . In Antrim, when the call would come, there would be the clear, high air, the friendly glens, the great encouraging mountains, and the Moyle laughing in the moonlight: Don't be embarrassed! Don't be afraid!

Above, he heard a door shut. There was no longer the patter of the boys' feet on the floor, or the drag of the

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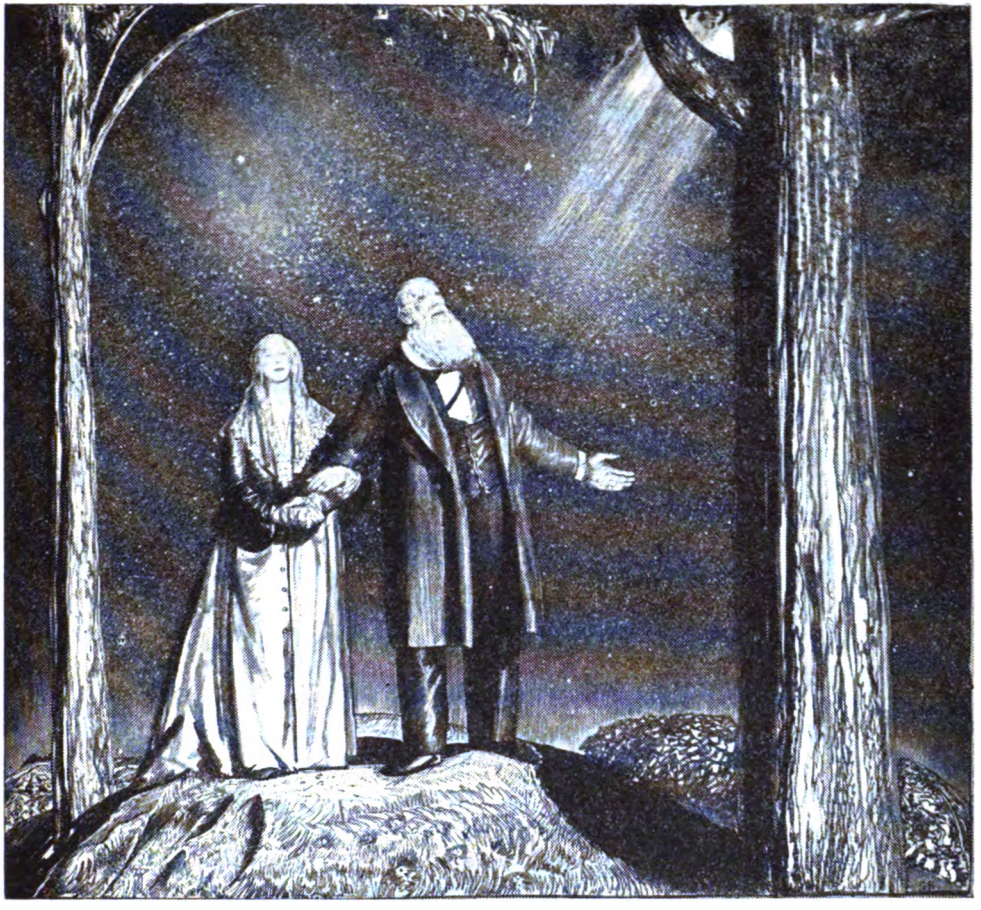

maid's shoes; but Granya's firm, light step he could sense somehow, and then came a little sound to him, that he knew was her dropping to her knees by Alan Beg's bed, while she recited for him, taught him, the great prayer . . . Shane bowed his head in reverence . . . He could see the dim beauty of her face, her great trusting eyes, her sweet hands . . . Almost could he hear her voice, so close was she in his heart . . .

§ 8

"Our Father," . . .

He could see the symbols that were in her mind, because they were in his, too, the gentle pictures that translated the thought these words evoked: the great majestic figure with the strong hands and gentle eyes, the eyes that smiled when colts gamboled, or a rabbit flashed across the grass, that loved the beauty of the garden when He walked in it at the close of day. One felt Him now and then as He went through His smallest world, perhaps in the evening when the crickets sang, perhaps over the moonlit waters, or with the little winds of dawn . . . Such strength and kindliness, and the majestic eyes were troubled for, sym-

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pathetic toward the wayward, the bothered, the weak . . . They hardened with promise of terror only for the hypocrite, the traitor, for those who devoured widows' houses . . .

"Which art in heaven," . . .

He smiled to himself at the thought of heaven. There was where one's fancy was free to realize all the sweet desires of what was good in one . . . To those who deserved it God would not begrudge His heaven . . . A quiet place, Shane thought, a hushed place, a place of rest . . . Whither one might go to realize again all the beauty one had ever known . . . All that one had held sweet and wonderful would be there; they had not died . . . A white magic would bring back the laughter of babies, and kisses gently given . . . and all estrangements of friends and lovers would be eased there, and they would be brought together in a magical trysting-place, and there would be no unharmony . . . All the horses one had ever loved would take shape in the air, with necks stretched and whinnying recognition . . . All the great ships one had wondered at would appear when called, their spread of snowy canvas, their tapering spars . . . All the dogs one had had would be there . . . their yelps of joy, their sweet brown eyes, their ears up, their tails wagging . . . all the dogs would be there!

"Hallowed be thy name," . . .

The head must bow there. The name evoked a thought, and the thought was ineffable, such glory and sweetness and strength it had . . . Names brought pictures. When the word "Helen" was uttered, one saw the burned towers of Troy . . . And Venice massive shadows and great moonlit waters . . . And Genghis Khan brought the riot of galloping horses and the Tatar blades a-flash . . . Such power great words had, and this was the greatest word, so great as to be terrible, and not to be mentioned by petty men, who cheapen with their grudging tongues . . . No picture there, but some great anthem of the stars . . . Not as yet could our ears hear it . . . Nor would they ever hear it, if we had not reverence.

"Thy kingdom come."

Some immense plan existed, which human mind could never see, no practical wisdom could ever grasp. Were all the sum of practical wisdom gathered in a little room, and infused with spirit until it burst the four walls of the world yet it might not grasp it . . . Yet all things worked that this plan should come to fruition. The stars rolled in their courses, the great winds came. There fell the rain of April and the soft December snow . . . And the kingdom was a good kingdom, for nothing evil conquered ever . . . It died and was eliminated, and when it was all as nothing, then might the kingdom come . . . no arbitrary blowing of Gabriel's trumpet, but that foremost sweetness that comes from the west wind . . .

"Thy will be done in earth" . . .

It was always done in earth, but the ignoble, the inglorious, the small put their petty obstacles in its way, and delayed the coming of the kingdom . . . Men grew engrossed in their affairs, grew self-sufficient. A little money in their pockets, and God was forgotten. A little more, and they despised their fellow-men, and hatred arose. And evil wars came, and years were lost . . . Cunning men put

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the emotions, the ideals, the actions of glorious men up for barter . . . And the men who were tricked brooded . . . And the cunning men took the land and the waters and the light, and worked tortuously until they could sell them at a price . . . And the things God had made for his people were the means to procure these dark folk wine and mistresses and the state of kings . . . Such was not the doing of the will . . . But one day it would be worked out by men how these things could not ever again be . . . The slow certain coming of the kingdom . . .

"As it is in heaven" . . .

From the green resting-place came all that was sweet and harmonious, the shape of clouds, the high spirit of horses, the loyalty of dogs, the graceful movement swans have, and the song of the lesser birds. From that great resting-place came the gold of the gorse, and the sweet line of trees, and the purple the heather has—the loved heather! Thence came the word that set the friendly moon on high, and put out the white beauty of the young, and alternated sunshine with the rains of spring. All was done there according to wisdom and beauty.

"Give us this day our daily bread" . . .

That was no whine for a prisoner's dole. That was the simplicity of asking that the moon and sun still rise. Give beauty to women, and grace to children, and songs for poets to sing. Let not the green tree wither, but send it rain. And give a little softness to the hearts of callous men. And remind us that widows live, and that there are fatherless. Teach us how to heal sickly children, and be easy on horses. And give us gentleness. And when roses grow on the walls in June, put a bud in our hearts . . .

"And forgive us our trespasses" . . .

The picture that came into Shane's mind then was not the picture of an abased man beating his breast, but the thought of a mature man clanging through the halls of heaven past every guard until he came where wisdom and beauty was, and standing and throwing back his head: "I have done wrong," he would say, "rotten wrong, and I 'm wretched about it." And there would be an answer: "You did right to come."

"As we forgive those who trespass against us" . . .

Ah, that was hard! That was the most difficult thing in the world, the Celt in Shane knew. The horripilation of the skin, the twitching nostrils, the feeling for the knife in the armpit . . . When one was young, the careless word, the savage blow, the brooding feud . . . But men grew better with the increase of the years, and with maturity came the sense that not every one could insult or hurt a man. The gibes and trespasses of petty people meant so little, and one sensed that Destiny, the strange veiled one, balanced in His own wise time the evil done a man with unexpected good . . . One grew wiser even yet with the years, and knew that a great wrong was outside one's personal jurisdiction . . . One had to leave that to the broad justice of the high God . . . One could appeal there, as with the old *cri de haro* of Norman law . . . *"Haro! haro! A l'aide, mon prince. On me fait tort!"* "Hither! Hither! Help me, my king!" One dropped on one's knees in the market-place. "I am being injured over-

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much!" And it was the prince's duty to help feal men . . . To forgive trespasses—one only understood in maturity; one grew to it . . . The strong and wise were the meek, not the weaklings . . . the men who knew that justice was absolute . . . the men with the calm eyes and the grim smile, they were the terrible meek . . .

"And lead us not into temptation" . . .

A little cry of humility that was, a very human reminder to the Only Perfect One that we in this very small world were weak. Work we had to do, destinies to fulfil, but under weakness, or from false strength, one might wander from our appointed path . . . The power of office, let it not breed arrogance . . . the sense of money, let it not bring smug callousness . . . And the singers of the world be proud only of the trust, but humble in themselves as the birds are among the trees . . . And let not strength have contempt, but gentleness . . .

"But deliver us from evil" . . .

There were dark places in the world, and one needed guidance there, protection . . . From Satan, who is not a spirit, but a horrible miasma, that floats in little vapors here and there, when the clean winds are resting . . . from the warm, inviting, and evil jungle where one might seek relief in distress, or having been overlong in the high air . . . from the twisted souls of dark men and women who seek to sully as with writhing, piteous hands . . . from deep sinister pools we know are thick with horror but feel charmed toward, as one feels like plunging to death from the summit of some building terribly high . . . From these, Lord God deliver us!

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

(The end of "The Wind Bloweth")

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Adventures of an Illustrator

X—The Search for a Dinner in America

By JOSEPH PENNELL

BEFORE I came back to my own country I kept thinking of all the things, the good things, I used to eat, and they were something to think about. I remembered the breakfasts with buckwheat cakes and batter cakes and corn-bread and soda-biscuits and cantaloups and beefsteaks and fried potatoes and sausages and scrapple. I remembered the lunches with oysters, raw or stewed or fried or broiled. I remembered the dinners with shad and soft-shell crabs and fried chicken and squabs and corn and sweet potatoes and lima beans and succotash and egg-plant and Sauter's ice-cream. I remembered the teas with chicken or oyster croquettes, frizzled beef—how the fragrance of it filled the house!—and beaten biscuits and home-made preserves and brandied peaches and little round cakes with white icing on top. And as I thought of these things, it seemed to me that if it were only for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea in the old American fashion, it would be more than worth while to come home again.

But now I am at home, now I have crossed the continent, now I have been from North to South, I cannot say I have often found the good things I thought so much about.

Worse still, most of the new dishes that replace the old are not fit to eat, and would not be eaten if the American people ever dined. But they do not dine. There are the exceptions, of course. Here and there I have found decent things, excellent things, that recall the past.

In most places, however, the big places, the places the crowds go to, American dining is dead, and it has been killed not by the war, but by the people we have allowed to take possession of our country and who never dined in Europe, where they came from. The American is out of it. We have grown foreign in this last quarter of a century, borrowing the evil rather than the good the foreigner might have brought with him. The old American fashion in dining, as in everything else, has all but gone. Every morning I see the same American swallowing his same breakfast in the same ten minutes; before long he will take it as a tabloid—or out of a bottle.

I had my first big shock after my return in 1915. It was in San Francisco, in the best restaurant at the fair; at least I was told it was the best. I paid twenty-five cents for the lady who was with me, and twenty-five cents for myself, just to get in. I paid ten cents to the boy who, looking the other way, and talking to another boy, almost put my eyes out with his whisk, and never brushed the dust off my coat, and I knew he would want ten cents more to give me my hat back again. You do not dare to offer five in

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California for anything except a paper. With fifty cents I bribed some variety of head waiter to find me a table. Strange to relate, he really did find one, right up in front, under the orchestra, which was perhaps the reason why he found it. There seemed to be thousands dining, and, to hold on to our table, I had to guard it while the lady made sallies to the door, or she had to while I reconnoitered, until at last, half an hour late, we had collected our party, the architect and his wife, the artist and his. I was the guest, so I did not have to order, which was fortunate; for, where we were, right under somebody and his band, even pantomime was almost useless. And the band brayed and crowed and yelled and whistled, and when it was over, the thousands of diners brayed with delight. It was paralyzing, outside a London music hall unequaled.

The dinner, or, rather, the cocktails appeared, for California was not then dry, and at last, after more braying from the band, the dinner began to come. First, a waiter threw down on the table a bunch of knives, forks, and spoons, dropped some plates about, and spun some goblets of ice at us. Then the dirty menu was dragged out of his pocket, and we studied it while he took not the order, but his ease, talking loudly to his colleagues when the band did not play. An underwaiter hovered about us, poured into our glasses a few drops of water from an almost empty carafe, which he never bothered to refill. As soon as the host and hostess together had written down the order on "the check," the waiter seized the menu hurriedly. Then he wandered slowly away.

In the course of time the waiter returned, and I was introduced to my first California dinner in the style of 1915. He produced five "head lettuces," hard, tight, naked balls, and one was casually, but cleverly, dropped on a plate before each of us. The waiter handed the host a vessel—a "gravy-boat" is the only name I know for it—filled with some brown mixture, chunks of cheese in it, which was ladled in spoonfuls over the "head lettuce." The others seemed to enjoy the mess; I found it uneatable. To this curious fashion of beginning dinner with salad I know of no parallel except the equally curious fancy of the old Italian colonel, whom I used to watch in a Roman restaurant years ago, who began his dinner with ice-cream and ended it with soup.

The waiter whisked the salad off the table before any one had half finished it; and as the band just then struck up again, nobody could have been heard to object had he dared.

The hostess rose.

"Come," said she.

"Where?" said I.

"Dance."

"W-w-what?" I stammered.

"Why, we all dance at dinner. It 's quite English; they even do it in the East."

And then I saw that the big bare floor space at the edge of which we sat was filling with whirling figures. They whirled up to the table, they trod on my toes, they banged the table; the glasses and plates danced, too. Before I could explain that I was brought up a Philadelphia Friend and could n't dance, that the idea of dancing when they dined would never have entered the heads of the English I knew, that I did n't want to know the sort of apes that did that sort of thing back East, my hostess had been swallowed up

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with the artist in the maelstrom between the tables. Panting, she returned, and as the waiter had somehow penetrated through the crowd that almost stood on the tables, we, or I, tried some sand dabs, and sand dabs are excellent. But I had no more than time to taste mine when they were spirited away by the waiter when I was n't looking at the table.

And it was thus, between dances and disappearing dishes, that we dined, or ate our "eats," to use the Western word for dining. With the coffee the waiter dumped down before us the inevitable American finger-bowls, a relic, I suppose, of the age when Americans ate with their fingers at restaurants, just as the American name, *demi-tasse* for after-dinner coffee, is no doubt a relic of France, though really the chief reminder of France in American restaurant coffee is its badness. At once the bill was thrust before the host, and the waiter began to clear the table. The others of our party gulped the coffee, used the finger-bowls; some started to dance, some to fidget. I had merely begun to sip my coffee and to wonder why the cup should be red-hot and the coffee cold, when the bill was paid, the tip given, for which no thanks were returned, and everything was swept off the table by an under-waiter. My friends fidgeted more and more; I sipped again; with a crash, another under-waiter deposited right before me the remains of somebody else's dinner. Glasses spilled; bits spread over the cloth. That was enough. I fled, or tried to, with the rest, nearly knocked down, as I went, by energetic dancers whom there was no avoiding. And from the Barbary Coast to the St. Francis Hotel this is the way they dine on the Slope.

There are always the exceptions. A few do know how to dine in San Francisco. I have dined with much pleasure in their houses and their clubs—in the houses of the very people who showed me this side of San Francisco life.

§ 2

After a night made restless by dreams of salads that danced, and ladies with brown dressing poured over them, I crawled down to breakfast in an elevator where, when ladies got in, the men took off their hats, and, to do so, put their rank cigars and raw cigarettes into their mouths or spat on the floor. We have quaint ideas of courtesy nowadays. My hat was seized by one of a tribe of harpies who lay in wait for it at the breakfast-room door. One must not take one's hat to breakfast, but it is *de riguer* to smoke in the dining-room, on the same principle, I suppose, that no one any longer gets up for a lady in a street-car, but every one must refrain from smoking in it. Though the smoke sickened me, I had enough strength left to recall where I had last suffered from smoking at breakfast: in the café of the Hotel Hungaria at Budapest, where the occupants smoked to show their independence, and in a tight-closed hot room on a winter morning. A head waiter—no, a superior person looking like an advertisement for a ready-made tailor-shop—steered me to a seat right under an inverted soup-plate from which a light radiated toward the ceiling. At one side was a towering palm, on the other a mountain of dirty dishes, in front a butter-tub, all dimly seen; for it was dark, though the sun was shining outside. I mildly remarked that I should like

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either a candle to see to eat by if I sat there or else a seat near a window. The superior person left me to choose a seat for myself, waving me to go where I wished, and I chose the best, not the worst. The waiters did not seem to object, but the walking advertisement frowned his displeasure. Ice-water and iced butter were slammed down; the table-cloth was wet, but a napkin saved the trouble of changing it. Knives, forks, and another napkin were produced, a carafe was seized from the nearest table without apologies to the person who had it, a waiter materialized, and I told him I wanted some bacon and eggs,—the eggs turned over,—mustard, Vienna rolls, coffee, and milk. He poked paper and pencil at me. I told him I had given the order. But, apparently, this amiable and convivial creature, who wanted to talk like a barber about the weather, could not write. However, he took himself and his documents off after I had written my order, and by-and-by sauntered back. He brought cream instead of milk, the eggs were not turned over, there was no mustard, and instead of Vienna rolls, there were sugar cakes with raisins in them. I politely suggested that these things were not quite what I wanted.

"Vell, yer done tole me!" was his answer.

"You mean," said I, "you did n't pay any attention to what I did tell you or to what I wrote down because you could n't read."

Then I saw what I had done. The entire room, full of native Americans, Slovaks, drummers, millionaries, and mummers gasped, appalled and frightened. But the waiter scurried away and did not reappear till he brought the things almost as I had ordered them, though there was still cream and no mustard. He began to prepare my coffee. "How many lumps?" he asked, and in went two and a big souse of cream.

"Now," said I, "will you take that mess away, get the mustard and a clean cup? And I 'll make my own coffee—if I may." I am not a baby.

Another long journey; at any rate, these hotels make their waiters walk. One remembers vaguely certain inns, even in America, where there used to be mustard on the table and butter within sight; but that is not the way in the superior hotel with its walls covered with murals.

I got served finally, and much quicker, I noticed, than the people at the near tables. But presently a strange thing began to happen. The waiter aimlessly moved up without looking and deposited a finger-bowl on the table. Again he came and slipped a check under it. The check got wet, but that did not disturb him. He gathered up the spoons, knives, and forks I had not used and took them away. In a few minutes, as he sauntered by in the casual waiter fashion, he raised the cover of the meat dish, saw there was an egg there,—of course the familiar cold-storage smell escaped, —and put the cover on again. In two minutes he was back. The butter was removed from its ice, the waiter deposited it on my little plate, and the butter-dish disappeared. In two minutes more he was round again, the remaining egg, without a word, was transferred to my plate, and the meat dish disappeared. The coffee-pot went the same way, and finally the bread. Then my plate was seized.

"Now," said I, "I am not catching a train, but trying to eat my break-

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fast. Would you mind getting me some more coffee and bringing back the rolls and butter and a plate to eat off?"

He did. I think I might have taught him some of the elements of his business in a week; but in the week I was in that hotel I had seven different waiters, and they were all like the first—all wanting only one thing, and that was to get rid of me as soon as possible and to get a tip as big as possible. And who is to blame? The snobs who go to our hotels, and who know no better or do not dare to breakfast and dine decently.

I next tried one of those palaces that are all alike outside, fruit piled up, and a man cooking cakes in the window, "Lunch" or the firm's name on the glass, and inside huge tables or cathedral stalls round the room. I sat down at a table with my hat and overcoat on, for a sign ordered me to look out for them. The atmosphere was torrid, heavy with smells, varied by drafts. The melting butter was communal, the bread socialistic, the crowd enormous, the napkins a pile of paper, the table-cloth unspeakable, the price just as much as in a decent place in the East. The whole thing was disgusting.

There is the new word for dining, "Eats," proclaimed in letters of enamel by day, of fire by night, everywhere from San Francisco to Chicago, and it has come East. I have seen it in New York and on Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, though New York still has some claims to decency. Even the people who might dine do not even "lunch" half the time.

§ 3

I hardly need repeat that a small saving remnant do know how to dine, even love to dine. In most places, as in San Francisco, there is the occasional real American who clings to the real American tradition of dining. A few millionaires have learned how to dine, just as they have been taught to buy pictures and collect books, though not always intelligently. A few professional people have some feeling for the decencies of dining. A few men and women who travel have got into the habit of dining abroad, where, happily for themselves, they somehow sometimes escape the big tourist hotel which serves the same dinner from one end of Europe to the other. The idea came from here or from Switzerland. But, all told, they are a mere drop in the bucket, and I do not exaggerate when I say that ninety-nine millions of Americans have never dined in their lives and, what is more, are altogether ignorant that there is such a delight in life as dining. I have no hesitation in confessing that I never dined myself until I was twenty-two, though in the meanwhile I had lived not on cold storage, as Americans do to-day, but on the best my father could get. Every Saturday or Friday, Seventh or Sixth Day, he would take a big market-basket and go to Second Street market on the horse-car in Philadelphia, and sometimes I went with him. We brought back with us all that was good and fresh and in season, and it was put away in the refrigerators or the cellar by my mother and Mary, the cook, and we feasted on it during the week. But then we moved to Germantown, and there was the rush at breakfast for my father to catch the train and for me, because I lingered, to get to school. And no one came home to lunch. My father ate at a restaurant near his office. How I

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remember that lunch when occasionally I was allowed to join him, and my joy in the little dishes filled with little messes crowding up the little table where we sat, the thrill of trying each as I dipped in my fork or my spoon! It was amazing, it was easy, save as a feat of memory for the waiter, but it was not dining, or lunching either.

I cannot write, I can never think, of those little dishes of my childhood without recalling my last and most amazing experience of all. It was in Chicago. I had unexpectedly run across my English solicitor and I offered to show him what a real American dinner was. I took him to a most important restaurant and I gave my order: California olives; oyster cocktail; gumbo soup; fish from the lake; fried chicken, with sweet potatoes, and corn on the cob; alligator-pears; watermelon. Could a dinner have been more American? We waited a long, long time. At last a triumphal procession of darkies appeared, led by the head waiter. They approached our table. Upon it the waiters began to deposit soup, watermelon, corn, fish, alligator-pears.

"Stop!" said I. "It looks all right, but now take it all away, and bring the olives first, and then the other things in order."

"But yer done ordered all dem things."

"Sure," said I, "only I want to dine properly."

"Here dey is. Yer kin dine right off proper', an we don' tote 'em back all tru dat scrap to de kitchen. No, siree."

"Come on, George," said I; "we 'll find some place where we can dine."

And as we had not touched the dinner, as we had not even been asked to pay for it, the manager, when summoned by the darkies, condescended to allow it to be served properly, not Americanly.

A barbarious custom like this would not endure if the people did not accept it. Indeed, the average American accepts so much that I sometimes wonder if he is an arrant coward who is afraid to think, act, dress, eat for himself, or if he does not know how. He seems to go out of his way to do what everybody else does. Within the last six months I have dined excellently on the American plan in American hotels. I could not, and would not want to, dine better than in certain American private houses. And though many American traditions have been swept away before the foreign invasion, the old-fashioned American tea, or supper, has survived, sometimes where I have least expected to find it—the wonderful tea with frizzled beef, cream, soda-biscuits, fried oysters, home-made preserves. One was given to me in the Northwest the other night by another expatriated Philadelphian. Only, he called it "lunch," and his wife was a militant suffragette, and I pitied the poor millionaire, with whom I would not change places even for frizzled beef, soda biscuits, and home-made preserves, good as they were.

§ 4

The great thing is to know how to order at home, and how not "to eat down the bill of fare" in a restaurant. The next thing is to insist on being properly served, which is not quite so simple. American women in their own houses usually make their servants the excuse for a poor dinner or a poor tea, when the trouble is that they themselves have no idea how to design din-

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ners or order servants, and in consequence the servants have a contempt for them and do not hesitate to show it. Here, really, we come to one of the chief causes of the decay of dining. As it is in private houses, so it is in restaurants and hotels, and it 's worse on trains. The waiters see that the average American does not know how to order his dinner or, for that matter, how to eat it, though I am not now going into the subject of table manners, and they have no use for him save getting rid of him quickly, insulting him, extracting a high fee, and dismissing him with disdain. And the average American is too stupid to realize their insolence or too cowardly to protest. He eats and he pays and he goes. The American waiter, who is growing scarce, gets on intimate terms with you, sometimes out of mere kindness, like the waiter at the station who encouraged me the other evening to eat ice-cream after crab, because it never upset his stomach, or the head waiter who, as I was leaving, wanted to know if I had got "fixed up all right," and sometimes out of impatience, like the waiter in a Philadelphia swallow-your-food-and-rush sort of place, who had twice half filled my glass and left the empty carafes on my table, and then, when I asked him for once to fill it, shrieked, "What, more water?" The good darky waiter, who is rare, but still exists, can serve as nearly a good dinner on the American plan as you can get in America, and does n't consider himself disgraced if, at the end of it, he wishes you "Good evening," with the old-fashioned darky smile. But he gets rarer every day. The foreign waiter, decent in his own country, gets ruined here almost as soon as he arrives.

In the old days it was a matter of course to get a more or less decent dinner on an American train, where, after all, the idea originated. Cold-stored horrors were unknown. Now a cold-stored mess costs more than a decent dinner, and bread and butter are extra on the Pennsylvania Railroad or were till the Railroad Administration took hold. I use the road as little as possible. On one line, the Santa Fé, I have dined well in American fashion. Most trains have no diners, and as those I made my last trip on were never on time, I dined only once between San Francisco and Chicago. Instead of being allotted a seat in the diner, the crowd waits an hour in the entrance and then eats in ten minutes.

This reminds me of a story I heard of a train held up in a drift for days, and all the drink running out,—sold to keep the poor passengers from freezing,—and of an ancient inhabitant coming over the drift on snow-shoes, with a basket in each hand, and boarding the train, and saying to the snow-bound people:

"Now, you know this is a dry country, so I have brought you some tea, and this tea is one dollar a bottle." And the bottles and dollars changed hands. "Now," said the native, as each man put his hand to his pocket for his corkscrew-knife, "you know this is a prohibition land, and I should be glad if you did not open these bottles of tea till I have got out of sight." And as he disappeared over the snow-drift, he waved his hand, every cork was drawn—and it was tea.

I have no objection to temperance, to total abstinence for the weakest brother if it will do him good, though I do not see why I should be his keeper,

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but I protest against having my personal liberty interfered with. Now my country is overrun by shrieking cranks and fanatics who want to throttle drink, who want to give votes to woman, worship at the movies, play golf, be in society, abolish trusts. It is they, not I, who mess up these things together. And every variety of humanity is to be "uplifted" by the same sort of crank and faddist and self-advertising woman who ought to be cooking dinners, if she knew enough, or making herself charming at them. The fact that women no longer do our home-cooking or home-making would alone account for the decay of dining among Americans.

Thus in one way and another we have ruined dining in America; we were ruining it in Europe before the war; what will yet happen to dining, God knows. It will be the reign of the automat and cafeteria till we get tabloids.

§ 5

There is no question of the ruin that followed in the trail of the American "doing" Europe. Go where you chose, there was sure to be a hotel of the special brand designated for the American. Everything was marble-topped, gilt-edged, hall-portered, head-waitered. The dinners came out of the same cold-storage plant, were prepared by the same syndicated chef, served by the same polyglot waiter. All the restaurants from London to Paris, from Paris to Rome, were also reduced to one and the same pattern. I do not speak of the influence of the British. They know nothing of dining, though they do feed, in their British way, far better and cheaper than we do. If they did not, our good American meat and American wheat could not be served better and cheaper in London than in New York, as they were before the war. Away from the English and American lines of railroad travel one can at times dine decently and nationally in the cars and restaurants on certain railroads. But anything national, when it is not American, is anathema to the traveling American, and the doughboys had to have Salvation pies and doughnuts instead of French pastry when they fought; they must be American in their "eats."

America exists simply for two classes, the rich and the poor, and each class is divided into the wet and the dry. In Europe there are not only the world-famous restaurants to which only the man with money can go, but the small less-known restaurants, where every sort of person can eat the sort of dinner he likes, if he cannot get it at home, for the price that he can afford to pay. But let the American or the Englishman find these restaurants, and they are done for. The natives leave first, and after them the American, because he can no longer see the funny foreigners feed.

I might explain better what I mean by just a few words about the great middle-class restaurants in London, Paris, Berlin, Venice. No American, no Englishman can spoil them; not even Gatti's in London is spoiled by the English it lives on. At Gatti's, at the Duvals, at all the restaurants of this class, there are little tables, nominally for four; but it is rare that more than two are seated at them. If you are alone, rarely will any one save an English cad or an American afraid of getting lost seat himself at your table. There are no signs about stealing coats

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or about individual pies. There is a menu on every table. There are no communal butter-dishes, no municipal salt-cellars, no general bread-baskets, no spittoons about. When you have ordered, the menu is not hidden as a hint from the waiter to eat as fast as you can, and to make your tip as big as you can, and to leave as quick as ever you can. Instead, the waiter will probably offer suggestions, ask how you want your dinner served, talk to you about it when it is served, or recall having seen you before if he did not greet you as you came in. I admit that in some German-American, even some swell American, restaurants, I have met sympathetic, intelligent waiters; but they are the exception, not the rule here, where they keep their intelligence to themselves as soon as they learn there is no demand for it. Women may wait at the Duvals, but they are not English or American, which is quite another matter.

Then, over there, in those restaurants, there is never a rush. After you have dined, you can linger, even should there be a crowd, and though you may have stayed all evening, you are not insulted, but thanked, when you give the proper tip. It is not from dining and drinking at a Duval or at the Antica Panada in Venice or the big beer halls of Munich that people reel out drunk into the street. It is not even from Gatti's. It is in saintly, virtuous America. In London people who eat and drink that way go to the British public house. The mischief is done by the custom that forces men to go from one café or saloon to another to get through a free hour or a free evening. Nobody ever knew the Sunday night crowds at the Hofbrauhaus in Munich to take to drink and to fighting. I never saw any one there who had had too much, though many had had a lot. The families who crowd in and bring the children and have their suppers are perfectly sober —and sweltering. It is not what I like, but they like it, and, anyway, there they are at liberty to sit the whole evening. In Italy and France it is the same.

More delightful are the outdoor restaurants, which are almost non-existent in America. How many great schemes have I concocted on French terraces, under Italian pergolas, in German beer gardens! Here no one has time to concoct anything over a good dinner. Once I stupidly talked to an American lady of the pleasure of dining at a wonderful provincial outdoor restaurant in France; but she haughtily informed me that she did not care to dine with her feet in the gutter. No, she would rather be one of a hot, smelly, perfumed crew in a half-ventilated, fan-driven atmosphere. There is no accounting for tastes.

It is only in America, and here only in modern times, that the so-called great have no interest in dining. I have seen university presidents at lunch-counters, I have seen millionaries and bank presidents gobbling in their offices. When I have no time to lunch decently, I usually do not lunch at all. But I have occasionally been to the lunch clubs of New York, those wonderful clubs at the top of sky-scrapers, where I have known men I was lunching with to finish almost before I had ordered. An American said to me one day, "Don't you wish we did not have to eat?" What could I say save "I wish I did not have to do anything else."

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Henri Fabre's Home and Garden

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

Drawings by PAUL ROCHE

THE country about Serignan of Vaucluse, to which Fabre clung all his life, is characterized by the great naturalist himself, in a tone of loving disparagement, as a "sterile land, given over to quitch-grass, thistle, and brier; a sort of accursed land which no one has wanted even for sowing a pinch of turnip seed."

Sterile, indeed, it is, this pebble-strewn plain rimmed by distant mountains, yet nowhere else in France, perhaps, are there such bands and patches of incandescent poppies, such wild hedges of golden broom, such banks of purple sage, such lavender carpets of wild thyme. The spring crops shimmer with rosy spikes of the native gladiolus or the deep-violet plumes of the crested grape-hyacinth, and the roadside ditches are a pale-green-and-pink mosaic of the Cantabrian convolvulus. The wealth and brilliancy of the flowers contrast strikingly with the drab tints of the houses, grayish brown of cemented wall and local roof-tile merging almost indistinguishably into the neutral tints of the soil when the landscape is bare, but standing out like foils when it is in blossom after the spring rains.

This "Harmas" suggests certain resemblances to the sage-brush of our Western desert. It is not necessarily infertile; a good deal of it is under cultivation, especially in olive-groves. It might yield large returns to irrigation. Now it lacks water; the mistral blows three days out of five, in summer perhaps refreshingly, in winter often brutally, but always aridly. The sun beats upon it and burns it with what seems more than tropical fierceness. But Fabre loved it, yearned over it, with an inborn passion more traditionally characteristic of the mountaineer or the follower of the sea.

Here at last, about 1879, he seemed to have caught and secured for his own the substance of the dream he had cherished for more than half a century: a house that was his, a bit of land he could shape to his purpose, and freedom to give himself completely and utterly to his great passion, the study of insect life, or, in his own phrase, "*la bête.*" It was to him always, it is still lovingly to his children and friends, "l'Harmas," a Provençal term corresponding to the French *inculte*, "the Waste."

Thirty years earlier, writing to his brother, he had described it as "a delicious country where I could pass a month, two months, three months, a year, alone, with no other company than the rooks and the jays which chatter amid the oaks, without a moment's ennui; there are so many lovely orange, white, and pink mushrooms in the moss, such flowers in the fields." And for the entomological re-

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searches on which his attention had been increasingly focused it afforded even a richer field. Twice in the years of his bitterest struggles he had refused otherwise desirable calls, to Poitiers and to Marseilles, unwilling to leave the treasuries of insect life he found in Vaucluse.

It seems to have been part of Fabre's plan to make the garden of l'Harmas a living, working epitome of the flora of the whole region. He has said more than once in his "Souvenirs entomologiques" that the phenomena of insect life and transformations are so unpredictable as to the moment of their happening, and often so swift in their passage, that the task of following and observing them in the field would be infinite. The solution was to make them occur where they could be watched. Understanding fully the intimate relations between plant life and insect habitat and regimen, he automatically and inevitably enriched the entomological fauna under his hand and eye by first establishing, within the range of daily and hourly inspection, the widest possible variety of flora. His garden was an extension of his laboratory; to use his own term, itself a "laboratory of living entomology." But beyond this it expresses such an innate sense of color and composition that, as one of his admirers exclaimed, "Henri Fabre laid out his garden as a painter fills his palette!"

The pilgrim to l'Harmas must leave the railway or the national highway a few miles north of Avignon, at Orange, a huddled and rather dreary little town dominated by the huge façade of an ancient Roman theater in which the Comédie Française still gives annual performances on the original stage. The country road from Orange to Serignan passes through, or rather encircles, a triumphal arch erected about the first century of our era, and now the most beautiful in France, though the sandy blasts of the mistral have scoured away almost all the sculptured groups on the northwestern faces. Beyond the arch the last houses of the town are soon left behind, and the white highway strikes out into open country, little vexed by travel unless it be the donkey-cart of some Provençal peasant bringing in cherries or olives, or perhaps the mail diligence on its way to or from Valréas.

The first glimpse of l'Harmas itself, just as one mounts a slight rise to the quaint and tiny hamlet of Serignan, is of an austerely plain, square-lined building, plaster-coated in a soft dull pink that has weathered and mellowed, but remains otherwise unchanged since the mortar was first laid on. It is half hidden among great trees, on the north and west to break the force of the mistral, on the south to screen it from the fierce Midi sun; and it is further secluded from the road by a stone wall, almost half the height of the house, extending the whole length of the property, and indeed all the way around it. The side lines of the tract cut the highway slantwise, so that the road gives the effect of crossing the lot on the bias, and the house stands in the acute eastern angle, the farther corner, as one comes from Orange, with its back to the road, facing full to the south, toward the garden. A great gate is set in the front wall near the end closest to the approaching visitor, but, according to the Fabre family tradition, "it is opened only for the President of the Republic—or a load of wood." The common entrance is by a tiny doorway let into the high east-

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erly side wall, some distance back from the road and reached by a footpath that has the air of being merely a trail leading down into the fields.

Passing through this, under a bower of perfumed acacia and climbing roses that glow far up in the branches overhead, one finds himself in a sort of *allée* a dozen yards in width, shaded by two splendid plane-trees and extended by more open hedgerows across the front of the house to the great gate already mentioned, which, because of the oblique front of the property, appears directly opposite, about two hundred and fifty feet away.

Jean-Henri Fabre

On the left of this *allée*, beyond a low concrete wall decorated with stone urns and covered with vines and trailing shrubbery, is the garden, the nearer portion deeply shaded, with the glimmering pool of a fountain embowered among the trees; the farther portion open to the sun, and threaded by little paths that wander among the flowers.

On the right of the *allée* is the house, a square central body, with rooms right and left of the entrance-hall, and two wings pushed back half the depth of the main structure, giving the whole building a T shape. In the western wing, on the second floor,—the French would call it the first floor,—was Fabre's laboratory. Beyond it, still further prolonging that arm of the T, is a small greenhouse.

But one is impatient of the barrenness of such physical details, they fail so completely to picture the soul of the place, its atmosphere of peace, beauty, and utter simplicity. It is a paradise of birds, in whose shadows the nightingale sings by day as well as by night, and in whose open spaces the chaffinch carols the very golden joy of the sun. It is like a triptych whose panels are contrasting phases of a single theme, for the little hectare (about two and a half acres) of ground has three zones so harmoniously blended that one thinks of them as composing l'Harmas rather than of l'Harmas being divided into three parts.

There is first the home close, immediately around the house, as nearly conventional, perhaps, as anything of Fabre's could be, with its straight drive and its lilac hedges; but even this is broken into a more peculiar charm by the great stone watering-basin overhung with a flowering locust through which crimson roses climb almost to the tree-tops.

Next comes the garden of the fountain, a belt of shade as deep as that of the forest, with a central path encircling the quiet basin and long parallel cross-ways running from side to side, all so

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The great gate, "opened only for the President of the Republic—or a load of wood"

densely embowered that their vistas are lost in green depths of shadow. It has the dignity of noble and classical lines softened by time, like the figure of a patriarch.

Last and largest is the wild garden, the essential Harmas, where the wild flowers of Provence run free in invited and scarcely controlled riot. Here the effect of the advancing summer especially suggests a slow lengthening of the flood of color changes in the dawn or the sunset sky, pale rose of the laurel giving way to deep blue of myrtle and

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violet, then to great purple pools of iris, to the flowing gold of coronilla and *genêt*, the white and rose of the cistus, the flame of the poppies; and all about are minor notes and deeper accents of contrast, waves of color and fragrance from acacia and olive, rosemary and honeysuckle, fig-tree and box, purple sage, wild thyme, healing anthyllis, crane's-bill, spurge, the azure native flax, and a hundred other species.

There is method without formality —method in the masking of the walls with irregular tree masses, in the selection of shrubs and herbs most attractive to insects, in the placing of plants in spots best suited to their requirements; lack of formality in that there is nothing approaching the laying out of beds or regular arrangement of spaces. Except for a border walk, the paths wind among the flowers with unexpected turnings and in no set pattern.

A single cypress-tree in the middle was especially loved by Fabre, and he was also particularly fond of walking in the broad *allée* dividing the wild garden from the garden of the fountain. Here one may see the almost pathetic simplicity of his apparatus, as instanced by the wide, shallow earthen bowls hanging by wires from an improvised tripod formed of three bamboo sticks. In one of these bowls still reposes the skeleton of a frog, clinical material left from wonderful studies of certain burying beetles.

Indeed, the deepest impressions carried away by the visitor are the beauty created with the simplest of elements, and the immensity of the researches made with the crudest of implements. One wonders how far either may be due to concentrated vigor of reaction against environment, against the ugliness of his boyhood years as depicted in his own autobiographical notes, and against the narrowness of opportunity imposed by the poverty of his youth and early manhood, of his whole life, in fact, except the few years just after the acquisition of the Harmas, when his text-books for a time brought in what was to him a sufficient income. He had not the temperament necessary to preserve a market that depended much upon currying political favor, and the anxieties of securing a bare subsistence for his family soon returned acuter than ever. The very energy of conceiving and creating devices to take the place of the apparatus and instruments he could not afford to buy may have intensified the inspiration and the fever of research that carried him on to discoveries undreamed.

What a contrast between one of our laboratories, where the student is surrounded by every piece of equipment that ingenuity can suggest and money can buy, and the laboratory of Henri Fabre, in which the one conventional instrument is a microscope, and everything else is improvised from the humblest of household utensils: glass bottles, wooden and paper boxes, bits of bamboo cane, wire-gauze dish-covers, one or two cheap bell-jars! A plain wooden table, with two drawers for magnifying-glass, needles, and similar primitive tools, occupies the middle of the room, under the full light of two windows opening to the south. The other three walls are filled with shelves reaching to the ceiling and carrying priceless collections: on the lowest, an immense collection of shells gathered on Corsican beaches during Fabre's professorship at Ajaccio; on the uppermost, the herbarium made, with help

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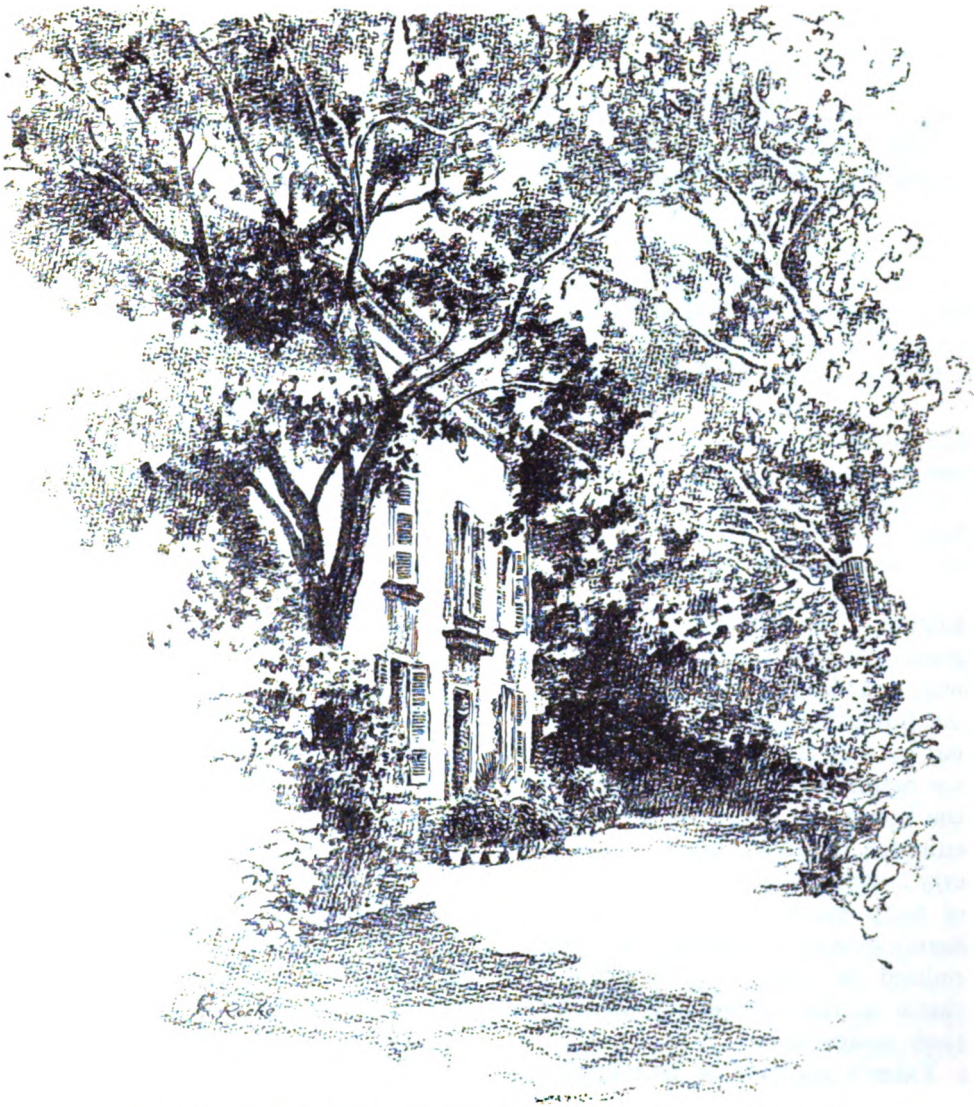

Fabre's house, showing the two great plane-trees of which he speaks often

from John Stuart Mill, while he was teaching at Avignon; on the middle shelves, box after box of insects, classified in complete genera and families, and mounted with a delicacy of skill that again reveals the artist as well as the admirable craftsman. In one case are many portfolios of water-color drawings of the fungi of Provence, exquisitely finished, showing another phase of Fabre's astonishing versatility.

The same almost elemental simplicity, even suggesting austerity, marks the entire house. With the intellectual development that made him an honor to the Academy, he kept unchanged the plain home life of the Provençal, as all the domestic appointments bear

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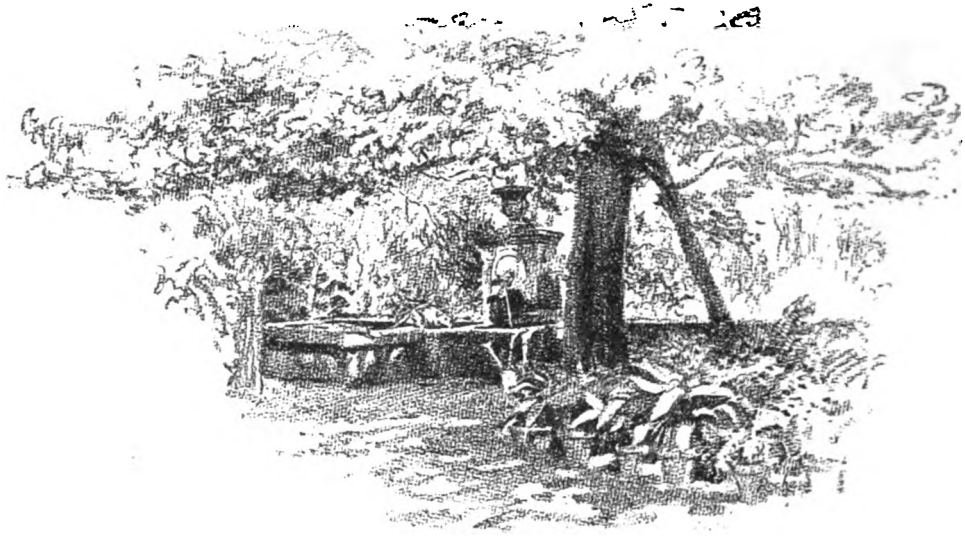

A corner of the *allée* in front of the house. Mignon drinking at the watering-basin

witness. The kitchen, with its single great open hearth on which all cooking was, and still is, done in the fashion of our forefathers, and the mantel carrying by day the brass candlesticks for the household, typifies the regimen of the house. It seems as if the habits enforced by that "black-coated poverty" which was the accompaniment of forty years of teaching, and was barely evaded in after life, were materialized in these appointments, pathetic in the unconscious dignity of their meagerness.

Fabre's attitude is touchingly revealed in his own story of Pasteur's visit to him. It was at Avignon, it is true, but it might equally well have been at l'Harmas. The great chemist was investigating a scourge which had afflicted the silkworms, and being wholly ignorant of the habits and metamorphoses of the insects, he came to Fabre for information. He looked about the bare interior uncomprehendingly, and being engaged at the same time on another problem, the effect of temperature on the aging of wines, he asked to see the wine-cellar.

"My cellar!" thought Fabre. "Why not just as well my casks, my dusty bottles ticketed as to age and vintage?" But Pasteur persisting, Fabre pointed to an old chair in the corner of the kitchen, "widowed of its straw seat" and holding a three-gallon demijohn. "My cellar? There it is, monsieur."

A single straight hall bisects the main body of the house, the salon being on one side and the library-dining-room on the other, with bedchambers above. The library echoes the note struck in the kitchen and the wine-cellar. One book-case with a very few shelves carries the personal literary possessions of a man whose reading was, nevertheless, incredibly wide. He seems, however, from Dr. Legros's study of his life, to have been influenced more by men than by books, and to have developed his astounding mentality by innate genius and the ceaseless impulse of an enormous passion for work rather than under the guid-

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ance of any teaching or any external intellectual leadership, oral or written.

Two members of the family remain at l'Harmas, Aglaë, the devoted custodian of the house and its treasures, and Paul Henri, who is illustrator for the great definitive edition of the "Souvenirs entomologiques." Both were their father's assistants in much of his later work.

But to return to the garden. We should miss some intimate experiences of a visit if we left l'Harmas and its gentle hostess without meeting the minor characters who were also friends and companions of "the master": Tom, the shaggy old dog whose bark is the first response to the ringing of the bell at the tiny door in the stone wall, and whose caressing muzzle is thrust into the hand of the admitted guest; Mignon, the cat, who accepts attention with feline detachment or ignores all blandishments with a sort of aggressive indifference, as the mood may be; and the two tortoises, Sophie and the "little one." No one seems to know what relationship, if any, this pair of beasts bear to each other, nor even if Sophie might not more fittingly be named Michel or Jean. But "Sophie" it is, and has been for more than thirty years. She (to give "her" the pronoun belonging to the gender of her name) scrambles from one end of the garden to the other with astonishing quickness in the trail of any party of humans, and announces her arrival by butting her head, or, rather, the front edge of her shell, violently against some one's boot, rising high on her legs, and from this leverage launching herself forward like a battering-ram, occasionally stopping to nip the edge of the sole with her beak for variety. It is not done, apparently, as a demand for food. Sophie finds herself well among the abundant small game of the garden. It seems rather to be an urgent request for attention, though no one seems to know just what caress is expected or how any could be bestowed.

But whether under the strong Midi sun or in the drench and glitter of early morning or at evening twilight, it is the garden itself which most subtly charms senses and imagination. It is to the garden that one returns most gladly, for here, probably, more than anywhere else in his ninety-three years of life, Fabre found the full joy of creative expression and illuminative response. One walks it with a sense of sharing his delight in its beauty and, thanks to his interpretations, of sharing also some vision of the mysteries it harbors. Its brilliant mosaic of blossom, its myriad chorus of insect and bird song, all gain new meaning from his genius in translation; for he was a naturalist, not an entomologist merely.

And thanks to gifts even more rarely associated in the scientific mind, he touched the place with the magic of the poet and the artist; with a spell that lingers yearningly over l'Harmas and in the hearts and memories of those who have seen it.

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Our Medicine-Men

By One of Them

IV—The Science of the Study of Disease

One of the most praiseworthy of modern American traits is that aptitude for coöperation which has resulted in an organizing genius surpassed only by Germans. This spirit has to a large extent conquered the individualistic and rapacious tendencies in American industry.

The beauties of organization have so far impressed the leaders of all our activities that attempts are now being made to extend this method to the creations of philosophers, astronomers, artists, musicians, and scientists. The products of all these workers have until the present been considered the result of extreme individualism; but of late there has been a tendency to introduce efficiency, a necessity to industry, into science, which until now has been a field for intellectual romantics, whose instincts are those of the free-lance and the explorer.

Every one of these soldiers in the scientific host is to have his little problem to work out. The question he is to ask of nature is to be precise, limited, and as nearly as possible amenable to a definite answer. In a word, he is to invade the unknown in a definite direction and to keep always in touch with his base of supplies. He is to keep in communication with the overlords of his science. He is not to poach upon the territories carefully marked out for his fellows.

He is denied the privilege of wandering forth equipped only with the rifle of his intelligence, and thus to remain for long periods of lawless and impudent penetration of the forests and jungles of ignorance. Should he be baffled by uncharted marshes or unscalable heights, it is not for him to conquer these by his unaided wit. Instead, he is to return to his director of exploration, who, as the fount of knowledge, will devise a way out of his difficulty.

To a large extent the Germans had already perfected this organization of research before the war. At the beginning of the war it was sneered at and condemned by Germanophobe scientists in America; but at the termination of the strife the Teutonic origin of coöperative research had been forgotten, and the evil effects of organized science were no longer condemned with the patriotic fervor of former years. On the other hand, the beneficent results of its activities were acclaimed on all sides.

In the instance of German science, the advantage of quantity production of researches is manifest to every one. The annual output of investigations of all kinds is enormous, and fills countless volumes of "Zeitschriften, "Zentralblätter," and "Wochenschriften." These admirably printed periodicals, filled with formidable masses of work

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in all conceivable branches of knowledge, are in some respects to be regarded with astonishment and awe. It makes the rapidly growing body of scientific knowledge readily accessible; ignorance of the more recent advances in any science is inexcusable. A discovery may now be common property on the morrow of the day it is made. It has recently been suggested that the German publicity methods, now enthusiastically copied in America, be extended still further. If this takes effect, scientific advances may be heralded by efficient distributing agencies of the type of the Associated Press, which may cause newspapers to publish special editions of the character of our present indispensable sporting extras.

But this type of scientific organization in Germany, despite its manifest excellences, has brought about some evil tendencies which must fill the sympathetic observer with dismay and even with disgust. The worst of these is the tone of deference to established reputation and respect for authority that is evident among the younger scientists. The trend is toward the clerical spirit. A scientist makes a discovery of some importance, enunciates a ponderous theory on its basis, becomes a *Geheimrat*, and attracts a horde of followers, German, Hungarian, English, Japanese, American. These disciples come eagerly to the shrine, and sweat earnestly over an *Arbeit* emanating from the central great intellect of the *Herr Direktor*. The research almost invariably involves discoveries supporting the central theory. It would be considered a downright impudence for a student even accidentally to discover a fact which might be embarrassing to the dogma laid down by the presiding priest. Thus, in such organizations, one observes the splendid and inspiring spectacle, celebrated by poets, of "a hundred minds with but a single thought, a hundred hearts that beat as one."

§ 2

This growth of the barrack spirit is spreading with rapidity in American science, especially with that concerned with the study of disease. It is, I am convinced, antithetical to the spirit of all creative endeavor. For while *esprit de corps* is laudable in an armed citizenry or in the production of bathtubs, motor-tractors, and three-inch guns, it is damnable in scientific dogma or in support of a school of music, literature, or painting. Galileo founded modern experimental physics. He was considered a heretic and an antichrist by the reactionaries of his day; but he privately thumbed his nose at his inquisitors, who then formed the only body of intellectual authority. What is more, he did not attempt to erect his laws of motion into a dogma against the church or to attract a horde of worshipfully slavish adherents to his views. The same is true of Lavoisier and Faraday and Pasteur. These men were free-lances and innovators, smashers of the contemporary idols of ignorance and superstition. It would have been absurd to ask them to bow to the reigning savants of their day. Their explorations were free and untrammeled. They would have laughed at the idea of a research council to lay out their problems, or of a director before whom to do obeisance.

To tell the truth, a genuine piece of scientific investigation is always a

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highly individualized affair. And real investigators, though they may seek advice and welcome discussion of their problems, will always resent interference from above, or attempts of other minds to change the direction of their penetration of the unknown. Science stands to lose, I think, when the director of a laboratory for the scientific study of disease attempts to standardize the thoughts and methods of his scientific henchmen; for it is their very waywardness of thought and the heresy of their methods that frequently result in important discoveries.

In America it becomes the fashion to ape the Germans. Directors begin to employ disciplined scientists, with special penchants, to synthesize researches. This is just as absurd as to imagine a painter, having an admirable conception of a beautiful landscape, who would proceed to its creation by employing a corps of specialists, one to paint the trees, another to do the hills, a third to daub in the cows, and a fourth to fashion the pretty dairymaid who milks them. A great painter has an arrogant belief that he alone is capable of executing each of these details in the proper manner. A great scientist is equally mistrustful of the experiments and results of his underlings. Despite this, the *dernier cri* in the American study of disease seems to be that of a great brain, having many splendid ideas, sitting in an atittude of profound abstraction in a secluded cabinet, and parceling out the products of his cerebration to awe-struck underlings who hurry to their laboratories to prove the validity of the concepts of the master intelligence.

The number of men engaged in the study of disease increases constantly. It may be objected by those who favor the idea of scientific directors that there are many men in the ranks of this rapidly growing army who have not the originality necessary for the elaboration of intelligent concepts. The question arises as to the disposition of such persons who have faithful and clever hands, but wooden heads. The answer is plain. Such persons should not presume to the rôle of investigators. What, then, is to become of the great brain, with its volcanic eruptions of ideas? The answer is clear. Its possessor should work out and test his own concepts. It is true that such a procedure would greatly decrease the productivity of the active intelligence; but, on the other hand, he would have the priceless opportunity to see and to do his own experiments, and not merely to examine their results with satisfaction or disgust, as the case might be. Most surprising and unexpected turns of events occur in the course of an experiment. These accidental and unforeseen results are frequently ignored by the henchman who has manual cleverness, but not an alert or questioning mind. The French physiologist, Claude Bernard, insisted that his most important discoveries arose from accidental observations made in experiments the objectives of which were in an entirely different direction. The same remark has been made by the Belgian immunologist Bordet. This investigator does all his experiments himself. He doubtless has a thousand ideas that he has not the time to put to test; but, despite this, he has found time to advance the science of immunology more than any other living man.

It follows that the only kind of permissible assistance in the science of the

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study of disease is the kind that functions under the very eyes of the directing intelligence. This can be procured by the employment of personally trained technicians, or of youngsters just making their bow in the field of research. Such help is far less expensive than that of the unimaginative superworkers calling themselves scientists who now largely infest the laboratories for the study of disease. The abolishment of the idea of a scientific directorate would greatly reduce the number of scientific workers. This might be lamented, but only by those who seek to mitigate the evil of unemployment; for it is certain that fundamental advances in the science of the study of disease are not increasing in proportion to the augmenting numbers of investigators.

There is really not the slightest hope of such a healthy purgation of the ranks of the students of disease. The institution of the scientific directorate becomes more popular and more firmly established. All that can be hoped for is the occasional accession to power of broad-minded, tolerant overlords who do not tyrannically exploit the power that is given to them. These lines are not penned as counter-propaganda, which would be fruitless. They are written as a sort of Jeremiad over a system which tends to make the investigators of disease an aggregation of paid house-cretes, subservient to dubious generalissimos, rather than an association of independent and wide-ranging knights, who prefer to explore alone the dangerous lands and to slay unaided the horrible dragons that plague us.

§ 3

The inroads on our valuable forests and the increase in the number of pulp-mills in America arising from the plethora of scientific periodicals on medical subjects are largely due to the great number of persons unjustifiably usurping the function of investigator. These realize that the regular appearance of their names in periodicals will increase their prestige and afford them opportunity for better places, with greater emolument. This results in a flood of periodicals with inane repetitions of previous work and empty investigations of inferior quality. Such a mass of material makes it a difficult task to keep abreast of real scientific advance, since it produces scientific libraries of labyrinthine complexity.

Such an avalanche of publications makes it difficult to discriminate between good work and bad. Let a man write in a sufficiently persistent and voluminous manner, and he is almost sure to gain a hearing and to be respected. Thus it may happen that the name of any person whose scientific product is inferior or even erroneous will be on the lips of every one. Such is the case of a well known German biochemist. On the other hand, names like that of the American bacteriologist Elser are obscure and little known. This savant has published a single *magnum opus* that belongs to the classics of his science, yet it is safe to estimate that the majority of American students of disease are hardly aware of his existence.

Another cause of this promiscuity of publication is the wild desire for priority. The majority of workers are in a constant state of fear that some colleague will rush into print just ahead of them. This phobia results in an unnatural, strained effort and in a fatuous spirit of competition. Work is done under a pressure which usually

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results in researches that are incomplete, hurried, and botched. Unhappily, the isolation and parochialism that enabled Leonardo da Vinci to spend more than twelve years on the famous "Cenacolo" is no longer with us. The student of disease works with one eye on his experiment, the other searching anxiously for the publications of those he knows to be laboring in the same field. The investigator fears his associates will think he has lapsed into innocuous desuetude if he fails to publish a paper for a space of two or three years. George Moore asserts that the invention of rapid means of communication has resulted in the death of art. His position is probably extreme, but it is certain that the science of the study of disease suffers greatly from the lack of isolation and leisure necessary to strictly original effort and to exquisitely finished work.

Finally, the abundance of scientific reading matter leads to another serious danger. Many investigators do not go to nature for their problems. They seek them, rather, in the library. Thus, one of America's leading pathologists remarked in passing that he had read something "while in the library, searching for a problem to work on." This person is generally held in high esteem. His name is ranked among the ten most prominent investigators in his branch. Yet it is almost certain that research starting from a perusal of the work of others holds the danger of preconceived ideas which are entirely out of place in science. It is impossible to imagine Harvey searching the mystical books of Galen for the inspiration to his work on the circulation of the blood, or of Pasteur initiating his fundamental researches by a consultation of the inane medical speculation of his time, or of Bordet turning the strong beam of his lucid intelligence on the dark questions of immunity by perusing previous literature on the subject. On the other hand, these investigators, and other great ones like them, began their searches by the observation of natural phenomena that impressed them as important. They formulated hypotheses on the basis of these observations; they then put these hypotheses to test by careful experiment.

The fruitful study of disease really began with the investigations of Pasteur. Before this time isolated careful observations and a few brilliant experiments had been made by lonely investigators of the type of Harvey, Leeuwenhoek, Spallanzani, and Magendie. But the seeds of these experiments fell upon unproductive ground. These men were far in advance of their times; they worked in a *milieu* of superstition, ignorance, and bigotry even more appalling than the one existing at the present time. Pasteur was a chemist and carried the careful methods of that science into the study of the mysteries of disease. He was laughed at and bitterly opposed by the majority of medical investigators. A few enlightened ones finally realized the importance of his discoveries, and at last a multitude of scientists began to flock to his support and to elaborate his researches. But it is curious to relate that very few of them consistently used his objective methods, or shared his conviction of the physicochemical nature of the mechanism of all living processes. Instead, the majority employed the morphological methods of the German pathologist Virchow. This savant had insisted upon the importance of microscopic

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observation and description of changes occurring in the cells of diseased organisms; he cared little for the elucidation of the mechanism that gave rise to these changes. Such study as that of Virchow is immeasurably simpler than the experimental method of attack, especially when the latter is based upon the methods of physics and chemistry. So it was natural that descriptive science would appeal to medical men wishing to enter the field of investigation, but who were innocent of the precision of method necessary to the chemist or physicist. It consequently became the mode to describe the appearance of things rather than to investigate their mechanism. This spirit spread rapidly from Europe to America, and by the early nineties of the last century Americans were vying with Europeans in the discovery of new bacilli and in admirable and lengthy description of the appearance of diseased tissues. Scant attention seemed to be given to the fact that men like Pasteur cared little for descriptive science, but probed always into the mechanism of phenomena.

It was a relatively easy thing to make startling and dramatic discoveries in the days following the investigations of Pasteur. New phenomena were exposed with the greatest ease, in much the same manner as prospectors might uncover rich veins of ore in a new and unexplored territory. Thus it happened that men of no more than mediocre ability became famous by the attachment of their names to a bacillus causing a disease or to some new phenomenon requiring rather simple means for its demonstration. This type of research was largely qualitative in nature. It did not demand the meticulous care necessary to accurate physical and chemical experiments. It was consequently easy of accomplishment by persons with the rough training and vague methods of thought current in the medical world. It flourished in America, for our nation is notoriously the land of the slapdash, sloppy type of activity. As a result, the majority of medical research for the first thirty years after the ground-breaking work of the French and Germans is of a nature causing conscientious investigators to blush.

On the other hand, it is true that a few American experimenters deserve to rank with the European Nestors in the study of disease. The most prominent of these are F. G. Novy and Theobald Smith. Both of these men refused to be pushed into that insane fury of competitive effort and indiscriminate production which is laudable in the manufacture of brass cuspidors, but entirely out of place in science. The investigations of Smith in Texas fever and tuberculosis, and of Novy on relapsing fever and the trypanosomes, belong to the real classics of bacteriology. These men employ the exactness of technic and the painstaking accuracy necessary in chemistry.

The multiplication of descriptive research and surface explanation led to confusion and finally to stagnation. The rapid uncovering of surface phenomena began to slacken; it seemed that the students of disease had advanced to the foot of an unscalable cliff. The cause of this sterility after brilliant beginnings is not far to seek. It was due, without doubt, to the failure to recognize thoroughly the necessity of the quantitative methods of physics and chemistry, which involve a patience and relentless rigor foreign

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to the majority of the students of disease.

§ 4

It is gratifying to relate that the possibility of an entirely new attitude in the study of disease is beginning to appear in America as well as in Europe. Physical chemists are at last beginning to invade the jungle of contradictory facts in which medical investigators wallow. In Europe the movement began with the quantitative investigations of Arrhenius and Madsen in immunity. The Dane Sörensen and the German Michaelis have made great strides in the field of biochemistry, and begin to lift that body of knowledge from its cook-book status.

The American protagonist in the spirit of quantitative physicochemical investigation of life phenomena is Jacques Loeb. Although his work is in the field of general physiology, which seems far removed from that of the problem of disease, in reality this remoteness is an illusory one. His illuminating researches on the nature of proteins should be capable of early application to the study of disease. His efforts begin to attract followers from the ranks of physical chemists. In the field of biochemistry the names of Van Slyke, Folin, Falk, and others are connected with quantitative researches, with definite application to the problems of disease.

It is necessary to attract physicists and chemists to the study of biology and the problems of disease. This will be difficult, since such men are rapidly befogged by the bewildering mass of fact and the still formidable vestigia of medieval medical jargon that it is necessary for them to master. Again, they recognize the great complexity of vital phenomena, and do not feel comfortable in the presence of the numerous difficultly controllable variables that are inherent in the mechanism of living organisms. Accustomed to be accurate to the third and fourth decimal place, they naturally shy at experimental errors of five per cent. Finally, they doubtless resent the attitude of the majority of eminent medical investigators who regard them as mere handmaidens and presume to map out problems that can be solved only by their knowledge and technic. This is, once more, a manifestation of the evil of the medical director of research who sits in his remote office evolving problems, calling in turn upon physicists, bacteriologists, and chemists for their solution.

It follows that any rapprochement between genuine scientists, such as physical chemists, and embryo investigators of the type of the majority of students of disease must be in the nature of a free collaboration. The chemist must have a real interest in biological problems. These are actually rather simple in statement when the fog of superfluous data and idiotic speculation is removed. Until medical educators realize that the prospective students of disease must have a really thorough training in chemistry and physics, and until they are able to teach their subjects from this point of view, it will be futile for medical graduates to attempt unaided investigations of this type. Inadequately trained, they tend to apply the sloppy methods of biological and medical research to the exact science of chemistry rather than to introduce chemical methods into biology. All that is possible at present would seem to be the collaboration referred to above.

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An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

HINTS OF THE COMING RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

EVER since, four months ago, I began the discussion of a probable renaissance of the Western world, I have been concerned to pull my thesis down out of the cloud-land of personal theory and to establish it among the realities of reportable fact. In these columns for June, July, and September I attempted to state theoretically what seems to me the only workable formula for Western progress during the next fifty years. I ventured the prediction that during this next half-century we may regenerate the whole life of the Western world if we wisely take advantage of the new idealisms and new spiritual values that have emerged as by-products of modern biology, psychology, sociology, economics, philosophy, and educational theory. I projected the theory of a probable renaissance that would be the spiritual fruition of these secular adventures of the modern mind. These discussions have seemed to many only a personal and purple dream thrown against the black background of contemporary disillusionment and despair, the mistaking of a private wish for a public movement. They contend that ramshackle Europe and reactionary America unite to prove the tenuous unreality of my prophecy.

These skeptical reactions led me to conclude my last discussion with a promise to report in this issue certain intellectual and spiritual tendencies which seemed to suggest the possible imminence of such a renaissance in Italy. During the coming year some of the ablest minds of Italy, France, Germany, and other European countries will contribute to this magazine interpretations of the hopeful hints that are beginning to thrust themselves up through the blanket of despair that the war threw over the entire Western world. I do not care to anticipate the report from Italy. I have in mind only the simplest and most introductory sort of statement.

Professor George D. Herron's interesting little volume on "The Revival of Italy" has just reached my desk. At the moment of writing it has not been published in America. Aside from the rather uncritical laudation of the Italian soul that dominates the book, it contains a mass of highly interesting and important information about current Italian movements.

Despite the fact that most of the current despatches in our newspapers tend to give only a picture of social and economic strife in Italy, one learns from this book, from critical reviews of recent Italian literature, and from the Italian periodical press that to-day

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Italy "is teeming with an extraordinary intellectual, spiritual, and political revival." It is asserted on the jacket of Professor Herron's book that "there is a possibility that just as all our present European civilization—including religious revivals, letters, the arts, the sciences, diplomacy, and banking—came out of the Italy of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, transforming the former Roman Empire into Modern Europe, so the new revival in Italy may spread abroad and inspire a new and nobler Europe."

Of course, we have learned to take the "blurbs" on book jackets with a grain of salt. It is not necessary, however, to assign to Italy a messianic rôle among the nations in order to recognize in her contemporary life the first hints of the Western world's spiritual come-back.

What are the specific tendencies in present-day Italy that suggest the sort of renaissance I projected in my editorials for June, July, and September? Let me suggest some of the things that are now happening in Italy in the fields of literature, philosophy, art, and science. The factors I shall discuss under each of these headings, of course, have implications that run throughout the social and political life of the Italian people. But I shall leave the discussion of these wider implications to Benedetto Croce, Giuseppe Prezzolini, Giovanni Papini, or other engaging and inspiring Italian minds I hope to introduce to the readers of this magazine from time to time as the months pass. Let me here bring together under the four headings I have suggested the informative material scattered through Professor Herron's book, supplementing it, perhaps, from other sources.

In literature the modern renaissance spirit in Italy is expressing itself in what Professor Paolo Emilio Pavolini calls "the vulgarization of letters." It is needless, of course, to say that Professor Pavolini is using the word "vulgarization" in the old Latin sense of reducing literary expression to the vernacular, not in the common derived sense of reduction to indecency. This is a vulgarization that will shock the pedants rather than the censors. It will not add to Mr. Sumner's agenda. As Professor Pavolini says, "this vulgarization of literature is really a response to the prodigious and unprecedented love for reading and culture which grew up after the war." This new passion for reading has stimulated a prolific literary output, though not all of it is of a gratifying sort. The new appetite for culture is not always discriminating. Many of Italy's best critics are calling attention to the great amount of trash that is being written and read, but they realize that this is only the sins of a lusty and untrained appetite, and that it is better by far than no appetite at all.

The common life of Italy is to-day so thoroughly saturated with an eager interest in the problems of political, social, and industrial regeneration that writers who discuss these questions are compelled to use the language of Italy's common life. It is a vast new audience, untrained in the niceties of literary expression, that to-day hungers for fundamental discussions of these problems. Not only the publicists, but the exponents of "pure literature," are more and more speaking the language of the common people. The epidemic of intellectual eagerness has spread into the schools, where teachers are indulging in animated

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discussions of a new pedagogy that will orient the student to the present as well as acquaint him with the past. Professor Herron reports that also "the researches of the specialists, even though they be more profound than formerly, are now presented in a language and form that has the common man in view." Even the journalism of Italy, which normally maintains high intellectual standards, is dealing more and more with matters of "social philosophy and international morality." This fresh intellectual hunger, reminiscent of the old Renaissance times, is found in the working-class mind as well as among the intellectuals. A large number of schools and clubs have been organized for adult education among workmen who are "eager not only for a knowledge of social economics, but for the literature, both classic and current, of all nations."

This vulgarization of letters is, as Professor Herron suggests, prompted by the determined and pervasive desire for industrial and social regeneration. It is this rather than the inspiration of some Dante that characterizes the renaissance movement in current Italian literature. This process of vulgarization has not only determined the manner of writing, but the matter of writing. It is noticeable that the numerous intellectual and philosophical cults which were vociferous in Italy before the war have disappeared, and taken their artificialities with them. In their place there has arisen a "literary nationalism" which clearly bears the marks of Mazzini's notion of Italy's responsibility for prophetic leadership in the working out of an international social order "whereby freedom and association are happily wedded; whereby the life individual and the life collective are goldenly harmonized." Now, as with Mazzini, the search for this sort of order is looked upon as an essentially religious adventure.

Of course, as already suggested, this new and assertive intellectual hunger does not always turn to the strong meat of high thinking. Despite the fact that there has been a surprisingly large effusion of new art reviews, great sales of volumes that are compilations of vital newspaper articles and articles from reviews, and a great output of translations from French, English, German, Spanish, Russian, and little known Oriental sources, all of this literary production and consumption is not the outcome of superior taste. There are many Italians, moved by this new intellectual hunger, who must be classed among the *nouveaux riches* of this new intellectual movement. For them Italy has its Guido da Verona, who "with his cinematographical titles and his covers embellished with nude women, innundates all the windows of the book stores in the kingdom." But we must not be led astray in judgment by these factors. The real significance of this new passion for reading is the great audience it is preparing for what Professor Herron calls "the prophetic literary leadership . . . that seems about to call to young Italy." This passion for reading may be indiscriminate now, but it pervades the whole Italian social body, and it is at least training a whole nation in the reading habit. And that means an unusual opportunity for the new literary leaders who not only have something to say, but who are, by the grace of this vulgarization of letters, learning to say it so that men everywhere can understand it.

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In philosophy there seems to be a decided reaction toward Hegel. Space forbids my entering into anything like a satisfactory explanation of what this signifies for the intellectual and social future of Italy. I must be content to say that it marks a turning away from the spirit of cynicism and disillusionment which characterized the *fin de siècle* group of philosophers and a turning toward a more idealistic and spiritual interpretation of history and social progress. The post-Hegelianism that is coming to hold the field in Italy does not mean that current Italian thought is turning toward Hegel's extreme theories of the state, but only that Italian thought is turning in the general direction I have suggested.

The intellectual revival is hardly as plain in the arts as in other fields. The gratifying signs in the field of the arts are not evident so much in ultra-new tendencies as in the end of some fairly modern tendencies. Many of the "new art" ideas are dead in Italy. There is the suggestion of a reaction toward classicism, not in the sense of servile imitation of the old masters, but rather in the sense of the classicists' search for art's profounder significance. Professor Herron quotes Signor Nobili as saying that the really significant promise of Italian art for the future lies in what he calls the period of "Mutism" through which it is now passing. This "Mutism," or dumbness, which the Italian artists are now exhibiting, is illustrated by the fact that, unlike the artists of other nations, they have consistently refused to try to paint the war. They have turned their backs upon the cheap melodrama of color by which many artists have tried to interpret the war on their canvases. Realizing that the full meaning of the war is yet unpaintable because its full significance has not been grasped by the world, the Italian artists, with certain exceptions, seem to have made a "sober renunciation of present effort." The artists of Italy are now saying that art is called to a period of "spiritual self-discovery and synthesis." It is gratifying to discover artists who have gone past piddling with the modernities of manner and are setting out upon a search for the deeper meanings of art.

In science similar renaissance hints are noticeable. There is an interesting story to be written of the significant activity of contemporary Italian research. In this story mathematics, biology, and physics hold an important place. But it is not so much the specific results of recent Italian research that is significant as it is the spirit that Italian scholars are bringing to the problems of research. For, as Professor Herron suggests, "The Italian mind peculiarly combines insistence upon analysis with purposeful capacity for synthesis; and the union of these two qualities always converts intellectual research into a quest for spiritual reality, for human roots and meanings."

Space again forbids my discussing the grounds of hope evident in Italian thought on the problems of industry, and in the innumerable organizations, voluntary and unofficial, in which, all over Italy, men and women are looking toward a newer and better way of life. I submit, then, this fragmentary digest-review of Professor Herron's book as merely a hint that my suggestion of a probable renaissance of the Western world has some basis in the facts of contemporary life.

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